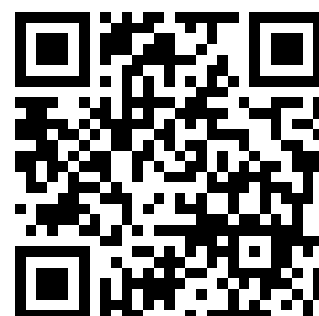

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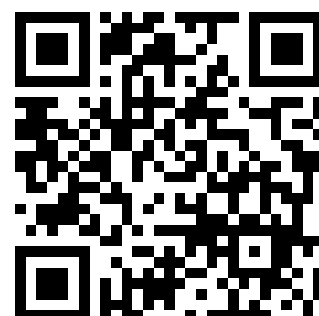
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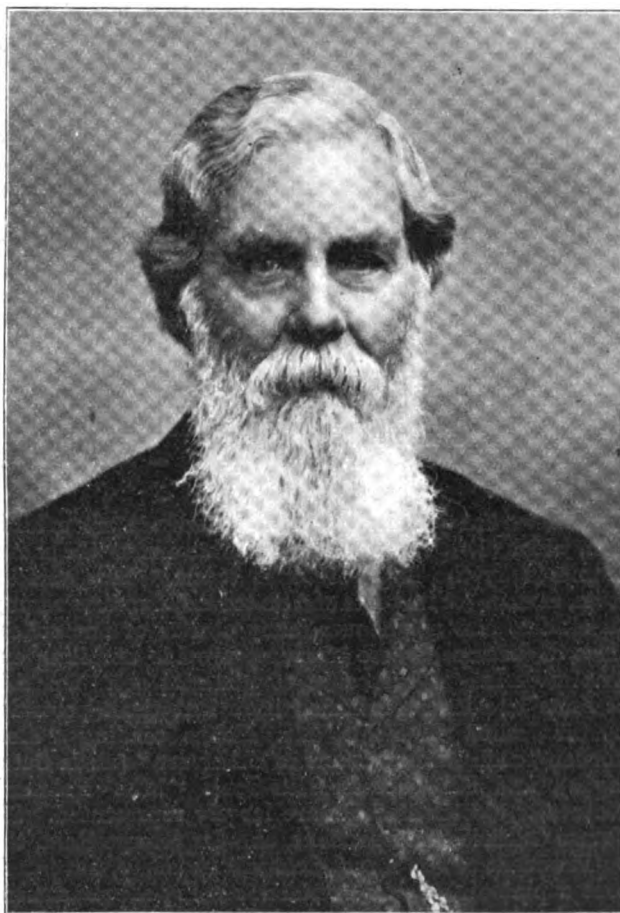
Notes

IN view of the activity now shown in regard to the Shakespeare Memorial I reprint some notes on the subject from THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for February 20 and 27, 1904:

"But what is the memorial to be? Not a statue, I hope, or, as has been suggested, a Shakespeare school of dramatic art. What is wanted is a thoroughly practical institution in connection with Shakespearean study and Elizabethan London. A library, a museum of relics, pictures, maps, &c., of Elizabethan London, a portrait gallery of Shakespearean actors, critics and commentators, and a lecture and meeting room (possibly this last could be combined with the picture gallery). But, above all, what is required is enthusiasm, and surely this will not be difficult to arouse. The study of Shakespeare and his times is fascinating if only rightly approached, and the scheme outlined above would be welcomed, I believe, and generally supported by all lovers and students of Shakespeare.

"The institute suggested in last week's ACADEMY would, I believe, both live and last. I see it in my mind's eye as a centre of Shakespeare enthusiasm and scholarship, a meeting place for students and a proud possession of London citizens. I trust I shall be forgiven for going somewhat into detail. First of all as to architecture: can there be any doubt that the building should be in Tudor style, such a building as Shakespeare must have seen in his own London? Then as to accommodation: a good entrance hall, which might be decorated with replicas of the statues and busts of the poet; then sufficient rooms for a library, galleries for pictures, accommodation for the librarian and keeper, and spare ground for future extension. In the library should be gathered together all editions of the plays and poems, works of every character dealing with them and books treating of Shakespeare's London. In the picture gallery and museum copies of the portraits of Shakespeare, portraits of critics, commentators and players, pictures, maps, plans and relics of Shakespeare's London. The large gallery should be sufficiently commodious to seat a considerable audience for costume recitals of the plays, for meetings of societies, lectures, assemblies and so forth. Then the stern money side of the question. If a demand be made by a large body of representative citizens the London County Council, it is to be hoped, would see its way to make a grant of sufficient ground out of that now being cleared between Westminster and Lambeth, for the Shakespeare Institute should look out upon Shakespeare's beloved Thames. Then money will be wanted for the building and for an endowment fund for maintenance, salary of the librarian and keeper, &c., &c.; £200 or £300 a year from the County Council would not be felt by the rate-payers, but would break the back of the necessary endowment; a further source of income would be the letting

of the large gallery to associations, Shakespeare societies and other bodies, and a small fee—6d.—might be charged to visitors to the galleries. The library should be under much the same regulations as the British Museum. A



DR. JAMES GAIRDNER

[Photo. Russell & Sons]

separate fund would probably have to be raised for the purchase of books. Such an institute as that outlined above would, I believe, prove beneficial and popular; its usefulness would increase from year to year; it would be a *living* memorial. But whatever scheme it be decided to put forward, there can be no question that London should have a worthy memorial of her greatest citizen, a memorial of the man, the poet, the dramatist, the actor and of his London. We have many splendid

buildings still in our midst which adorned Elizabethan London, as recent illustrations in THE ACADEMY have shown; few are the passers-by who even glance at them, thinking that Shakespeare looked upon them too. Fewer still are those who realise how much we know of Shakespeare's London, how detailed is the knowledge of it we can obtain from contemporary books and pamphlets, maps and views, and for the right understanding of Shakespeare's plays an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's London is essential. Therefore it is fitting that this proposed memorial should be a memorial not only of the great citizen, but of the great city in which he dwelt."

THE three Scottish printing clubs have now held their annual meetings, the New Spalding Club being the last to submit its report. Unlike the Scottish History and the Scottish Text Societies, the New Spalding Club professedly deals with the history and literature, not of the whole of Scotland, but only with the north-eastern counties. The club is a revival of an older Spalding Club, which, according to Hill Burton, "produced fully as much valuable historical matter as any other club in Britain." It took its name from John Spalding, believed to have been Commissary Clerk of Aberdeen, but of whom the only positive knowledge is that he left extremely valuable "Memorials of the Troubles in Scotland and in England" from 1624 to 1645.

THE work announced in the latest report as about to be undertaken by the club is of the widest Scottish interest. In the year of the constitution of the New Spalding—that is, in 1887—an annotated transcript of the Register of the Scots College at Rome was put upon the list of agenda. The transcript was prepared, but was lost on the death of Monsignor Campbell, who had undertaken the work. Now, however, the committee of the club are able to announce not only that the Rome Register will be printed, but that the registers of the Scots Colleges at Douai, Madrid, Valladolid and Ratisbon will also be included among the publications. The finances of the New Spalding Club are in a flourishing condition.

PAISLEY has just inaugurated its annual art exhibition, which always takes a leading place among the shows promoted by the larger Scottish towns. This ancient town, famous for its poets and its thread, numbers among its citizens and neighbours many owners of fine collections of pictures, whose treasures provide unfailing examples of the highest class of pictorial art. On this occasion two local gentlemen have lent three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Holms sending "Mrs. Jordan" and "Mary, Countess Delenvarr" (*sic* in Catalogue), and Sir Thomas Glen-Coats "Miss Palmer." Naturally, Scottish artists are largely represented. Sir James Guthrie, the President, and Sir George Reid, the ex-President of the Royal Scottish Academy, have each sent a portrait, the ex-President's being a presentment of a local celebrity, Principal Hutton. Most of the leading Scottish painters now working are represented, whilst the artistic past of the country is shown in examples by such men as John Phillip Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough, usually reckoned among the Scots.

THE battle around which Scott wrote his romance of "The Fair Maid of Perth" is one of the historical events about which little is known. The Exchequer accounts show that the national funds provided the lists, but even the clans that participated are unknown, though tradition gives them names not now identifiable. An attempt to expiscate the subject by the aid of reasonable

conjecture is about to be made in a book by Dr. MacLagan, which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish in the spring.

It certainly seems a long cry from Schiller's "Räubern" to Milton's "Paradise Lost"; but I have just been reading an article in this month's "Deutsche Rundschau" on the place of "Die Räubern" in the literature of the world, which does much to establish what might at first sight appear to be but a forced and fanciful similarity. Apart from the fact that the styles of the two works derive their inspiration to a great extent from the Bible, both "Die Räubern" and "Paradise Lost" exhibit that militant Puritan spirit, that insistence on a complete reconciliation between God and man, which is one of the cardinal features of the old Germanic spirit. But, as was only natural in an age whose chief mark was the emancipation of the individual, it was the character of Satan which exercised the greatest influence on Schiller, an influence practically acknowledged by the following reference by Schiller in his own edition of his play: "Milton, who wrote the panegyric of hell, can make for a few moments even the most sensitive of readers into a fallen angel." The following pair of passages reveal, moreover, an analogy so pronounced as to border dangerously on imitation. In Milton's "Paradise Lost," I., 248, Satan says:—

"The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

In Schiller's "Die Räubern" Karl Moor gives vent to precisely the same sentiment. "Externals are merely the varnish of man; I myself am my heaven and my hell." Though, however, I think the analogy holds good, the writer strikes me as unhappy in his choice of quotation. The idea in both passages is good, but is it not one that was bound to have suggested itself to almost any vigorous mind? Does it not, in fact, date as far back as Omar Khāyām?

SCHILLER, however, admired Shakespeare even more enthusiastically than he did Milton, and the writer of the article proceeds to trace the psychological genealogy of Franz Moor from Richard III., Iago and Edmund. The analogy with the latter character is particularly striking, as both Franz and Edmund intrigue against their brothers by means of a forged letter and lay violent hands on their own fathers. But Schiller's literary outlook was cosmopolitan, and it is interesting to see from the following extracts from the preface and the revised edition the extent to which he was influenced by Plutarch and Cervantes:

"And so was finished this extraordinary Don Quixote whom as Robber Moor we fear and love, wonder at and pity. This extraordinary individual [Karl Moor] owes his main features to Plutarch and Cervantes, who, after the method of Shakespeare, have been blended by the poet's spirit into a new character that is at once true and harmonious."

I cannot but think, however, that the writer exaggerates the importance of the play in European literature. Is not the significance of "Die Räubern" rather psychological than artistic? In spite of the fact that it still keeps the stage in Germany, the play should rather be regarded as the outlet for the ferment of Schiller's adolescence than as a serious literary achievement of the first rank. A propos of "Die Räubern," I do not remember ever having seen noticed the striking analogy between the robber scenes of this play and "Contarini Fleming." Disraeli must have been undoubtedly draw-

ing on Schiller. It is well known that he had a considerable acquaintance with the modern German literature of his day.

THE Literary Year-Book for 1905, published by Messrs. Routledge, is a very workmanlike production, essential to every worker with the pen. In former years there was a considerable amount of "padding," but now the Year-Book is a thoroughly handy and practical work of reference, compact of useful information. Among the new features are "Books of 1904," arranged under subject headings, an "Index of Titles" and "Law and Letters." The information is full and accurate. I wish the same could truthfully be said of all annuals. Messrs. Mudie have sent me a copy of their fine Library Catalogue—a useful compilation for those who desire a guide to the recent literature on any given subject.

Bibliographical

LAST week I referred to some "half-forgotten" books—to use the wholly illogical term—mentioned in Dr. Moncure Conway's autobiography, but perhaps there will be more interest in three announcements of forthcoming books which are incidentally made in the same work. Writing of Francis William Newman—younger brother of the Cardinal—for whose character and work Dr. Conway has the highest admiration, he adds: "His letters are of historical value, and it is among my hopes to write a monograph concerning him." Such a work would be widely welcomed by readers who know anything of the life and writings of the versatile scholar and indefatigable searcher after truth. By the way, in October last it was seven years since F. W. Newman's death, so that the copyright in his earlier and more interesting writings has now lapsed. There should certainly be room for cheap reissues of "The Soul, Her Sorrows and Aspirations" (1849) and "Phases of Faith, or Passages from the History of my Creed" (1850).

The next announcement, or hint of such, which I notice in Dr. Conway's work concerns a Scots lady who became famous in America many years ago, but who is, I imagine, not widely known on this side of the Atlantic. It is Frances Wright—or Fanny Wright as she is in many references in American books—afterwards Mme. d'Arusmont. Born in Dundee in 1795, she became inspired from reading with an affection for the United States and its institutions, and in 1818 journeyed thither and wrote a most enthusiastic book on the country. Later she started a scheme for freeing the slaves, and later still she became a zealous member of the Owenite Colony at New Harmony, and one of the first female lecturers in America, her subjects being mainly connected with slavery and female suffrage. Says Dr. Conway: "A biography of this noble lady is a desideratum in both English and American literature, which I have some reason to hope will be supplied by the poetic pen of her cultured kinsman, the Reverend William Norman Guthrie." Such a book should certainly be interesting. When Mme. d'Arusmont revisited her native town a few years before her death (1852) a small pamphlet "biography" was issued from a local press (1844), and it was reprinted in Boston four years later. This I have read. After her death, in Cincinnati, another pamphlet life was issued in that city.

The third announcement which I find in Dr. Conway's pages concerns a distinguished scholar and writer on philosophy, education and art—Thomas Davidson. He,

too, was a Scotsman who followed the tide of empire westward. Davidson's most memorable works are perhaps his account and translation of "The Philosophical System of A. Rosmini-Serbati" (1882)—one of the most remarkable thinkers of modern Italy—and his "History of Education," published in the year of his death, 1900. We are told that Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, "is writing a life of that marvellous man," and the information will no doubt interest many readers. Davidson has been written about in the magazines as "democratic philosopher" and "wandering scholar," but there has been no biography of him published, and by a strange oversight he is not dealt with in the Dictionary of National Biography Supplement, though he died on September 14, 1900.

The late Reverend John Mackenzie Bacon was best known to members of the general public as an aeronaut, but he was also an astronomer and took part in several expeditions for taking observations during the total eclipse of the sun. On the theme with which he had popularly identified himself he published two books within recent years—"By Land and Sky" (1900) and "The Dominion of the Air: the Story of Aerial Navigation" (1902). Earlier books which are credited to him are: "A Short Analysis of Paley's Evidences of Christianity" (1870), "Hints on Elementary Statics" (1870), "Short Notes on the Acts of the Apostles" (1870), "On the Gospel of St. Matthew" (1883) and "On the Gospel of St. Luke" (1885).

Mr. Edward John Payne, the late Recorder of High Wycombe, was the author of several important works, chiefly of an historical character: "Select Works of Edmund Burke" in the Clarendon Press Series (1874-76); "History of European Colonies" (1877); "Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America," from Hakluyt (1893-1900); "History of the New World called America" (1892-99); "The Colonies," in "The British Citizen Series" (1902). Mr. Payne also contributed the two opening chapters—"The Age of Discovery" and "The New World"—to the first volume of the great "Cambridge Modern History" (1902).

WALTER JERROLD.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

A cheaper issue of Mr. Ralph Richardson's "George Morland, Painter," with numerous illustrations, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock to be issued early in next year.—Mr. John Long will publish during January the following new six-shilling novels: "The Mask," by William Le Queux; "Confessions of a Young Lady," by Richard Marsh; "The Face in the Flashlight," by Florence Warden; "Love and Twenty," by John Strange Winter; "Olive Kinsella," by Curtis Yorke; "The Night of Reckoning," by Frank Barrett; "The Fate of Felix," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan; "Little Wife Hester," by L. T. Meade; "The Provincials," by Lady Helen Forbes; "From the Clutch of the Sea," by J. E. Muddock; "Lord of Himself," by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing; "Strained Allegiance," by R. H. Forster; "The Temptation of Anthony," by Alice M. Diehl; "The Informer," by Fred Wishaw; "Rosamond Grant," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron; and "The War of the Sexes," by F. E. Young. In the same month he will issue at five shillings: "In Spite of the Czar," by Guy Boothby, with eight full-page illustrations by Leonard Lindsay.—Mr. Elliot Stock announces two new novels for early publication—"The Pains of Happiness," by Cassa Torriani, a story the incidents of which are laid in Italy; and "Phases of Life," a story of English domestic life, by Mary Adams Collings.—On Monday Mr. Unwin will publish Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novel, "A Song of a Single Note"; also "The Youth of Washington," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, which tells in the form of an autobiography the story of the great leader's life up to his twenty-seventh year.

Reviews

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY

By Wilhelm Wundt. Vol. I. Translated by Professor Titchener. (Sonnenschein. 12s.)

THE appearance of the initial volume of this translation, which deals only with preliminary matters, is not a suitable occasion for any but general discussion of the teaching of this great work, which for thirty years has been without a rival or anything like a rival in the realm of psychology.

It would be unkind, if instructive, to compare this book with those upon which contemporary English psychologists base their modest claims to fame. We know that "good German philosophies, when they die, go to Oxford," but Wundt's philosophy, as illustrated by this edition of 1902, is so very much alive that it has not yet been received into our Kant-worshipping Universities. Wundt, of course, is a disciple of the great Teuton-Scot, but he is a child of the nineteenth century to boot.

Rather let us look at this man, his achievements and his philosophic equipment. He is professor of philosophy in the University of Leipzig. G. H. Lewes, we may remember, seeing the futility of philosophy as understood by its self-accredited hierophants, desired the abolition of all philosophical chairs. But he wrote before the idea of evolution had gained the throne of thought. Otherwise he might have been content to await such a metamorphosis as the Leipzig Chair of Philosophy illustrates to-day.

Here we have a man who is thoroughly acquainted with the great generalisations of modern thought, the conservation of energy, the law of evolution and such like. He treats, as he must, of physics and chemistry with the pen of the men who know what they know and what they do not know. He has that absolutely impartial mind which is the rarest and most precious of all intellectual possessions. He has the characteristic German thoroughness and love of detail: that intimate knowledge of the history of his subject and of the contemporary work upon it, which is the product of extreme assiduity alone. We place beside this volume two or three works on psychology by the living Anglo-Saxons. These bear to it much the same relation that a physical text-book for children by the present reviewer, who never performed or even imagined a new experiment in physics, would bear to Lord Kelvin's (Thomson and Tait's) "Natural Philosophy." Here we have an author who has written a noteworthy book on ethics, who has produced the most profound philosophic generalisations, and yet who has to his credit thousands of the most minute experiments upon the conductivity of nerves, the action of the neurotic poisons and such like matters, in which he has repeatedly corrected men who have no ideas outside a revolving drum covered with smoked paper, and the sciatic nerve and calf muscles of a frog. Anything more finished and judicial than Wundt's description of the anatomy of the brain we have never met anywhere. It is perhaps no small compliment to an author to say that his description of a subject over which the reader has spent laborious years at first hand, reads with the freshness and interest of a monograph on a new subject.

This is by no means due to Professor Wundt's style, which has in abundance all the familiar faults of scientific and philosophic German: nor is it due to the translator, whose admirable work has not extended to the giving style and lucidity where these were totally to

seek: it is simply due to the abundance of the author's new and valuable thought on every subject he touches.

Apart from his own permanent work in experimental psychology—a term we owe to him—there is to Wundt's credit the establishment in Leipzig in 1878 of the first psychological laboratory, which has since attracted brilliant students from all parts of the world. Try to imagine an English professor of philosophy or psychology, seated on a three-legged stool, "messaging about" with a frog's nerve and a mirror galvanometer!

The reigning theory in psychology at the present day, the reader may remember, is Professor Wundt's. Here it may be briefly mentioned, not that it is discussed in the present volume, but for its contemporary importance. It is the doctrine of *psycho-physical parallelism*, which asserts the relation between mind and body to be that of parallel series of changes, psychical states causing other psychical states, brain or physical states causing, *pari passu*, other physical states, but the psychical never standing in causal relation to the physical or *vice versa*. The observation that the present reviewer owns no jot of allegiance to this doctrine is here made only because it may serve to add a presumption of impartiality and sanity to the almost unqualified honour which, like all other unpledged students of psychology, he accords to the great thinker and worker of Leipzig.

C. W. SALEEBY.

STUDIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

By Arthur Symonds. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE advisability of reprints from reviews is always questionable, and especially so when these make no pretence to a complete treatment of their respective subjects. Most of Mr. Symonds' essays aim at the mere rendering of some particular feature of the person under consideration, and make no attempt to depict the entire man. If, however, there is place in art for the sketches of an impressionist, so there may be in literature for the like brief and fugitive, but often picturesque and incisive, memoranda on really notable aspects of things. We can scarcely expect this volume to add to Mr. Symonds' reputation, or to occupy any considerable place among his writings, but we are certainly glad that so many excellent remarks have been rescued from the oblivion of the periodical press and preserved in a form admitting of easy reference. Some of the writers he discusses are barely worth the pains taken with them; yet even when treating of a Zola or a Maupassant Mr. Symonds frequently enunciates views of far wider interest than themes so unpromising would have appeared capable of affording; while such remarks as the following on the poetry of Robert Bridges show how well he can appreciate the unobtrusive beauty of a really noble writer: "He has left, by the way, all the fine and coloured and fantastic and splendid things which others have done their utmost to attain, and he has put into his poetry the peace and not the energies of life, the wisdom and not the fever of love, the silences rather than the voices of nature. His whole work is a telling of secrets, and they are told so subtly that you, too, must listen to overhear them." The excellent essays on Hawthorne and Yeats, more elaborate in treatment than usual with Mr. Symonds in this volume, teem with similar felicities of criticism. Sometimes he may seem to refine overmuch, as when he propounds a sort of apology for the imbecilities of Tolstoi's art criticisms on the ground that Tolstoi is not, as he imagines, writing out of his own

mind, but, as in his fictions, expressing the mind of his peasant public. "The fatal difference is that in the stories he knew that he was speaking dramatically, while, in the doctrines and theories, he imagines that he is speaking in his own person." We are confident that Tolstoi is didactic in his own person, and that, in this department, he is as much of a boor as any peasant in Russia.

It will be seen that Mr. Symons' book is rather one for the literary critic than for the general reader. The latter important personage will find little to attract him either in the matter or the manner, but the student, whether of literary psychology or of literary expression, will find it not only a book to be read, but one to be preserved for reference. Taken by itself, it would convey an unfavourable notion of the sanity of nineteenth-century literature. Mr. Symons' business is mainly with the decadents, and even when he deals with really great authors like Tolstoi, Meredith, or Stevenson, he is led by his momentary point of view to regard them on their weakest sides. We should certainly derive from him the impression that the nerves of the period had been cultivated at the expense of its brains. He knows well, however, that this corner of the vineyard is a very small one, and we are glad to find him pledged to a general history of English nineteenth-century poetry, a work demanding the most catholic sympathies. Even in this volume he has in one instance gone far afield with excellent effect, in the case of the Spanish poet Campoamor, whose shrewd and terse epigrams, excellently rendered by Mr. Symons, indicate that the mantle of his countryman Martial has fallen upon him.

THE ROAD IN TUSCANY

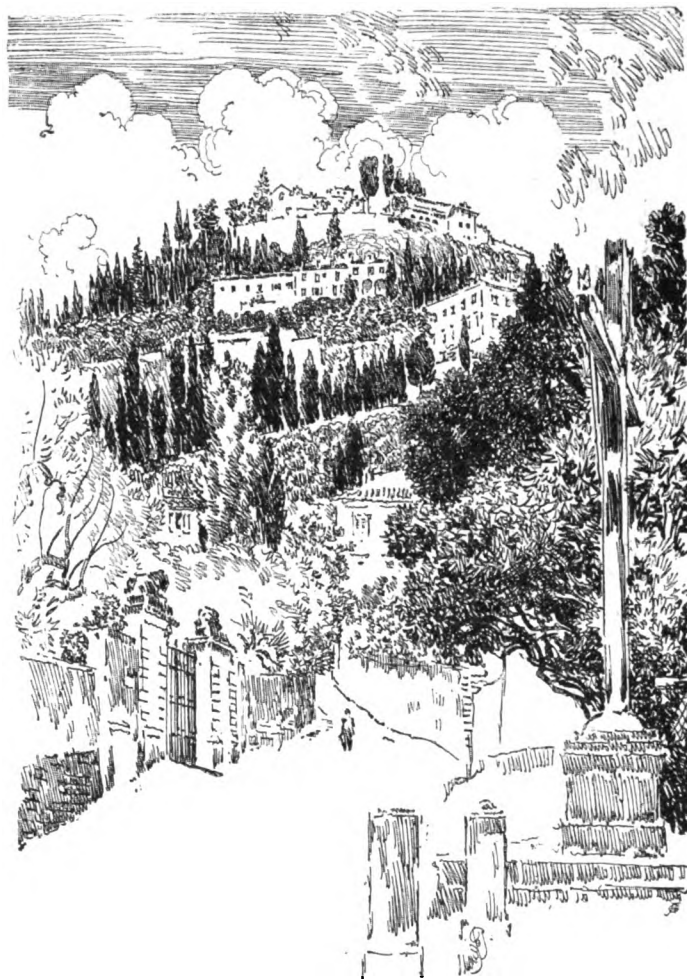
By Maurice Hewlett. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 21s. net.) In the first chapter of the first of these two volumes, Mr. Maurice Hewlett advances his reasons for writing a guide-book to Tuscany on a new plan. We certainly do not sympathise with his implied objections to the standard authorities; we have found Herr Baedeker and Mr. Murray very useful, Mr. Grant Allen time-saving, and Professor Ruskin inspiring. Nevertheless we were most anxious to see our beloved Tuscan friends under the escort of the author of "The Forest Lovers"; surely he would be an ideal travelling companion in the high-ways and byways of their native land.

"My commentary upon Tuscany was dictated by the logic of the roads, diverted only from its course by the accidents of travel, the humours of the moment, or by the freaks of memory and such like familiar sprites of ours. I hope that I may say I have been strict with myself. I have always preferred a road to a church, always a man to a masterpiece, a singer to his song; and I have never opened a book when I could read what I wanted on the hillside or by the river-bank."

This in the opening paragraph—we who have trodden those roads, talked to those men, and listened to those songs may be forgiven if we conjured up a distinct vision of the delights in store for us in these two volumes. As we read on, we soon found ourselves under the spell of those "freaks of memory" which led the author to tell us the history of Tuscany in so fascinating a manner. Then we were entrapped into numerous discussions on art-criticism; in spite of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's sarcasm, we could not lightly let go the "salvation of the tourist," who upholds Ruskin's reputation, and believes with him that Giotto painted the "Meeting of Joachim and Anna" in the cloister of Santa Maria Novella; we compared our experience in the Uffizzi Gallery with that enjoyed in a very qualified degree by our author; and we held to our opinion that the Brancacci frescoes by

Masaccio are impregnated with poetry, charm, and significance. As we proceeded, we feasted on the hillside and by the river-banks on reminiscences of the books which the author must have read before he set out on his travels, and we were very content.

Then we were pulled up sharp in the last chapter of the second volume, and received a shock which recalled



FIESOLE

[Illustration from "The Road in Tuscany" (Macmillan)]

us from the realms of emotional and intellectual enjoyment back to the path along which we started with a definite purpose. Says our author:

"Let it be assumed, for argument's sake, that I have made one thing—nay, two things—clear up to this point: the first, that the heart of Tuscany is worth the getting at; the second, that there is no sure road to it through the plastic arts."

Here we suddenly remembered the goal for which we had set out. True we had sighted it many times, but we had been drawn aside so often into alluring byways, that peradventure we had frequently been led again into the highroad without knowing it. Looking back on our journey, we are prepared to agree with our author in his deduction simply because we are so entirely at one with him in his thesis. The heart of Tuscany is indeed worth getting at, but no art, not even the genius of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, can discover a royal road to it. Immediately we set foot on Tuscan soil we feel—well, at the present moment we feel grateful to our author as we borrow one of his expressions and add "how the deuce is one to put it?" So soon as we have wed this beauteous

bride, so soon as those first thrilling moments are past, when no intrusions can be tolerated, we acknowledge our debt to the plastic arts, to Mr. Maurice Hewlett himself and to his friend Mr. Pennell, whose illustrations enrich the book, for their individual methods of linking intelligence with emotion. By this means alone can a lasting affection be ensured.

We wander into a delightful bypath, for we cannot leave these volumes without specially referring to that chapter "Concerning the theory that the world is a garden." Some day we hope it may be printed separately, or, better still, bound up with those essays by Bacon and Cowley, which would combine to give us the perfect fairy story of how once upon a time God Almighty planted a garden. EDITH A. BROWNE.

FIGURE-DRAWING

By Richard G. Hatton. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.) THOROUGHLY to fathom the secret of what to reject is one of the rarest achievements of the successful artist, and in no branch of his profession does the neophyte require more stringent direction than in his study of anatomy, that may easily defeat its own purpose if wrongly pursued. The reason for this unfortunate waste of energy is well explained by Mr. Hatton in his most valuable work on figure-drawing, that will be of infinite service to the beginner and of no little use even to the practised draughtsman, in meeting the ever-fresh problems that arise for solution in his daily work. "The study of anatomy," says this most efficient guide, "instead of being directed to the correction and development of the ideas already present in the mind concerning the form of the figure, is dissipated among a multitude of accurate little statements, the very accuracy of which tends to rob them of their utility to the artist. Often," he adds, "a student will labour to remember the location . . . of the insertions of a muscle and will all the time omit to notice the general character of the muscle and its form." Valuable time is thus wasted, and the disheartened worker is in danger of falling into the fatal error of believing that truth of form is, after all, of less importance than expression.

Approaching his subject from a draughtsman's standpoint instead of that of a surgeon, Mr. Hatton corrects the many crude ideas that have so long been current, yet triumphantly proves that the truer the form the more powerful the expression. The first section of his exhaustive examination of the principles that should control figure-drawing is devoted to "Method and Proportion," such details as drawing in line, by planes, by contour, in black lines, with colour, &c., being carefully dealt with. The foundations of the science, for science it certainly is, of figure-drawing being thus firmly laid, the author proceeds to consider the various portions of the human frame, enforcing his meaning with a large number of admirable drawings, every line of which tells, that fully prove how strong a grip he himself has of the lessons he wishes to enforce. Even without the impressing text these drawings form a practical guide to the right treatment of the figure, and the student who has thoroughly examined them is not likely to go far astray. Some of the drawings, notably those elucidating the proportions of the figure, are as beautiful as they are instructive, arousing a feeling of regret that their author is not himself a professional artist.

A very typical example of Mr. Hatton's method is his chapter on facial expression, in which he displays an insight into human emotion and its unconscious betrayal that would be no discredit to the greatest masters of portraiture. Every page is, indeed, full of pregnant

suggestion, as when he says: "The draughtsman must be careful to carry the expression throughout the body and not to limit it to the features. Especially should the hands be considered . . . the two hands must belong to the head and they must evince the same emotion. Such movements of the hands as are thus necessary are to be rendered with the greatest delicacy. It is not the gesture merely, but the gesture in its refinement, that is expressive. This means that some delicate turn of the wrist, some delicate relative position of the fingers, and so on, have to be considered." Another remarkable chapter is the analysis of gracefulness in women, a quality Mr. Hatton thinks serious students are in danger of overlooking in their dread of sugary elegance, and his remarks on drapery, with their accompanying drawings, might well be studied by all who would fain see beauty of costume restored, as well as by the practical designer and painter. In a word, the book goes to the very root of the matter, overlooking no detail, however apparently insignificant, yet inculcating forcibly the too often forgotten truth that the laborious realisation of any single part of the anatomical structure militates against the harmonious effect of the whole. NANCY BELL.

HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC (3 vols.); THE UNITED NETHERLANDS (4 vols.); LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD (2 vols.)

By John Lothrop Motley. (Murray. 10s. 6d. per volume.) THIS noble edition, with its finely reproduced portraits, is a worthy presentment of an invaluable work. The revolt of the Netherlands lends itself better than most periods to the dramatic treatment; it was in itself a mighty drama, working out to its consummation within a single lifetime, gathering about a few strongly individualised central characters, and provided, alas, with its ironic anti-masque in the story of John of Barneveld with its revelation of the ingratitude of republics. Motley's broad sweep of thought and brilliant style are admirably adapted to his subject. Later research may indeed modify his conclusions at times and introduce more subtle distinctions into some of his portraits. There are a few points on which, did space permit, a question might be raised, were it but for the pleasure of discovering how little Motley needs to be set right by later students. Motley, in fact, is that rarest of writers, the picturesque historian with a sense of justice. He marshals the great pageant of the time with a touch as sure and effective as that of Froude, but, unlike Froude, he indulges in no distorting favouritisms. It may be said, indeed, that Motley's historic or dramatic genius—the two are more akin than is commonly realised—swayed him to justice almost against his will. His ardours are all for the Netherlands, and against Philip, Spain, and Catholicism. The natural hero of his story is William of Orange, whose steadfast and selfless courage, wise statesmanship, and magnanimous spirit receive full recognition at his hands. Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, Philip's great general and a foe more terrible, because more skilful, than Alva's self to the Protestant cause, is outside the pale of his professed sympathies. Yet he cannot miss the heroic traits in Farnese's character: the indomitable will, the unerring generalship, the flawless loyalty to an unworthy master. Motley protests, he insists on Parma's unscrupulous diplomacy; he warns his readers pathetically against the domination of a personality to which he has himself succumbed. It is all in vain; Parma stands out no less a hero in the tragedy than William's self. It is the same throughout. Don John, the young hero of Lepanto, who was to fail and die heartbroken in the struggle against William's

sagacious policy and his own King's ingratitude, is as vividly and pathetically portrayed as Louis of Nassau, "the Bayard of the Netherlands," who shed a brief lustre of romance across the austere cause of the Calvinists. In contrast to the impassioned loyalists and reformers, Elizabeth of England shows in her least heroic aspect, that of the colossal time-server, neither Catholic nor Protestant at heart; averse from giving aid to rebellion against a crowned King, yet resolved that the Netherlands shall cause Philip all possible embarrassment. Not the Good Queen Bess of English tradition, this, but the suspicious, penurious Elizabeth of unflattering history. In his handling of the courteous duel between Parma and Elizabeth, as in many other passages, Motley proves his possession of that final gift of the historian: a sense of humour.

Within the limits of a brief review it is impossible even to suggest the scope and scholarship of this work, or to consider the larger issues of the conflict. Neither can justice be done to Motley's power of description, whether of the sieges of Leyden or Antwerp or of the Joyous Entry at Brussels. What can be said is that here is an historian who can give the movements of the time with force and fairness, yet never forget, amid his abstractions, that history is a record of human beings, swayed by individual will and genius; that it is, in short, the great drama, which can only be truly told not by a dry-as-dust, but by a dramatist.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

THE SHADE OF THE BALKANS

Being a collection of Bulgarian Folksongs and Proverbs, here for the first time rendered into English, together with an essay on Bulgarian Popular Poetry and another on the Origin of the Bulgars. (Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE merit of this book is that the folksongs and proverbs are given intact, and that based upon them is a study in ethnology of a very interesting kind. But the best authorities, including Dr. Ripley, agree that the Bulgarians are by race Slavonised Finns. The dual origin ought to show itself in their folklore, and it does so. Cropping up in a verse, an expression, an allusion or even a name, there is evidence of pre-Christian and non-Aryan, if we may use the term, belief. Side by side with this are the Christianised forms of the older faiths, and the two influences thus appearing struggling for mastery present a most interesting study to the folklorist.

The songs themselves do not appeal to us very strongly. They are commonplace almost, not only dealing with the ordinary events of peasant life, but in an ordinary manner. Even rent and prices are quoted. The effect is, of course, to give a very graphic picture of the people's life, but it is not quite so poetical in form as we expect in folk-songs. Bulgaria may be divided into three song provinces: north and south the chief sources of the Leiduck songs, the Rhodope mountains of the love-songs, western Bulgaria of the hero-songs. This is an interesting feature, and it may be asked is there anything corresponding to it, are there song provinces in our own country? Music and dancing are the most prominent features. A certain number of them seem to date from classical times, and the beautiful hymn to spring may be quoted as a good example. Heaven is only earth in a better form; angels are little gods; and ploughing, digging and shepherding constitute the work which God and the angels are engaged in. Add to this that there are many references to Old Testament characters though not in Old Testament surroundings, while the New Testament is only represented by the Mother

of God, Christ and the Apostles, Peter and John, and we have the chief characteristics of this interesting collection.

The simplicity of the songs is the chief point to be noted:

"In Neda's yard the sun was shining;
Yet it was not the sun,
It was Neda.
In Neda's garden a willow grew;
Yet it was no willow tree,
It was fair Neda,"

does not call forth much admiration as a love-song. Somewhat better are the narrative songs:

"Stoyan came down from the mountain
With three wagon loads of wood,
And in front of them he strutted,
Piping ever on his flute.
So he met a pretty maiden,
Clad in garments new and comely;
On her forehead was a flower
And a jug upon her shoulder,"

is the old story told so often in language as simple as this, but we think with more poetry in it. But the picture is complete. The word "strutting" in this song is exactly what was wanted, and it is therefore used. In a word, the songs are true to Bulgar life and therefore of value to all students. LAURENCE GOMME.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON

2 vols. (Lane. 9s. net.)

WE have already had a collected edition of Mr. Watson's poems, compiled by himself; and since then, comparatively recently, a selection by himself. Now we have another collected edition, Mr. Watson's share in which seems rather obscure. So far as we can determine from the introduction contributed by Mr. J. A. Spender, it would appear to have been compiled by that gentleman under Mr. Watson's general supervision and approval. Mr. Spender only says that he has "played a subordinate part" in the collection of the poems. But since he writes as though everywhere responsible for their selection and arrangement, we take it that the fact is as we have conjectured. We are, however, explicitly told that Mr. Watson has personally revised the poems included, and even "considerably" altered a few of them. "The Dream of Man," "The Hope of the World," "Domine, quo Vadis?" "Lakeland once More," the first part of "The Prince's Quest," and the last part of "Lacrimæ Musarum," are particularly mentioned in regard to these alterations.

Mr. Spender (assuming we are correct) must on the whole be praised for his work. It is certainly a good and representative collection. It is not a complete collection of what Mr. Watson has published; but the poet in his own previous edition deliberately elected to suppress much which he had produced, and this casts the net wider than did that. We are not sure whether Mr. Watson, for example, even included his "Epigrams" (he certainly shut them out from the subsequent volume of Selections), of which Mr. Spender rightly makes a leading feature in the present edition. The poet not only makes happy use of the form, but his literary and æsthetic criticism in this shape is quite distinctive, so that he could not be adequately represented were it not fully exemplified. The addition of some early poems, the "Prince's Quest" at their head, has at least an historical value; for they show that Mr. Watson began as a disciple of the pre-Raphaelite poets, the romantic school of Rossetti and William Morris, in polar antithesis to the style by which he is known. A few, indeed, of his finest poems are in a richer and more romantic style than

that of the Wordsworthian school to which he gives wonted allegiance; but it is rather the vein of Keats or Shelley than of the romantic poets proper. Such are the "Autumnal Ode," the "Hymn to the Sea," the Swinburnean "Ode to May" and the exquisite brief lyric, "Thy voice from inmost dreamland."

The arrangement is new, very good and clear. The second volume (besides the early poems) is entirely given over to miscellaneous and political sonnets, political poems and epigrams. The grouping together of all these is certainly an advantage in itself, and also in that it leaves clear the poems purely poetic in subject-matter. As for the alterations, Mr. Watson is eminently a writer who can be trusted with his own business in such matters. We think this edition will commend itself to his admirers as sufficiently representative. For the exclusions, let a poet have that needed right while he lives. Perhaps one day he will even be suffered to retain it after death. At present the inevitable "complete edition," with its impertinent trivialities, adds a new terror to posterity.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY GREVILLE

Third Series. By the Countess of Strafford. (Smith, Elder. 14s.)

The Countess of Strafford has been well advised in publishing an additional series of the journals of her uncle, Henry Greville, two series of which appeared twenty years ago. She is no doubt far from expecting for them a celebrity rivalling that of the journal of Mr. Greville's brother Charles, which, as she justly says, has become a classic, and for the continuation of which we should be very thankful. Henry Greville possessed neither his brother's mental power nor his exceptional opportunities, but he was a more amiable and generally acceptable person, mingled more freely in general society, and gave up none of his time to racing. He was good-natured, open-minded, and friendly with men of various opinions, although himself a Liberal Churchman and moderate Whig. A stronger contrast can hardly be imagined than between his generally sunny picture and the vitriolic etchings of an earlier stage of society in the recently published letters of Creevey; and it is pleasant to find good ground for believing the difference to lie not merely in the temper of the writers, but to bear testimony to a real improvement in manners, morals, and general good feeling. The defect of the Diary is, that except in the case of a crime so interesting as to be talked about in fashionable circles, it never travels beyond the narrow limit of exclusive society; its merit that it shows what the society of the period was thinking and talking about, and recalls to memory many interesting circumstances more than half forgotten. It covers five years, 1857 to 1861 inclusive, beginning shortly before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and terminating with the death of Prince Albert, whose disorder had two days before been regarded as a gastric fever, likely to run for twenty-one days. This is by no means the only instance of mistaken anticipation in the Diary, whose general lesson, as in the diary of the author's brother, is the remarkable want of foresight among public men, frequently occasioned by their inability to take account of popular forces. It seems to occur to nobody that the decision of the Italian and American questions, for example, must ultimately rest with the people of those countries. Even Fanny Kemble, writing from Washington just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and with the strongest personal as well as humanitarian grounds for her abhorrence of slavery, thinks that the Northern States will not resist secession by force of arms. In the

light of present circumstances, it is amusing to look back upon the opinion then entertained of Japan, just opened to European intercourse, and described as "a droll mixture of high civilisation and infantine simplicity." Such simplicity as the simplicity of Mercury in Homer's hymn! Domestic politics include three ministerial upsets and two premature dissolutions of Parliament. The frequent mentions of leading statesmen contribute nothing to modify the general estimate of their characters, although an Englishman may read with complacency the naive surprise of the French ministers that Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon should hold exactly the same language out of office as they had held in it. There are frequent dramatic and musical references, especially to the brilliant career of Ristori. Of literature there is not much, but the death of Macaulay calls forth an encomium upon him for qualities for which he has not always received due credit, his good humour and courtesy, and his tact in putting interlocutors at their ease by the tacit assumption that they must be as well acquainted as himself with the subject of conversation. Had Mr. Greville known Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson and George Eliot personally, they would no doubt have been honoured by his notice. Science is even less in his way; the laying of the first Atlantic cable, so long abortive, is chronicled; but there is not a word on the one epoch-making event of the period, the publication of "The Origin of Species." R. GARNETT.

THE VICEROY'S POST-BAG:

Correspondence, hitherto unpublished, by the Earl of Hardwicke, First Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland after the Union. By Michael MacDonagh. (Murray. 12s. net.)

MR. MACDONAGH appears to aspire to fill the part so long played by the late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick. His period is the same as that of his predecessor, the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century history of Ireland, and his penchant is like Mr. Fitzpatrick's for the personalities of history. A skilful journalist, Mr. MacDonagh wields a more nimble and attractive pen than the author of "The Sham Squire," but he is less intimately acquainted with the times with which he deals. "The Viceroy's Post-Bag" is something between Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt" and "Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box," the entertaining volume edited a few years back by Lady Gregory. Chronologically it may be said to fill the space between the two. The Viceroyalty of Lord Hardwicke lasted from 1801 to 1806. It was his business to inaugurate the first Union administration of Ireland, and his Government witnessed the exciting episode of the Emmet rising. As the "Secret Service under Pitt" describes from original sources the engagements entered into by the British Government in connection with the passing of the Act of Union, so "The Viceroy's Post-Bag" shows us from official sources how those engagements were fulfilled. And as the former book is much occupied with the hidden history of '98, so the present is largely devoted to the inner workings of the Emmet insurrection, the measures taken for its prevention and the punishment of the actors. But although Mr. MacDonagh presents us with much authentic and original material, his book is lacking in freshness and his editorial comment is apt to be meagre and inadequate. His accounts of minor but important personages, such as John Keogh, the Catholic leader, are sometimes singularly uninforming. The earlier part of the volume strikes us as the fresher and more valuable. The chapters on episcopal promotion in the Church of Ireland, and on the distribution of tithes and dignities to politicians who had supported the Union are un-

edifying enough, but they throw valuable light upon the time. And it is but fair to Mr. MacDonagh to say that he is no literary muck-rake, poking among the garbage of history for whatever is discreditable and scandalous. His book is compiled without bias or prejudice. If the revelations in these letters are little creditable to the system which it was Lord Hardwicke's business to administer, they are at the same time damaging enough to some great popular reputations. We cannot but deplore the stain which the publication of his letters to the Government casts upon the great name of Curran. But it is impossible to read the letters printed at pages 360 and 410 without reluctantly assenting to Mr. MacDonagh's verdict that the conduct of the great orator was ignoble and unworthy.

We have noted some errors which seem to us to show that Mr. MacDonagh's knowledge of Irish history is not sufficient to protect him from mistakes which ought not to be committed in a book of this kind. The statement at page 156 that Lord Clare was the first Irishman that ever filled the office of Chancellor is absurdly misleading. Without discussing the pre-Reformation Chancellors, many of whom were certainly of Irish birth, several of the seventeenth-century Chancellors were undoubtedly Irish. Sir Maurice Eustace, the first post-Restoration Chancellor, and Michael Boyle were natives of the country, and in the eighteenth century the careers and connections of such Chancellors as Brodrick, Cox, and Jocelyn were exclusively identified with Ireland. At page 161 we read of Mr. Denyer as Lord Clare's secretary. It should be Dwyer. We must enter a protest against Mr. MacDonagh's practice of separating each paragraph by asterisks. It is a journalistic practice which ought not to be carried into a book of this kind. Yet it is followed even in the brief introduction of three pages.

EMERSON, POET AND THINKER

By Elisabeth Luther Cary. (Putnam. 15s. net.)
 "BEWARE when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet." We are seldom called upon to remember this piece of Emersonian advice, but it must certainly be borne in mind by every reader who is not prepared to sacrifice *his* Emerson for our author's ideal. She gives us a volume packed with original thought, and any extracts quoted are but wedged in to prevent the chance of her own theories being damaged. A vast knowledge of men and things, and the sympathetic emotions which must inevitably have inspired this work, combine to give us an able critic. Even those critics whose opposition to Emerson's philosophy has hitherto been considered perfectly sane are brought up for judgment, and we are almost inclined to agree when they are condemned.

Indeed, the author's steadfast aim to arrive at truth in an impartial manner is so evident throughout this book, and so absolutely conclusive are many of her arguments, that only the man who has stable convictions can quarrel with her logic.

At the very outset the unwary reader is disarmed by being told that all Emerson says "throbs with personality." Now the personal element such as we understand it is exactly what Emerson wanted to suppress. Of course, his whole essay on Self-Reliance and innumerable passages from all his works can be quoted to prove that he constantly urged man to preserve individuality. But with individuality written in its abbreviated form "ego" he was entirely unsympathetic. He could only recognise the paradoxical individuality of human beings as "dissolving types of universal life."

Consequently he bids us abandon self in order to be at one with and "live with the immeasurable mind." Our author makes this point clear to the initiated as she proceeds, but the casual reader of Emerson is apt to be led by her early reference to seek in those transcendental writings that which can never be found—solace and help in a purely human crisis.

In the essay by Maeterlinck, which is included in this book, we get at the more exact limitations of Emerson's power as a guide, a teacher and a friend. "He is the sage of the common day," we are told, "and common days make up the sum of our existence." But common days make possible the uncommon days; and it is on the uncommon days, when we seem to understand why man was given a heart when he was created in the image of God with a soul, that Emerson's purely spiritual philosophy is not sufficiently all-embracing.

We are unsatisfied with what Miss Cary tells us in regard to Emerson's ideas on Friendship—but it must not be inferred that we are dissatisfied. Her criticism of the essay on this subject is indeed short, but it is sufficiently keen to make us wish that she had pursued it very much further. For here again Emerson seems to fail us at the critical moment. Better counsel we could not have on the ninety-nine common days; but on the hundredth uncommon day, when we are called upon to affirm or to acknowledge in Emerson's own words that "no love can be bound by oath or covenant to secure it against a higher love," what immediate comfort is there to be found in his "sturdy theory of friendship"?

With these slight reservations Miss Cary's book deserves unqualified praise. It is a comprehensive survey of Emerson's philosophy by an author who possesses the essential qualifications of a critic—inspiration, knowledge and enthusiasm.

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By Charles Whibley. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
 Of the three hundred and odd pages in Mr. Whibley's new volume over one-third are devoted to Rabelais, the balance being divided between Philippe de Commines, Philemon Holland (the "Translator-Generall"), Montaigne, Robert Burton and Jacques Casanova. This proportion is fully borne out by the matter, for the paper on Rabelais is worth all the others put together. "Strangely enough," says Mr. Whibley, "we know more of Rabelais than of many another great man: we can trace his shifting action, and follow his august vagabondage." Quite true; we do. And, moreover, "august vagabondage" is good, and shows that Mr. Whibley approaches his subject in the true spirit, which is only right and proper. Authorities as to Rabelais are not lacking: from that wonderful sketch by the brothers Scévole de Sainte-Marthe, and the MS. researches of the theologian Antoine le Roy, which were used by that indefatigable mole *le bibliophile* Jacob in his "François Rabelais, sa Vie et ses Ouvrages," to the work of Heulhard, "Rabelais en Voyage," the scholarly work of M. L. Barré and a trio of remarkable sketches in "Macmillan's Magazine" 1873, "Harper's" 1880 and "Cornhill" 1867, with an intervening mass of literature on the subject, all of which Mr. Whibley appears to have assimilated, sifted and collated in the most careful and conscientious manner. There was obviously not much that was new to be said about Rabelais. What was wanted was a concise non-controversial *aperçu* of the man, his life, his works, his opinions and his influence. This Mr. Whibley has given us, in a tale of commendable brevity, with little or nothing that is superfluous.

and with a most welcome absence of that literary affectation of preciosity which many who write about the Master think it expedient to adopt. The translators into English, Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux, receive their due meed of praise, and the very obvious difference in the styles of their translations, the one distinguished, learned and wonderful, the other brilliant, facile and flippant, is very clearly set forth. On the whole Rabelais has no reason to complain of his most recent biographer. The essay on Montaigne is somewhat less satisfactory. Mr. Whibley seems to miss, to a certain extent, the man's subtle personal charm, his nearness to ourselves, his close intimacy with every one of his readers. It is a portrait from the outside, not unlike, not unpleasing, full of plain facts and incontrovertible statements, but wanting sympathy and possibly intuitive discernment. Montaigne says of himself: "*Je suis moins faiseur de livres que de nulle autre besogne*," and yet we get him here as a bookman first and last, which he certainly was not. It takes a non-bookish man to appreciate Montaigne to the full, whereof Landor may be cited in proof. The other papers in the book, especially that on "*The Library of an old Scholar*," are thoroughly sound, in parts even brilliant. The appreciation is clear and just, and the author is to be congratulated on the decision and delicacy of his touch and the simplicity of his style. The average of the volume is fully up to that high standard of culture which is evident in all Mr. Whibley's published works.

FRANK SCHLOSSER.

Fiction

THE SEA-WOLF

By Jack London. (Heinemann, 6s.) "*The Sea-Wolf*" is no mild love story. It streams blood from beginning to end. The decks of "*The Ghost*" are red with it; it dances before the eyes of the crew, and makes them rend one another like wild beasts. Mr. Jack London shouts at us from its pages in no uncertain voice. Certainly he will be heard, but it is not great art. Wolf Larsen, the captain of "*The Ghost*," is a notable figure, a figure which might have been made still more impressive had the author moderated his pen. "He was a magnificent atavism, a man so purely primitive that he was of the type that came into the world before the development of the moral nature. He was not immoral, but merely unmoral." Wolf Larsen gets into his clutches a young literary dilettante who is rescued from the sea and compelled to go on a long seal-hunting cruise to Japan. He is physically a weakling, but when he escapes from Wolf Larsen he is able to stand on his own feet. Wolf is a colossal egoist, an utter materialist, a disciple of Nietzsche, almighty on board by his enormous physical strength and utter callousness. A primitive savage in conduct, yet a reader of Spenser and Omar Khayyam. In reply to the contention that the highest conduct is that which benefits the man, his children and his race, he replies: "I cut out the race and the children. I would sacrifice nothing for them. It's just so much slush and sentiment. . . . Might is right, and that is all there is to it. Weakness is wrong." It may be that such brutality as that depicted on "*The Ghost*" exists on seal-hunting schooners, but it serves no good purpose to rake over filth and garbage. Mr. London does not even give us in compensation such wonderful sea pictures as would Mr. Conrad. He flings the most violent colours on to his canvas, thus attracting but not keeping attention. We do not wish to deny the cleverness of much in "*The Sea-Wolf*," but we must protest against this picture of rampant inhumanity and brutality.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS

By W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.) Just a score of stories in the key of sympathy and understanding of those classes of society which have

hitherto escaped exploitation. Mr. Pett Ridge, with rare cunning, much observation and a great gift of reticence, has for some years past drawn for us the inside life of that portion of the population which counts—numerically, if in no other way. He is the chronicler—not of small beer, but of small gingerbeer—and as such is inimitable, original, and awfully pathetic. In "*First Impressions*," in "*A Riverside Garden*," notably, however, in "*Sunday Morning*," he strikes a note of sheer humanity which no writer (no, not even excepting Dickens) has ever struck before. Quite ordinary folk people his tales, and in the bare recital of their joys and woes, a mere phrase, two words of popular street slang, he makes a picture that those who know and love these classes, at once our governors and our slaves, will recognise and appreciate. Mr. Pett Ridge is a great artist. He knows his limitations and his possibilities. He has done much good strong work before now, but nothing better than this collection of real tales of the people.

THE PRISONER OF MADEMOISELLE

By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Constable, 6s.) Mr. Roberts can write a romantic love story with rare distinction. In reading "*The Prisoner of Mademoiselle*" one realises that an adventurous romance need not be written in a high falutin' unnatural manner, and although a story be full of incident it can still be literature. One is perhaps in danger of forgetting this, for the romantic novel has lately fallen on evil days from a literary point of view. True many of the hastily written cheap romances which are issued enjoy an enviable popularity, but they are anything but literature. The prisoner of Mademoiselle is Lieutenant Zachary Cowles, of the brig "*God's Providence*," of Boston, who rashly adventuring in a small boat to explore the shores of a hostile country, is cut off from his ship by a dense fog and thus taken prisoner by Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle is a delightful creation, proud yet tender-hearted, a wilful child yet a true woman. Naturally the prisoner falls in love with his jailer, who locks him up in a lonely blockhouse in the midst of a forest. The Bostonians are in ill odour with the governor of the island, who swears that any Englishmen he can catch shall swing from the tallest trees around Port Arthur. Partly from compassion, partly, perhaps, from awakening love, Mademoiselle determines that Lieutenant Zachary Cowles shall remain her prisoner and her prisoner only. To do this much stratagem is necessary, much clever plotting and cajolery, which provide capital reading. The ultimate fate of Zachary can easily be surmised. Mr. Roberts in the course of the narrative gives us some truly delightful descriptions of forest life. He is famous as a lover of nature, and with sympathetic insight depicts her ways and moods. He makes known to us the vast trackless Acadian forests, with their animal life and their great solitudes, their profusion of bloom and their massive timbers. A book of very considerable charm.

GODFREY MARTEN, UNDERGRADUATE

By Charles Turley. (Heinemann, 5s.) This book is a worthy successor to "*Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*," and forms an excellent guide to Oxford life, that should be appreciated both by public-school boys and by freshmen. All the leading features and personalities of the '*Varsity*' are admirably portrayed: wardens and tutors, "bloods" and "smugs," debating societies and wine clubs, football and cricket matches, *Eights Week* and the *Long Vacation*, proctors and "rags." Godfrey Marten, the hero of the book, who tells the tale, is, however, something more than the mere peg on which is hung a description of undergraduate life. In spite of being the typical English public-school man, he convinces the reader that he possesses a very definite personality. The other characters are equally living, especially Jack Ward, Denison the blood, and F. Foster, cricket "blue," and one is led to suspect that in their delineation Mr. Turley has been drawing largely on his own personal reminiscences of his Oxford days. The book is crowded with incidents, of which the best are the pursuit of Denison from Magdalen Bridge to within a mile of Iffley by an imaginary "bulldog," and the splendid dissimulation of Thornton, the

supposed "greenhorn," who, when elected by some foolish practical jokers to the presidency of an imaginary club, turns the tables neatly on his adversaries by dissolving the club with all due solemnity.

JULIA

By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The girl whose name supplies the title is not the most interesting personage in the novel, although her rather yellow complexion may be said to give her a certain distinction among heroines. Nor is the rather goody-goody hero a creature of considerable attraction, except during one heroic moment when the reader gets a glimpse of a "steel" muscle situate somewhere in the neighbourhood of his wrist. Women novelists are much enamoured of the method of describing physical fitness in terms of ironmongery. But hero and heroine are sympathetic, and the same may be said of Mary Craven and her tortoise-hearted lover Jim. The story is in the school of Miss Rhoda Broughton with some tittle-tattle on the lines of "The Autobiography of a Scandal." There is the same old-world flavour, something of the same skill in description and portraiture and in the making of much out of little. The author's very real love of Ireland is not the least of her charms in the way of style, and the story, slight though it be, is brilliantly told.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

By Nelson Lloyd. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) This wholly ineffectual book gives such a thorough sense of the futility of life that one is left wondering, at its close, what induced the author to go through the labour of writing it; and, being written, what hope of reward, in the shape of sales, could have induced the publishers to go to the expense of bringing it from overseas. The heroine is wholly paltry. The man who wins her is a mere shadow. Indeed, nothing in the book matters—except that the dogs are a good example of faithfulness to the ladies.

THE CAVERN OF LAMENTS

By Catherine Mallandaine. (Long, 6s.) If the author of this novel were to take her pen and strike out pages of wearying description of eyes and hair and glances and scenery and rely on dramatic statement, if she were to write her novels almost as severely as a play, and trust to creating life thereby, she would produce a work that would yield all her best qualities without the need of much skipping to find them. As it is, if the reader be a practised skipper, he will find a good story, with the atmosphere of the island of Sark for picturesque background. This is not condemning a novel for its length; but a long novel must be rich in wisdom and beautiful things, or it becomes but a garden of yawns.

YEW TREE FARM

By Bessie Marchant. (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.) This is a fairly good story of the type that would be read by girls and young women in country places. The plot is interesting, the morals are pure, the life of the plucky girls who determine to run a farm on their own account is well told, and the atmosphere of the hop-fields and of the oast-house is distinctly good. The curate need not be afraid of it for his village library. And as regards love, there is plenty of it. The plot contains a villain and a fool or two, and the story of Edith's suffering from unjust suspicion and of her rescue from arrest is almost exciting. The author would be well advised to leave the explanation of model-farming to the agricultural gazettes and give her whole strength to the study of the humanities and the emotions—she has something of the seeing eye.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell. (Heinemann, 6s.) Should anybody be in search of a delightful story, charmingly and wittily and crisply written, to send as a welcome gift at this time of the year, we would say, buy "The Eagle's Shadow." Its illustrations are good, its end-papers are a joy, and the written words between those end-papers weave a healthy and tender story that it is a pleasure to read. The author has "gotten" the English Colonel most excellently well, except that an English officer

should not say "gotten." The hero and the heroine, however, dominate the book; and they are very much alive. The little world round about the girl is very gracefully presented. And the observation, though not very deep, is always true and often very sly. "She cared no more for Shakespeare than the average woman does, and she was never quite comfortable when he was alluded to." That is very neatly put—as, indeed, are most things in this pleasant volume.

Short Notices

EDINBURGH

Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I.; described by Rosaline Masson. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Fulleylove could have no more inspiring subject for his pencil, or Miss Masson for her pen, than beautiful picturesque Edinburgh. "There is the 'Marmion view' from the south—the view that Scott loved and Turner painted—but with a denser massing of suburb than they saw, reaching high up to the furzy knoll where Marmion stood. Here is the Castle in all its majesty, with the Grassmarket and Cowgate huddled picturesquely under its precipices, and the old dark descending spine of the High Street, with St. Giles's open crown over the roofs, and then all the maze and glitter of a newer world, with its many domes and steeples and the Forth beyond." Do we not again see Edinburgh as we read Miss Masson's words, even without the help of Mr. Fulleylove's brush? Can we not again hear the one o'clock gun boom forth from the Castle as we stroll along Princes Street, with its noisy cars and constant stream of traffic? This is Edinburgh of to-day. It is much changed since the days when Scott used to stamp along the North Bridge "with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head which strong pithy poetry excites." It is cleaner, too, to-day than when Dr. Johnson grumbled to Boswell as they picked their way through the city—"I can smell you in the dark." One sighs for the return of yesterday as one recalls the famous literary coterie which Edinburgh once sheltered, the many famous figures that walked her streets. They crowd in on one's memory as one harks back. One can imagine the Ettrick Shepherd paying his first visit to Scott in Castle Street, and other visitors—Crabbe, Robert Chambers, William Allan, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Sir Alexander Boswell, Joanna Baillie. We are reminded of Gavin Douglas, George Buchanan and John Napier, the notorious Major Weir with "a grim countenance and a big nose," Allan Ramsay, David Hume, John Knox. Miss Masson revives the mooted question whether Shakespeare visited Edinburgh or not. But Scotland cannot claim his birthplace even though an ingenious Scot tried to justify his assumption that Shakespeare was born at Paisley by saying that "his abeilities would justify the inference." Ben Jonson greatly admired Edinburgh, who so gracefully gave him the freedom of the city. Steele, in 1717, paid her a visit, afterwards saying that he had "drunk enough native drollery to compose a comedy." Miss Masson gives a delightful picture of Goldsmith in presenting to us an entry in a tailor's account of 1753, from which it appears that Goldsmith was supplied with a suit of sky-blue satin and black velvet and a "superfine small hatt." It is regrettable to recall that the account was "carried over." There is very little mention in the book of Thomas Carlyle and none of "Lavengro," which is bad; but a whole chapter is devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson, whose fame is not yet confirmed by time. Mr. Fulleylove has done his share of the work admirably. Lovers of Edinburgh will be glad to have so delightful a presentment of the Athens of the North. Occasionally his pictures are somewhat too thin and grey, but then, Edinburgh is a grey city. No more competent writer could have been chosen than Miss Masson, who knows Edinburgh thoroughly, and also brings to her task a facile and practised pen.

SHAKESPEARE SELF-REVEALED IN HIS SONNETS AND PHENIX AND TURTLE

The texts, with an introduction and analyses by J. M. (Sherratt & Hughes, 5s. net.) There is in this little book so much genuine love for Shakespeare and so extensive a know-

ledge of his works and period that it is painful to have to condemn it as, from a critical point of view, devoid of all value. That such must be the case, however, will be apparent from the mere statement of the author's theory that the sonnets are addressed by Shakespeare to himself, and not merely embody an autobiographical element but are entirely autobiographical and expressive of his devotion to the Spirit of Ideal Beauty; the mysterious "Mr. W. H.," therefore, is not Southampton or Pembroke, but "William Himself"; a notion already propounded by a German. The initial sonnets, in which, to the vulgar apprehension, the poet seems to be exhorting his friend to marry, are in sober truth exhortations to himself to perpetuate his renown by allying himself with Beauty; and the Dark Lady of the concluding sonnets is no other than Fame. We have seldom seen love and learning so hopelessly divorced from common sense. New lights on Shakespearean matters are for the most part simply ludicrous, but "J. M.'s" hallucinations are largely leavened with pathos. He has loved not wisely but too well; and Love has not produced the effect upon him which it produced upon Cythna.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY

As edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett. With preface and notes by Austin Dobson. In six volumes. Vol. I. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.) It is now sixty years since a standard edition of Madame d'Arblay's "Diary" was edited by her niece Mrs. Charlotte Barrett. Mr. Austin Dobson's edition, superior in every respect, succeeds to this position, and may expect to occupy it for at least an equal period. Substantially, of course, there can be no great gap between any two editions of the "Diary"; the one initial fact is the "Diary" itself, which altereth not, like the law of the Medes and the Persians. Much, however, might be done by a judicious annotator well versed in the social history of Fanny Burney's time and able to supply the deficiencies of the last editor, whose knowledge, indeed, was considerable, but whose standard was inadequate. No editor can be better qualified in this respect than Mr. Austin Dobson, who further deserves high credit not only for what he has done, but for what he has left undone. It would have been easy for an editor of his knowledge to have burdened a bright text with a ponderous commentary, but this he has forborne, and his terse notes, limited to the strictly needful, enliven as well as inform. Another indication of advance since the Early Victorian days is the number and excellence of the illustrations, which include not only the portraits we have almost come to claim as a right, but a view of Thrale's villa at Streatham and a facsimile of a long letter from Mrs. Thrale.

LIFE OF OMAR-AL-KHAYYAMI

By J. K. M. Shirazi. (Foulis.) At first sight one is disposed to condemn this beautifully printed book as a superfluity. What! more lives of Omar Khayyam? Upon close investigation, however, it is seen to have a distinct individuality, agreeably expressed by the pretty Persian pattern of the binding. The author, according to his own statement, is a Persian, and as such is able to treat his subject from a national point of view. This might easily have been one of great disparagement of Omar, whose name he admits to be "no less execrated by the Shi-ite mob than it was in his own day." This is far from his own view, and he severely blames the cultured classes, men of light but not of leading, who are quite ready to quote and praise Omar before strangers and sojourners, but shrink from enlightening their own countrymen. It occurs to us, nevertheless, that the motive may not be always mere timidity, but in some instances perception of the unsuitability of Omar's epicureanism to a nation urgently in need of political and spiritual regeneration. A Persian Milton or Carlyle is the kind of man demanded by the needs of the age; if, as some think, he came in the leaders of the Bab sect, he came in a shape highly unsympathetic to Omar. The writer's local knowledge enables him to correct some misconceptions; as, for instance, he points out the improbability of one so highly educated as Omar having been a handicraftsman, and conjectures that he was descended from an Arab clan so called from its vocation of tent-making. The existence of

this clan does not appear to be demonstrated, but it does appear that a considerable Arab immigration into Nishapur took place about the time of Omar's birth. Another interesting feature of the book is the number of extracts relating to Omar. All agree respecting his heretical opinions and his scientific attainments, but there is a great dearth of direct testimony respecting both. His reputation as an astronomer is admitted by all, and must certainly have been well established in his lifetime, or he would not have been invited to aid in the reformation of the calendar, but it is connected with no special discovery, dictum, or theory: unless some theoretic innovation is indicated by the testimony of a hostile biographer, his involuntary admirer, that "he taught the necessity of studying science according to the principles of the Greeks." If nothing more definite is ascertainable, this is not the fault of Mr. Shirazi, whose elegant little book is a desirable companion to FitzGerald's or any other version of Omar.

UNDER THE CARE OF THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE

By Ethel McCaul. (Cassell, 6s.) This little book, liberally illustrated from photographs, gives many interesting glimpses of the kindly side of war, which is so strangely contrasted with its essential savagery. Miss McCaul went out to study the Japanese methods of nursing and their hospital system; and, unlike the newspaper correspondents, she seems to have been shown everything. Japanese secretiveness, with its, perhaps, unnecessary suspicion and restriction, did not come into play. Recommended by our Queen, Miss McCaul and her companion were made free of all the hospitals, and escorted by a talented Japanese lady, and the generals and officials at the front and elsewhere seem to have tried to make their journeys as pleasant as possible. Of course, the nurses had not time to see much of the inner side of Japanese life and thought—few Europeans can have any knowledge of this—but they saw much, and recorded it in simple but graphic description. In completeness and scientific method the Japanese Red Cross Society certainly seems to distance the best-organised European societies of similar purpose; the contrast between the Russian Red Cross organisation, with its scandalous speculation in high places, and the corresponding system of their "yellow" toes must be painful to those who desire the victory of a "Christian" nation. But Miss McCaul did not inspect the hospitals alone; she saw the Russian prisoners in the mildest of captivity, and picked up many characteristic little traits of the strange blend of East and West that is the Japanese of to-day. One young officer, entrusted with the important and (in Japan) peculiarly difficult duty of collecting horses, bade a dear friend farewell because he did not believe he could carry out his mission properly, and was resolved not to survive failure. If our remount officers had had a touch of this spirit, the Boer War would have been over far sooner.

THE HARDY COUNTRY: LITERARY LANDMARKS OF THE WESSEX NOVELS

By Charles G. Harper. (Adam and Charles Black, 6s.) In his wonderfully informing book, "The Art of Thomas Hardy," the late Lionel Johnson expressed the hope that some one would devote a volume to a description of that wonderful Wessex which every Hardy-lover, and therefore every reader of good books, knows so well, and yet is only able to describe so vaguely from a topographical point of view. Mr. C. G. Harper has stepped into the breach, and has done the work remarkably well. Not only are we told, as we—approximately—knew before, that Castle Royal is Windsor, Aldbrickham Reading, Kennetbridge Newbury, Alfredston Wantage, Marygreen Fawley Magna (Jude Fawley gives the clue), Quartershot Aldershot, Sandbourne Bournemouth, Swanwich Swanage, and Casterbridge of course Dorchester, but we are taken on a literary and pictorial pilgrimage through upper and lower Wessex, so that the Hardy country becomes to us something nearer than a mere geographical expression. Stoke Barehills we recognise as Basingstoke, where, one remembers, Jude and Sue visit the Agricultural Show and are observed

by Arabella, Jude's sometime wife, with some jealousy. We see Bere Regis Church, with its Turberville window and quaint gargoyles of Toothache and Headache. We tramp the heaths to the north-west of the four-mile road from Corfe to Wareham, where plays the dire story of the Return of the Native. Mr. Harper draws as well as he writes, and his pictures, which are lavishly scattered through the book, are unaffected black-and-white notes of interesting places mentioned in the novels. Lastly, there is a map of Wessex with both the real and the Hardy names of towns and villages; and a well-compiled index.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES

By the late Laurence Hutton. (Putnam, 5s. net.) The proofs of this posthumous volume were not revised by the author; but we are assured that "the manuscript was prepared with conscientious care, and it is doubtful if Mr. Hutton would have changed a single line." If that be so, then it must be said that this piece of bookmaking is but a poor service to render to the country of the author's ancestors. It is evidently the result of special cramming, and Mr. Hutton has not always gone to the proper authorities. Quoting from Froude, he tells his readers that in the earlier part of the nineteenth century the Scottish universities had no prizes to offer, no fellowships, no scholarships. This is not true. In 1787 Francis Jeffrey was sent to Glasgow, as Cockburn tells us, with a view to the Oxford exhibitions, for none of the "other colleges had such academic prizes." For more than two centuries Glasgow has been sending to Balliol on the munificent Snell exhibition men of the highest class, among them Adam Smith, John Gibson Lockhart, Mr. Andrew Lang and George Douglas Brown. Then Mr. Hutton seems to have known nothing of the long history of the Edinburgh Speculative Society, with its wealth of names, including those of Scott and Stevenson. A tale of "literary landmarks" which omits mention of John Major, of Knox, of George Buchanan, of Francis Hutcheson, and of Thomas Reid—to name only these—is unpardonably incomplete. Finally, too much space is given to university constitutions and transatlantic comparisons, and far too little to the ostensible object of the book. An enthralling subject and a lost opportunity.

STORIES OF THE WIND.

By Karlott Blossé. (Drane, 3s. 6d.) The stories which the wind told are refreshingly simple and unpretentious, although we could wish that the author had not always underlined the moral. The writer, too, should guard against a slight tendency to make the characters talk in an unnatural and inappropriate manner. For the rest, they are straightforward simple little stories of what the wind did; how he helped to restore lost Toney to his anxious parents, what a lesson he gave the purse-proud Colonel, and how he and the star, Isa, between them made a man of Richard.

THE YOUNG GARDENERS' KALENDER.

By Dollie Radford. (Moring.) Here we have a daintily bound, prettily illustrated calendar for the little ones. There is a set of verses for each month, reminding the youthful gardener what seeds to sow and when to expect the blooms. Every child likes to have a little corner of father's garden for his or her very own, to dig and rake over, to plant seeds and watch them grow, to water in the cool of the evening and pluck therefrom a posy for mother. For these children Dollie Radford has written her verses, and L. E. Wright has drawn the pictures.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Parker, J., *The Epistles to the Colossians, Philemon, and Thessalonians* (Hodder & Stoughton), 5/0.
The Exposition, Vol. X. (Hodder & Stoughton), 7/6.
 Barry, the Right Rev. A., D.D., *The Christian Sunday* (S.P.C.K.), 1/6.
 Walrond, Mary L., *Launching Out into the Deep; or, The Pioneers of a Noble Effort* (S.P.C.K.), 2/0.
 "Vinisius to Niera": a Fourth-Century Christian Letter written in South Britain and discovered at Bath (deciphered, translated, and annotated by E. W. B. Nicholson) (Frowde), 1/0 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Russell, C. E., *The Twin Immortalities and Other Poems* (Chicago: Hamersmark Publishing Company), \$1.50 net.
 Goetz, P. B., *Interludes* (Boston: Badger).
 Verlaine, Paul, *Poems* (selected and translated by Ashmore Wingate) (Walter Scott), 1/0.
 Revised Versions: *Quips and Oddities*, by V. E. X., (Edinburgh: Hay).
 Folliott, T., *Life's Golden Thread* (Fifield), 1/0 net.
 Manzoni, A., *The Sacred Hymns and the Napoleonic Ode* (translated by the Rev. J. F. Bingham) (Frowde), 12/0 net.
 Lodge, G. C., *Cain: a Drama* (Houghton, Mifflin), \$1.00 net.
 Coates, Florence E., *Mine and Thine* (Houghton, Mifflin), \$1.25 net.
 Aldrich, T. B., *Judith of Bethulia: a Tragedy* (Houghton, Mifflin), \$1.00 net.

Art

- Potter, Mary K., *The Art of the Louvre* (Bell), 5/0 net.
 Bushell, S. W., *Chinese Art*, Vol. I. (Board of Education).

Travel and Topography

- Williamson, G. O., *Guildford in the Olden Time* (Bell), 5/0 net.
 Nicholls, the Rev. W., *History and Traditions of Prestwich* (Manchester: Sutton).
 Edinburgh Vignettes: *Verses* by A. H. Begbie (Edinburgh: Hay).

History and Biography

- Coquelle, P., *Napoleon and England, 1803-1813: a Study from Unprinted Documents* (translated by G. D. Knox, with Introduction by J. Holland Rose) (Bell), 5/0 net.
 Larson, L. M., *The King's Household in England before the Norman Conquest* (Madison, Wisconsin: The University), 50c.

Educational

- Clifton and McLaughlin, *Nouveau Dictionnaire Anglais-Français et Français-Anglais* (Paris: Garnier Frères), 5f.
 Ellery, T. B., *The "Council" Arithmetic for Schools* (Black), 0/3 and 0/4.

Miscellaneous

- Sir Henry Cotton's Presidential Address, Indian National Congress (British Committee of the Indian National Congress), 0/3.
 A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles: Fargeter—Pennachod, Vol. VII. (Frowde), 7/6.
 De Lisle, A., *The Story of the Red Cross Movement* (Office of "The Banner"), 1/0.
 The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VIII.: Leon—Moravia (Funk & Wagnalls).
 Steiner, B. C., *Descriptions of Maryland* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press).
 Knapary, J., *The Humanitarian View of the Public School Question* (Humanitarian Publishing Company), 0/3.
 A Catalogue of Modern English Literature (Boots), 1/6.
 Mudie's Select Library Catalogue, 1905 (Mudie), 1/6.
 Budge, E. A. W., *Cook's Handbook for Egypt and the Sūdān* (Cook), 10/0.
 Reynolds-Bell, E. A., *Cairo of To-day* (Black), 2/6.
 The Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory, 1905 (Routledge), 5/0 net.
 The Catholic Directory, 1905 (Burns & Oates), 1/6 net.
 Mathieson's Handbook for Investors, 1905 (Mathieson), 2/6 net.
 Mining Highest and Lowest Prices, Dividends, etc. (Mathieson), 1/0.
 "Apollo," *Ju-Jitsu: What it Really is* ("Apollo's" Magazine).
 Weale, J. C. M., *The Case against the Aberdeen Public Library* (Smith), 2/0.

Reprints and New Editions

- The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vols. III. and IV. (Bell), 5/0 net per vol.
 Pellico, S., *Francesca da Rimini* (translated by the Rev. J. F. Bingham) (Frowde), 8/0 net.
 The Twentieth Century New Testament (Horace Marshall), 2/6 net.
 The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century: George Crabbe to Samuel Taylor Coleridge; John Keats to Edward, Lord Lytton; Southey to Percy Bysshe Shelley (edited by A. H. Miles), 3 vols. (Routledge), 1/6 net each.
 The Adventures of a Post Captain, by a Naval Officer (Methuen), 3/6 net.

Fiction

- Marsh, R., "Confessions of a Young Lady" (Long), 6/0; Boothby, G., "In Spite of Cæsar" (Long), 5/0; Le Queux, W., "The Mask" (Long), 6/0; Dabbs, G. H. R., "Mr. Watch, Pawnbroker" (London Argus Library of Fiction), 1/0; Keays, H. A. M., "He that eateth Bread with Me" (Methuen), 6/0; Sergeant, Adeline, "The Mystery of the Moat" (Methuen), 6/0.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Fortnightly Review," "Book News," "Cornhill," "Contemporary Review," "Windsor Magazine," "Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation," "The Greyfriar," "Pearson's," "The Girl's Realm," "Lady's Home Magazine," "The Antiquary," "Ethnological Journal," "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Good Words," "Sunday Magazine," "Ainslee's," "Humane Review," "Casell's Magazine," "Friendly Greetings," "Girl's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Paper," "The Commonwealth," "Bible Society," "Gleanings," "The Bible in the World," "Casell's Russo-Japanese War," "Blackwood's Magazine," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Independent Review," "Bible Treasury," "Monthly Review," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Temple Bar," "Century Illustrated Monthly," "Empire Review," "St. Nicholas," "The [American] Bookman," "The Indian Antiquary," "The Conservator," "The Johns Hopkins University Circular," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Lippincott's," "The Connoisseur," "International Quarterly," "Burlington Magazine," "British Food Journal," "Child's Own Magazine," "The Herald of the Cross," "The Book Monthly."

Booksellers' Catalogues

- Messrs. Boots' Booklovers' Library (General), 29 Farringdon Road, and Nottingham; Mr. C. Higham (Theology and Philosophy), 27a Farringdon Road.

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Hedenns, H., *Syre Corneus, ein mittellenglisches Gedicht* (Erlangen: Junge & Sohn).
 Handschin, C. H., *Das Sprichwort bei Hans Sachs* (Madison, Wisconsin: The University), 50c.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Mercure de France," "Deutsche Rundschau," "La Vérité sur le Congo."

My Book of Memory

FOR some nights past my bed-book has been "Pepys' Diary," which has ever been a delight to me, even in the old incomplete version. I have asked myself again and again why Master Samuel wrote this record of his daily deeds and misdeeds, but no answer that comes to me from within or without seems at all satisfying. The reasons for which he did not write it are evident; no thought of publication can have been entertained by him, or of any human eye ever unravelling his shorthand. This being so, why did he preserve these pages, or why did he not at any rate leave instructions for them to be destroyed after his death? Did he keep them by him to look over now and again, to refresh his memory of days past? We can scarcely imagine this, for the small talk, the tittle-tattle, so quaint and interesting for us could have possessed little charm for him. They were not written for practical use, for the business entries are few in number compared with mere details of gossip and entries of no lasting import to the man himself.

The man himself, perhaps there lies the key to the mystery; if I can but come to know the man himself, his very innermost self, then I may be able to satisfy myself as to why he kept this Diary. Over and again it has been said that seldom if ever has there been so complete an exposure of a man's life, heart, soul, as this of Pepys, but such a statement is easier to make than to prove. We know of Pepys all that he has set down in his Diary, that and no more, and there is no means of proving whether he has told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Untruth I cannot believe him to have given us deliberately, for he could not hope to deceive himself—his only reader—by his lies; furthermore, so much of what he has set down is detrimental to his character that he need not have been squeamish of anything that has been left unsaid. So, on the whole, I take it that he has written truthfully, but other points remain to be considered. May he not have been deceived with regard to himself and many things that he was and did? Was he more capable than any other man of seeing himself entire, naked? He seems to have been a man of no particular gift of insight into the character of his fellows, and probably saw himself with partial eyes as we all see ourselves. He may have limned his portrait as well as he knew how; there may be no wilfully wrong touch of colour, but after all the likeness is that of Samuel Pepys as he appeared to himself, not necessarily that of Pepys as he really existed. Nor must it be taken for granted that he painted the picture in darker or in brighter colours than he should have done; it may be one way or the other, or in part one and in part the other; we do not know; we never can know, any more than we can know ourselves. I suppose I am not uncommon in fancying that every now and then I do obtain a peep at my real self; some crisis—big or little—tears aside the outer covering of imagination all compact with which I clothe myself, and I see my very soul—naked. Then the mists gather again, and I travel on with the shadowy image of myself which I have set up as egomet. Perhaps Pepys in this place—or in that—though we cannot say where—gives glimpses of his naked self; but all I can surely count upon is that he has told me very much of what he *did*; from that it remains for you and me to guess—only to guess—what he *was*. And who am I that I should take for granted that I can judge this man aright? So far am I incapable that in one mood of my mind he appears to me to be quite

different from the man as he shows himself to me when my mood is changed. No; I know him not. I fancy him to be a wine-bibber, and a runner after petticoats, not a little of a hypocrite, very vain, not altogether scrupulous in matters of honour—and being such, how can I reconcile with probability the fact that he wrote this Diary? Again I come to the point—why did he write it? And again echo says "Why?"

Many a person has written his autobiography with one eye on himself and one eye upon his reader. We do not believe all they tell us, and we suspect them of hushing up many matters which would but tarnish their reputes were they known. But knowing that these writers are not telling all the truth, are even at times making mis-statements, we are not only not deceived but are very often able to see through the clothes into the heart of the man, when he thinks himself safe hid. But it is not so with Pepys—all we know is that he wrote this Diary, that he could aim at deceiving no one save himself, that probably he aimed at telling absolute truth, but how far he attained his aim no man can say. I am told that the truth of the thing is apparent; but I remember that appearances are often deceitful.

Have you ever attempted to keep such a Diary as this? It needs must be a curiously brave or a sadly obtuse man who would paint himself in such colours as has Pepys. I never dared attack the task, but realising once upon a time how fascinating in Pepys are the little details of everyday life, I strove to keep some such record as his for a few months, but only succeeded in achieving dismal failure. I found when I sat down at night to record the events of the day, my meals, my ingoings and outgoings, my expenditure, the men and women I had met, and so forth, that I simply could not do it. Then I endeavoured to note down something of my thoughts and emotions—but could not do it. There was a heart-breaking coldness about it all that froze the ink in my pen. From which I learned one thing of Pepys—either he was the bravest writer of fiction that ever lived, or was totally lacking in imagination. Yes, after all, I do feel that he wrote the very truth as it appeared to him; as he saw himself so he painted, but he had not the imagination to question whether he saw himself truly or not, whether he was better or worse than the fellow he has portrayed. But still I am no nearer an answer to my question, Why did Pepys write his Diary? All I am absolutely certain of is that I am sincerely grateful to him for having done so. E. G. O.

The Human Will

V—Freedom and Determinins

THE word free-will is used in at least three different senses—whereby confusion is worse confounded. In its completest sense the term is used to signify the doctrine that the human will acts independently of prior causes, and is undetermined by any exterior or interior facts whatsoever, so that, if he will, a man can act against the stronger of two warring motives. Contradicted alike by universal experience, common speech and every relevant fact and generalisation of philosophy, this theory will not here be discussed.

Then, again, the term is sometimes misapplied—as I see it—to indicate that man can act by the light of reason, preferring immediate to remoter ends; that he is a rational animal, whereas the lower animals are instinctive. Against this doctrine, with the reservation

that reason can be discerned in the lower animals, scientific psychology enters no demurrer.

Closely allied to this last is the connotation that man can obey the dictates of his higher nature when the lower would assert itself. This I assuredly do not dispute.

To-day, however, we find even many theologians prepared to assert that by free-will they mean to indicate only that man is conscious of a *power of choice*. To some of us it may appear that the use of the term free-will to indicate this consciousness of choice is an abuse of language: but this opinion does not relieve us from the necessity of examining and attempting to analyse this fact of choice: anti-dogmatic dogmas, like all others, being always at the mercy of facts.

When we deny the *freedom* of the will, be it observed, we do not deny the existence of will itself. Without choice there could surely be no volition. To assert that we can choose, then, is no more than to assert that we can will, which determinism is not so insane as to dispute. Libertarianism, however, takes this indisputable fact as the fundamental proof of its position; and there certainly is no argument for freedom like that which is given in the immediate testimony of consciousness. At this moment I *know*, as a fact which laughs at all theories, that I can finish this essay to-night, or leave it till to-morrow morning—which would be quite soon enough, and spend the next hour with Wordsworth—which I please. I am *free* to do either, surely. This is immediately given in consciousness. What is not immediately given, however, but can be readily discerned by reflection, is that my decision, when made, will have been determined by circumstances within or without me. I may be interrupted to-morrow. On the other hand, interruption is improbable, and at worst there remains the afternoon. If I say that I continue "just because I want to," thereby demonstrating that my will is free, I am simply returning the (alleged) woman's reason for doing a thing, "Just because": which is no answer in her case or mine.

But without admitting that this case, as it stands, involves no moral considerations, let us take an obviously moral issue, since that is the sphere in which the free will question is supposed to be of importance. Let us suppose that I have promised my wife to finish this article to-night, and so I feel that I *ought* to do so. If I keep my word, despite the temptation to be lazy, and despite the perfect feasibility of deceiving my wife, why do I? Here it looks as if I were free, because the determining cause is not external but within myself. The case is a subtler one. But I think Schopenhauer has fairly explained it. If I keep my word it might well be hazarded by a looker-on that I have frequently kept my word before. I have a self-observed *norm*, at which I endeavour to maintain myself. My experience of myself is that I usually keep my promises, and I do not mean to fall below my own level now. In such a case a man is indeed self-determined, to use the libertarian term: but it is obvious that we must now inquire what has gone to the making of the self or norm which I take as my standard. Nor does it need much consideration to show that my habit of promise-keeping, in such a case, could certainly be referred either to heredity or environment or both.

Perhaps this instance may serve to show that when the determinist refers the issue of all volition to the influence of heredity and environment, this latter term has a far wider meaning than is often given it. Environment includes more than material circumstances,

such as the satisfactoriness or otherwise with which my fountain-pen happens to be working to-night, though that might well determine my action. Every content of my consciousness, every memory of my past behaviour in such circumstances, every subconscious memory somewhere recorded—ingrained—in my brain-cells (in other words, every ingrained *habit*) is part of the environment which helps to determine my action to-night. Thus properly interpreted, to heredity and environment may be referred all the motives, all the *pros* and *cons*, which compete within me until one or other, or the sum of several, finally determines me to work or refreshment.

The libertarian will not dispute that my character will decide my action in regard to promise-keeping. If he knows a man's character he "cannot imagine him doing such and such a thing in given circumstances." There are men—I suppose—whose character is such that they *cannot* steal, even from a railway company or the State. They are not *free* to steal, though doubtless many such utterly honest persons would be the first to attack determinism. They cannot steal because their whole nature—their character—forbids them. They do not see that if it is possible to form character—that is, to cause character—it is proportionately possible to cause the volitional acts which character determines. And to assert determinism is merely to assert that the human will is caused.

C. W. SALESBY.

"Peter Pan"

MR. BARRIE'S new play is a quaint mingling of pathos and fun, reality and unreality, pirates, Redskins and fairies. To deal with its weaknesses first. It is to be feared that in aiming at the pleasing of both old and young folk Mr. Barrie may fall between two stools; in truth, any other writer would surely have done so, but he stands by himself and can achieve successfully that which to others would surely bring failure. The touches of tender pathos, the exquisite picture of a mother's love and suffering and joy can come home to but few of the young ones and to most of them must appear out of place in an entertainment which they look upon as gotten up in their behoof; on the other side the oldsters must now and again grow weary of the Redskins and the pirates, who have stepped alive out of the dead and forgotten books they read years ago. One other grumble: Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's mimicry of several leading actors of the day is exceedingly clever, but quite out of place; further, quite a puzzle to the children, who will ask, as a youngster did behind me, "What's it all about?" But it would be ungracious to be cantankerous over so graceful a fantasy as this latest of Mr. Barrie—as uncivil as it would be to grow angry over a few stray raisin-stones in an otherwise admirable Christmas pudding.

To such a sweetmeat "Peter Pan" may fairly be likened; plot there is practically none, loose ends there are a many; but who recks of this as he watches and laughs over this wild panorama of whimsies? Peter Pan and his band of boys, who dwell in the Never, Never, Never Land, all unfortunates who have fallen out of their perambulators and are doomed to live motherless for ever: Wendy Moira Angela, John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas, delightful Darlings who are taught to fly by Peter and who use their accomplishment to betake themselves to the Never, Never, Never Land; Nana, the big dog, who superintends Mrs. Darling's nursery department, hanging the clothes to warm before the fire,

bathing the three children and dosing them with physic; the bold, bloodthirsty pirates, whose atrociously wicked captain is pursued by an emerald-eyed alligator, whose approach he is able to avoid, being warned of it by the ticking of the clock which the monster has swallowed; the Redskins in full feather and war-paint; Tinker Bell, the fairy, who dances through the piece as a flickering light and whose voice is as the bells of a sleigh; and Liza, cherubic-faced, who wanders amiably and indefinitely, keeping a bright eye on everybody and seeing that everything goes right. Quaint scenes follow on with bewildering rapidity; the nursery, where fairydom and real life shake hands; the forest and its cave dwelling; the Indian camp; the pirate ship—we have seen them all before many a time, but never upon the stage, never painted by so cunning a brush. But of what avail to attempt to describe this merry dreamland fancy? Mr. Barrie has caught it for us; he only could have set it forth for us.

The actors have served him very well; Mr. du Maurier is natural and amusing as the father of the three children, and Miss Dorothea Baird brings tears to our eyes with a touching and beautifully shown bit of pathos—one of the sincerest pieces of acting we have seen this many a long day. Miss Nina Boucicault is Peter Pan to the life, if that be a fitting description of a personage wholly imaginary; Miss Hilda Trevelyan is Wendy. In short, all were "real as real can be."

All who wish to laugh and be merry without being troubled to see the reason why, must take the acquaintance of "Peter Pan."

W. T. S.

G. F. Watts

THE strenuous artistic career of Watts has much of the same guidance for us as the stormy artistic career of the Russian Tolstoi—I speak not of the worldly but of the emotional career. Both men began their artistic lives in a time of technical stress and change and war in the theories and aims of art. Both men accepted placidly the "isms" of that day, triumphed each in the stronghold of his artistic parish, and, planting his standard on the topmost battlements, awoke to find that art was a greater and more majestic and more vital thing than the gabble of the studios and the laws of the critics—a greater activity, in fact, than what they themselves had thought it. Tolstoi recanted in his philosophic and powerful critical work "What is Art?" and came at last very near the truth, though not the whole truth. Watts recanted and also came near the truth, but still not the whole truth. Yet such born artists were both these giants that in all they did they created art, even when their theories clashed with their achievement. Watts began with the Greek ideal that Art is Beauty—an absolutely pagan idea—and so passionate was the desire for beauty in this man's very soul, that he set himself not to wrestle for the bays against the achievement of his own day, but boldly tried his strength against the whole majestic achievement of Greece in its ideal of sheer beauty; and he who

walks through the rooms of the Royal Academy to-day may see how triumphant he stands amidst the splendour of Greece, with his masterpiece of womanly beauty in paint entitled "The Wife of Pygmalion" and his superb masterpiece in marble entitled "Clytie." In these two pieces alone, whether we consider the exquisite technical perfection, or the physical beauty that is created by such high craftsmanship, Watts thrusts himself into a place that any Greek would have held with pride. It is given to many to feel the beauty of a masterpiece vaguely; but what painter can stand before the "Wife of Pygmalion" and not be thrilled by the strange wizardry of its supreme craftsmanship? The painting of the flesh, the mystic beauty of womanhood, the subtlety and the mastery of the brushwork, the glow of the colour—there is not a hesitating note—it is the fascinating and mystical fact called creation—the creation of the emotion called forth by Beauty through and by great craftsmanship. This stage, the rivalry with Greece, we may call his second period. For he had already topped the heights of the school in which he was born, the romantic decorative school in which, not yet in his thirtieth year, he painted the golden, glowing, limpid canvas which he called "Aurora." And the strange falterings of genius! It is almost incredible that two years after such an achievement he should have perpetrated the utterly silly "Lady Dorothy Nevill." What a strange forerunner indeed is this thin affair when compared with the glorious portrait of a fair-haired woman whose beautiful face and hair tell with such beauty against that glowing green background in "Miss Edith Villiers (Countess of Lytton)" or that great portrait of "John, First Lord Lawrence," that is one of the portraits of the last century.

Yes, Watts and Tolstoi reached the heights of technical beauty, looked down from the vantage of their mastery, and found that it was not all—not enough. They both flung themselves with fiery zeal into the question of what lay beyond all this the beautiful husk of art—and they both realised that art was something far more vast, far more wonderful than the exquisite technique which was their tool. Tolstoi went into a wrong road by confusing art with religion, and Watts into a road not quite so wrong by confusing the greatness of art with the greatness of the idea or subject—nevertheless, a greatness nearer the truth than mere beauty, as also was Tolstoi's, for in following their newly revealed aims both artists came nearer to the all-overwhelming fact that art is not the mere priggish joy of the cultured lover of the beautiful, but is an universal need of the human hunger and the human soul—that art is the interpretation of life through the emotions. But Watts' theory that great art should "teach the mysteries of life and death" missed the fact that art's function is not to teach; it is far greater; it is to make one *feel*. In other words, art alone creates when it is so beautifully uttered that we sense the emotions of another's emotional experience, whereby we become enriched in experience of life—just as through speech we become enriched in experience of life through the thinking of others. And it is meet and right that if we wish to live the fullest life we should not only experience our own puny and limited adventures of living, but that we should hold out eager hands and open eager hearts to the emotions of the world; and, if we are not little mean souls, we shall, courage helping us, essay to know the tragedy and the pain and the agony of life as well as its more pleasant splendours and its more alluring mysteries, that we may thereby grope the deeper into life than did the beauty-seeking Greek,

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setting up Pity and Nobility and Gentleness and the Wiping Away of Tears as a part of our godhood so that Beauty alone shall be but the carpet of our heavens.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

Shakespeare's Globe

SIR,—Your correspondent "A. S.," in a letter headed "The Fascination of the Unique," makes a valuable suggestion. Why not a life-size model of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre? Such a playhouse would be far the best monument that London could raise to her great dramatist. Our public statues of great Englishmen are seldom happy; and though one may imagine some superb realisation in stone by M. Auguste Rodin of what the poet means to him, or beautiful crystallisations of Shakespearean symbolism by Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Frampton—yet, on the whole, one agrees with Mr. Punch's vision of the poet in deprecating any proposal for the erection of a statue. At the excellent performance, the other day, given by the Mermaid Society, at the Royalty, of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," one longed to see the play acted in a theatre of the Elizabethan type. Those seated on the stage who criticise and add to the humour of the piece—the bloods with their tobacco pipes, the citizen grocer and his wife (played by the incomparable Mrs. Theodore Wright)—were inevitably crowded closely together and could scarcely take their ease on the boards as was the case with their prototypes. Our modern convention of a gilded frame for living pictures allows scant room for so interested and interesting an audience. But with a reproduction of the Elizabethan stage-platform jutting out, like a promontory, into the well or the pit of the house—we should obtain a clearer view of things Shakespearean. The longest speeches would interpret themselves not merely as splendid rhetorical feats or passages of unparalleled poetry, but as genuine expressions of living drama—when the actor must, perforce, justify his very existence among the audience and cannot take refuge for his shortcomings amid an overpainted Forest of Arden or hide behind the skirts of Lady Macbeth.—Yours, &c. A. R. BAYLEY.

The Elians

SIR,—May I ask the hospitality of your columns to propose the formation of a new literary club to be called The Elians, and to be composed of all those who love Elia and care to join the club? The members might meet once a year in London to dine and talk together; other local meetings might be arranged, and so forth. I should be very glad to enrol myself as a member, but could take no active part in the formation of the club or society, a task which should be undertaken by those less unknown than—Yours, &c.

A LOVER OF ROAST PIG.

Philistinism and Art

SIR,—Is it the Philistinism of the moneyed classes or the unenlightened conscientiousness of our nation that retards artistic achievement? I refer to the purism, amounting to prudishness, which insists on insipid perfection. This symptom may be classified as the overbread of the grotesque. Long training is required before art can bow to simple truth, or before truth can conform its primitive rudeness to art. How is the man in the street honestly to admire the horsemen in the Elgin Marbles when he sees the highest type of English gentleman apparently riding in an inadequate costume of shepherd's hat and plaid? If the hat were but turned up on one side he might look like a South African Volunteer, but as it is there is a stumbling-block of offence. This class of difficulty is more universal and genuine than is supposed, and can only be met in one way. In all such cases we have only to say to ourselves, "What is good enough for Phidias, or Dante, or Shakespeare, as the case may be, is good enough for me." If such a sentence were inscribed

over the door of an Elizabethan theatre, for instance, we should be enabled on entering to leave prejudice behind and to enjoy an unhackneyed pleasure to the full.—Yours, &c.

A. S.

A Mistake

SIR,—In the friendly notice of my book "Johnson's Table-Talk," which appeared in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE of December 31, 1904, my name was wrongly given as W. A. Lewis Bellamy, instead of Bettany—a hard name, perhaps, to get right. I should be much obliged if you could see your way to correcting the mistake.—Yours, &c.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

The New Writers' Column

Art and Literature

"LITERATURE is only literature because it is art, and for no other reason." An interesting and natural statement coming, as it does, from the lips of a consummate artist; but perhaps it would be more truthful to say that "literature is only literature because it is life."

There are those who look upon literature as art alone: these are the doctors, the formalists, the Pharisees. There are those who look upon literature as huge chunks, cut from the block of life, laid out bleeding for inspection: these are the realists, the zealots, the assassins. There are yet others who hold that literature is divorced neither from art nor life—rather is their union in marriage the perfect state: these are the men of letters, the born writers, the poets.

Every scribbler sets out upon his literary journey with an idea that books can be manufactured out of his own head, and in this conceit he labours until time pulls him up and he has to take stock of his progeny—a few blind mice! That is the crucial moment. In presence of blindness his eyes are opened, and he must elect his own salvation, or ruin; to go forward, as an explorer, into the fringed mysteries of life, or to sit down locked within the decayed sanctuaries of withered tomes. Nay, there is not much election to be done, for his will is not his own. The genius that watched over his infancy shall direct his manhood and guard his destiny. Whether he shall be a dilettante in the courts of life, his fingers ever careless upon the keyboard of song; or whether his feet shall strike down the lilies of languor, his lips muttering wild tunes and kisses; it is not his word shall decide. But one thing is assured: his genius in literature shall be measured by his intimacy with life. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

Hundreds of books, concocted yearly, are wellnigh perfect in artistry and yet remain dull, dead bones; no spark lights up the page, no torch proclaims a conquest; a great deal of learning, much cunning speculation, but the whole stands condemned because it is untrue.

Great thinking presupposes great doing, and writers of genius are first in the ranks of action. Where the pulse beats and the blood stirs, there is life; and where words throb and sentences roll, there is the writer's glory.

Art is not nurtured in barbarous climes; she is the gentle associate of civilisation: she holds the records of his wanderings, his loves, and his fancies. Art is the record, the creation of man; life is man himself, the creation of God. However fair and brave her rivals, Literature (with a capital) may reply, not boastfully, but reverentially, with a subtle truth: In the beginning was the Word.

WILLIAM MIDGLEY RUSSELL.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

We shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 ls., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 ls. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *THE ACADEMY*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR THIRD COMPETITION

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than January 16.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

NOTE.

THE SCAVENGER.—Whilst our thoroughfares continue in such a filthy state one's reflections naturally revert to the official whose duty it is to abate the nuisance, and whose name has a peculiar interest. The word "scavenger" is taken directly from the Latin *scabo*, whence the "scabine," an official, adopted to displace the Lombardic word *scapen* of A.D. 803; which itself is from the Greek *σκαπός*, Sanscrit *spag*, to see. Both ranks, as *scabine* and *scapen*, held the office of alderman or sheriff; so, as with the *episcopus* or bishop, an overseer; the full term survives in German as *Schöppe*, a sheriff, &c. But corruptions arose; so from *scabo* we got *scavage*, *skevin*, and the French *échevin*; which forms never took full root in England, they being replaced by "showage," A.S. *sceawian*, to examine; so an inspector of goods subject to Customs duties. The gradations run thus: A.D. 840 Low Latin *scavatus*; 996 *scabiones*; 1004 *scapiones*; 1065 *scaviones*, *scavagiones*; so a *curia scavagierum*, appointed to search and survey the "pavements," but with operatives under them, called "rakers," to do the menial work; and from this *curia* we have derived our commission of sewers and sanitary department.—A. HALL.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR FOR REVEREND.—There are several instances in Shakespeare of a priest being called "Sir," as Sir Hugh in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labour's Lost"; Sir Oliver in "As You Like It"; and Sir Topas in "Twelfth Night." Was it a common occurrence in Shakespeare's days, or is there any other explanation?—H.J.M.

SHAKESPEARE AS SCHOOLMASTER.—Is there any foundation for the rumour, quoted by Professor E. Dowden in his "Shakespeare Primer," that William Shakespeare was schoolmaster at the Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon? *Edith Philip*.

* DUCDAME.—Has any satisfactory explanation ever been given for the question propounded in "As You Like It," II. v., "What's that 'duc-dame'?" Could the word be a popular mistake for the Latin *duc ad me*, which would be appropriate for an "invocation," though not Greek?—H.F. (Norwich).

LITERATURE.

* STRADA AND THE TELEGRAPH.—Famianus Strada, in his "Prolusiones Academicæ" (ii. 6), introduces Lucretius, the poet, discoursing of two persons who, by means of a loadstone which influenced a pair of needles, conveyed their thoughts "in an instant" across "a whole continent." Each needle being fixed upon a dial-plate inscribed with letters, one friend would direct his needle to any required letter, "making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence." The other meanwhile saw "his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at." Thus they conversed "over cities or mountains, seas or deserts" (Addison, "Spectator," 241; "Guardian," 119). Zachary Grey, in the 1744 edition of Butler's "Hudibras," quotes this from the "Guardian," and comments: "the telegram." Were any recorded experiments in magnetic telegraphy made before Strada wrote? Or do we owe subsequent experiments, directly or indirectly, to the suggestion of this early seventeenth-century writer?—B.M.G.

RECAL AND RECALL.—In writing an answer for these columns recently I used the expression "This recalls." This was printed "This recalls." I desire to disclaim this orthography. There is no question with regard to the general principle regulating such compound verbs; it is readily illustrated by comparing the following infinitives and participles: Appal, appalled; annul, annulled; rebel, rebelled; expel, expelled; excel, excelled. Webster has "recall . . . also recal"; the latest edition of Ogilvie has "recall . . . also spelled recal"; Walker (1863) has "recall . . . The second *i* is generally omitted"; Todd's Johnson (1827) and Latham (1870) have "recall," but their illustrations include "The soul should never once recal" (Locke) and "They who recal the church" (Hooker). Richardson (1858) has "recall," but his illustrations include "When division them recalls" (Beaumont), a classical precedent for the very inflection which I employed. My question therefore is: Having regard to general principle and to authority, is not the spelling "recal" preferable to the spelling "recall"?—George Nevall.

AUTHOR WANTED.—

As the trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
Heard in the wild March morning the angels call his soul.

Can any one tell me the author of this quotation, which occurs at the end of Chapter II. in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," and from what poem it is taken?—K.C.B.

GENERAL.

THE GOOSE-STRIDE EARL.—There is an old observation—viz., "The days are getting a goose-stride longer"—which, in the North at least, is still in use shortly after the New Year. There is a popular tradition to the effect that the coining of this saying won an earldom for a London innkeeper. He and his immediate successors were, so it is said, nicknamed "The goose-stride earl." Can any one supply particulars? Who was the lucky peer?—Goblin (South Shields).

RABBITS.—Many children believe that if, on the first day of the month, they succeed in saying the word "Rabbits" before it is said to them, they will receive a present. What is the origin of this belief?—D.M. (Bexley Heath).

A BRICK.—What is the origin of the expression "You are a brick"?—H.J.M.

JNO. FOR JOHN.—Why is Jno. used as an abbreviation for John? Have the "n" and the "o" changed places?—K.C.B.

BLUE BEANS.—What is the origin and meaning of a saying I have more than once come across, "Three blue beans in a blue blown bladder," or, as it is sometimes given, "Three blue peas in a blue bladder," and why blue? It reminds one of Mrs. Cadwallader's comparison of Mr. Casaubon's talk to "the rattling of dry peas in a bladder."—H.F. (Norwich).

PORT ARTHUR.—Can any of your readers tell me why "Port Arthur" is so called, and whether this is the name by which Russians know it? No one seems able to explain why it should bear an English name, and ordinary books of reference fail one.—H.F. (Norwich).

A GERMAN MYSTIC.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the "quaint German mystic" referred to by Walter Pater (in Chapter II. of "Marius the Epicurean") as asserting that the "red rose came first," and that "white things were ever an after thought—the doubles or seconds of real things, and themselves but half-real, half-material"?—V.W.F.B.

GUBBINS.—Can any reader give the origin of this designation or any references to literature pertaining to these people? I already know the references in Camden, Fuller, Browne, and Mrs. Bray ("The Banks of Tamar and Tavy"). Kingsley mentions them in "Westward Ho!" but quotes Fuller as his authority.—H.J.N. (Edinburgh).

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES.—What is the origin of the expression, "Tell that to the Marines"?—G.B.

MARGUERITE.—Who was the "Marguerite" so frequently referred to by Matthew Arnold in his poems?—G.B.

BOHEMIAN.—What is the origin of, and the reason for the use of, the term "Bohemian"?—G.B.

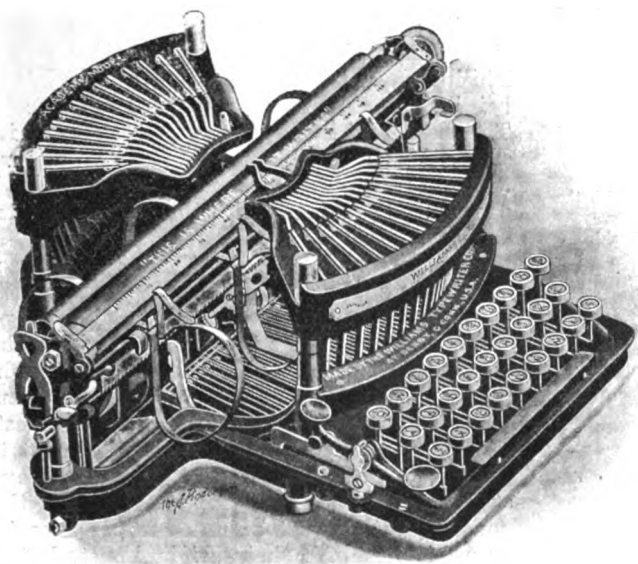
Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

* KING LEAR.—A version of the story of "Child Rowland" is given in "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs (published by D. Nutt). In the notes at the end of the volume the source is stated to be a ballad reproduced in Jamieson's "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 397.—Barbara Smythe.

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LITERATURE.

KEY TO "CONINGSBY."—As far as I know there is no authentic key to "Coningsby," but it is generally believed that "Rigby" represents the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker, who was an important official in the Tory Administrations of the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and also a writer in the "Quarterly Review," though not, I think, ever editor. He incurred the bitter hostility both of Macaulay and of Disraeli, but was trusted by the old Tory leaders. He was not a brilliant writer, but was certainly not stupid, though Whig writers always abused and ridiculed him. He is one of the few characters in "Coningsby" who can be confidently identified; there is doubt about most, but the Marquis of Monmouth (like Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne) is also supposed to be the third Marquis of Hertford, while Lord Henry Sidney is understood to be Disraeli's trusted friend and colleague, Lord John Manners, the present Duke of Rutland.—*H.B.F. (Hastings).*

WILD FIRE.—Explained by the late Dr. Hyde Clarke as "a composition of wet gunpowder, &c., which readily takes fire"; also applied to the complaint called *erysipelas*, or St. Anthony's fire, in animals.—*A.H.*

GENERAL.

* **THE DOG IN THE MANGER.**—This proverbial expression is, of course, applied to a malicious person who deprives another of a benefit, even though he does not want it himself. It occurs in Latin as "Canis in praesepe," and in Greek as "ἡ κύνε φάριγγ κύνε." Probably it came into the English language from its Greek origin, through the medium of "Æsop's Fables." It is also found in Lucian's satires and in the Greek Anthology.—*Percy Selver.*

[Replies also received from *Max Plowman*: R.S. (Sunderland); *M.A.C.* (Cambridge); *Hilda M. Wood* (Manchester); and *J.W.T.* (Ely).]

CARRINGTON.—Put for the territory of Keredig, or Caradoc, a son of Cunedda, circa 410 A.D., and reputed godfather of St. David; it also includes the so-called Caractacus, see Caer Caradoc, in Shropshire. The Welsh *Caer* is identical with the Hebrew *Keer*, a wall, city, stronghold, citadel, as in the Biblical Kir Moab. It was *car* in Accadian, *ikur* in Assyrian; Greek *κῶρα*, and see *κῶρα*, a vallum, so a camp.—*A. Hall.*

[Reply also from *M.A.C.*]

ST. EULALIA.—Your correspondent who inquires about St. Eulalia will find what is known of her in Smith & Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography." She was a virgin martyr in Diocletian's persecution; but there are two saints of this name, both Spaniards, one of Merida and one of Barcelona.—*H.B.F.*

ST. EULALIA.—St. Eulalia is said to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximian. The legend says she was first condemned to be burnt, but the flames did not hurt her, so the Emperor commanded that she should be beheaded. Her soul flew up to heaven in the form of a dove. The story of St. Eulalia forms the subject of the oldest monument of French literature, the "Prose de Sainte Eulalie."—*Barbara Smythe.*

[The reply of *Mrs. Nelson* cannot be used, as it does not comply with the very simple rules.]

CURBAR EDGE.—This is a small locality near Bakewell, in Derbyshire.—*A.H.*

BEAN-FEAST.—This is much the same as *waye-goose*—viz. a feast given by an employer to those he employs. The bean goose is next in size to the grey lag goose. The term comes from the northern counties, where the bean (goose) is common.—*Hilda M. Wood* (Manchester).

"O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN."—Do not the words of the ditty sufficiently explain the reason for the whistling of the air on occasions when something unpleasant is supposed to be in store? They run:

O du lieber Augustin, Augustin,
O du lieber Augustin, Alles ist hin!
Geld ist weg, Mäd'l ist weg,
Alles weg, Alles weg!
O du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

—*M.A.C.*

"GREAT SCOTT."—I have always heard that this was a corruption of the German "Grüss Gott!"—*H. Pearl Humphry.*

AUTHOR FOUND.—"The fatal flower beside the rill." This is the daffodil, and the quotation is taken from Jean Ingelow's poem, "Light and Shade," which was originally written for the "Portfolio Society," and is usually known as "Persephone." It is founded on the old legend concerning Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, who, while wandering one day among the meadows and springs of Enna to pluck daffodils, fell asleep, and was discovered and carried off by Pluto, the god of the infernal regions, who made her his wife. A fact little known is that the "fatal flower" with which Persephone had wreathed her hair was white, but that the touch of Pluto turned it to the colour of gold.—*M.C.R.*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

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In others of his studies the author does not commit himself to a definite opinion. He takes up the problem, plays with it, points out its difficulties and puts it away again unsolved, while the reader cherishes the aggrieved conviction that he could probably say the final word if he so chose. As a matter of fact, in many of these cases the mystery itself is of little interest compared with the manner of handling it. Who, at this time of day, cares profoundly about the real birth and condition of Kaspar Hauser? It may be assumed that that abnormal youth is not of much importance to anybody: even his lies lack their original zest, but Mr. Lang's burlesque of the high-flown style of romantic narrative makes very good reading, none the less. Even the much-worn story of "The Cardinal's Necklace" becomes entertaining in the hands of a narrator who draws a parallel between the romantic French nation, duped by the charming Jeanne de Valois, and the religious English one led astray by "such a seductive divine as Dr. Oates." On the other hand, the picture of the mystic "Saint Germain the Deathless," in companionship with the witty and *mondain* Horace Walpole, who pronounced him "mad and not very sensible," is delightfully piquant in itself.

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LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1905

"The Literary Year-Book" is to the reviewer and the writer what 'Whitaker' is to the man in the street, or 'Bradshaw' to the traveller."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PART I.

- Calendar.
 Authors' Directory.
 Authors' Assistants.
 Obituary, 1904.
 Catalogue Raisonné and
 Reader's Guide to the Best
 Books of 1904.
 Nobel Prizes.

PART II.

- Law and Letters.
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&c., &c.

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The Academy and Literature

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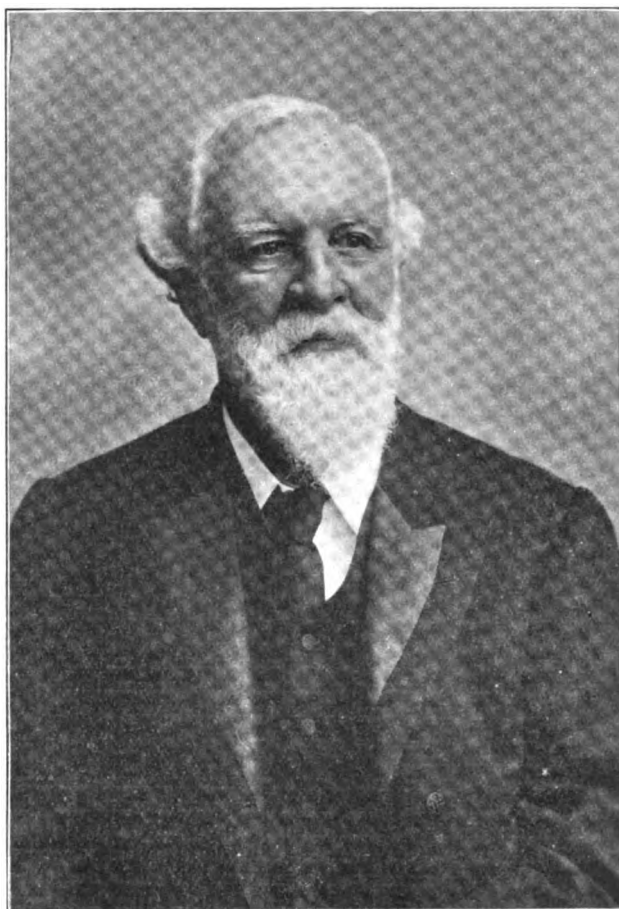
Notes

I SEE from the analytical table of books issued in "The Publishers' Circular" that the number of works published in 1904 was practically the same as in 1903. The chief increase is in works on political and social economy, which, under the influence of the Fiscal Question, have risen to the figure of 775, an advance of more than a hundred and fifty on the previous year. Next come the educational works, which count 836—just less than a hundred more than in 1903. Bibliographical and historical works have also increased by about eighty, so that they now number 153. A similar advance is also to be noticed in the number of books on travel, which, owing to the Tibet Mission and the Russo-Japanese War, amount this year to no less than 289. Poetry and the drama number 407, which is approximately the same as in 1903. It is interesting, however, to observe that though in the previous year belles-lettres, essays and monographs counted no less than 300, they have fallen in 1904 to the low total of 220. Yet this is a tendency which I am glad to welcome, if it denotes, as I hope it does, that a keener struggle for existence is now taking place in the sphere of essays and belles-lettres. It is possible to derive a certain modicum of enjoyment from the perusal of a second- or third-rate novel, but there is small excuse for an essay or monograph unless it be of conspicuous merit.

THE London Institute of Economics and Political Science offers a most attractive syllabus for the Lent term. The lectures cover an extremely wide field, ranging from ethnology and palæography to railway law, banking and sociology. Though it may appear invidious to make distinctions among so many eminent lecturers, I think that the following should prove the most interesting items of an exceptionally interesting course: twenty lectures on Sociology by Professor Westermarck, in continuation of the course begun in the Michaelmas term; two lectures on Japanese Civilisation by Mr. Okakura; eleven lectures by Professor Ashley, on the Political Position of the Great Powers, including the United States, from 1848 to 1871; and the eleven lectures by Mr. Sargent on the Economic Position of the Great Powers, 1848-1871. The interest manifested at Oxford and Cambridge in political economy, political science and sociology is so very slender that it is with unusual pleasure that I welcome so wide and vigorous a programme in London.

WHAT, I wonder, is the real value of punctuation? This question is suggested to me by the publication of "Punctuation Simplified," by Mr. T. Bridges, which gives in concise form all the rules and definitions of the

science. I feel myself that punctuation is only advisable in so far as it is necessary to complete lucidity. With punctuation for punctuation's sake, the pedantic desire



SIR FRANK T. MARZIALS, C.B.

[Photo. Russell & Sons]

for meticulous accuracy, I have small sympathy. Yet in many cases it is interesting to trace the characteristics of the writer emerging in his punctuation; to observe the verve and insistence of the notes of exclamation; the caution and orthodoxy of the commas; or the hurry and unconventionality of that writing which practically dispenses altogether with stops.

THE following extract from an able article on Nietzsche, entitled "La Folie Géniale," in the December

"*Mercure de France*," by M. Paul Bjerre, seems to point palpably at Herr Max Nordau and Signor Lombroso, with special reference to their well-known works "*Degeneration*" and "*The Man of Genius*":

"Combien n'aurait-il pas été préférable qu'on eût réussi d'emblée à trouver le critérium psychologique qui sépare le génie de la folie, qui existe nécessairement, et à défaut de qui toute discussion reste un vagabondage dans les ténèbres.

"Alors, l'humanité n'aurait pas connu le fléau de ces hommes de science modernes qui compilent de détestables journaux d'hôpital au sujet de tous ceux qui ont contribué, en quoi que ce soit, à l'évolution de l'espèce humaine. Aussi longtemps, donc, que ce critérium n'est pas trouvé, le sage devrait s'abstenir de...divaguer sur ces questions."

I cannot but feel that the stricture is deserved. "*Degeneration*" is as bad science as it is excellent journalism. Starting from a basis of actual fact Herr Nordau has developed and exaggerated his pet theory to such an extent that he too gives one the impression of being one of those "one-idea" persons whom he has himself so graphically described.

In Nietzsche, moreover, there is the reverse as well as the obverse side of the medal, and, as M. Bjerre points out, his mental malady cuts both ways. It should be regarded, in fact, not so much as a disease which tainted and vitiated his writings, but rather as the price he paid for a marvellous and unique psychic state. This condition raising him beyond the more limited and normal states of the intellect enabled him to write the most brilliant German that has yet been written and to view the problems of humanity with a mind free from those conventional ideas which even the most revolutionary author must otherwise inevitably inherit. To exemplify this point more in detail I quote yet again from M. Bjerre:

"En poursuivant le chemin que le mal a pris dans ses attaques successives et heureuses sur l'esprit de l'infortuné, on trouve qu'il n'a pas seulement laissé ses traces dans de nouveaux symptômes maladiques: en écrasant ce qui était, il ouvrait la voie à des possibilités nouvelles; et où il passait, de nouveaux mondes naissaient. Il faut le dire, jamais Nietzsche n'aurait créé Zarathustra, s'il était resté en santé. C'est qu'à l'instant où le mal le terrassait en tant qu'homme il le rehaussait comme poète et penseur; il anéantissait sa personnalité humaine, mais elle rendait en même temps possible l'accomplissement de l'œuvre de cette personnalité. C'est la connaissance de ceci qui répand une clarté conciliatrice sur toute la tragédie; mais aussi dévoile-t-elle l'extrême tréfonds du drame.

"Pour lui, sa maladie signifiait l'ivresse chronique qui, à la fin des fins, dissolvait toute l'existence. Elle arracha chaque centre d'énergie psychique de la place où la nature l'avait fixé. Elle déplaça les montagnes que, jusqu'alors obstacles infranchissables, avait rencontrées la pensée agressive. Elle déchira les associations d'idées qui par des développements millénaires s'étaient enracinées dans la vie humaine. Et elle ne se contenta point de couper, de fendre, de saper. Elle écrasa tout ce qu'elle rencontrait, et le réduisit en poussière. Elle volatilisa ce qui avait résisté aux flammes les plus chaudes de la pensée."

After all, extremes always touch and the healthy normal man can almost be considered as at any rate negatively insane with regard to his ignorance on those points on which Nietzsche, in spite, or rather because, of his mental state, showed so prodigious a perspicuity.

THE current number of "*The Fortnightly Review*" has a singularly interesting article on Ste-Beuve by Mr.

Francis Gribble. The writer is chiefly concerned with the personality of the great critic. It is a significant fact that Ste-Beuve had originally set his heart upon being a great poet and only drifted into criticism as a *pis-aller*—a truly classic example of Disraeli's epigram. In his private life he exhibited that mixture of sensuality and mysticism so characteristic of many of the great French writers. Not only Ste-Beuve, but Verlaine and, in particular, Baudelaire, show how intimate is the relation in which sex stands to religion. Ste-Beuve, however, posed not only as a Don Juan, but as a "Man of Sentiment" into the bargain; and apropos of the ludicrous failure of the "*Livre d'Amour*" I quote the following from Mr. Gribble:

"It certainly did not fail because it was bad prose.

Sainte-Beuve's prose was never bad. On the contrary, it was always very good. But the success of such work as he was attempting depends less upon the quality of the style than upon the quality of the man. The man whose "confessions" are to attract sympathetic attention need not be good, or heroic, or consistent. The case of Rousseau would seem to prove that he need not even have the instincts and habits of a gentleman. But he must at least be interesting. That is where Sainte-Beuve was at a disadvantage as compared with Benjamin Constant and Chateaubriand. If they were indiscreet about their amours, it was at least notorious that they had amours to be indiscreet about, and they were the sort of men by whose commanding personalities tremendous emotions were naturally suggested. The case of Sainte-Beuve was very different. In spite of the ardour of his temperament, he was ugly. In spite of his intellectual acumen, he was insignificant. In the abstract, no doubt, his right to his emotions was recognised; but the concrete expression of them seemed a presumption and an impertinence. No one felt the least curiosity about his sentimental life. There was, if not a tendency to scepticism, at least a disposition to pass by on the other side, saying contemptuously: 'It is only Sainte-Beuve.' Trying to pose, in short, he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous; and De Goncourt accurately summed up the general opinion of this phase of his career when he wrote that 'Sainte-Beuve spent his life in gnashing his teeth in his disgust that he was not a handsome young subaltern of hussars.'

Of Ste-Beuve as a critic Mr. Gribble writes as follows:

"Fundamentally he was a student, avid of knowledge, devoured by curiosity, sane in his judgments, incapable, in literary matters, of bad taste. Though he failed as a professor, first at Lausanne and afterwards at Paris, where the students not only shouted him down, but so intimidated him that, for a period, he never walked abroad without carrying a dagger hidden in his sleeve for his protection against an assault that no one contemplated, he had all the professorial endowment except a ready tongue, a resonant voice and an authoritative presence. It was natural to him to co-ordinate, to classify, to see the particular as a manifestation of the general, to refer to first principles, to discover that the new flowers of literature had their roots in the past. By the exercise of these gifts he found a *raison d'être* for the romanticism of Hugo, and performed a similar service for many other movements in which he interested himself from time to time."

Yet the judgments of this prince of critics were frequently warped by the promptings of an ignoble jealousy, and Mr. Gribble's article strikes me as slightly inadequate in its treatment of so salient and so important a feature in Ste-Beuve's character. His jealousy was not only responsible for his well-known attack upon Chateaubriand, but also for the animus which he exhibited toward Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny, Musset, Balzac and Michelet. It was his jealousy, more-

over, which dictated his exaggerated appreciation of second- and third-rate writers. Not only did their study titillate his own sense of personal superiority, but they formed a useful counterblast to the fame of many of those really first-class artists whom it was Ste-Beuve's joy to pull down from their lofty eminence.

By a stupid blunder Mr. Richard Marsh's "A Spoiler of Men" was printed as "A Spoiler of France" in last week's *ACADEMY*.

Bibliographical

OF the details of Shakespeare's life we have but the scantiest knowledge; yet there are probably more "Lives" of our national poet than of any other individual—and that, of course, quite apart from special studies of his work. Yet among the first books to be given us by 1905 we are to have a new "Life of Shakespeare," by Dr. William J. Rolfe, while from Professor Walter Raleigh we are to have a volume on Shakespeare in the "English Men of Letters Series." Last year we had the late Charles I. Elton's large volume on "William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends," Mr. Charles Creighton's "Shakespeare's Story of his Life" and Mr. Alfred Ewen's "Miniature Series" volume "Shakespeare." In 1898 we had Mr. Sidney Lee's "A Life of William Shakespeare," and ten years before that a capital translation of Dr. Karl Elze's "William Shakespeare, a Literary Biography" was added to "Bohn's Standard Library." Besides these there are at least a score of biographies of one sort or another. It looks as though the very scantiness of the actual knowledge of facts combined with the extraordinary opulence of his works to make the elusive personality of the poet one of the most fascinating to many writers, for, as one of his biographers said many years ago, "Every life of him must to a certain extent be conjectural."

"A House of Letters" is announced as the title—the quaint, but not, I think, felicitous, title of a volume of correspondence written during the first half of last century. The volume is to give us letters of the Lambs, Southey, Coleridge, as well as of less well-known folk such as Lady Jerminham and Matilda Betham. Matilda Betham wrote poems which won the commendation of her illustrious friends, but are now practically forgotten, except of the curious student; and she also compiled "A Biographical Dictionary of the Celebrated Women of Every Age and Country." She was, apparently, an aunt of "the measureless Bethams" of whom Lamb wrote to Walter Savage Landor on April 9, 1832, and to whom he refers in his "Lepus" essay on "Many Friends" as "Beachams."

I notice that Messrs. Methuen announce for early publication a second volume of Robert Southey's "English Seamen" is not Southey's, it may be mentioned, Hannay, was issued about ten years ago. The title "English Seamen" is not Southey's it may be mentioned, the lives forming part of his five-volume "Lives of the Admirals" (1833-40)—a work which was completed by Robert Bell. It is strange that these "Lives of the Admirals" have not been more often drawn upon for reprinting, seeing the great popularity of Southey's "Life of Nelson," of which upwards of a dozen different editions have been published since 1890, and of which we shall probably see more than one reissue this year, in view of its being the centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Charles Causse, better known by his pen-name of Pierre Maël, whose death is reported from Paris, was one of the most prolific and successful of French fiction writers of the day. So far as I am aware, only one of his stories has been translated into English, and that was published in 1893 as "Under the Sea to the North Pole." Previously, I fancy, it ran serially through the pages of "Boys," a short-lived periodical for young readers.

A Nathaniel Hawthorne bibliography, by Miss E. Browne, is promised for publication during the spring. This should be welcome; the only Hawthorne bibliography we have of which I know is that prepared by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, as a supplement to Dr. Moncure Conway's life of Hawthorne in the "Great Writers Series."

With the new issue of "The Literary Year-Book" is given, by way of supplement, an "Index of Titles," which, more fully and more carefully compiled, might be a really useful work; but then it would have to outgrow its present bounds. In a few preliminary words we are told that "this Index to Contemporary Literature, which answers the eternal question 'Who wrote so-and-so?' includes every title mentioned in the Author's Directory, the Books of 1904 and the Obituary 1904." If it did this the index would not be as complete as such a work of reference should be to be truly serviceable. If we ask "Who wrote 'The Amazing Verdict'?" the index promptly informs us, and if we ask "Who wrote 'The Adventures of Harry Revel'?" it as readily affords the information; but if we ask "Who wrote 'The Amazing Marriage'?" or "Who wrote 'The Adventures of Harry Richmond'?" it can give us no answer. Yet a list of Mr. Meredith's novels is duly given in the Author's Directory portion of the work. If we should be in doubt as to the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" or "Under the Greenwood Tree" the index is equally uninforming, though many of Mr. Hardy's books are given in the Directory. Other writers who are treated in the same fashion as Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy in having their books omitted from the index can scarcely grumble at being left out in such great company. It is to be hoped that this feature of "The Literary Year-Book"—the result of a distinctly happy idea—will be more thoroughly looked after in future, for such a work of reference should be not only as accurate but as full as possible.

WALTER JERROLD.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

Messrs. Sampson Low announce new editions of Julien's "French at Home" and Miss Alcott's "Rose in Bloom." General Sir William Butler's "Red Cloud"; Mr. Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor"; and Rev. J. Paterson Smyth's "Old Documents."—In connection with the Tercenary of the first publication of "Don Quixote," Mr. John Lane will issue a new "Life of Cervantes," by Mr. Albert F. Calvert.—Mr. Edward Arnold will publish this month a new collection of essays by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the author of "Knowledge is Power," under the title of "Facts and Ideas: or Short Studies of Life and Literature."—Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor's new book, "Tibet and Nepal," will be published within the next few days as one of Messrs. A. & C. Black's Colour Books.

NOTICE.—The Monthly Competition
closes on Monday next. See p. 40.

1904

THERE are several ways of looking at the books of a given year. We may look at them statistically and hold up the hands of amazement at the sum total. Between eight and nine thousand books were published in 1904—or close upon eight thousand if we exclude the miscellaneous pamphlet literature—and if taking the large issues with the small, the virile with the still-born, we average them as being in editions of a thousand copies we get an enormous number of volumes to be disposed of—if it be only as remainders. The number includes, of course, a goodly proportion of new editions and reissues, and over two thousand five hundred novels or other works of fiction, including books for the young. Another way in which we may look at the books of a given year is from the point of view of popularity, and another is from that of literary value—and these are, it is scarcely necessary to say, often wholly unrelated. Or we may try to pick out the work or works which will represent the year in question to coming generations of readers. The last were the more difficult task. Standing as near as we do we have rather to judge representative books of the year partly by their popularity and partly by the judgment of competent critics upon them as contributions to knowledge and to literature.

To look back over the results of the year's publishing is rather like trying to recall the features of a country through which we have passed. We have a more or less confused impression of the whole with really definite memories of but this or that point. A pessimistic critic might suggest that looking over the books of 1904 was like looking back over the desert, an arid waste for the most part with here and there an oasis that might be a centre of fertility—and might be only a mirage; and the pessimist would be, as pessimists so often are, right to a certain limited extent. Several thousands of new books were published during last year, as has been said, and it is merely a recognition of facts to acknowledge that the great majority of those lacked sufficient vitality to carry them on into another year. Out of those thousands no single reader could of course have handled many hundreds, so as to gain any fair knowledge of them, but it may be confidently stated that there were no sensationally outstanding books; yet when we come to consider the more important of the new works we find several in each department which claim something more than curt dismissal as mere units swallowed up in the thousands.

Each reader will remember two or three books which have for one reason or another especially appealed to him, and if we take those which have appealed to representative men and women we probably narrow the tale of the year's publishing down to its most important minimum, although it is only fair to recognise that such selections generally illustrate the special studies or predilections of the selectors. In recent numbers of this journal several distinguished men and women named the two books of the year which they had read with the greatest interest and pleasure, and in all their returns but three works were mentioned by more than one reader—Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" by three, Mr. E. V. Lucas' "Highways and Byways in Sussex" by two, and two also mentioned Mr. W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land," which was not a book of 1904 at all but a re-issue of one already nearly twenty years old.

Among the veteran literary leaders Mr. George Meredith was represented but by an introduction which he contributed to Thackeray's "The Four Georges," Mr. Swinburne published a new volume marked by all his old opulence of language and metre, "A Channel Passage and Other Poems," and Mr. Thomas Hardy gave us something of an impressive tour de force in his "The Dynasts."

BIOGRAPHY

It was in the department of biography, with which we may fairly bracket reminiscences and letters, that the year gave us most that was notable, though here we had no dominant great work such as Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" of the year before. There were quite a large number of works in this class of more than average importance and excellence—though the important and the excellent were not invariably found in combination. Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography," which had been most eagerly looked forward to, was one of the most widely discussed; it could not fail to be interesting, but will hardly take a place among classic works of the kind. On the general reader "The Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," which came at the close of the year, will much longer continue its hold, while Mrs. Creighton's "Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton" must also be counted among the more successful intimate memoirs. Professor Bain's "Autobiography" has made a lasting impression on us. Science, art and the Church—Mr. W. H. Hutton's "Letters of Bishop Stubbs" should also be mentioned—were thus all strongly represented in this department of letters. In law the most memorable volumes were the racy "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (now Lord Brampton)," and the more "stodgy" "Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," by Mr. Ernest H. Coleridge. A memorable volume of reminiscences—rich in its references to people of note on both sides of the Atlantic—was Dr. Moncreu Conway's "Autobiography: Memories and Experiences." Inherently interesting but somewhat clumsily put together was "A Later Pepys" (Sir William Pepys, Bart.), giving much information about "blue stocking" circles of a century or so since; another volume of a similarly mixed character was General Grant Wilson's "Thackeray in the United States"; while permanently interesting additions to epistolary literature were made in "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," in "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family" and in the delightful volume of "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." But it was not only in big "official" memoirs and new collections of letters that the biographical bookshelves were strengthened last year, there were also some capital books, the result of careful study, and among such perhaps a first place should be given to Miss Mary F. Sandars' "Honoré de Balzac," while Mr. E. I. Carlyle's "William Cobbett" and Mr. Walter Sichel's "Disraeli: a Study in Personality and Ideas" possess value which should make them pass current long after the year which saw their publication. In this connection, too, mention must not be omitted of the new additions to the "English Men of Letters" series—additions which include the late Sir Leslie Stephen's fine monograph on "Leviathan" Hobbes. Among patient compilations which have their lasting usefulness should be mentioned Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of

Edward FitzGerald" and his more valuable collection of the letters of William Cowper.

POETRY AND BELLES-LETTRES

In poetry it must be acknowledged that 1904 had nothing sensational to add to the body of our literature. Mr. Swinburne, as we have said above, published in "A Channel Passage and Other Poems" a volume marked by all his familiar qualities, and he also gave us—long looked for come at last—a collected edition of his poetical works. From Mr. Hardy we had something in the nature of an experiment, an experiment of but doubtful success, in his eccentric "The Dynasts," of which we have said before that it is "a great canvas upon which he seeks to unroll after the fashion of a panorama the whole drama of the Napoleonic wars." From the younger men came little that can be described as anything but a "marking time," and no new poetical planet swam into the ken of those watchers of the literary skies, who are ever on the look-out for the hint of such a galaxy as marked the opening decades of the nineteenth century. Mr. Stephen Phillips' "The Sin of David" may be a good stage play, but it is by no means remarkable as poetry; Mr. Newman Howard's "Savonarola: a City's Tragedy" contains much very fine poetry, and we note that it seems scarcely actable. From Mr. John Davidson we have had another of his searching "Testaments," "The Testament of a Prime Minister." "A. E." in "The Divine Vision and Other Poems," Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in "The Face of the Night," Mr. T. Sturge Moore in "Toleda and Other Odes" and Mr. Alfred Noyes in "Poems," have published work which makes us look forward with anticipatory eagerness to their future books.

In criticism and the belles-lettres again there has been considerable activity, resulting in much that is excellent and but little that will be recognised as remarkable. There has been something of a new awakening of interest in Shakespeareana, and there have been quite a number of additions in this class which are worth recalling and rescuing from among the great mass of the year's books. First comes Professor A. C. Bradley's admirable "Shakespearean Tragedy," lectures on "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear" and "Macbeth," while other books which may range along with it are Mr. Charles Creighton's "Shakespeare's Story of his Life," Mr. J. Churton Collins' "Studies in Shakespeare," the late Charles I. Elton's "William Shakespeare: his Family and Friends," and Dr. Richard Garnett's fanciful "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poet." A notable volume issued in the early part of the year was the late Sir Leslie Stephen's "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century"—the Ford Lectures, the delivery and the preparation of which for the press by the author were rendered impossible by the breakdown of health which ended in his death. Two further volumes were issued completing the "History of English Literature" by Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse, and there was a further instalment of Professor Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." In Mr. Arthur Symonds' "Studies in Prose and Verse" we had a delightfully individual collection of thoughtful essays; in Mr. W. L. Courtney's "Development of Maurice Maeterlinck" and "The Feminine Note in Fiction" some stimulating and suggestive criticism. Mrs. Craigie's "Letters from a Silent Study," Mr. George A. B. Dewar's "The Glamour of the Earth," Mr. W. J. Courthope's further volume of his "History of English Poetry," Professor Campbell's "Tragic Drama in the

Greek Poets" and Mr. Charles Whibley's "Literary Portraits" are all memorable, each in its own way.

HISTORY

In the department of history, too, there are many books which appear to possess all the elements of lasting value. First and foremost there were two further volumes of the great "Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton, dealing respectively with the periods of "The Reformation" and "The French Revolution." A less liberal use of the word "modern" marks another history of a very different character, Mr. Herbert Paul's full and readable "History of Modern England," which means for him, roughly speaking, the England of the past half-century or so. Part of the same period, too, was covered in Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years." Dr. J. Holland Rose followed up his now standard Life of the great Napoleon with a volume of "Napoleonic Studies," and Mr. Edmund G. Gardner produced a capital book in "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," while Mr. Andrew Lang issued the third volume of his "History of Scotland." The great war between Russia and Japan in the Far East, where history is a-making, produced even in its earlier stages a number of tentative histories and other works of topical interest, and mostly of ephemeral value.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Of travel books each year produces a goodly crop, and of topographical works, too, there is a constant succession and, it might almost be said, constant improvement in the matter and in the manner of their presentation. Among these books one of the best appreciated and, perhaps, if we may venture so near to prophecy, one of those which will longest be read, is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany." Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor issued a fresh account of his wanderings under the title of "Gems of the East"; Major A. St. H. Gibbons gave a detailed and interesting record of a journey through "Africa from South to North"; and Dr. Sven Hedin added to his other fascinating volumes an account of "Adventures in Tibet." Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, turning from East to West, published a work on "Greater America"; Mr. E. G. Gardner contributed a capital volume on "Siena" to the "Mediæval Towns Series"; and, to come to our own country, Mr. E. V. Lucas published his pleasant account of wanderings about "Highways and Byways in Sussex," to the success of which reference was made in our opening paragraphs. The late Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Time of the Tudors" is an attractive miscellany of information, which increases our gratitude to the late novelist for his devotion to the London cult. A new manifestation of topographical literature—the large volume liberally illustrated with coloured pictures—was greatly strengthened during the past year: Holland, Edinburgh, Oxford, Rome, Paris, Naples, London and the Channel Islands were among the places which had new volumes of this character devoted to them.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

When we come to the departments of science and philosophy it is a little difficult for a mere layman in these matters to pick out the most important books from a year's publishing, though on looking back over 1904 certain volumes are remembered as having something more than temporary importance, something more than a merely specialised interest. In philosophy, after the autobiographies of Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain, both of which have been referred to above, perhaps most

readers would pick out Professor Caird's "Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers" and Mr. R. B. Haldane's "The Pathway to Reality" as among the most notable; and in science we chiefly remember the translation by Professor J. A. Thompson of August Weissmann's "The Evolution Theory," the opening volume of Mr. J. G. Millais' magnificent work on "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," Mr. Havelock Ellis' "The Study of British Genius," and Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "The Cycle of Life according to Modern Science."

FICTION

In the class of fiction—numerically and popularly the most important of the sections into which the year's publishing is divisible—we have again to record great activity in the matter of production. As has been said above, there were over two thousand five hundred works of fiction (including new editions and books for juveniles) published during the past year—or about seven for each day in the year, holidays and Sundays not excepted. Such a total includes, of course, a vast amount of rubbish which should never have been published; and, being published, serves no good purpose beyond keeping a certain number of printers, paper-makers, binders (and reviewers) at the work to which they owe their daily bread. But if among our thousands are many works of fiction of worse than indifferent quality, there is, as one who has to read much fiction is compelled to acknowledge, a distinct advance going on in the average of excellence. A reviewer who receives in these days a batch of half a dozen novels can generally count upon half or two-thirds of the number being marked by some distinctively good qualities. If there be on the whole an improvement in the matter of workmanship, there is also, as we realise on looking back over the year, an absence of any signal achievement; there is no book standing out as "the novel of 1904." The year has shown, too, further developments in the production of fiction which may be looked upon as natural consequences on the passing a few years since of the "three-decker." One such development is that of the rate of production of stories by individual novelists; where writers used to produce a novel in about two years, many of them turn out two, three, four and even more in a single year. From one who must indeed be afflicted with the pen of a ready writer we can recall at least half a dozen new books during the past twelve months! Another feature of modern fiction, brought home to us by a consideration of last year's output, is the number of novelists who have established themselves in the public favour as purveyors of fiction. These writers may owe their popularity to the most divergent qualities—even to the most divergent sections of the public: but whatever their varying values may be in literary quality, they have something which commands attention. Out of the writers who contributed to the heavy total of works of fiction there are probably

fifty who may be said to have a definite standing in the public regard. The year saw new volumes from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Rider Haggard (two), Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. W. E. Norris (two), Mr. S. R. Crockett (two), John Oliver Hobbes, Katharine Tynan (three), Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Braddon, Sydney C. Grier, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Quiller-Couch (two), Mr. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Guy Boothby, Mr. Le Queux, Mr. Max Pemberton (two) and Mr. Marriott Watson (two). Each of these was represented in the year's output of fiction, and each of these may be said, in the cant phrase of the day, to "have a public." Nor is the list by any means exhaustive. Then, too, there were posthumous works of George Gissing, H. S. Merriman, Maclaren Cobban and B. L. Farjeon. Despite the fact that we had novels from all these and more established favourites, as well as from a host of fresh candidates for the novelist's laurels or popularity, it is not possible to pick out any specially dominating novel from the crowd. The writers named gave, for the most part, such stories as they have accustomed us to, but did not touch any new heights. The late Mr. George Gissing's "Veranilda," it is true, contrasted strongly with his earlier work; and although some readers thought it his finest achievement, the opinion was by no means general. Mr. Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah" was perhaps one of the most memorable of the year's novels and Miss Elizabeth Robins' "The Magnetic North"—a remarkably virile piece of work—was another; while others that stand out in memory somewhat above the rest are Mr. Conrad's "Nostromo" and Mr. Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair." Among writers who followed up initial successes were Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston and Mr. Vincent Brown; but good as are "John Chilcote, M.P." and "The Dark Ship," they have not altogether satisfied the anticipations raised by "The Circle" and "A Magdalen's Husband."

NEW EDITIONS

Although in a hurried survey of some of the more notable of the books of the year we are chiefly concerned with the new, a word should perhaps be said for the reissues of the old; and here 1904 gave us much that is admirable, including the first portions of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of "Walpole's Letters," of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Diary of Mme. d'Arblay," of Mr. A. H. Bullen's "Works of Beaumont and Fletcher," of a new "Hakluyt's Voyages" and of a new "Library Edition" of the works of Thomas Carlyle; it gave us the collected poems of Mr. Swinburne and of Christina Rossetti, the completion of Messrs. Waller and Glover's "Hazlitt's Works," and of the newly arranged "England's Garner," further portions of the fine "Library Edition" of Ruskin's works and the reissue of Canon Ainger's "Letters of Charles Lamb."

Reviews

THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES

Vol. I. By Adolph Harnack. Translated and edited by James Moffatt, D.D. Theological Translation Library, Vol. XIX. (Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.)

NOTES ON POPULAR RATIONALISM

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D. (Isbister, 3s. 6d.)

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS

By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

SERMONS ADDRESSED TO INDIVIDUALS

By R. J. Campbell, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

EXPOSITIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE BOOK OF GENESIS

By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BONIFACE

By James M. Williamson, M.D. (Frowde, 5s.)

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

With Notes and Introduction by the Rev. H. Higgins and Preface by Augustine Birrell. (Elliot Stock, 5s. net.)

THE consignments of the theological publishers are an ever-recurring reminder of the fact that, in an admirable sense, this is a country of free thought. Moreover, these consignments furnish testimony to the interest taken by learned and half-learned alike in the discussion of subjects that group themselves in critical, exegetical and ascetical knots about the central facts of spiritual experience. It would be difficult to say whether to the majority of readers the first of the present group of books would appeal as apologetic or subversive. Certainly by the apologists of Christianity, as a supernatural revelation, the very fact that, fighting as it would seem against heavy odds, it conquered the world, has been cited as irrefragable evidence of its divine origin. And, indeed, they are well within their right in demanding of those who would place the Christian religion on a level, so far as its authority is concerned, with such forms of thought as have grown out of man's native religious sense, as a natural product of natural causes, an answer to it. Such an answer, in this volume, Dr. Harnack endeavours to furnish. He begins by frankly setting aside, as worthless, the received legends of the apostolic mission, and steadily presupposes, as he says, the results gained by critical investigation of the sources. The literary sources, fragmentary as they are, are more copious than those available for reconstituting the history of any other religion known within the Roman Empire; and Harnack claims for them that they actually suffice for a coherent sketch of the mission and expansion of Christianity, and thus enable us to understand why and how the victory was won. Briefly, the solution is to be found in the syncretistic character of Christianity—the religion that mastered and appropriated to its own ends every force and every relation in its environment. The ground was fertilised for it by its rivals. It laughed at the barriers of nationality; it embodied all popular elements save one, privative in its essence, namely, the nationalism of the Jews. Such, according to Harnack, are the reasons for the triumph of Christianity in the first ages; and these he elaborates with the wealth of illustration and the abundance of particular knowledge which we expect of his vast learning. But they will not suffice for its future. Its future depends on its capacity "to strip off once more any collective syncretism and unite itself to fresh coefficients." Dr. Moffatt's translation is excellent.

That any mind should be so limited as to suppose that by any, even an infinite, science of the processes of nature it is possible to advance to a science of the first cause is almost incredible. But if, or since, it is necessary to point out the impassable limits of natural science, it is well that it should be so well and clearly done as by Canon Hensley Henson in his "Notes on Popular Rationalism." There can be no doubt that at the present day religion is sorely hampered by the mythical cosmogony which, even to the days of our grandfathers' childhood, it knew no better than to present to the world as primitive history. The popular mind, suddenly aware of the unhistoric character of Genesis, is apt to jump in its clumsy way to wildly impossible conclusions, while it disregards as the mere evasions of interested persons the warnings (which, in fact, are to be found implicit in the writings of the great scientists from Darwin downwards) addressed to them by religion's

apologists. What may be the good motives of the persons who are at pains to place such books as "The Riddle of the Universe" in the hands of the vulgar we find it impossible to imagine; but we are glad to recognise that a serious effort is now being made in more directions than one to counterbalance the mischief, and we welcome Canon Henson's book accordingly.

Our list comprises books by the late pastor of the City Temple and his successor. Both of them are highly characteristic. Dr. Parker's book on the Epistle to the Ephesians is the output of a vigorous and original mind. Its scholarship is naïve enough, but whatever Dr. Parker knew, he knew to some purpose. You may open it where you will and always you will find something to arrest attention. For "We are his workmanship" (we have reopened the book strictly at random) he suggests: "We are God's poems." "He makes us now in this measure now in that measure," he meditates; "now sublime, now more friendly and approachable, but always pregnant with thought and love and music and mercy." A good thought. And in the midst of most serious and tender utterances crops out that irresponsible humour that was famous. Who else in the world would have thought of remarking that Moses did not meet the burning bush by appointment? Dr. Campbell's collection of sermons is the outcome of his experiences in the confessional. Each of them is addressed to some conscience that has sought his direction. He is very unlike Dr. Parker in his methods. Certainly he is not humorous. But he is probably a man of more humane culture; he has wide sympathies and real insight into worldly souls, a feeling for the right word and a vein of poetry. "The Death-Song of Jesus" is a meditation on the final episode of the Last Supper that no one who heard it would be likely wholly to forget. And it was delivered, one can verily believe, by one who (to quote a phrase), looking into the face of that congregation, was conscious of a deep respect for the souls that looked back at the preacher out of its eyes. That is the temperament of the right preacher.

Dr. Maclaren's "Expositions" are of another type; they are fashioned on the model of an earlier day. They are ponderous and, it must be confessed, not a little dull. You might chance to hear, we suppose, in the humblest of conventicles, a discourse on the tragedy of man's first disobedience that should move you more, despite even more dubious grammar, than such an utterance as this: "'There is no harm in it' steals into some young man's or woman's mind about things that were forbidden at home, and they are half conquered before they know they have been attacked." So very true; but, at the same time, how unrefreshing.

Dr. Williamson gives us, in a sufficiently readable and popular manner, the life of the Englishman who, in the turmoil of the eighth century, was raised by fortune and his own merits to the primacy of the Church in Germany. The book is adorned with illustrations of his tomb and memorials at Mayence and at the monastery of Fulda, built by him, which was destined also to be the resting-place of his body, and in after ages to become a place of pilgrimage. His career is a remarkable evidence of the close intercommunion between distant lands which, in a primitive age, the missionary spirit contrived; and it is good that, even now, his faded memory should be thus sympathetically revived among his countrymen. For to them his name has long been, for the most part, but a meaningless word in the calendar. He lived the life of an apostle, and died, among the heathen Frisians, the death of a martyr. No memorial of him exists in his English birthplace.

but that at Fulda his memory is still green is testified by a fine statue erected in the last century.

"In these Prayers and Meditations" of Dr. Johnson, writes Mr. Birrell in his short preface, "the reader is admitted, let him not abuse his opportunity, into the innermost sanctuary of a soul." The warning is not superfluous; it would be easy to smile at these reiterated solemn resolutions to get up early in the morning and these recurring confessions of failure. But to Carlyle, Samuel Johnson "in the era of Voltaire purifying and fortifying his soul, and holding real communion with the Highest, was a thing to be looked at with pity, admiration and awe." It is with some such sentiment that we also for our part read these gloomy, mystic, yet obstinately rational and sober, outpourings of a great and troubled spirit. Thanks are due to the publishers for the suitable dignity of the printed page.

MY LITERARY LIFE

By Madame Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber). (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the second portion of the memoirs of a woman who perhaps beyond all others has kept alive the Gallic tradition of spirituality, wit and culture, and has transmitted to our days not a little of the keen literary atmosphere of Paris during the Empire. Madame Adam had exceptional opportunities of meeting practically all the interesting folk, political, literary, musical and artistic, from the sixties to the present day; and, being gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory and a quite exceptional skill in reproducing actual conversations, she has given us in this most interesting book lifelike sketches of extremely fascinating personalities.

We meet here with George Sand, Edmond About, Gustave Flaubert, Jules Simon, Prosper Mérimée, Ste-Beuve, Béranger, Gounod, Liszt and, above all others, that wonderful woman Madame d'Agoult, who, more than any one else, helped to shape and form the at first somewhat hazy ideas of the writer of these memoirs. With an artistic cunning which is as rare as it is admirable, Madame Adam has fashioned her recollections into a form which has all the fascination of a novel combined with the alluring veracity of a series of pictures of real men and women. Her own life-story, romantic enough in itself, is subordinated to the relation of the life-stories of those about her who helped to make the history—political, social and artistic—of the time. As a result the most brilliant epoch of Parisian intellectual activity is described from the inside with tact and discretion, and moreover with a literary ability which is as charming as it is unique.

Madame Adam's introduction to Meyerbeer; her impressions of Wagner when he first dawned on Paris; her remarks about Madame d'Agoult's daughters Cosima and Blandine, who married respectively Hans von Bülow and Emile Ollivier; her confirmation of the generally understood report that Gounod sold "Faust" to Chondans for ten thousand francs; her comparison between Berlioz and Wagner: "The only revenge that Berlioz took of his non-success was to make the Parisians admire the old masters such as Gluck, from whose genius he drew his inspiration, whereas Wagner, amid his greatest triumphs, was jealous of the smallest success of others"—all these and a thousand other touches of actuality go to make up an entirely delightful record of real men and women, told, too, with that inimitable charm which would seem to be denied to all save to the most cultured of Frenchwomen.

The story of the founding of Madame Adam's celebrated salon, which for many years was such an im-

portant factor in French politics and literature, especially the latter, concludes with Daniel Stern's (Madame D'Agoult) remark: "My dream for you, little Juliette, is that you should have a salon, quite small, very select, with the traditions of mine," and there follow a dozen succinct suggestions as to how a salon should be founded and worthily maintained.

Altogether this is a most delightful, inspiring and informative book, worth all the recent volumes of memoirs put together: the translation is quite excellent; in fact, it does not read like a translation at all.

FRANK SCHLOESSER.

THE ART OF THE LOUVRE

By Mary Knight Potter. (Bell. 6s. net.)

NO one of the great collections of pictures in the capitals of Europe has had a more chequered life-story than that of the Louvre, which, after weathering many storms, escaped as by a miracle from destruction, when the Palace of the Tuileries was burnt by the Commune in 1871. Founded as long ago as the time of François I., though the actual date of its origin is unknown, the building containing so many priceless heirlooms has from first to last shared the vicissitudes of Paris; and in spite of all the changes that have taken place in its appearance under different *régimes*, it still remains one of the most important examples of French Renaissance architecture that have been preserved.

Although the title of Miss Potter's new work is somewhat misleading, for she deals in it only with the oil paintings in the Louvre, her book is complete so far as it goes, and will be found useful not only by the visitors to the famous galleries, but also by all students of art history, as she fully makes good her claim that "the Louvre is the first museum of the world, possessing an unrivalled collection of representative and noble works of almost all great painters of all time," though she admits that other collections may own individual treasures more valuable than any there. She prefaces her examination of the various schools represented by an interesting summary of the history of the Louvre itself and of the gradual acquisition of its unique series of pictures, whilst into her account of them she has woven all the most recently acquired information concerning the lives of their authors. Avoiding as far as possible the expression of personal opinion on disputed points, this conscientious author enables her readers to compare for themselves the criticisms of acknowledged experts by quoting, without comment, their actual words, but at the same time she has not refrained from allowing her own special predilections for this or that master to give colour and individuality to her work. It is easy, for instance, to recognise how great is her love for Fra Angelico, the painter-monk whose works, she says, are the veritable prayers of his devout spirit; and she betrays with delightful *naïveté* the fact that she does not really endorse the adulation of Botticelli that is now the fashion. To her the much exploited master is a bit of a *poseur*, and she finds in the majority of his pictures "a certain sort of artificiality—a fascinating, sensuous, appealing artificiality, doubtless, she adds, but the forced unreal note is nevertheless nearly always there." For Luini, too, Miss Potter has a great affection; his sweetness, she says, is "never cloying, for it is backed up by vigorous if smooth modelling, by judicious colour, by skilful lighting"; and her remarks on Andrea del Sarto are full of true recognition of his peculiar excellences. Perhaps one of the best chapters in the book, however, is that on the Dutch masters, whose technical

excellences are well defined, whilst their wonderful humour is evidently keenly appreciated. The concluding chapters on the French schools dealing with the wonderfully complete collections in the Salle des Etats and in the recently opened Thomy-Thiery rooms give completeness to a work representing a very considerable amount of research and that is thoroughly up-to-date. The numerous illustrations are well reproduced and fairly representative as a whole, but it seems a pity that the far from pleasing example of Ter Borch was not replaced by the more characteristic "Music Lesson." Another slight drawback is Miss Potter's habit of cutting short the names of artists. To speak as she does of "Champagne" and "Veronese" is, to say the least, undignified, and there is something almost comic in her remark that the Louvre has twenty Champaignes, and in her assertion that "Champagne Poussinized his own religious pictures."

NANCY BELL.

THE RAT

By G. M. A Hewett.

E DOG

By G. E. Mitten. (Black, 6s. each.)

It is well known that comparisons are odious, yet such is the depraved bent of our mind that we sigh for the pen of Ernest Seton-Thompson or Richard Jefferies in reading these books. We do not mean that they are not well done, but that they might have been so much better. The book on the rat is the better of the two. It does give us a glimpse into the ways of rat-land, its manners and peculiarities. The book on the dog deals too much with one particular dog and his fortunes, and might almost pass as an entirely fictional tale. The human element is bound to enter more strongly in the autobiography of a dog than in that of a rat; but surely it would have been possible to shed more side-lights on the dog's nature and habits, as well as to record the particular sensations and supposed comings and goings of a particular dog. Judged by his frontispiece portrait he was a very delightful dog indeed, and the reader soon feels an interest in him and his fortunes; but is this the aim of the series? The little sketch of Miss Louisa Sykes, the London slavey who was Louie in the morning when about her work and Miss Sykes in the afternoon when she was dressed, is amusing enough, but is it not matter in the wrong place? The coloured illustrations to both books are good, more particularly those of Stephen Baghot de la Bere, who, we think, deserves mention on the title-page.

Short Notices

THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, 1854-1904:

Records of its History and its Work, by Members of the College. Edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. (Macmillan, 4s. net.) It is impossible to ignore the Working Men's College as an important factor in the sociological evolution of the past half-century, and as this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation it is only fit and proper that the five still living founders should collaborate (with others) in this little memorial volume, tracing the history and development of the College. The Editor writes on F. D. Maurice, to whom, as is well known, the inception of the work was due. Messrs. J. M. Ludlow, J. Westlake, Lowes Dickinson, J. P. Elmslie, F. J. Furnivall, J. Roebuck, J. A. Forster, C. P. Lucas, Lord Avebury, A. V. Dicey (Principal), and L. Jacob (Vice-Principal) contribute interesting chapters illustrating the progress, the influence, and the early troubles of an institution which from small and tentative beginnings has now assumed its proper place as a model institution of its kind, with a history of difficulties overcome and prejudices over-

borne which entitle it to something more than common consideration. The value of the book is enhanced by some excellent portraits; but it lacks an index.

AMERICA.

By John Kelly. ("Round the World." Jack, 1s. 6d.) Schoolmasters all over the country will welcome this very handy and concise little text-book. Children will find it attractive and be led to take a greater interest in their geography lessons. It has numerous illustrations, diagrams and maps. Some of the coloured pictures are perhaps over-brilliant and too wonderful, as, for example, the picture of the Rockies. Certainly it is a marvellous region, but hardly so startling as this would lead a child to suppose. This, however, is a very small and harmless grumble at what is a trustworthy and handy book.

DICTIONARY OF BATTLES.

By T. B. Harbottle. (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) This volume constitutes the latest addition to Sonnenschein's excellent series of dictionaries of quotations. It contains a short summary of every battle of importance that has been fought in the history of the world "from the earliest date down to the present time." Its modernity, may be gauged from the fact that it possesses descriptions of many of the important battles of the Russo-Japanese War that took place early last year. Indeed, on the whole, the more modern battles are more efficiently dealt with than the ancient, and we look in vain for any mention of the wars of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and Israelites. With this exception the book is adequate. The battles are alphabetically arranged, though by a slight error the battle of Wargoom is inserted in the wrong place. The index is excellent.

Reprints and New Editions

A new reprint or, rather, edition of Coleridge's poems is the event of the week. It deserves a warm welcome, coming as it does under such able editorship as Mr. William Knight's and in such a tasteful and artistic garb (Thin Paper Classics, Newnes, 3s. 6d.). This series is doing noteworthy work, and often before have I had occasion to praise it. Mr. Knight, in a singularly modest preface, leaves it for future editors and critics to decide whether the emendation of text, punctuation, &c., that he gives is the best for posterity. It seems to me that Mr. Knight has done an excellent piece of work, and I feel certain many will agree with me. The book contains all the poems and dramatic work published by Coleridge during his lifetime. Those poems which appeared for the first time in Mr. Dykes Campbell's edition remain the copyright of the Coleridge family. Coleridge's own notes, printed in his lifetime, are given, as well as a few by the editor. As regards the dates when many of the poems were written, Mr. Knight finds that "Coleridge's own statements as to the date of the composition of his verses—especially his juvenile ones—are not always trustworthy. He erred in this respect more than Wordsworth did. His memory often failed him, and in writing familiar letters he sometimes gave a date at random, assigning a different one in corresponding with different people."—Three remarkably cheap volumes published this week are THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Routledge, 1s. 6d. each net). They each contain a frontispiece portrait, and give us no mean selections from each poet's work. Indeed, it is marvellous value for the money. The volumes commence with George Crabbe, who is represented by such poems as "The Village," "The Hall of Justice," "The Parish Register," and "The Borough." A concise introduction prefaces each poet, so that the student of these three volumes may well claim a nodding acquaintance with the poets of the nineteenth century. Shall we have so many poets and so fine a collection of poems when the toll of the twentieth century shall be taken?—A small but admirably printed volume is sent me by Mr. Froude—Mrs. Browning's CASA GUIDI WINDOWS AND OTHER POEMS (Oxford Miniature Poets, Froude, from 3s. 6d.). The poems are printed on Oxford India paper,

and a frontispiece portrait of the author is given.—Pepysians who are renewing their acquaintance with the *DIARY* in Messrs. Bell's reprint will be glad to hear that volumes three and four are now ready (5s. net each). In looking through the volumes, reading here and there a paragraph, one cannot but marvel anew at the extraordinary minuteness of the record. I have already expressed my admiration of this admirable edition, which indeed can never be bettered.—Another addition to the Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books—*THE ADVENTURES OF A POST CAPTAIN*, by a Naval Officer (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net). The long inscription to the British Navy, it may be remembered, runs as follows: "May no Neglect mildew its Energies! May no Mishap dim the lustre of its Fame! Swift as the Gales which impel and firm as the Rocks which shelter it may its Glory and its History go hand in hand to remotest Times, the Terror of the Enemies and the Admiration of the Children of the Favoured Isle which gave it existence." The plates are very quaint and amusing; one picture, representing a seething bright green sea with a boatful of sailors in peacock-blue uniforms and tall hats, each rowing for his life, is well worth seeing. The poetry is of no very high order—

"Poor Mizen, though no melting lubber,
Spite of himself began to blubber,
And whimpered out his honest wishes
That Bowsprit yet might cheat the fishes."

—A pleasant little reprint is *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* (New Century Library, Nelson, 2s., 2s. 6d. and 3s. net). It also contains *AGNES GREY* and various poems by the Brontë sisters. A neat and workmanlike series. Those who have purchased the previous Brontë volumes have now a very presentable collection.—Fenimore Cooper's *THE PATH-FINDER*, with Brock's illustrations, has been sent me by Messrs. Macmillan (2s. net). It was indeed no light task "to introduce the same characters in four separate works and to maintain the peculiarities that are indispensable to identity," but Fenimore Cooper did it successfully, as all boys will testify. The fashion for underrating this writer's gifts is now happily becoming old-fashioned.—*WESTWARD HO!* again is reprinted by the same publishers, at the same price.—I was interested to receive a letter recently from a ten-year-old correspondent anent my remarks on Kingsley's "Water Babies," in which she assured me that my lack of appreciation is not shared by at least twenty-two little girls in Edinburgh, who "like the 'Water Babies' very much." After all, the best critic of children's books is the child himself, and very often the story that most delights the "grown-up" falls flat upon his ears. It is especially so, I think, with humorous books: the sense of humour is different in a critic of mature years from what it is in one of ten. The spirit of adventure, very rampant indeed in extreme youth, often lies dormant yet unchanged in the adult breast, but we outgrow the childish joke and marvel at it from afar. How very few of us can really keep in touch with the child mind.

F. T.-S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Spurgeon, C. H., *Sermons* (Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit), Vol. L. (Passmore & Alabaster), 7/0.
Thomas, W. H. G., *The Catholic Faith* (Hodder & Stoughton), 1/0 and 2/0 net.
Davidson, the Rev. J., *St. Peter and his Training* (Dent), 0/9 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Cecil, K. H. D., *The Historical Tragedy of Nero* (Kegan Paul), 3/6 net.
MacSweeney, P. M. (edited and translated), *Martial Career of Conghal Cláiringheach* (Irish Texts Society: Nutt), 10/6 net.
Japp, Dr. A. H., *Robert Louis Stevenson* (Laurie), 6/0 net.
Squire, C., *The Mythology of the British Islands: an introduction to Celtic Myth, Legend, Poetry, and Romance* (Blackie), 12/6 net.
Scott, Mary, *A Robin's Song and Other Verses* (Constable), 2/6 net.

History and Biography

- Rhodes, J. F., *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, Vol. V. (Macmillan), 12/0.
Pingaud, L. (translated by C. W. W.), *Saint Peter Fourier* (Duckworth), 3/0.
Mitchell, S. W., *The Youth of Washington* (Unwin), 6/0.
Bear, Don Philip O'Sullivan, *Ireland under Elizabeth* (translated by M. J. Byrne), Sealy, Bryers.

Science

- Ball, Sir Robert S., *A Popular Guide to the Heavens: a series of Eighty-Three Plates, with explanatory Text and Index* (Philip), 15/0 net.

Educational

- Duruy, V., *A General History of the World* (translated from the French and revised by E. A. Grosvenor) (Dean), 8/6 net.
Bulfinch, T., *Legends of Charlemagne, The Age of Fable, and The Age of Chivalry*, 3 vols. (Dean), 2/6 net each.
Seckler, E. F., *German Reader for Technical Schools* (Blackwood), 2/0.
The Schoolmasters' Year-Book and Directory, 1905 (Sonnenschein), 5/0 net.
The Public Schools Year-Book (Sonnenschein), 2/6.
Noteutt, H. C. (edited), *The State of England in 1685 (the Third Chapter of Macaulay's History)* (Blackie), 2/0.
Chaytor, the Rev. H. J. (edited), *Select Tales of Hans Christian Andersen* (Blackie), 2/0.
Barbé, L. A. (selected and edited), *A Book of French Songs* (Blackie), 0/6.
Horton, H. H. (edited), *Gérard de Nerval's Oriental Scenes* (Blackie), 0/4.
Brigstocke, W. O. (edited), *Legouvé's Jacques L'Aveugle and Mémée's L'Enlèvement de la Redoute; and Bourget's Récits de Guerre* (Blackie), 0/4 each.
Preston, H. W. (edited), *Daudet's La Dernière Classe* (Blackie), 0/4.
Rooper, W. L., *Little Tales for Little Folk: Nora's Dark Look, Honest Dolly, Fred's Run, Patty's Walk, and Ella's Fall* (Blackie), 0/1 each.
Burrows, R. M., and Walters, W. C. F., *Florilegium Tironis Græcum* (Macmillan), 4/6.
Perry, C. C., and Reum, Dr. A., *New French Course for Schools, Part I.* (Macmillan), 1/6.
Graham, J., and Oliver, G. A. S., *Spanish Commercial Practice, Part I.; French Commercial Practice, Part I.; German Commercial Practice, Part I.* (Macmillan), 2/6 each.
Dexter and Garlick, *Senior Arithmetic for Schools and Colleges* (Longmans), 4/6.
Winch, W. H., *Notes on German Schools* (Longmans), 6/0.
Sprague, W. H., *Latin Course, Part III.* (Longmans), 3/0.
Wickham, E. C. (edited), *Horace, Vol. I.* (Oxford Press), 6/0.
Ramsey, G. G., *Exercises in Latin Prose, with Vocabulary, Parts I., II.* (1/6 each), and *III.* 2/6 (Oxford Press).
Barnard and Child, *A New Geometry for Schools* (4/6), *A New Geometry for Junior Forms* (2/6), and *A New Geometry for Senior Forms* (Macmillan), 3/6.
Hall and Stevens, *Elementary Course of Mathematics* (2/6), and *A School of Geometry, Parts I.-VI.* (Macmillan), 4/6.
Eggar, W. D., *Practical Exercises in Geometry* (Macmillan), 2/6.
Allcock, C. H., *Theoretical Geometry for Beginners, Parts I., II., III. and IV.* (Macmillan), 1/6 each.
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Gibson, G. A., *An Introduction to the Calculus, and An Elementary Treatise on Graphs* (Macmillan), 3/6 each.
Loney, S. L., *The Elements of Trigonometry* (Cambridge Press), 3/6.
Beasley, H. R., *The Book of Notable Days* (Jack), 0/8.
Paton, J. L., *English Public Schools* (Bournville: Saint George Press), 0/6 net.
Webster, A. C., *The Dynamics of Particles and of Rigid, Elastic, and Fluid Bodies* (Leipzig: Teubner), 14m.
Rip Van Winkle, and Rab and his Friends and Our Dogs (Jack), 0/3 each.

Miscellaneous

- Mottos and Badges (Routledge), 1/0 net.
Who Wrote That? (Routledge), 1/0 net.
Latham, E., *A Dictionary of Abbreviations* (Routledge), 1/0 net.
Heilprin, Angelo, *The Tower of Pelée* (Lippincott).
Jacberns, R., *Sunday Talks with Girls* (Brown, Langham), 2/6 net.
Fenn, F., and Wyllie, B., *Old English Furniture* (Newnes), 7/6 net.
Knowles, W. P., *Dutch Pottery and Porcelain* (Newnes), 7/6 net.
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Home, B. J., *Old Houses in Edinburgh, Part I.* (Hay), 1/0 net.

Reprints and New Editions

- Eliot, G., *The Mill on the Floss* (Blackie), 2/6.
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Wiss, M., *The Swiss Family Robinson* (Blackie), 2/0.
Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Blackie), 1/0 and 1/6 net.
Stormonth, the Rev. J., *Dictionary of the English Language* (Blackwood), 5/0 net.
Brontës, The, *Wuthering Heights, Agnes Grey, and Poems* (New Century Library), 1 vol. (Nelson), 2/0 net.
Coleridge, S. T., *Poems and Dramatic Works* (Newnes), 3/6 net.
Tebb, Wm., and Vollum, Col. E. P., M.D., *Premature Burial* (Sonnenschein), 6/0.
Ealand, F., *Sermons from Browning* (Brown, Langham), 2/6 net.
The Muses' Library: The Poems of Edmund Waller, 2 vols.; William Browne, 2 vols.; Henry Vaughan, 2 vols.; John Keats, 2 vols.; John Gay, 2 vols.; John Donne, 2 vols.; William Drummond, 2 vols.; Samuel Taylor Coleridge; Thomas Carew; Andrew Marvel; and Satires of Andrew Marvel (Routledge), 1/0 net each.
Seneca, a Selection, by H. C. Sidley (Bell), 1/0 net.

Fiction

- Bennett, Arnold, "Tales of the Five Towns" (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; A. E., "The Mask of Apollo" (Dublin: Whaley), 2/6 net; Lucas, St. John, "Aubrey Ellison" (Brown, Langham), 6/0; Barr, Amelia, "The Song of a Single Note" (Unwin), 6/0; Farrow, G. E., "The Food of the Dogs" (Brimley Johnson), 1/0 net; Harris, J. C., "A Little Union Scout" (Duckworth), 3/6.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Samhain," "Arts and Crafts," "Architectural Review," "Geographical Journal," "School World," "Hibbert Journal," "Field Naturalists' Quarterly," "Musical Home Journal," "All the World," "Animals' Friend," "The Reliquary," "The Bookman," "Dana," "Faraday House Journal," "The Author," "Collector's Magazine," "Westminster Review," "Readers' Index," "Current Literature."

Booksellers' Catalogues

- Messrs. Hatchards (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*), 187 Piccadilly; Mr. James Miles (*General*), Leeds; Mr. Henry Gray (*International Bulletin*), Goldsmiths' Estate, East Acton.

My Book of Memory

A good friend has written, asking me various questions concerning my ideal of a book-room. For an ordinary man such as myself a library, either in the sense of a large number of books or of a room devoted entirely to them, is unfortunately a dream which can never be fulfilled. I am compelled to be content with a very modest collection of volumes and to bestow these upon shelves wherever I can find room for such accommodation. And I take it that this is the lot of the average book-lover. I am asked, do I love "a large or small room, morning or afternoon sun, or a clear north light?" To most of which my replies must perforce be unsatisfactory. Whether my book-room be large or small, alas! is not with me a matter of choice; it must be small; in fact, it is my sitting-room, the room in which I live when not abed, and there I like to have around me the friends who make life worth the living. But there is not space for all of them in this room, so some unfortunates are banished to outer passages and others reside in my dressing-room, receiving at least a friendly nod of a morning and at night. My personal taste shudders at a room built for books; books belong to the daily life and should grow up around one, just as should all the household gods—pictures, furniture, small treasures of every kind. It is for this reason that I have never felt quite at home in any of the new public libraries which it has been my chance to visit: they are so spick, span and business-like; they are warehouses for the storage of books, not homes. A friend once said to me that he would not mind being burnt out, for that then he would be able to purchase everything anew, books and all. The idea made me shiver, for I knew how unhappy I should be if by any ill fortune my books were to be destroyed. Had I the wealth of Cræsus I could not replace them. I have picked them up by ones, by twos, by threes; I have slowly gathered my friends around me, and in exchange for them I would not accept a blank cheque which would bring me twice the number of books that I now own. No; I do not want a book-room, but I do desire to have books in each of my rooms and many in that one which I mostly use. As for light, what care I from what point of the compass it may come so long that there be sufficient by which to read? And living in London, East and West do not, at any rate in the winter months, make much of a difference; we so seldom see the sun's jolly red face; his light is filtered through mists and grey clouds.

Then "do I favour open shelves or glass doors?" The last I abominate. A cupboard for books is a prison-house, a musty, fusty cell in which I should be ashamed to lock up my good comrades, as if I were ashamed to have them hear all I said of them or as if they were mere curios that I kept because they were rare. As for the dust, if I am worthy of my books, little dust will accumulate upon their heads: if I am unworthy, keeping them fast shut in a glass house will not remedy matters. No, the open shelf for me! Then, "do I like my room away from wife, children and servants?" All that I ask for is that it shall be away from those who love not my books as dearly as I do myself, away from all the merely curious, away from such as do not treat books with reverence and respect! Many are there who do not. No more than myself should my books be hidden away from those I love and trust. Then, "Do I like a coal fire or a gas fire?" The question hurts me to the soul; a gas fire in the same room as my loved

volumes, to crack their backs and dry the blood out of them? No, *never*! Rather would I shiver in their midst than so insult them. For lights, candles of wax if one can afford them, set in silver candlesticks; no other illumination is so kindly and so mellow. The next best I hold is the electric light; it is clean and convenient and has a certain shininess in it. Indeed, I know a man who, upon dull mornings when the skies frown, turns on the electric light, breakfasts beneath it and swears that it is as good to him as sunshine. But he may be jesting.

After all said, is not the housing of our books a matter of personal taste, qualified by the power or impotence of our purses? You may like this and I that method; and there an end, there can be no ground for quarrel and little for debate. As I have said, I like my various bookcases—no two alike—not so much for any value or beauty they may have, but because I have acquired them one by one as my need called for them, and because they are old cronies. I sometimes fancy that they love the books they hold as much as I do myself, and that sometimes I cause a pang of regret when I move a volume from one bookcase to another.

Yet, dreamer that I am, I have an ideal, one with the great merit that an ideal it must always be. I have dreamed that by some good fortune I have gone to live at Oxford, and that there—overlooking an ancient college garden which shall be nameless—I am living in an ancient house, unspoiled by the hands of any vandal decorator. There, in a long, low room, with uneven floor, wainscoted walls, beamed ceiling and open hearth, I chiefly pass my days; the polished floor is relieved by a few thick rugs; the furniture is of old-time fashion, substantial, shapely, comfortable; round the whole room run low bookcases, some four feet high, upon the shelves of which rest my old familiar friends; there is a lattice window with deep window-seat, red curtains and pots of flowers. What a cosy room; cool and shady in the summer days, warm and shadowy of winter nights. Could the soul of bookman ask for more? But the days of fairies who grant to us our dearest wishes seem to be gone, and this wish of mine must, I fear, remain for ever unfulfilled. Such a room does not appeal to you? Well, it is not yours, or, if it be, prithee exchange it for mine own. But though you like not my chamber, you would be welcome in it, and you be a true bookman, one who loves books, not merely reads them. And therein you and I would sit, discussing our friends and, maybe, a glass or two of sound Oxford port. Wine; some day a connoisseur will write for us a learned and delightful treatise upon wine and books: for of a surety there be certain liquors which should be drunk when reading certain books, as, for example, canary sack with Master Shakespeare; a glass of cyder—though cyder be no wine—with the Reverend Mr. Herrick; a bottle of port with Mr. Henry Fielding; (a dish of tea with Dr. J n); Bordeaux with Mr. Sheridan; a glass of sherry with Miss Jane Austen; a bottle of Rhenish with Mr. Thackeray; and a bottle of ale—or should it be a brimmer of toddy?—with Mr. Dickens. But, here I go: I set out to write of realities and I prose of dreams: of the housing of books and I chatter about the drinking of wine. Verily I am a vagabondish-minded fellow, and I love rambling.

E. G. O.

American Copyright Reform

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN has initiated a timely discussion upon the reform of American Copyright in the columns of "The Standard."

The support he has received from such well-known people as Lord Avebury, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. John Murray, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Rowland Prothero and many others is enough to prove the lively interest which the question excites in its present somewhat peculiar phase. It may be frankly stated that there is nothing very alarming about the projected amendment of the American law, giving, as it will, if and when it becomes law, writers in a foreign tongue a year's grace in which to have their works translated into English and to protect their copyright. The truth is that the American Copyright Act—which, with all its imperfections, has conferred very solid benefits upon a large number of British authors—has remained a dead letter so far as foreign writers are concerned. The obligation to print and publish simultaneously with the country of origin has proved prohibitive in an immense number of cases, while in others it has only been discharged at the cost of enormous delay and practical inconvenience. The suggested amendment, which came over in draft form in January 1904, will be nothing but a tardy act of justice if, which seems unfortunately to be extremely doubtful, it becomes law. The Platt Bill of 1902, upon which it is founded, was shelved.

As regards English writers it seems wise to consider, before we advocate retaliation, whether the half loaf they now possess is not better than no bread at all. It is now perfectly possible to obtain a good American copyright, provided the work in question is simultaneously published with the English edition from type set within the United States. Now simultaneity is not an American invention. It is a cardinal principle of English law that prior publication outside of the countries within the Berne Convention is fatal to the acquisition of a sound English copyright. If, therefore, we wish to attack the principle of simultaneity, we must first amend our own law and give to America the same close time we demand for ourselves. It would enormously strengthen our case if we came with open hands and said: "We will give you a month, or six months, or twelve months, if you will reciprocate this civility." This would be far better than to attempt to bring about a change by "calling names."

The manufacturing clause is, no doubt, annoying, but it arises out of tariff policy, and not merely from the "cussedness" of the Typographical Union. During a visit to the United States, when I saw several of the many earnest and high-minded American copyright reformers, who set an example we should do well to emulate, nothing impressed me so much as the utter hopelessness of attacking a principle which would raise far wider issues than are apparent on the surface. I do not believe that any American authors or publishers would object to the immediate repeal of the clause, but I am confident that no movement for its rescission is likely to receive much support either in the House of Representatives or the Senate. The Dayton Bill of 1901, which rescinded it, met with a short shrift. Considered as a part of the domestic law of the United States, is it *prima facie* an act of iniquity to grant American copyright only upon condition of

paying a printer's bill by way of entrance fee? And can we fairly call a people who impose the condition "thieves"? There is, however, a hardship which presses severely upon the large class of writers to whom American copyright is prohibitive. An import duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem* is charged on all English-printed books. Mr. Douglas Sladen has made a legitimate point in advocating retaliatory duties, and this impost might be usefully borne in mind if and when the question of a duty on foreign manufactured goods comes within the range of practical politics. If it be impracticable to establish an English manufacturing clause it would be a perfectly fair rejoinder to the American Tariff to impose analogous duties. This would to some extent, moreover, obviate the danger of the manufacture of works of international importance passing into American hands, while it would further lead to the much more general importation of "plates" instead of "sheets," and so throw a considerable amount of machining into the English market, to the advantage of English printers, paper-makers and even book-binders. The Presidential Proclamation, under which our admission to the benefits of American copyright rests, is based upon the principle of reciprocity. It may be questioned whether a reactionary policy is likely to command wide support outside of the literary profession. Whether the competition of books *inter se* is so real a grievance as to be demonstrably tangible is an open question. But the spirit with which Parliament has always regarded literary property is wholly antagonistic to any protection of the profession at the expense of the public. Agitation is much more likely to be productive of definite result if we begin at home and press the reform of domestic copyright upon Parliament so that we may have something more satisfactory to offer "strangers within our gates." It will be time enough then to talk of revising our International bargains.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

The Internationals

THE catalogue of the Internationals has for its text the splendid untruth, "Art is the Science of the Beautiful"—WHISTLER; but it may be shrewdly suspected that "Art is the Science of the Beautiful—WHISTLER" is as Whistler would have had it printed—largely indeed what he believed. At least, if this catchpenny were sufficient to inspire Whistler to his master-work, then the catchpenny was worth the coining. Still, it is to be hoped for the sake of Art that the members of the Society will make themselves neither the slavish idolaters of Whistler's splendid genius nor of his most questionable laws upon Art. However, on entering the rooms of this winter's exhibition one finds much that treats of things that are anything but beautiful, though art is achieved thereby—wherefore the catchpenny is but the big dog's bark after all. What the Internationals *would* do well to remember, however, is that whilst Art is neither a Science

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

nor the Beautiful, yet the means whereby Art is uttered—that is to say, Craftsmanship—is to a certain extent Science, though to a greater extent Skill, and must be Beautiful. Now this is a very different thing. One of the finest paintings on those walls to-day is that of a little street corner—"Café at Dieppe," by Mr. William Nicholson. There is nothing vastly beautiful in this coffee-house at Dieppe, but there is much that is vastly interesting about it. What William Nicholson has found interesting about it he has stated with such beauty of utterance that he has made us feel his personal emotion in relation to it so that it holds us with the charm of a palace, with the charm of an enchanted house out of the "Arabian Nights." The exquisite beauty of his colour, of his arrangement, indeed, of all he says, draws us to this street corner until he rouses in us the reality of the fascination of the place. It seems to hold the very atmosphere of France. There is not one meretricious stroke or touch on the canvas from end to end. It is a perfect piece of painting; but it is far more than that—it is the placing of the sensation aroused in him by the place into our own experience so that we love that corner house as he loves it, see it as he sees it. Let us turn to another fine piece of painting—a study of flowers, by Mr. Arthur Chaplin, entitled "A Bouquet"—a piece of work in which the sheer technical achievement is as high as that of the great Dutchmen who painted immortal flower-pieces. Indeed, the mastery of painting throughout these galleries, like the high excellence of technical achievement on every hand in art as in literature to-day, is as pronounced as is the strangely disturbing sense that it is not producing very great Art. The emotions are being planed down to a modest level, and the resulting lack of majesty and dignity, the lack of the great sensations that stir within us and increase our experience of life, is becoming as obvious a lack in the art of colour as in the art of literature. It is a disturbing fact—it is a fact due in great measure to the desire to excel in sheer craft alone—it is a state of affairs largely due to the dread of "story" or mere subject, which of course has also nothing to do with the emotions as such. In the statement I have made as to William Nicholson's work it may be said that it acclaims him a genius. Certainly. He is nothing less. And his brother Beggarstaff, Mr. Pryde, has genius, as his painting here proves. And it is in the full recognition of all their exquisite gifts and in these very rooms that I have been led to this train of thought, not unmingled with regret, that Art is being largely lost at the cost of a marvellous gain in craftsmanship. Take the work of another man of genius, the wood-engraver Timothy Cole—and what superb work it is!—you will find in those small wood-blocks of his from the masterpieces of the giants, Turner and Constable and Wilson, a majesty and a largeness of vision, an epic daring and a dramatic magnificence that resound in one's senses, crying out to us in their dignity and their greatness, even as translated through this man's genius in a space little more than the size of the hand, the emotions felt by these great masters were large and splendid emotions—they saw Nature with the great seeing eye: they were unafraid; they faced the vastness of the firmament, the breathless drop of the abyss, the rush and tumult of water and the vast stillnesses with fearless eyes and with hands undaunted, and they set these majestic sensations down reckless of criticism and the squabbles of the schools and the "isms" of fashion. One man may have had this technical leaning, another man that, but they knew and recognised that these things were craftsmanship, tricks of thumb. The great

thing was Art, the emotional statement, so that when we stand before the work of their hands we are swept away first by the power of the statement and not by the perfection of the grammar in which they uttered that statement.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR.—I quite concur in all your correspondent A. R. Bayley says anent an Elizabethan playhouse. It is said of those of to-day that they eagerly pursue all enterprises likely to yield high profits. Now what greater gain to our youth could be devised than connecting their intelligences by pleasurable associations with the mind of Shakespeare? It is true every curriculum, from the university to the board school, includes study of his works, but how few comparatively of our scholars ever see a play acted! It is as though we trained a nation to witness plum puddings in the making but never allowed them to be tasted! A country lad in Shakespeare's time had opportunity of seeing histories and mysteries played. Such must almost have formed part of the school year. We still enter the very hall under the Stratford Grammar School where Shakespeare as a lad must have witnessed these performances. With what zest must his creative mind have flown to Holinshed and Plutarch after forming one of the audience and experiencing the thrilling domination of the drama! Perhaps he borrowed these books from his master and devoured them under a mulberry tree, as Walter Scott drank in the Percy Reliques under an Oriental plane in a quaint formal garden. Chief among the objections to the drama for youth is the expense and dissipation of time in "getting up" theatricals. Now it surely should be a national concern that we had an Elizabethan theatre here in London, in which performances could be given at trifling cost, both by daylight and at night, to which our scholars had easy access. It might almost be prophesied that by this means alone the prosperity of our Empire might be centupled in a decade.—Yours, &c.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S SISTER.

The Art of Watts

SIR.—It is matter for regret that Mr. Macfall did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the Academy exhibition to pass in review the achievement of the artist. Permit me a tilt with him in regard to one statement contained in his article. "Watts," he writes, "began with the Greek ideal that Art is Beauty—an absolutely pagan idea." Now why absolutely pagan? It is an irrefragable truth which did it obtain with the Greeks obtains none the less to-day with the true artist, painter, or musician—and must obtain with him ever. Mr. Macfall seems to presuppose that beauty is of the eye; whereas it is of the mind. Pictures such as, say, Millet's incomparable "The Pig-killers" and "Man with the Hoe" are none the less beautiful that they are rugged presentments of things of which the world, with its so very pathetic hypersensitiveness, much prefers to remain uncognisant. Truth has often a rude, almost brutal way of declaring itself, but so a picture be true it is beautiful, and therefore art is beauty, though admittedly mere physiognomical beauty should there be flaws in its possessor is not necessarily of art so far as by art is understood the perfect. Wherefore, why the pother?

Had Watts prevailed more in the councils of the Academy, we might have been spared the national humiliation consequent on the maladministration of the Chantry Bequest. His, truly, was a magnificent life. Beset in middle age by physical ills, he yet, on the borderland of ninety, passed to his rest—a fighter to the last—leaving an enduring monument in "Physical Energy." Watts recognised and lamented the paucity of British artists: "the power and solid magnificence of British enterprise are almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art"; was untiring in his encouragement of the talented unknown; and

by his work—work which has risen triumphant from the morass of fatuous superlatives—has done much to atone for the deficiency. The present exhibition, *me judice*, is but a poor tribute to a departed genius. Its comprehensiveness doubtless appeals strongly to the maw of the dear, obtuse British public, but the massing of pictures without regard to merit is to a lover of art “a thing imagination boggles at.” It is murder—is only comparable with the Academy’s jaundiced treatment of Whistler. If we needs must have everything—good, bad and indifferent—surely some taste, some discrimination might have been exercised; or, if not exercised, at least essayed. Is it really necessary for such a body as the Academy to leap straight to the large bosom of the public? If it is, was there any earthly reason—other than the apathy of those responsible for the direction—why the finest of Watts’ pictures, such as “Aurora” and the “Jacob and Esau,” should not have been grouped in one gallery and those of lesser merit relegated to the others? As things stand the superlative and the negligible are hung cheek by jowl, and the inferior derogate almost inestimably from the worth of such as are good but not, in many cases, comparable with the greatest. Such paintings as could not claim inclusion in the gallery representing the artist’s highest achievement need not have been indiscriminately huddled together like the books on a second-hand bookseller’s shelves, but might well have been so arranged (without particular regard to date) as to illustrate different phases of, and influences on, Watts’ career.

One cannot deny that the exhibition reflects great credit on those upon whom the work of collection devolved. There are many pictures which have been hitherto almost unknown to the world at large, and one in particular, which I, at least, have never before seen, is an exquisite portrait executed with the craftsman’s sheer joy in craftsmanship—the “Countess of Lytton.” Presumably the magnificent “Alfred Inciting his Subjects to Prevent the Landing of the Danes” was not available; or in a hurried survey I did not notice it.

Could not Mr. Macfall devote a few articles to a review of the art of Watts? Critically executed, they should form *ψυχῆς ἰατρικὸν*. Yours, &c.

NORMAN BENNETT.

The Arch-Diarist

SIR,—If a small “Ego” may aspire to break a lance with your great Cham, I would point out that Samuel Pepys lived in an age of corruption, and that his “Diary” was prepared as a personal exculpation, founded on his own sense of fiscal morality. Further, that it was intended for perusal; all his surroundings were familiar with his system of shorthand, and that, for intentional obscurity, certain equivocal passages were written in Greek, Latin, or Spanish. This further precaution implies expected perusal. His love of pleasure is transparent; his powers of exacerbation involved cruelty, shown in his use of rod and lash—so brutal as to induce Mrs. Pepys to pinch his nose with a red-hot pair of tongs! His love of money peeps out in the transport of his guineas from town to Huntingdonshire, and their burial in a back-garden, while his anxiety as to exposure and loss is shown in the recounting. His dealings with his kind relative and patron, the Earl of Sandwich, are very compromising; Pepys enjoyed a lucrative office as stop-gap for another, under contract to refund, yet he paid over the proceeds as *loans*, and claimed repayment as for a debt.—Yours, &c.

A. HALL.

Omar el Khayyám

SIR,—The novel spelling of this poet’s name in your current issue attracted my attention to Mr. Shirázi’s explanation of it, which I cannot think quite satisfactory. It is certainly improbable that Omar (more correctly ‘Omar, since a consonant unknown to our language precedes the “O”

uttered by constricting the glottis) was himself a tent-maker, although so named, especially as he was a Persian, and his name (probably also his descent) Arabian. One might as well expect all British subjects of the name of Shumacher to be makers of shoes, when it does not even follow that such English names as Baker, Fisher, or Cart-

wright convey such an idea, though very likely their respective ancestors were engaged in those trades. There is therefore not the slightest necessity to tack on an “i” or “y,” which would turn the noun into an adjective and simply imply, as Mr. Shirázi’s own name—if it is his—does, that he or his ancestors were only connected with a certain craft or place of residence. Indeed, in the absence of a known tribe surnamed Khayyám, there is no ground for such a supposition, and the poet’s name has been too long accepted as we know it in his own land to propose amendments.—Yours, &c.

BUDGET MEAKIN.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

We shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 ls., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 ls. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son’s Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer’s name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to “The Competition Editor, *THE ACADEMY*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.”
3. The Editor’s judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR THIRD COMPETITION

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

NOTICE.

Competitors’ MSS. must reach this office not later than January 16, Monday next.

“Academy” Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner “A.Q.A.” Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender’s full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to “Academy” Questions and Answers.

The Editor’s decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of “Questions and Answers” carries disqualification.

Questions

LITERATURE.

* **DICKENS' MRS. RUDGE.**—In his novel of "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens frequently speaks of Mrs. Rudge as "the widow," when really she is not a widow, a fact one sees after having finished reading the book. Was this an oversight on Dickens' part, or did he knowingly perpetrate a literary falsehood for the sake of keeping up an illusion?—*A. W. Bain* (Edinburgh).

COMMANDER OF TWENTY LEGIONS.—"The ancient philosopher declined a dispute with the emperor who commanded twenty legions." Who was this "ancient philosopher," and what were the circumstances of the dispute?—*A. W. Bain* (Edinburgh).

* **ROBINSON CRUSOE.**—"I remember reading in the "Academy Questions and Answers" that Defoe did not write the first part of "Robinson Crusoe." Can any one tell me what authority there is for this statement and give me full particulars?—*Arthur D. Calman* (Malta).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Attached to Burne-Jones's picture "Green Summer" are the lines:

There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

In what poem of what poet do they occur?—*H.E.A.*

REFERENCE WANTED, for the following lines, supposed to be Browning's:

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain and wholly well for you,
Make the low nature better by your throes,
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above.

—*T.F.J.* (Greenock).

GENERAL.

TURKEY TRIAL.—Can any one tell me what is meant by a "Turkey Trial"?—*B.B.* (Sheffield).

WHOLE BAG OF TRICKS.—What is the origin of this expression? Did it arise from familiarity with the feats of a conjurer?—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

* **ORDER REIGNS AT WARSAW.**—What was the historical occasion on which this despatch—which has become proverbial—was sent?—*H.E.A.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE AS SCHOOLMASTER.—It is not certain, though probable, that Shakespeare was educated at the ancient Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon. That he acted there, for a time, as an assistant master, before leaving his native town for London, is a mere rumour, though it is, quite possibly, founded on fact. The poet certainly displays a close acquaintance with the chief school books of his period.—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

* **SIR FOR REVEREND.**—The title Sir was given to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities as a translation of the word Dominus, but was usually attached to the surnames and not to the Christian names. It was also given to such of the inferior clergy as were only readers of the service and were not admitted to be preachers. A thirteenth century tombstone is said to have had the following inscription:

Sire Riocard le Petit, Jadia
Personne de ceste yglise ci gist;
Receyve la Alme Jesu Christ.—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

DUCDAME.—Thomas Doucedame, about 1327-8, was plaintiff as to land in the Isle of Sheppey, Kent; so the word "Ducedame" seems Anglo-French for "sweet lady." She might be the *goose girl* of fable; socially a female *herd* or "dey," who, as mother goose called her flock "into a circle"; "you goose" is a polite form for "fool." Melancholy Jaques was not ill-informed, and Shakespeare was quite as clever as Dickens in "picking up" names.—*A. Hall.*

"**DUCDAME.**"—This is probably a corruption of a Gaelic phrase meaning "this ground is mine," used as a challenge in some old British game like "Tom Tiddler's Ground," in which a boy would take up his position on a hill and dare his comrades to drive him from it. "This old British phrase" (says Dr. Mackay) "continued to be used in England by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called 'Tom Tiddler's Ground' so lately as forty years ago, when I myself heard it used by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth." In time the real meaning and correct form of the original Gaelic would be lost, and "ducdame, ducedame," seems to have been used as the burden of a song. Thus in a MS. of "Piers the Ploughman" Halliwell found the phrase "dusadam-me-me" in a passage where the best texts have the song-burden "Hou, trolly, lolly"; and "dusadam-me-me" certainly looks like a variation of "ducdame." This explanation of the expression "ducdame" as originally connected with a game gives a key to Jaques's otherwise quite unintelligible words, an "*invocation*, to call fools into a circle." All the old theories—such as *duc ad me* ("bring him to me"), *huc ad me*—may be dismissed. But the explanation that Jaques pronounces "ducdame" as if it were "duc damné" is ingenious. It is quite likely that he uses this old song-burden "ducdame" with a quibbling reference to "duc damné," the thought in his mind being "a plague on the Duke for bringing us all here." But if he does hint at "duc damné" he is careful not to say so.—*Winifred Annie Horwood* (Brockley).

DUCDAME.—I take the following from Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gall": "At the time of Shakespeare's writing there was an Irish ballad current. Evlin Cavanagh, the secret love of a forbidden suitor, was about to be married. Her lover, disguised as a harper, came to her mansion, and with impassioned song besought her to come with him. 'Dincatu' is the phonetic form of the question 'Wilt thou come?' Her reply is 'Tiucams,' which she repeats, 'I will come.' Here we have the invitation, and the answer a verse to this note. It is not Greek, but being Irish it is as unintelligible to Amiens."—*Edward Quinn.*

DUCDAME.—This is neither Greek nor Latin, but pure gibberish, invented by Jaques to parody Amiens' song, and passed off on him as Greek—a thing Jaques would be very likely to do. Invented words were not uncommon in Elizabethan verse—and acted as choruses or burdens to songs. It belongs probably to the same order of words as the "Hey, ninny nonny," or "With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino," of other Shakespearean songs.—*K.K.* (Belfast).

DUCDAME.—The word is an intentional piece of nonsense on the part of Jaques. His line

Ducedame, ducedame, ducedame,

is meant to reproduce the rhythm of the line in the preceding song:

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

Hammer gave the "*duc ad me*" interpretation; others have read "*huc*

ad me." The word may be an ancient refrain of Celtic origin. Halliwell notes that "dus-adam-me-me" occurs in a MS. of "Piers Plowman," where ordinary texts read "How, trolly, lolly." It is, perhaps, a survival of some British game like "Tom Tiddler," and is said to mean in Gaelic "this land is mine." At any rate it served "to call fools into a circle."—*A.R.B.*

LITERATURE.

"**THE FATAL FLOWER BESIDE THE RILL.**"—This occurs in Jean Ingelow's "Persephony." The authoress has introduced this flower into the story. As given by Ovid in "De raptu Proserpine" the maidens strayed gathering various flowers, "Illa legit calthas; hinc aut violaria curae," but Miss Ingelow makes a particularly beautiful daffodil, "one of rarer growth than orchis or anemone, attract her heroine and make her stray to the fated spot where the coal-black horses rise."—*William Rauby* (Coventry).
[Reply also from *H.M.W.* (Manchester).]

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines occurring in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" are wrongly quoted—altered, probably, to suit the text. They are from Tennyson's "May Queen, Conclusion," and run as follows:

The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

—*K.K.* (Belfast).

[Similar replies from *J.B.* and *H.B.F.* (Hastings).]

GENERAL.

BOHEMIAN.—Trench ("On the Study of Words") suggests that a wandering tribe was first mistaken for an expelled tribe of Hussites from Bohemia, and hence the epithet as applied to any nomadic strangers, just as "Gypsies" appears to imply that Egypt was the origin of the "wanderers." In the case of "Bohemian," the mistake is not so inappropriate when the etymological meaning of the word is known (Old High German *Heim* and *Boii*, the home of the Boii), and any individual in search of a home comes to be a Bohemian, and going further, *Bohemia* has come to represent the home of the artist—the wandering soul! [Compare this idea of "wandering" in the German *Zigeuner*, Hungarian *Tzigane*, and Spanish *Zingari*.]—*Max Judge.*

BOHEMIAN.—Since their first appearance in the fifteenth century the gipsies have been called Bohemians by the French, because they were thought to come from Bohemia, or possibly entered the West through that country. The word later was applied to vagabonds or adventurers in general, and in this sense was introduced by Thackeray into English in "Vanity Fair" (lxiv).—*A.R.B.*
[Similar replies from *D.M.* (Bexley Heath) and *H.H.*]

BEAN FEAST.—Compare "bonum festum" in some Latin, so under corruption by similarity of sound; but taken literally it is a banquet on "beans and bacon." Fairlop Fair originated in the annual distribution of sacks of beans for a public feast, about 1750.—*Old Hand.*

BEANFEAST.—This is an annual dinner, given by employers to their workpeople. The derivation of the word seems uncertain. One explanation is that beans or a bean-goose appeared as a prominent dish on such occasions. Others derive it from the Middle English word "Bene" (=prayer or request), from the custom of soliciting subscriptions at these festivals.—*Percy Selver.*

"**GREAT SCOTT.**"—Surely the connection of this with Gen. Wingfield Scott, mentioned by your correspondent last week (it is given by Barrère and Leland), is doubtful—probably a mere *Volks-etymologie*, or story invented to account for a word not otherwise understood. Mr. Baron Russell's "Current Americanisms" (London, circa 1890) merely defines it as a "Euphemistic oath of no great force and very uncertain origin." He must have been acquainted with the Wingfield Scott story, and (as he is elsewhere very hospitable to fancy derivations) must have had reasons for rejecting this one; but it is odd that he did not record the fairly obvious corruption of Ger. "grüss Gott."—*N.D.* (Cambridge).

PORT ARTHUR.—This name was given about fifty years ago to commemorate Lieutenant Arthur of H.M.S. "Algerine," son of the Rev. James Arthur, rector of Atherington, in Devon. The flagship "Acton" being disabled, Lieutenant Arthur towed her into an unnamed harbour, which was afterwards called after him.—*B.F.*

* **PORT ARTHUR.**—The Chinese and Japanese call this place *Lü-shun-keu*; this is the modern orthography. Morrison would have written it *Leu-shun-khow*. The Russians call it *Port-Arthur*; it is always printed with a hyphen, and declined as if it were a single word, genitive *Port-Artura*, instrumental *Port-Arturum*, etc. The Russians got this name from the English. We named it from Captain Arthur, who commanded one of H.M. ships on the China station when the coast-line of Manchuria and Korea was being surveyed.—*James Platt, Junior.*

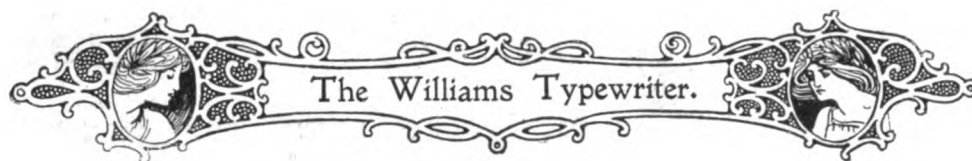
PORT ARTHUR received its name from Commander (afterwards Rear-Admiral) William Arthur, who was surveying there in H.M.S. "Algerine" in 1860. He was a Devonshire man, born July 4, 1830; served with distinction in the Maori, Kafir, Crimean, and Chinese wars; naval attaché at Washington, 1879-82; C.B. and Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria; died at Egham, November 16, 1886, aged 56. For a detailed list of his services, honours, etc., see "Overland Mail" for November 19, 1886, page 37, and other service papers of that date. A portrait of him appears in the "Sphere" for November 19, 1904.—*H.E.A.*
[Replies also from *A.R.B.* (Malvern) and *H.H.*]

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES.—This expression, surely, originates with Jack Tars, and embodies their contempt for the supposed credulity of the marines as "Land lubbers."—*D.M.*

NOTE.—Several correspondents again fail to comply with the rules. *D.R.C.* (Glasgow), for instance, does not give name and address on each slip. *M.S.* (Holland Park) asks a question (Runaway's Eyes) which was answered in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* of February 27 and May 14 last. Other correspondents appear to look upon these columns as a fit channel for questions which almost savour of the kindergarten, and could be answered by reference to any library. "Who were Diogenes and his Assasin?" "What do £ and D stand for as denoting pounds and pence?" "What does piling Pelion on Ossa mean?" These are only a few examples of the kind of question which is not admissible.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

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Education Supplement

Education and Determinism

To the consistent advocate of free-will—if such there were—the word education would perhaps simply convey the every-day, vulgar, purblind meaning. Or he might include physical as well as intellectual education; and to these might add that form of intellectual—not moral—education which consists in teaching what is right and wrong in given circumstances, it being assumed, with Tennyson, that we “needs must love the highest when we see it.” But the libertarian, who denies that the will is caused, cannot consistently see any reason to hope that education may influence character and therefore action.

The determinist, however—and, of course, we are all determinists in practice—will have a larger hope of education. From biology, to begin with, he will borrow a term which gives him what I venture to regard as the best definition of education—the *provision of an environment*. The boy's heredity is unalterable; but his environment can be modified—he can be educated. And the least important part of his education is the intellectual, of course: in accordance with the law of verbal degradation, the word education being commonly used and understood in its lowest meaning. But the determinist, who knows that the will is caused, and that man's character is his destiny, will attach supreme importance to moral education, and not least to the development of the *sense of responsibility*.

Here, you will say, is a glaring absurdity. Is it not the advocate of free-will who swears by the sense of responsibility? Is it not the determinist who, by denying the freedom of the will, denies that we are responsible? A recent correspondent of THE ACADEMY has forestalled me in this matter, thinking that I accepted the arguments which I had advanced as those of the other side. Yet in the face of those arguments I dare maintain that the determinist will devote his most earnest educational efforts to the development of that sense of responsibility which he is told that his creed repudiates.

And assuredly one of the forces which he will bring to bear—at the risk of being called inconsistent—is punishment. Perhaps, if we call punishment by a slightly different name, *consequence*, the charge of inconsistency will be withdrawn. If I sin against a law of Nature, I suffer; and that is natural consequence. If I sin against a law of society, I suffer; and that—society, like its components, being a natural product—is also natural consequence. My action is thus restrained, modified, determined, by public opinion or, to use Schopenhauer's phrase, in his famous analysis of conscience, by fear of men. The Church, which had to invent free-will to square with its naïve theory of things, has yielded to none in recognition of the fact that the will is not free but determined; and its invention of hell is a palpable instance of the use of the fear of consequence as a means of affecting human volition: nor am I prepared to say that this device “to haul the wretch in order” has been without use in time past. The law that threatens penal servitude for this mortal life and the Church that threatens penal misery for eternal life, both recognise and utilise the fact of determinism.

The doctrine that “the voice of conscience is the voice of God” involves the blasphemy that the voice

of God may command matricide on one side of a mountain-range and forbid it on the other. It was possible for Kant to admire “the starry heavens above and the moral law within” because the moral law within himself was admirable; but the dictates of one man's conscience may be an abomination to another. We have therefore to regard conscience, or the moral character which determines volition, as a product of the action of environment upon a given inheritance: whether the conscience be displayed in a man or a dog matters not. On first hearing Schopenhauer's analysis of conscience as consisting, in equal parts, of superstition, fear of man, vanity, custom and prejudice, one may bewail or deride it; but it withstands some criticism. You are probably not much moved by sheer selfishness directed by orthodox teaching as to the hereafter, even if you accept such teaching, for men are usually much better than their creeds. This possible motive aside, for vanity read self-respect, make fear of man include love of approbation, and ask yourself whether *respect for public opinion* (which may include the opinion of those you love), *self-respect* and *custom* are not the main factors of your volition in matters of morals. They certainly are of mine.

If we accept this, we are on the way to formulating the principles of moral education on determinist lines. We shall seek to bring a healthy public opinion to bear on the subject of our efforts: the public opinion of the home circle, of the school, of the market-place. When public opinion ranks collective theft, “all uncharitableness,” and malicious gossip beside incest and burglary, the young generation will be receiving a better education than hitherto. Vanity, “proper pride,” if Schopenhauer be right, will be recognised as closely allied to self-respect; and we shall regard it as a great part of education to teach a child to have a “guid conceit of himself,” not of his head but of his heart. And as to custom, what free-will theologian but corroborates Schopenhauer by insistence on the importance of forming good habits and avoiding the formation of bad ones?

And when we have spoken of self-respect, public respect and custom, have we not analysed the “sense of responsibility,” and shown that the determinist believes in and prizes it, even though he regards it as no halting and contradictory *Vox Dei*, but as a natural product of life as we live it?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Reviews

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

By H. Sidgwick. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

To readers unfamiliar with Sidgwick's work no better introduction to it than the present volume could be imagined, as a good half of it bases the discussion on matter either easily accessible to the reader—Shakespeare's plays, Clough's poems, Arnold's essays—or on ideas intelligible by their mere enunciation. We hasten to add that this was not, of course, the intention of the editors: their object was simply to collect into a single volume certain of the essays that otherwise would have to be sought for in reviews and magazines. Still, this fact does not detract from the value of the essays as initiatory studies.

The author's best known book, “The Methods of Ethics,” is, because of its fame, likely to induce the beginner to take it up first—an unfortunate thing,

seeing that it presupposes knowledge of the various ethical standpoints. The young student is apt to be discouraged by a detailed criticism of several systems: he wants a partial view presenting strongly. He is discouraged by qualifying phrases, and he loses the sense of movement when detained to examine all the important objections to an argument. Sidgwick could keep so many balls up in the air at once that the unpractised watcher of his skill becomes dazed and retires dispirited. Sir Leslie Stephen's style comes nearest to Sidgwick's, but it is more rugged, more staccatoesque—defects fully atoned for by his humour. Both writers are alike in their hatred of exaggeration, of over-emphasis, of rhetoric and in their fondness for whittling down a generalisation to such insignificant dimensions that its original formulator would not recognise it. Neither writer will ever be widely read; they are too critical, too ready to see reason in the opponent's case to catch the ear of the partisan, the propagandist or the crank; but each writer has his "easy" books, and this volume is assuredly one of them.

In the essay on "Political Prophecy and Sociology" a subject is discussed that every young man caring for intellectual things must often think about. The problem is: Can we by study of past ages find a parallel to our own, so nearly parallel indeed that we can forecast the years? Sidgwick, after refuting some arguments of Mr. Kidd's in his "Social Evolution" and Pearson's in his "National Life and Character," concludes dismally, "Scientific prevision of this kind will perhaps be ultimately attained, as the slow fruit of long years of labour yet to come—but even that is one of the things it would be rash confidently to predict." We say this conclusion is dismal because the part inspiration of history and the whole inspiration of sociology are due to the conviction that if we can only once learn the real causes of the French Revolution or the American War of Independence, say, we ought to be able to use this key to unlock the future. Remove that inspiration and we shall have to be content with the kind of prognostication offered us by the so-called practical politicians and content ourselves with very short views indeed. Consequently historians, sociologists and statisticians, buoyed up by the hope of ultimate success, will go on investigating until they have wrung this, the greatest of all secrets, from life. If, however, Sidgwick is not inspiring, he is useful for revealing the weaknesses of a formula, and in this respect his work may be said to be constructive. There can be no synthesis without analysis. The analytical philosopher is our friend, though we may not thank him at the time for pricking our bubble. The point of this review is to urge the young sociologist to read Sidgwick. Such a volume as this can do him no harm, and it must, in enabling him to learn the art of criticism, do him much good.

Another essay of great interest is the "Lecture against Lecturing," in which the academic lecture is held up to ridicule, because it wastes time to compel students to take down a lecture imperfectly that they might read up in a class-book easily and at their leisure or from printed notes supplied them by the lecturer. If the lecturer devoted the time thus saved to explaining difficulties or in criticising textbooks, the reproach, that the only place where the invention of printing has brought no gain is the university, would be removed. We await impatiently the next volume to be edited by Professor James Ward which will deal, amongst other subjects, pretty fully with the philosophy of Kant.

F. KETTLE.

TRAGIC DRAMA IN ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES AND SHAKESPEARE

By Professor Lewis Campbell. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE real purpose of this book is to demonstrate that the great tragedies, Athenian and Elizabethan, step to the same music and adopt the same forms. Aristotle's definition is as well illustrated by "Hamlet" as by the "Antigone," and yet Aristotle could have had no pre-science of Shakespeare's art. It may be that Shakespeare is nearer to Sophocles than to us; both dramatists agree in taking their characters from high life almost exclusively; both differ far more from Ibsen than from each other. And Shakespeare is pagan to the core. Professor Campbell says mildly that "his conception of the supernatural is tinged with scepticism." Tinged! when throughout the tragedies the only viaticum administered to the dying is nescience.

In characterisation there is difference; in thought they are worlds away—art never repeats itself. The hands may be the same, but the voices bewray them. Alike architectonically; in "embroidery and ornament" the resemblance is not obvious. To what purpose, it may be asked, is the comparison? If art, like science, grew from more to more there would be meaning in the method; but art, after bringing to an idea all the technical skill of the age, dies, and the next art period has to begin afresh. Early Christian art is childishly clumsy when compared with the best that preceded it. The justification for comparing one period with another simply comes to this: that art is life's counterfeit, and though the conventions be changed, the ground-plan, so to speak, of all arts is the same in all ages. How close it is possible for dramatists to be, separated from each other by centuries in time and in ideal, Professor Campbell elaborates in this essay—an elaboration only possible to one equally familiar with the best work of each age.

The early chapters treat of the fable, tragic action, environment, sources. One point raised early in the discussion is the artist's evaluation or criticism of life. The dramatist is not an explicit moralist; but the residual feeling after witnessing a play, "the tongue shriller than all the music" that pierces to our intelligence long after the curtain has fallen, what is this if not the artist's interpretation of life as revealed to him by experience, observation and reflection? The question arises: Is all tragedy pessimistic? The author replies: "There is disillusionment, if you will, 'the sober colouring of an eye that hath kept watch over man's mortality'; but the spirit which animates the whole is not to be confused with pessimism." Our own view is that the dramatist's pessimism is of no moment, provided that the play does not depress us too much in witnessing it, because of our power of recovery, due to the consciousness that the characters, as in plays like Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness," are outside our sphere. From Shakespeare and the Athenian dramatists recovery is very rapid because their life is so far removed from ours. "Don Quixote" contains a deeper draught of pessimism than "Lear" or than either "Oedipus."

In an interesting analysis of "Hamlet" the author quotes only to differ from Coleridge's estimate of Hamlet as one who "loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." It seems rather late in the day to take notice of this criticism. Surely if there is one thing about Hamlet more characteristic than another, it is his power to act; but the man's intelligence is so great, he sees so many ways out of a difficulty, that he prefers to make experiments before committing himself

to action. Read Coleridge backward and he is nearer the truth. Had Hamlet been subtle enough to see the way, the tragic situation might have been still more poignant, but we doubt whether Hamlet would have gained in the "power of action."

History

ROMAN SOCIETY FROM NERO TO MARCUS AURELIUS

By Samuel Dill. (Macmillan, 15s. net.) The century which Professor Dill has chosen for his subject constitutes one of the most interesting paradoxes of history. It was the age which witnessed a phenomenal exaltation of both the flesh and the spirit; it was the age of ugly lives and artistic deaths, where stoicism flourished side by side with Neronism and the elegant Epicureanism of the dilettanti was accompanied by the diseased mysticism of the Neo-Platonists. Rome was fast approaching its climacteric and becoming more and more susceptible to those sexual and religious upheavals which were the characteristics of its condition. Out of the decay rose Christianity. Our complaint with Professor Dill in his treatment of the period is that, to borrow the terminology of Dr. Emil Reich, he is more of an "arm-chair" than a "psychological" historian; that he is too much concerned with facts themselves to take heed of the causes which produced them. Of his erudition, indeed, there can be no question. He has mastered with praiseworthy assiduity every authority on his subject, old and new. Each page has its three or four references at the bottom, while the innumerable quotations frequently break into the text. Yet, though this material is ample, the author makes no attempt to co-ordinate it in such a way as to give the reader a picture of the age as a whole, and of the great psychological laws which governed its development. Failing to realise—as, indeed, does nearly every English historian—that "psychology is to history what dynamics are to astronomy," Professor Dill lacks almost completely the sociological method. Yet, as a storehouse of facts, the book is of incontestable value. In particular, the chapters on "The Society of the Freedmen," on "Municipal Life" and "The Colleges and

Plebeian Life" are interesting, and adequate accounts of those movements which were responsible for some of the most important changes of the new society. The author, however, is at his best when dealing with the moral and spiritual life of the period, and in describing the "practical effort of philosophy to give support and guidance to moral life and to refashion the old paganism so as to make it a real spiritual force." The third book, which shows how philosophy from essaying to solve the riddle of the world was transformed into a guide to life and became more and more tinged with religious emotion, shows how rapidly the Roman mind was approaching such a condition as to make some emotional faith a practical necessity. Of almost equal value is the book which deals with the religious beliefs of the age, and the worships of such Eastern deities as Cybele and Mithra, Isis and Serapis. But Professor Dill's interest in the spiritual and philosophic side of life tends to weaken his judgment on its more secular aspects. As is evidenced by the following passage he has gone hopelessly astray in his estimate of Juvenal: "He has come to glorify pity and tenderness for suffering as the best gift of God, the gift that separates him most widely from the brute creation. He preaches sympathy and mutual help in an age torn by selfish individualist passions. He denounces the lust for revenge almost in the tones of a Christian preacher." Yet in reality Juvenal was but a splendid pornographer, a man of great abilities who, soured by his early failure, turned for refuge and consolation to the foul and obscene side of life.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By E. P. Cheyney. (Ginn, 6s. 6d.) The discussion as to the best way of teaching history is not closed or likely to be for some time. Meanwhile we welcome this book; it has many good points, one of which is that Professor Cheyney has very definite ideas of what a school-book should include. He thinks, for instance, that "allusions the significance of which could not be explained in the book" should be omitted. Although there is little harm in an occasional allusion, yet

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the rigorous retention of the rule just quoted compels the author to write simply and brightly. The context is self-contained, and so the child finds himself in untroubled possession of the past and discovers that history is quite easy and interesting. That end is worth gaining even at the expense of truth; but the author, in his selection of facts, does not choose the fact for its conspicuousness, but for its significance. Nor is this all. No text-book should form the whole historical environment of the learner. The text-book needs supplementing by the teacher and by collateral reading. Hence, at the conclusion of each chapter, references are given to books for further reading, to contemporary documents, to historical novels and to poems descriptive of some interesting event. Geography, too, is not neglected, and the illustrations attain in some cases to a very high degree of beauty. A few more such books will do much to revolutionise the history lesson and to make it possible, by experimenting with them, to win to a clearer idea of the function of history.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

By D. W. Rannie. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) The average English schoolboy knows three things about Scots history: that Queen Mary was very beautiful and fascinating, that "Old Mortality" tells the story of the Covenanters, and that the Stuarts were always welcomed in Scotland. The average student knows a little more than this; the best informed may possibly be aware that the Lowlanders never wore kilts and never spoke Gaelic. Mr. Rannie impeaches the historians for devoting a disproportionate space to Queen Mary and the Reformation. This volume protests against this view. Students will certainly learn from it much that will give an added significance to our relations with Scotland and will enable them to answer many questions that they must otherwise have dismissed unanswered. For instance, why did Scotland so rapidly change from Catholicism and friendship with France to Calvinism and to union with England? The book is illustrated with maps and nearly succeeds in making the history interesting throughout, although Scotland seems to have more historical dead points than most countries.

HISTORY OF ROME

Vol. I. By Professor A. H. J. Greenidge. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.) Professor Greenidge is an historian born; his style is fluid and interesting and never degenerates into mere recording. The time covered by this first volume of his History of Rome is only twenty-nine years (133 B.C.—104 B.C.), but it is so crowded with life that the difficulty must have been in determining what to reject rather than to incorporate. And it is full enough for all but specialists. It is not an inspiring age, and the single relief to the record of cruelty and greed are the deeds and thoughts of the Gracchi. In the emphasis given to the Gracchan ideals and in the account of their partial realisation, as also in the admirable introduction dealing with the social and economic conditions and tendencies, Professor Greenidge shows how well he could have written a special history appealing alike to the economist, novelist and student of manners. General history, however, is tyrannous, and demands that the Infernos as well as the Paradises shall be surveyed—possibly that our emotions may be purified thereby, and hopes engendered of a good time when wars shall cease. Speaking of Caius Gracchus' oratory, Professor Greenidge writes: "This type of objective oratory, with its simple and vivid pictures, its brilliant but never laboured wit, its capacity for producing the illusion that the man is revealed in the utterance, its suggestion of something deeper than that which the mere words convey—a suggestion which all feel but only the learned understand—is equally pleasing to the trained and the unlettered mind." This passage, short as it is, may serve to indicate the readableness of the book—an excellent thing in histories—though it leaves the reader ignorant of the way in which the pages are sparked by epigram and reflection. It is intended to carry the history up to the accession of Vespasian—that means five more volumes. The accomplishment of such a task will entitle the author to rank with the best of English historians.

EARLY HISTORY OF INDIA

By V. A. Smith. (Clarendon Press, 14s. net.) Mr. Vincent Smith's History of India will be welcomed for its very able research into Alexander's India campaign. McCrindle, whom we had thought to have said the last word on this subject, is corrected in so important a matter as the place where Alexander's army crossed the Hydaspes. The difficulty in determining the exact path of the Macedonian army arises partly from the fact that the rivers of the Punjab have shifted their beds, and also from the topographical vagueness of the ancient writers. To reconcile these authorities and also to fix the course of the rivers in ancient times has been the author's self-assigned task, and we very much question whether any one will for some time to come attempt a reinvestigation of the problem to which the author has devoted so much care and thought. The second half of the book is less interesting than the first half; at least we find ourselves quite confused by the swift chronicle of events; the sensation produced is something like that begotten by trying to read names of stations through which we are passing at express speed. This criticism does not apply, however, to his account of the Emperor Asoka. Here the author, whether because of greater fulness in his authorities we know not, permits the reader to take his way leisurely, with the result that Asoka is better known to us than St. Louis or Henry III.—("of the simple life")—his poor counterfeits in European history. How interesting, for instance, to note the many anticipations of Christ's ethical code recorded on the Rocks, and still more to gather the conviction that in one respect dharma (Sanskrit, "dharma") or the law of piety excelled Christ's teaching in inculcating reverence for animal life. The story of Gadara would have been abhorrent to Asoka in his least zealous period. The volume is illustrated by good maps, and a chapter deals with the sources of the history.

FROM THE MONARCHY TO THE REPUBLIC IN FRANCE

By Sophia H. MacLehose. (MacLehose, 6s. net.) A brightly written account of the twelve years beginning in 1780 is as sure of its market as poultry at Christmas, for all the wonder of that time still possesses the imagination. Most readers like rapid bird's-eye views, thumb-nail sketches, extracts from memoirs and letters, anything, in short, that shows the outside life and movement. She has done her work well, and her book therefore may inspire the reader to go to Carlyle's great work and even to Tocqueville's "Ancien Régime" for causes of the upheaval and for philosophic reflections. Illustrations, good print and convenient size should lure many to give this old true story a trial.

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It was a good idea of Professor Notcutt's to detach this interesting chapter from Macaulay's England and edit it with notes and introduction.

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and still there is room for the humblest student to put out a claim. In the chapter on "Greek Love of Knowledge" the author writes that the word *Kairos* has no precise equivalent in any other language, yet to know what that word signified to the Greek mind is to be in possession of at least one secret. "*Kairos* is that immediate present which is what we make it; Time charged with opportunity; our own possession to be seized and vitalised by human energy; momentous, effectual, decisive; Time, the inert, transformed into purposeful activity." That is finely said. A people to whom such an idea was familiar had alert minds, always seeking by speculation and inquiry to extend the bounds of the known. They made geometry an abstract science; they took astronomy from the East and sought for an explanation of the curious movements of the planets; their theory of epicycles remained an undisputed hypothesis for centuries. They loved knowledge primarily because it gave them material for reason to work upon; the merely learned man or polymath was held in no repute. Knowledge was not knowledge until it had been stated in terms of thought, or, as Prof. Butler expresses it, "First, the facts must be assimilated and interpreted; the formative power of thought must work upon the material of knowledge." In short, the fascination of the Greeks is due to their passion for dialectic (interpreted broadly) or, in plain English, for discussion and criticism. Nothing was too sacred to speculate upon. Aristotle begins his treatise on the Soul with a tranquillity of spirit and a love of abstract thought only possible to one conscious that his reasoning would be understood and enjoyed. These lectures are not only full of thought, they are also written, it is superfluous to say, in admirable English.

Languages

FLORILEGIUM TIRONIS GRÆCUM

By Professors Burrows and Walters. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) This is a collection of "Unseens" so arranged and selected that the student will, in working through them, not only acquire facility in reading, but will also make acquaintance with passages of great literary merit. Each author chosen is represented by passages sufficient in number to form a preliminary study of his work as a whole. The idea is not to supplant the detailed and continuous study of a play or prose-piece, but to use unseens to give a kind of impressionist view of the whole field of literary art.

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English

AGE OF CHIVALRY: AGE OF FABLE: LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE

By Thomas Bulfinch. (Dean, 2s. 6d. each net.) Each reader has a short introduction giving the sources of the material and also reasons why such books are needed. It is certain that the child who reads them will find the allusiveness of general literature less troublesome. In one book the compiler says, "In the intercourse of polished society a young person will more frequently need an acquaintance with the creations of fancy than with the discoveries of science or the speculations of philosophy." As we do not know anything about polished society, we cannot refute this statement; but we wonder why the author went out of his way to seek for a high reason out of reach of most when a low one within reach of all would have served his purpose. Children love to read stories, and that is enough.

BYRON—SELECTED POETRY

By Professor J. W. Duff. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.) The introduction to this volume is so well done that it is a pity it cannot have an existence apart from the poems here selected. Nothing has been done perfunctorily; Professor Duff is himself interested in Byron, and passes on to his reader, in consequence, some of the emotion he himself has felt. The young student cannot begin with a poet more adapted to youth. Swinburne thought Byron no poet at all, and gave as one reason among many that his poems read better in translation than in the original. Ruskin, on the other hand, gave him a high place, ranking him as a master of expression. Estimates, however, of this kind are of little use to the reader; they imply an acquaintance with the whole field of literature. Such criticism does not feed the student, it simply inflates him and tends to make him think more of the things said about a poet than to encourage him to independent reading. In editing a "selection of poems" the editor should suppress allusiveness, should rigorously subject all his opinions to the test of his particular selection. It is idle to talk of Byron shocking the ears of the dull Early Victorian if the student cannot himself check the statement from the material supplied to him. The biographical por-

tions of an introduction must necessarily be accepted by the reader as told; but the absolute treatment of a poet's work should precede the relative. Unhappily our editors have never grasped this fact. For instance, Professor Duff says, referring to "The Prisoner of Chillon," that "Wordsworth's influence acts on both expression and thought." How is the reader to check this? He is probably ignorant of Wordsworth, and has therefore no idea whatever of the difference between pure Byron and Byron fused with Wordsworth. To the reader familiar with both poets the criticism is interesting because it challenges him to test its accuracy. Still, for all this saying, let it not be thought for a moment that we have anything but praise for the skill and the discrimination Professor Duff has brought to his task.

SELECTED POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Edited by Elizabeth Lee. (Ginn, 1s. 6d.) The objection just raised against the giving of relative criticism scarcely applies to the introduction to this interesting and representative selection, as the editor devotes only a few pages to criticism. Even here, though, such a statement as the following must be wholly unintelligible not only to school children, but to others: "In the Sonnets from the Portuguese Mrs. Browning has achieved one of the great lyrics of the world. It fulfils all the necessary conditions of pure poetry..." This is criticism based on a knowledge of the world's greatest lyrics, and we ask for whom is it intended? The notes are sufficient and necessary.

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By the Rev. James Stormonth; the pronunciation carefully revised by the Rev. P. M. Phelp. A new edition edited by William Bayne. (Blackwood, 5s. net.) A good etymological and pronouncing Dictionary in a compact form at a reasonable price is a great boon, and we welcome warmly the new edition of the above work. Five years were spent over the task of revision, and the result has on the whole amply repaid the expenditure of labour. The volume in its new form extends to over a thousand pages, yet owing to the thinness of the paper is quite portable; and the type, though small, stands out perfectly clear. Owing to the excellent system of grouping together words derived from or connected with the same leading or key word, derived and related words are presented simultaneously to the eye. The two new features of the etymological part of the book are that in words of Teutonic origin various cognate words have been added to the Anglo-Saxon root-word, and that the quantities of root-words have been marked throughout. The Dictionary is, with a few exceptions, adequate, though it fails to justify the claim made in the preface—"to give a wide reflex of the terms of familiar slang." We are also surprised to find that no mention is made either of "the lancers" or of "bridge," though we observe that, with a charming *naïveté*, poker is described as "a game of cards originally played for money." There are four excellent appendices containing dictionaries of prefixes and postfixes, abbreviations, scriptural and classical proper names, and Latin and French quotations. The only fault we can find with the latter is that, if anything, it is too exhaustive, giving many quotations which are but rarely used. But why is so splendid and immortal a quotation as "*Sub specie aeternitatis*" omitted?

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Pedagogy**THE PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION**

By T. Raymont. (Longmans, 4s. 6d.) Professor Raymont has achieved a notable success in writing a book on School Management at once readable and suggestive. It is one of the evils of the present system of training teachers that they are lectured on what they might be left to find out for themselves. If discussion and practice were substituted for the lecture, teachers would look back to their training as one of the brightest periods of their life. Strange, is it not, that in an age when self-activity, individual research and self-expression are the watchwords for teachers the teachers themselves are treated to lectures just as they might have been a thousand years ago. If we believe in Froebel, in Herbart, in Spencer, why are lectures still the staple of the college course? Surely the way to interest a young teacher in his work is to let him experience in himself the joy of discovery and of self-expression. Lectures no doubt have an emotional value; but how few professors of education are artists. Once permit experiment in the class-room and discussion, preceded by the reading of suggested chapters, to take the place of the formal lecture, the teacher will not need to be told that his occupation is one of the highest possible, he will know it by actual experience. Professor Raymont's book will supply material for good discussion; if the teacher is encouraged to cross-examine its evidence and to detect flaws in its arguments, so much the better. Before concluding this short notice it ought to be said that there is a tendency to-day to assume that environment—passive and active—is all and that heredity is nothing. Such a belief is likely to improve teaching, but it is well to remember the fact that every child is the product of the ages, the last term of a series reaching back to infinity, and that, therefore, all education theories are incomplete that do not include inquiry into the economic aspects of marriage.

NOTES ON GERMAN SCHOOLS

By W. H. Winch. (Longmans, 6s.) Some years ago Mr. Winch's "Problems in Education" was reviewed in THE ACADEMY. A defect of that book, it was pointed out, was a lack of intelligibility, and a few sentences were quoted that seemed to have no meaning whatever. Now this defect cannot be urged against the present volume. It is eminently lucid; but was it worth writing? If the specimens here given are genuinely representative of teaching in German schools it is beyond cavil that England has nothing to learn from Germany. Imagine a history lesson conducted in this

style. The school is in Frankfort, the children are ten years old, the lesson is on the Thirty Years' War.

When did the war begin?

When did it end?

Whom was it between?

What kind of a war was it?

What religion was the Kaiser's?

In what countries was the fighting?

Who had the larger army?

Who were beaten?

What religion were the people compelled to follow?

Could stupidity farther go? And Mr. Winch really thinks that this kind of stuff is worth repeating. To regard the notes as forming the basis of a comparative study in popular education is to reveal a nescience tantamount to that of the Emperor's who, in proof of his having conquered Britain, displayed a few stones gathered from its shore.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION

By Dr. H. Kingsmill Moore. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.) This volume tells very fully and carefully the life-history of the Kildare Place Society, in Dublin (1811-1831). The buildings formerly occupied by this Society are now used as a Training College, of which Dr. Moore is principal. "The Kildare Place of 1811-1831 became," writes Dr. Moore, "to all intents and purposes as completely buried as any Roman city before the spade of the explorer restored it to light." How Dr. Moore has been enabled to tell the story of this Society and by what accident the documents were discovered all interested in Irish educational history may now know.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS' YEAR-BOOK AND DIRECTORY 1905

(Sonnenschein, 5s. net.) As this Directory is now three years old, it is not necessary to do more than give it a welcome and to congratulate the editors on the care they have bestowed on the education of their child. We should like to urge once more the claims of schoolmistresses to consideration and to suggest that the title be changed to "The Teachers' Year-book," Part I. of which to resemble the present volume and Part II. to include names of girls' schools and their staffs, with such other information as may seem advisable.

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Monthly Literature

THE high monthly periodicals stand on the debatable ground that lies between literature and journalism. It is true, no doubt, that they have the prestige of literature, that their contributors would experience a just and reasonable indignation if they were called journalists; but, in point of fact, few of the articles in the monthlies survive the period of their circulation any more than do the ephemeral productions of the daily press. Yet, with a few exceptions, the contents of the higher class of monthlies stand on an extremely high level. The contributors are in most cases men of repute, writing on their own special subjects with all the authority of experts. We would suggest that the most efficient method of rescuing from oblivion much which is worthy to endure is not merely to reprint *en bloc* the articles of the same contributor, but rather to reprint the articles of different contributors on the same subject on the principle suggested by Mr. H. G. Wells in "Anticipations." How interesting, for instance, would be a collection of all the best articles that have appeared on M. Maeterlinck, with the view of M. Max Nordau lying cheek by jowl with that of Comte Alfred de Soissons. The reader would thus be able to see almost simultaneously the two sides of the question, each putting the other into a more vivid relief.

Apart, however, from the question of quality, it is interesting to examine the character of the subject-matter. To judge from an inspection of the contents of four representative periodicals, the main staple of the present "monthly" is foreign affairs. Of course, the delicate condition of international politics is to a great extent responsible for this; yet, even so, the figures are startling.

Of the fifty-four articles no less than sixteen, or about 35 per cent., deal with foreign politics, five with domestic problems, three with theology and four with literature (excluding two which merely contain reviews). On the whole, "The Fortnightly Review" impresses us as holding the balance the best and as exhibiting the widest and most cosmopolitan outlook. Of its sixteen articles four deal with foreign, one with English and one with Irish politics; two are devoted to literature; two to music, one to history. It is interesting also to notice that "The Independent Review" contains a short story, and "The Monthly Review" a poem in addition to its serial. The comparatively small space, however, given to literature surprises us but little. In the first place, there are now no burning questions which agitate the literary world. Decadence is played out. Aestheticism is but an interesting reminiscence of a bygone generation. The wars between the various cults and schools have subsided with the exception of an occasional skirmish. Of the four literary articles, moreover, it is instructive to observe that two are concerned with the private lives rather than the literary merits of their subjects. Of course, it is impossible to generalise with confidence from such small figures, yet one is reminded of the theory which ascribed to the Harriet episode the popularity of Shelley among the more aspiring of lower-grade intellects. Finally, even at our best we are not, and never have been, an artistic nation. Compared with that of the French, our standard in art, criticism and literature is ludicrously low. We refuse, on the whole, to attach the requisite seriousness to what is for the majority but a pastime and an amusement. It is significant that we have not a single great Review devoted exclusively to matters of literary and artistic interest.

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Would rather be a peasant, with her baby at her breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.'

Her cryle is among the eagles, the little lonely Queen. The Emperor calls her cousin; her stern old Prime Minister, and the solemn Lords of the Council, bewilder her with their protocols, their ordinances, their treaties; the fierce clansmen of the mountains are in arms because of some dues, or taxes, or tribal rights—what does she know about it all? She understands nothing of it, except that she loves her people, and wants to see them happy. She likes the show and the glitter, the crown jewels, the gallant gentlemen who come clanking in with sword and spur to kiss her hand. But reigning Princess as she is, she feels that she needs an arm to lean upon, a masterful tongue to tell her what to do. She is a creature of delicate shades and half-tones: impetuous, kindly, gracious, rather timid and shrinking, if it were not for her training and traditions, above all tender and loving."—Mr. SIDNEY LOW in THE STANDARD.

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Notes

THE spring of the present year promises to be interesting to all Shakespeareans. Not only is Mr. Beerbohm Tree to give a special series of Shakespeare performances at His Majesty's Theatre, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Shakespeare Memorial, but the London Shakespeare League have, as last year, chosen that time for their annual commemoration of the poet. The programme will include a public dinner, a Shakespeare play, a *conversazione*, an excursion round Shakespeare's London, a visit to Stratford-on-Avon in the early part of the summer and, possibly, a children's Elizabethan festival. A new and welcome feature, however, in the Society will be an address to the Shakespeare public at large, to be given by a Shakespeare student elected annually by vote of the Council. The play will, as before, be produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society under the management of Mr. William Poel. I am pleased, moreover, to learn that the League is working hand-and-glove with the Shakespeare Memorial Committee and that eight members of the League are on the Provisional Memorial Committee. The London Shakespeare League are in great hopes of increasing their membership. I certainly think that they have struck the psychological moment and I wish them all success.

A FRESH impetus will be given to the Whistler controversy by the Memorial Exhibition of the painter's works by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, which will be held at the New Gallery at the conclusion of the fifth exhibition now open in Regent Street. The exhibition should be of a representative character, as all the State, Municipal and local galleries which possess examples of Mr. Whistler's art are lending the works that they possess. Amongst other contributors are His Majesty the King, the French Government and the Chicago Institute of the Fine Arts.

"WHAT'S become of Waring?" This question, originally asked by Browning upwards of half a century ago, is answered in an interesting article by Mr. William Hall Griffin, in "The Contemporary," on "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," where a detailed account is given of the life of Domett in New Zealand and of the warm affection between the poet and his friend, which subsisted without a break up to the death of the poet's wife. Here a pause ensued owing to Browning's shyness in replying to Domett's letter of sympathy. On the latter's return to England,

however, the bonds of friendship were knit as close as ever before. It is instructive to read Domett's verdict on "Sordello," a copy of which Browning sent him in New Zealand. He believed, apparently, in the poet's intentional obscurity, and insinuates that Browning was "difficult on system." The following extract from his diary is of peculiar interest:—

"Browning, I saw, had not lost the good-humoured patience with which he could listen to friendly criticism on any of his works. I have proof of this in a copy of the original edition of 'Sordello,' which he sent me when it first appeared. The poem is undoubtedly somewhat obscure, though curiously enough much more so in the more 'objective' (so to speak) incidents of the story than in its subjective phases—that is, in the narrative of the hero's varying moods of mind or the philosophical reflections of the poet. Accordingly, I had scribbled in pencil on the book two or three impatient remarks, such as 'Who says this?' 'What does this mean?' &c. Some time after Browning asked me to let him see my copy of the poem, which I lent him. He returned it with two or three pencil notes of his own, answering my questions. But I was amused many years afterwards, in New Zealand, on the appearance of a second edition of 'Sordello' [in 1863], to find he had altered, I think, all the passages I had hinted objections to or questioned the meaning of. One instance is curious. Speaking of a picture by Guidone at Siena ['Sordello,' Book I., 577-583], in the first edition, the poet says:—

A painful birth must be
Matured ere San Eufemio's [*sic*] sacristy
Or transept gather fruits of one great gaze
At the noon-sun: look you! An orange haze—
The same blue stripe round that—and, *i' the midst*,
Thy spectral whiteness, mother-maid, who didst
Pursue the dizzy painter!

I had written carelessly in pencil on the margin 'Rather the moon, from the description'; and also, 'Why cut off the "n"?' against the next line. In the edition of 1863 the passage stands:—

Gather fruits of one great gaze—
At the moon: look you! The same orange haze,
The same blue stripe round that—and, *in the midst*,
Thy spectral whiteness, Mother-maid."

YET the theory held by Domett and, I fear, by the majority of readers, that Browning was cryptic of malice preposse is almost as far from the truth as Mr. Chesterton's paradox that the poem was a subtle compliment to the intelligence of the reader. In reality "Sordello" should rather be regarded as the poetic outlet for the pent-up forces of Browning's adolescence. He felt such a mass of ideas fermenting within him that in his struggles to

give birth to them he had small time for minor and subsidiary details. So much had he to say and so hectic and hysterical a desire to say it that he was rendered inarticulate by the very intensity of his passion.

THOSE who were generous enough to respond to the appeal made last year for help in rebuilding the parish church of Lower Brixham, Devon, in memory of its first vicar, who was the author of the hymn "Abide with Me," will be interested to hear that £1,300 was raised out of £2,500 necessary for its completion. £1,200 however is still needed in order to avoid the cessation of work, and the removal of the scaffolding before the tower is finished, which would involve heavy extra expense and much delay. Any gifts, however small, toward this deficit will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Reverend Stewart Sim, the Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devon.

THERE is an interesting interview with Mr. John Lane in the current number of "The Book Monthly" on "The 'Slump' in Verse." According to one who is perhaps the greatest specialist on the subject that we have, the public's neglect of the Muse is due to the following causes: "The ill influence, as I hold it, which arises from the exclusive recognition of a few poets—the magnifying of them so that other genuine singers are overlooked," the revulsion against poetry and æstheticism generally which ensued after the Oscar Wilde débâcle, the competition of the khaki poetry of Kipling, Henley, and Newbolt, and the virtual defection of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. John Davidson, who relinquished "writing poetry for the study" for "writing verse for the stage." In regard to Mr. Lane's theory of the poet-hero, I am inclined to regard the neglect of poets other than the best known as the effect not the cause of "The 'Slump' in Verse." The man in the street, who, according to Mr. Lane, "is not above or below being interested in poetry," will probably read his Tennyson rather as a useful addition to his intellectual equipment than because of any genuine poetic feeling. Did this feeling really exist he would soon go further afield. With regard to the other causes, the prospective publication of Wilde's posthumous book tends to show that the prejudice is gradually dissipating, while there is evident already a marked reaction against the "Kipling-Henley-Newbolt school of verse—the poetry of action" in whose "lap landed the reaction from poetry pure and simple." But surely the real cause of the languishing of the Muse lies deeper. The majority of the great English poets of the earlier nineteenth century were all identified with some great movement, preached some definite creed, possessed a striking and compelling individuality. But nowadays we have scant time for great literary movements, and but a fraction even of the better of our minor poets strike the true personal note or impress us as being gifted with much more than a mere technical excellence.

I HAVE just received "The Wimbledon and Merton Annual," edited by Henry V. D. B. Copeland. Few outside their inhabitants, and probably only a portion even of them, realise the historic associations with which the London suburbs abound. Yet was not Wimbledon one of the old homes of the Cecils? Was it not at Wimbledon that Sir Thomas Cecil built in the very year of the approach of the Great Armada what Fuller, the chronicler, has so quaintly called "his daring structure at Wimbledon"? Was it not at Wimbledon that Pitt fought with Tierney his reckless and absurd fiasco of a duel? At Merton, also, once stood Merton Priory, one of the most important of the mediæval monasteries. It

was at Merton also that in 1881 "William Morris, poet and artist, became the occupant of the several acres of best meadows, bounded and intersected by the Wandle's windings, with their rambling quaint buildings of tarred weather-board and red tile scattered promiscuously among the willows," and devoted himself to the production of his tapestry and stained glass.

At the end of an interesting article in the current "Monthly Review" on Umbrian Art, which shows how painting in Umbria was "really provincial in the true sense of the word, the handmaid of the Church, touching life only very rarely, intent for the most part on the service of the sanctuary, having indeed no life at all, no possible life apart from religion," there is the following eloquent description of Raphael, the greatest of all the Umbrians:—

"Without the great nervous strength of so profound, so subtle a personality as Leonardo, or the immense physical virtue of Michelangelo, he died at thirty-seven years of age. And he is like a relic from the classical age, some perfect serene god, blithe and beautiful, discovered, as it were, by some happy fortune, in a time so in love with pagan culture as the sixteenth century. And even as his work has something of the indestructible perfection of the antique, its precise virtue, its ideality, so in his own body he was beautiful and delicate. His nature was so transparent that everything that was really life-giving shone through it as the sun. The disorder, the tragic rebellion of Michelangelo, was impossible for him. He could never have been sufficiently lawless in his imagination or passions to violate the instinct of reverence. And so we find in him a kind of impotence that, after all, overwhelms at last even a nature so strong and so impetuous as Michelangelo.

"Of all that imperious and splendid age, glittering with many cruelties, gleaming with subtleties that in the end made art impossible, Raphael is the saviour. The presence of his nature is like a fair soft light over everything, or like a perfect flower in the midst of a battle-field. Rather than any saint or soldier, or man of genius, or philosopher, he serves as the type of the Renaissance at its highest; and his impotence, if we may so call it, is nothing more than the failure of all art to express, to do more than shadow forth, that perfect state which Plato has seen lying in the heavens, which St. Paul has assured us is eternal there."

APPARENTLY Mr. Hall Caine is not to have the monopoly among our novelists of foreign translations, as "Rita's" Cornish novel, "The Jesters," will be published in Swedish very shortly.

Bibliographical

IN an interesting communication to "Notes and Queries" that distinguished bibliographer Colonel W. F. Prideaux quotes a reference (1836-37) to "Thwackaway's 'Mountain Sylph,'" and goes on to mention this opera as a work the existence of which appears to have been ignored by all writers on Thackeray. It has been ignored for the very reason that it was not the work of Thackeray but of some one else of the same name. The opera of "The Mountain Sylph" (Lyceum Theatre, or English Opera-house, August 1834) was written by John Barnett to a libretto supplied by T. J. Thackeray, who is said to have been a cousin of the novelist. In one contemporary criticism the name of the librettist was consistently given as "Thackwray," but he was compensated for this by being told that his lyrics were "infinitely superior to

the general run of those in modern operas." "The Mountain Sylph," by the way, has the distinction of being known as the first important English opera.

It is announced that Mr. E. Kay Robinson's contributions to a daily newspaper, under the title of "The Country Day by Day," are to be published immediately in book form. It may be worth recalling that we already have "The Country Month by Month"—a work which was first published, under the editorship of J. A. Owen and Professor G. S. Boulger, in a dozen parts in 1894-1895, and a new edition of which, with notes by the late Lord Lilford, was issued as recently as the end of 1901.

Some weeks ago (September 17), when commenting on the approaching tercentenary celebration of the publication of "Don Quixote," I mentioned the various English editions in which the immortal story has appeared. The celebration is giving us several reprints and other works—among the former a reissue of "Don Quixote" with Doré's illustrations, and among the latter a new biography of Cervantes. There are already three or four "live" volumes on Cervantes and his works; but judging by the activity of the past quarter-century, there is an increasing interest in the great Spanish novelist. The first English biography was "translated from the Spanish manuscript (of Gregorio Mayans y Siscar) by Mr. Ozell" (1738); then came a century's gap, followed by "The Life and Writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," by Thomas Roscoe (1839, and again in 1848). Some years ago an undated small octavo reprint of this was frequently to be met with at the secondhand book-sellers. The latest books have been "Cervantes," by Mrs. Oliphant, in "Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers" (1880); "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," in the "Great Writers Series," by H. E. Watts (1891); "The Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," with a tentative bibliography from 1585 to 1892, by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly (1892); and the larger "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," by H. E. Watts (1895). The forthcoming Life of Cervantes is the work of Mr. Albert F. Calvert.

In reviewing Dr. A. H. Japp's new volume, "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Record, an Estimate, a Memorial," a writer in "The Glasgow Evening News" refers to it as the tenth book to be published dealing with Stevenson and his achievements. Dr. Japp's is at least the sixteenth. Here is the list: "Robert Louis Stevenson, a Study," by A. B. (Boston, 1895); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Walter Raleigh (1895); "In Stevenson's Samoa," by Maria Fraser (1895); "The Home Country of R. L. Stevenson," by J. Geddie (1898); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by M. M. Black, in the "Famous Scots Series" (1898); "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Eva B. Simpson (1898); "R. L. Stevenson," by L. Cope Cornford, in "Modern English Writers" (1899); "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Life Study in Criticism," by H. B. Baildon (1901); "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour (1901); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by G. K. Chesterton—one of "The Bookman Booklets" (1902); "Stevensoniana," edited by J. A. Hammerton (1903); "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by J. Kelman (1903); "Robert Louis

Stevenson, the Dramatist," by A. W. Pinero—a lecture (1903); "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Sir Leslie Stephen—an essay (1903); "Stevenson's Shrine, the Record of a Pilgrimage," by Laura Stubbs (1903).

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, in "The Nineteenth Cen-



Frontispiece to "The Mill on the Floss" (Blackie)

tury and After," refers to dramatisations of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" (he thus misnames the books several times), saying: "The English fashion of keeping certain ancient literary idols locked up in cupboards, never seeing, touching or noticing them, but fiercely resenting any criticism of their now glaring demerits, is a very pretty one, but has been extremely costly to various publishers and theatrical managers in the past." This applied to Lewis Carroll's books is, to put it bluntly, ridiculous. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first issued at the close of 1865, reached its eighty-sixth thousand in 1897, while "Through the Looking-Glass," first published in 1871, reached its sixty-first thousand in 1897. Since the last-named year "Alice" has been reissued in at least seven, and "Through the Looking-Glass" in at least five cheaper forms.

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS

By Charles Squire. (Blackie, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. SQUIRE limits his inquiry to Celtic myth, legend, poetry and romance, and he must know that this limitation prevents his book from being equal to its title. Indeed, the title is too ambitious all round. Mr. Squire has read and studied much. His work is distinctly good. But he is not quite equipped for his task of setting forth the main facts concerning the mythology of the British Islands. He studies it from a distance, as it were, and not in connection with the people to whom it belonged. In his book it is welded in between two chapters on "The Religion of the Ancient Britons and Druidism" and "Survivals of the Celtic Paganism into Modern Times," and this arrangement of his book is a good indication of Mr. Squire's attitude towards Celtic mythology. As a matter of fact, Celtic mythology belongs both to the religions of the ancient Britons and to the survivals of that religion in modern times; and it is because of this detachment from its true place that we feel Mr. Squire's study is not equal to the occasion. Beltane fires are to Mr. Squire all that writers on myth have hitherto stated them to be; Stonehenge is still a temple. Had Mr. Squire pursued his studies further he would have known that grave doubts have been advanced by the latest authorities on both these propositions, and this new view of the older beliefs materially affects the ideas we must in future take of British mythology. Also, it is curious to see that he perceives the analogy of the civilisation of the Celts to that of the Homeric Greeks, but does not seem to have studied Professor Ridgeway's remarkable treatise on this subject.

But do not let us be grumbling at Mr. Squire throughout. He has followed the best authorities—Professor Rhys, Dr. Whitley Stokes, De Jubainville and others—for his special points, and he gives, from the point of view he assumes to be correct, a very good summary of the evidence. It is most useful to have such a summary. We are not able, all of us, to read through the labyrinths of Celtic myth even in the brilliant treatises which Celtic scholars—English, German and French—have written; and to have, therefore, a carefully written and well ordered volume such as Mr. Squire presents is no small gain.

Students of mythology who belong to the school favoured by Mr. Squire have not lately been making much headway. Interpretation of myth is no longer considered as ended when Celtic gods and heroes are shown to be identical with the gods and heroes of other Aryan-speaking peoples, and in particular, as one reads once more the Irish traditions, it does not seem absolutely necessary to turn to Jupiter and the gods for explanation of their origin. The Celts, like the Greeks, were prone to exaggerate their fighting powers, to talk of great battles where simple tribal fights occurred, to speak of heroic deeds of enormous proportions when the bravery of one man overcame the cowardice of many; to look upon mountains and rivers and strong places as the work of other than human hands because in their own experience they knew only of peasant huts and rude protecting walls. But this subject must be dealt with by other hands than Mr. Squire's. He sees myth where he cannot see modern reason or fact; but his opinions are always sane and moderate from his point of view. He does not advocate a Celtic civilisation of

great advancement to fit in with a Celtic mythology of great imagination. He does not argue for palaces and kings and princes, and is content to compare actual remains of ancient fastnesses and homesteads for his facts in this respect. This is all to the good, and we can promise every reader of this book ample pleasure in the manner in which the study is put before him.

Altogether, then, Mr. Squire may be congratulated on a partial success. His research does not penetrate into German authorities: he is not fully alive to the anthropological side of the argument; his archæology is not complete. But he knows and loves his subject within the boundaries presented by these limitations, and he has the peculiar charm of carrying his readers along with him in an attitude of love for the subject.

LAURENCE GOMME.

WESTERN EUROPE IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY AND ONWARD: AN AFTERMATH

By the late E. A. Freeman. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

IN a recent number of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* we pointed out the characteristics of the volume of "Historical Studies in the Fifth Century," by the late Professor Freeman, now edited and given to the world by Mr. T. Scott Holmes. Some of the remarks are, of course, applicable to the volume now under review, for the Professor's work always bore the imprint of his own strong personality. Yet there is a difference between the two volumes, and that difference is, on the whole, to the advantage of the one dealing with the earlier period. There Freeman dealt with questions relating to the origins of the English people and those of the nations of Western Europe; and the hope of illustrating anew his favourite contention that Englishmen were Englishmen and not half-Romanised Celts, sent him on the quest in full war-paint. Here there is no such stimulus; and the personal note which there sounded forth now and again with all the old charm is here but faintly heard. Unfortunately, too, five of the nineteen chapters now published for the first time are mere fragments; and we miss the story of the Battle of Tours, the most momentous event of the period. The progress of modern research has also tended to modify some of the statements that were penned a decade ago. Nevertheless, Mr. Scott Holmes has conferred a benefit on historical research by giving to the world this "aftermath" of the rich harvest of the Regius Professor's work.

The lectures, as here published, begin with the rise of the Karlings to positions of power and the gradual decline of the Merwing kings in Gaul. The reasons for the change of dynasty are thus aptly summarised:

"They [the Franks] had . . . gone far beyond any rule of choosing the king from the kingly house, far beyond any rule of hereditary succession which gives the kingship of the people, irrespective of their choice, to some particular member of the kingly house. They had accepted the doctrine that every member of the kingly house was by birth a king and entitled to some share in the exercise of kingly power. The outcome of all this had been the division of the kingdom, the degradation of the kings beyond the example of any other people; and, while the kingly house was sinking into nothingness, while the kings—kings only by virtue of their birth—were falling lower and lower in each generation, a new house had arisen by their side, a house of leaders of men, called to rule because they were worthy to rule; who, without bearing the name of kings, had for seventy years done all that kings were meant to do."

The story of the relations of the new Frankish dynasty to the Papacy is traced with great care, and the question of Pippin's promises and territorial gifts to Pope Stephen is handled in great detail in a spacious appendix. The Professor believes that the problem can never be solved; but he proves, as against the foremost champions of papal claims, that the popes at that time clearly recognised their subordination to the emperors in all temporal affairs. The decline and fall of Teutonic sovereignty at Laon is the subject of the later lectures. The influence of the settlements of the Northmen on the Lower Seine in deciding the balance in favour of Paris and against the city whose hill towers above the flats of Western Champagne is briefly, but suggestively, indicated.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

YORK: THE STORY OF ITS WALLS AND CASTLES

By T. P. Cooper. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE ANCIENT CASTLES OF IRELAND

By C. L. Adams. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE story of the castles and fortifications of the ancient city of York, long the very heart of the defences of the North of England and still the centre of an important military district, will ever exercise a great fascination over the imaginations of those who are interested in the archæology and history of their native land. Mr. Cooper, in the course of many years of arduous research, has made the subject entirely his own, and every page of his scholarly work bears witness to patient investigation and close powers of reasoning, combined with the even rarer faculty of presenting their results in an attractive and readable form. No available source of information has been overlooked by him; the documents on which his narrative is founded, such as the Patent and Close Rolls and other State Papers preserved in the Record Office and the Archives of York Corporation, have been most carefully weighed and sifted, and there appears to be some justification for his claim that he is the first to have subjected them to a thorough and systematic search. He admits, however, that he is, after all, but a pioneer, for he says the whole of the history of the City of York will inevitably have to be rewritten, so that his book is only a preliminary and specialised study, paving the way for future gleaners in the same rich field.

Mr. Cooper divides his subject into two parts, dealing in the first with the gradual evolution of the walls and earthworks of York from those of early Celtic settlements on the site of the Roman Eboracum to the restoration of the ancient defences in 1889, supplementing his actual descriptions with a summary of the history of each period so far as it was connected with the City of York. The second portion of what is truly a remarkable book, deals with the castle of the old Baile, the four gates or bars of York that are still so dignified and impressive a feature of the town—to each of which a chapter is devoted—and the less important but deeply interesting postern gates and towers. Copies of some of the original MSS. consulted and an illustrated essay on masons' marks, a long list of authorities and numerous plans and illustrations give completeness to what will certainly rank as a standard work, even if it be ere long supplemented by other books founded on it.

To piece together with the aid of the scattered ruins, with which the length and breadth of Ireland is strewn, a history of the castles those ruins represent must indeed have been a difficult task; but that it has been successfully performed by Mr. Adams no one will deny.

His book is far more than a mere account of each castle of which relics remain; it is a reflection of the chequered fortunes of the Emerald Isle from the first landing of the Normans on its shores in 1169 to the tragic death, in 1642, of Owen Roe O'Neill, the one man who might have done something to save his native land from the vengeance of Cromwell that finally dispelled the long cherished illusion of the value of the strongholds on which the people set such store.

The castles Mr. Adams describes range, he says, "in dimensions from the few blocks of protruding masonry on the green sward, which mark the foundations of a ruined peel tower or small keep, or the scarcely traceable line of wall which was once a fortified bawn or inclosure with mud or stone walls, to the majestic ruins of castles like Adare, with its three distinct and separate fortifications, one within the other, or to Royal Trim, deemed strong enough to be the prison of English princes." Locally next to nothing is known of the origin of these remains, though inquiries are met with much apocryphal information in which King John and Cromwell generally play their part; but Mr. Adams has, for all that, succeeded, with the aid of the owners of still existing castles and the documents in the Record Office, Dublin libraries and elsewhere, in tracing the life-story of over seventy strongholds, of many of which he gives excellent illustrations, adding at the end of each article a list of the authorities consulted. Unfortunately, however, he has neglected to add an index to his book, the want of which detracts greatly from its value to the student; but this is an omission that can easily be remedied when a new edition of his valuable work is called for.

NANCY BELL.

NAPOLEON AND ENGLAND, 1803-1813

A Study from unprinted documents by P. Coquelle, translated from the French by Gordon D. Knox, Balliol College, Oxford, with an Introduction by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (Bell. 5s. net.)

THIS book, of but moderate size, is of great value to those students of the Napoleonic period whose minds are not already made up one way or the other beyond reach of fresh evidence. M. Coquelle has tried to settle a number of questions of great historical interest by the original documents of the principals in negotiation, as contained in the French and British archives. In giving his judgment on the matters at issue between historians and diplomatists, he has not feared to run counter to the general opinion of French writers, with the name of M. Albert Sorel at their head.

The work deals with the negotiations between the British and French Governments from the Treaty of Amiens down to 1813; it discusses the responsibility for the rupture of the peace, the various attempts to negotiate or mediate a truce from both sides, and the famous and futile discussion of the exchange of prisoners. Nearly all of these transactions have been used by French historians for imputing bad faith to "perfidious Albion"; in nearly all of them M. Coquelle feels bound to pronounce Napoleon more in the wrong. This conclusion is dramatically the more probable, for while the British ministers and envoys were men widely differing in policy and capacity at different times, the negotiations for peace broke down in much the same way on each occasion. Surely the cause of this invariable failure must have been the one permanent element in the discussions—the policy and temper of Napoleon.

With regard to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, M. Coquelle points out—what other historians have overlooked—that the really important matter in dispute

was the continued French occupation of Holland, then known as the "Batavian Republic." The evacuation of Holland had been promised in the Treaty of Lunéville, which made peace between Austria and France; it was to take place as soon as England and France ended their war. Yet the First Consul, while calling on Great Britain to evacuate Malta in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens, evaded the obligation to release Holland, which not only threatened the English coast, but commanded the road to India by the possession of the Cape. The annexation of Piedmont, the interference in Switzerland, even the publication of Sébastiani's report, were minor considerations. In this, as in all the later negotiations, it was Napoleon's aim to obtain concessions without binding himself to make the corresponding concessions on his side. The British Governments often made mistakes in matters of form, but seem all to have been sincerely desirous of peace; and if Fox could not come to terms in 1806, in spite of his warm admiration for France and Napoleon, the fault in the main must have lain with Napoleon.

The translation by Mr. Knox is good, and on the whole reads smoothly. In one or two places the rendering is obscure. On page 11 Andréossy is made to remark of a Royalist emissary, "He declaimed with violence, and honoured me so far as to treat me as the usurper of the rights of a well-known family, to contribute to the glory of carrying through some useful work, a glory which he certainly does not possess." What does this *rigmarole* mean? On page 230 Napoleon meets Ouvrard at *Anvers*—why not Antwerp here, as elsewhere? On page 244 the translator speaks of "the English Parliamentary vessel" on which Mackenzie came to France to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. This is an obvious blunder; *parlementaire* has here its ordinary military meaning of "under a flag of truce."

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

PORTRAITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, HISTORIC AND LITERARY

By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. (Putnam, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"Si réimprimant un jour les critiques et portraits on les rangeait par l'ordre chronologique des sujets que j'y traite, on ferait un contre-sens: le véritable est celui dans lequel je les ai écrits selon mon émotion et ma caprice et toujours dans la nuance particulière où j'étais moi-même dans le moment." The extent of these emotions, caprices, and particular nuances is well known to all acquainted with Ste-Beuve's critical development. Before he realised himself in his "Causeries" he had to pass through a long apprenticeship, feeling his way carefully among the various schools of thought, experimenting with most of them, though he abandoned himself to none. It is no wonder then that, sensitive of his early inconsistencies, he gave expression to the above apprehension, an apprehension that the publication of these two volumes has to a great extent verified. The twenty-nine essays before us, of which some have been reprinted from the "Causeries de Lundi," some from the "Portraits de Femmes" and the "Portraits Littéraires," constitute a fine gallery of the French historic and literary celebrities of the seventeenth century. The first volume is chiefly concerned with the great social and political personages of the period, containing portraits, amongst others, of Richelieu, Mazarin, Retz, Louis XIV., de La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Lafayette and Ninon de l'Enclos. The second, which strikes us on the whole as by far the more interesting,

deals with practically all the literary giants of the golden and classic age of French literature; with Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Mme. de Sévigné, Molière, Lafontaine, Bossuet, Boileau and many others. Yet in spite of the external unity of their subject, this series of monographs represents the most varied stages of the critic's development, while the confusion is intensified by the neglect of the translator to give the date and review in which each article appeared. In the essays, for instance, on Richelieu, Mme. de Longueville and Pascal, Ste-Beuve writes of religious emotion with all the sincerity of an intense personal sympathy. In the article on de La Rochefoucauld, on the other hand, which, to use the words of Ste-Beuve himself, "indique une date et un temps, un retour décisif dans ma vie intellectuelle," he definitely starts that period of healthy disillusionment and contented epicureanism which lasted throughout the rest of his life. In the celebrated essay on Racine again, so far from being the impartial aesthete of the "Causeries," he shows that spirit of polemical fervour which caused him to be known in his younger days as the Boileau of romanticism. We read between every line of his criticism of the great classic dramatist, the implied apotheosis of Hugo and Hugoism. Yet, even if some of the essays in this series show any inequality, it is merely that which separates that which is good in criticism from that which is the best. Interesting, however, as they are intrinsically, these volumes afford no opportunity of seeing that cosmopolitan spirit which made Ste-Beuve equally at home amongst the most diverse authors of the most diverse countries. It was this faculty of psychological insight which, together with his application of the sociological method, constituted his greatness. In contradistinction, however, to Taine, with whom the individual was but a piece of evidence for the elucidation of the age, Ste-Beuve treats the age as a frame necessary for the complete realisation of the portrait of the individual which he sets within it. We find, moreover, in Ste-Beuve, in spite, or rather because, of his narrower view, that touch of humanity, that air of personal sympathy and appreciation which, but for a few exceptions, is lacking in the later critic. Our enjoyment in reading these two volumes, which are handsomely bound and possess thirty excellent illustrations, has been greatly marred by the lamentable inefficiency of the translation. Miss Wormeley has fallen a victim to the fetish of an exaggerated literalness with the most distressing result. Her structure is frequently not English; at times it is even ungrammatical. Such expressions as "a soul feminine in its every recess," and "had won to the crown," are characteristic examples of her servile adherence to the original.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

A GARDENER'S YEAR

By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

HAVING thrilled us in our youth with his romances, Mr. Rider Haggard is, despite a relapse into adventure appearing in the pages of a popular monthly, now more generally applying himself to the gentler task of comforting us by our firesides with recitals of the delights of a country life, and in the volume under notice he details his joys and sorrows as a gardener in a manner which is well-nigh certain to prove very acceptable to the vast army of garden lovers. Setting aside the author's achievements in other paths of literature, it is interesting to endeavour to assign him a place amongst the writers of garden books, and a careful study of "A Gardener's Year" reveals the fact that his place is a very

high one. Mr. Haggard displays a considerable knowledge and grasp of his subject, and his travels have given him the advantage of actually seeing for himself what are the conditions under which many of our imported plants thrive. This is very valuable knowledge for a gardener. In his dedication Mr. Haggard expresses the modest hope that his book may be found "not uninformative." Most assuredly it will not be, for while "A Gardener's Year" is sufficiently discursive to interest those of its readers who know but little of gardens or of gardening, Mr. Haggard does not confine himself to the abstract, but describes in some detail many of the actual operations of the gardening year in his two East Anglian gardens. "A Gardener's Year" would form an acceptable present to any intelligent professional gardener. This is high praise, as many garden books which have gained fame amongst amateurs would be laughed at by the professional; much, for example, as we cherish the works of "Elizabeth," she is an author who would not find any favour in the bothy.

Orchid-growers and the owners of lawns will, in particular, find much which is likely to be of real service to them. Mr. Haggard's particular fancy is for orchids, and his many admirers as an author will read of his successes in their cultivation and their showing with much pleasure. So great, indeed, have been these successes that upon page 149 Mr. Haggard gently chides his wealthy neighbours for their lack of spirit in ceasing to compete with him. The account of the author's successful endeavours to preserve his property at Kessingland, near Lowestoft, from the inroads of the sea by the planting of Marum Grass (*Psamma Arenaria*), which has wonderful properties as a sand collector, is particularly interesting, and his methods certainly deserve trial upon a more extensive scale elsewhere.

The book is illustrated by a plan of the garden at Ditchingham and by twenty-five reproductions from photographs. These, which vary considerably in merit, are nearly all views of various portions of the author's gardens or of individual plants grown in them. Some other writers have preferred *not* to reveal so ruthlessly the garden shrines of which they write, but Mr. Haggard takes the better course of plainly showing that there is "no deception." He sometimes goes astray upon matters of detail; for example, he transfers the patronage of a beautiful race of anemones from St. Brigid to St. Bridget, and wrongly describes *Garrya elliptica* as a creeper; also his plant names occasionally will scandalise devout botanists, but undoubtedly the publication of "A Gardener's Year" stamps Mr. Haggard as a gardener and a garden author of pronounced merit.

MUSA VERTICORDIA

By Francis Coutts. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. FRANCIS COUTTS stands out head and shoulders from the generality of our modern minor poets in that in addition to its technical excellence his verse strikes a strongly individual note. This individuality consists in a virile and militant pessimism. Conceiving that in dealing with the lesser things of life he would fail in loyalty to his Muse, he refuses point blank

"to sing the facile lie:

The old familiar fancies, women, wine,
Pale moonlight and moonshine."

It is rather the *lacrimæ rerum* which inspire him most potently and draw from him his finest and most impressive verse. It is characteristic that even the love poetry is deeply tinged with pessimism. Mr. Coutts' eyes are nearly always fixed upon the death that crowns all things; he sees perpetually "the skull that grins

beneath the kiss." Yet his melancholy is far from being that of a mere whiner. The world is evil, according to Mr. Coutts, but the only thing left is to struggle.

"And the one triumph not quite vain
The soul's stern striving to attain."

In a volume where every poem is on so high a level it is difficult to pick out what is the best; the two pieces, however, which have impressed us the most deeply are the *Musa Verticordia* with which the volume opens and "There shall be weeping," just one place removed from the end. The first, which is a dignified apology of the poet's attitude, reminds us of Milton by the sustained majesty of both its thought and its rhythm. The latter is a wonderful description of "the river of tears" and one of the best short lyrics that we have seen in recent years. In "*Musa Verticordia*" Mr. Coutts has more than maintained his previously high standard; in this, as in his other poetry, he not only titillates our æsthetic sense, he also moves us.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

With an Introduction and Notes by H. C. Beeching. (Ginn, 3s.)

EDITIONS of Shakespeare's Sonnets have of late years been numerous, ranging from large and handsome volumes like Mr. Tyler's, Mr. Wyndham's and Mr. Samuel Butler's, where the object has not been so much to provide the student with a text as with a commentary or a disquisition in support of the editorial view, to elegant little pocket editions like Mrs. Stopes', devoid, or nearly devoid, of commentary, but fitted for daily and nightly companionship. More practically serviceable than either are what we may term the intermediate editions, triply constituted of a front of introduction, a body of text and a train of commentary. It is only to be desired in the student's interest that the editor should remember that the text is, after all, the principal concern, and should refrain from overshadowing it either by a pretentious introduction or voluminous annotation. The admirable good sense displayed in all Canon Beeching's publications is a guarantee against his falling into either error; and, in fact, we should be at a loss to point out another edition of the Sonnets where text, introduction and commentary are more nicely adjusted to each other. It is only to be apprehended that the modest guise of Canon Beeching's edition and the moderation of his claims may conceal the actual importance of his labour. One valuable feature, peculiar to him so far as we are aware, is his investigation of the text of the first edition of the Sonnets, where the frequent misprints demonstrate that Shakespeare can have had no hand in their publication. Another point is his able and to us convincing argument to prove that the Sonnets, with a few exceptions, cannot have been written earlier than 1597, which, if admitted, destroys the pretensions of Southampton, then deeply in love, and absent on an expedition to the Azores. To the Pembroke theory he is more favourable, declaring himself, however, "not convinced." Neither are we! But we think that Pembroke's claim might have been stated more forcibly, founding our opinion more particularly upon Sonnet 107, undoubtedly written upon the death of Elizabeth. It seems to us incontestable that this poem is addressed to some person of high rank who had suffered from Elizabeth's displeasure; and if, as we believe, Southampton is out of the question, who can this be but Pembroke? Canon Beeching's treatment of these vexed questions is as conclusive of his sanity of judgment as his simple yet ample commentary is of his lucidity and pregnant brevity as an annotator. Others may have done

more in poetical illustration and psychological analysis; but none have produced a more satisfactory compendium of all that is really necessary to be known about the Sonnets, or afforded a more serviceable key to their numerous difficulties.

GUILDFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME

Sidelights on the History of a Quaint Old Town. By Geo. C. Williamson. (Bell, 5s. net.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Williamson modestly disclaims for his book any pretension to being a history of Guildford or a perfect guide to the town, yet within the compass of its pages there is a wealth of antiquarian, archæological, and topographical information which goes far to bring before the eyes of the reader a fascinating picture of the Guildford of the past. Strictly speaking the author has strung together a series of essays on subjects concerning the town; but his store of knowledge being fully as great as his love of the subject he has been able to imbue these more or less detached papers with an interest and a vitality possible only to one who knows and loves what he is writing about. That Guildford is a peculiarly interesting old town is a well-known fact, but even to those who tramp its High Street daily the immense store of historical interest locked up in the Castle, the Town Hall, the Friary, the "Upper Lower and Middle" churches, the hospital, the caverns and the crypts will only be revealed by a careful reading of this interesting book. Dr. Williamson has done his work *con amore*, and one may be permitted to hope that this is only the forerunner of that complete history of Guildford which in his preface he admits to be "long-projected"—but not yet written. It is interesting to learn that one of the claims to notoriety of the Guildford Grammar School consists in the fact that the earliest mention of cricket occurs in connection with the evidence of certain scholars from the Free School of Guildford in the fortieth year of Elizabeth. In 1598 John Derrick, gentleman, "one of the Queen's Majestie's Coroners" for Surrey, aged fifty-nine, gave evidence in a certain long-continued law suit about a garden plot, that he had known the land for fifty years or more, and that when he was a scholar he and several of his fellows "did runne and play there at crickets and other plaies." This would date the game back to 1548 or earlier.

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART

Including that of the Drama, Music, Engraving, Sculpture, Painting, Photography and Design, together with International and Foreign Copyright, with the Statutes relating thereto, by Walter Arthur Copinger, F.S.A. &c. Fourth Edition, by J. M. Easton, Barrister-at-Law. (Stevens & Haynes, 36s.)

TWELVE years have elapsed since the publication of the third edition of "Copinger on Copyright," and the appearance of the fourth edition will be welcomed by all lawyers and laymen who are engaged in the hopeless task of guessing the innumerable conundrums the law presents. "Copinger" has been a classic ever since it first appeared thirty-four years ago. None of its many successors have attempted anything like so full an exposition of the subject in all its bearings. The wealth—it might almost be styled the redundancy—of material, which is given, for the most part *in extenso*, is, on the whole, a gain. The law of copyright does not lend itself to condensation, and the most erudite deductions and distinctions from a decision or a statute or a treaty are not nearly so helpful as the heads or text itself, even if they amount to little else than a Chinese puzzle. Mr. Easton has done his work well. Those who are from constant use familiar with the treatise will be

grateful to him for adhering so closely to the original form. The case law, upon which literary jurisprudence so largely rests, has been brought well up-to-date with, in most instances, a careful commentary. The much-discussed decision of the House of Lords on the law of encyclopædias in "Aflalo (*not* "Affalo") and Lawrence" &c. is, for instance, so lucidly discussed that any contributor can decide the course to adopt. The failure of the Musical (Summary Proceedings) Act, 1902, is usefully demonstrated. It may, however, be noticed that the remedies against street hawkers or others vending "books"—a term which includes a sheet of letterpress or music—that do not bear the name and address of the printer under the Newspapers &c. Act, 1869, appear to have escaped observation in this and, so far as we are aware, all other works on the subject. That Act, re-enacting as it did 2 and 3 Vict. c. 12 s. 2-4, gives full power to the Attorney-General &c. to proceed against all offenders in a manner which should be almost effectual. If this be so, the defeat of the Act amending 2 Edw. VII. c. 15 is of lesser importance than its interesting opponents' desire. This is the only English Copyright Statute enacted for the last fifteen years. Mr. Easton only mentions Lord Monkswell's Bill and wisely refrains from discussing the details of a measure which is still *in nubibus*. The greater part of the new matter in the work is concerned with international and foreign copyright. The fulness of this section has always been a valuable feature of "Copinger," and it promises now to be more valuable than ever. The many changes which have taken place in nearly all countries are adequately noted, a new and most valuable feature being a short summary of the "rights of foreigners" given under each country. The most recent changes in Germany are given, but the adhesion of Sweden to the Berne Convention is simply mentioned without the results being worked out. The exposition of the Canadian tangle and its partial disentanglement by the Act of 1900 is the most admirable extant. The chapters on copyright in the United States may safely be commended to the study of the considerable number of authors and others who are interested in that burning subject. The issue of *addenda* in a form capable of being inserted in the work may be commended to the publishers.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

Fiction

THE HOUND FROM THE NORTH

By Ridgwell Callum. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) The opening portions of this story are by far the best part of the book. The account of the benighted traveller in the region to the extreme north of the Rocky Mountains, walking on and on, hoping to strike the trail before night closes in, getting more and more exhausted every minute, is vivid enough to attract attention. Here and there, however, the author adopts a jerky, formless habit of writing, which is by no means effective. "The earth white; snow to the thickness of many feet on all. Life none: not a beast of the earth, nor a fowl of the air, nor the hum of an insect. Solitude. Cold—grey; pitiless cold. Night is approaching." Happily the author does not continue in this strain for long, or it would become too irritating. The story is somewhat confused and treats of two gold robberies, several murders, illegal traffic in opium by means of a disused churchyard, and a forest fire. Hervey Mallings is not a very convincing or powerful villain; Prudence, his sister, is more carefully and sympathetically drawn. We cannot quite understand what the writer means by this utterance: "Darkness hid the angry flush which had spread over his

face. The girl knew he was angry. His tone was raised and there was no mistaking Leslie Grey's anger. He was very nearly a gentleman, but not quite." It somehow seems to convey a vague yet awful indictment. The author is much more successful with his descriptive passages than with the handling of the story and its characters.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

By S. Weir Mitchell. (Unwin, 6s.) Either Washington has been unfortunate in the writers who have attempted to portray him or those writers are unlucky in having essayed such a character as Washington's. In the pages of fiction the gallant gentleman and very human man who suffered at Valley Forge, swore "like an archangel" at Lee's cowardice and shed tears over Arnold's treason, is always an irredeemable prig, or at best a marble statue of the "Father of his Country." Dr. Weir Mitchell has added another to the melancholy examples of Washingtonian dullness, though we might almost have expected him to escape the inevitable and achieve the impossible when we remember how in his tragedy of "Francis Drake" he caught the heart-beat of Elizabethan England and gave us an historic and human document which was also pure poetry. There is no poetry in "The Youth of Washington" and not much humanity. The record carries us only through twenty-six years of that eventful life ending just after Braddock's defeat and death, but as it is supposed to be written shortly before Washington's death, in his final leisure and retirement, it has no pulse of youth. It is sedate, detailed, conscientious and very dull. It may be very much what Washington would have written; in which case we can only say that Washington had no genius of self-portrayal. This well-behaved and rather thick-witted young gentleman gives no hint of latent fire and greatness; this is not the man for whom in later years his soldiers were ready to "storm hell." On one occasion he does knock down a negro without just cause, but that is his only deviation from the paths of rectitude; for the rest, "George is always a good boy," as his mother so unkindly remarked of him. Yet Dr. Weir Mitchell can present vital personalities; even in this book we have a delightful glimpse of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, seen through the eyes of his prosaic young friend, much bewildered by the combination of poet and cynic. But Washington has been too much for Dr. Weir Mitchell—as he was for George III.

THE EDGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

By Edward Noble. (Blackwood, 6s.) The land-going lubber who does not sail on deep waters or go on hazardous expeditions to strange lands may yet know the geography of ships and be easily conversant with their construction. Signalling at sea will present no difficulty to him; he will know all about the high-pressure cylinder and the patent thrust; the signs of a coming storm he will recognise at once—thanks to the cult of the sea story. Amongst many other writers, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Jack London have laid bare the secrets of the sea; now Mr. Edward Noble should be hailed as another exponent—and no mean one either. "The Edge of Circumstance" is a striking book, one to be read. Mr. Noble attracts immediate attention yet does not shout; he gives us exciting situations yet leaves something to the imagination. The scene in which José, the dago, driven mad by cowardice and hate, kills the engineer and the mate amid the horrors of a storm at sea, is a fine piece of writing, yet it does not reek with unpleasant details or loathsome description. Mr. Noble is too much of an artist to overload his picture. A sentence here, a phrase there, conveys the picture. McGrabbut, the engineer of the "Titan," whose fate it is to battle incessantly with worthless patent fittings and unseaworthy machinery, is a striking piece of character-drawing. His caustic tongue, dry humour and infinite resource are well conceived. Mr. Noble has dispensed with the conventional love interest, and the reader does not lose anything by it. A book to be reckoned with.

THE AMBASSADOR'S GLOVE

By Robert Machray. (Long, 6s.) Such chapter headings as "Daring Diamond Robbery," "An Appalling Danger," "Faithful unto Death," "A Buried Secret," give more than a hint of the character of the story. We do not expect a

novel of intense psychological interest, or anything that it is not. As a rather improbable yet excitingly sensational story it answers its purpose well. The reader's interest is never for one moment allowed to flag, nor is the mystery entirely cleared up until the last chapter. No less a personage than the British Ambassador at Rome is murdered in a well-known London hotel by a society of anarchists, in order to safeguard secrets that a traitor has divulged. But in killing the Ambassador they only achieve half their purpose, being unable to discover any memoranda or papers relating to the conspiracy that they have reason to believe exists. This necessitates the murder of a second man and the kidnapping of the Ambassador's daughter. Where the memoranda were really hidden, and how the Ambassador's daughter is saved by her lover, Mr. Robert Machray must tell. Such personages as the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister figure largely in these pages, although we are a little doubtful if such great men act in the manner described by the author. However, if "The Ambassador's Glove" is taken with several grains of salt an exciting hour or two may be spent.

OLIVE KINSELLA

By Curtis Yorke. (Long, 6s.) A very readable and interesting story, containing all the elements that make for popular success. There is a mystery concerning a secret room, a sudden disappearance, and an equally sudden return. There is a villain claiming a fortune that does not belong to him. There are at least two charmingly written love affairs, and a third merely sketched in, and all three cleverly and daintily treated. Some of the side issues of the author's story are, strangely enough, almost more interesting than the main theme itself. For instance, the Hartopp family are excellently drawn; Barbara, especially, stands out most vividly considering how lightly she is touched in. The heroine herself is rather irritating, although she wins our sympathy to a certain extent. There is something about this book suggesting irresistibly that the author could do better work. Not that "Olive Kinsella" is not good of its class, but the class itself is not on the highest plane, and we strongly recommend Curtis Yorke to return to her higher level. With imagination, a vivid sense of character, a power of writing passionate love scenes without in the least degree overstepping the bounds of good taste, and the gift of weaving a coherent story, there should be a future of success before this writer out of the beaten track of mere conventional story-telling.

THE MASK

By William Le Queux. (Long, 6s.) Mr. Le Queux is so full of invention and resource, he presents his mysteries with so much apparent reality and rushes events along so rapidly that he captures the imagination and to a certain extent disarms criticism. People who enjoy novels of this class will read "The Mask" with their usual satisfaction and never pause to question either the probability or the possibility of the adventures the author is so fertile in inventing. They will not ponder on the unlikelihood of many of Rupert Munro's actions, or on the very questionable manner in which he compounds felonies and takes the law into his own hands. It will probably never strike them, when they are following the hero in his search for the abducted heroine, to wonder why, when he does find her, he does not at once call in the assistance of the police instead of forcing his way into the house and carrying her off with the assistance of a very knight errant of a cabman. The secret which surrounds Maisie's past with mystery is well kept, but surely it was scarcely worth quite all the trouble expended in keeping it. She might at least have confided in that trustful and valiant Rupert—but then there would have been no story.

Short Notices

MY KEY OF LIFE

By Helen Keller. (Isbister, 2s. 6d.) The chief interest of this essay on optimism lies in the curious circumstances in which it was written—circumstances which, to the casual observer, seem more likely to

breed rank pessimism than glad optimism. The author of the book, who recently wrote "The Story of My Life," is a deaf mute. Yet, although she cannot see the beauties of the outside world, she finds that within her that proclaims life good. "When I learned from Berkeley," she says, "that your eyes receive an inverted image of things which your brain unconsciously corrects, I began to suspect that the eye is not a very reliable instrument after all, and I felt as one who had been restored to equality with others." She disclaims that her optimism is the result of that lack of knowledge that one might imagine a woman so afflicted must necessarily have. No, she owns to dark days and the touch of evil, but now her happiness "is so deep that it is a faith so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life." Speaking of Tolstoi's remark that America, "once the hope of the world, was in bondage to mammon," she denies it emphatically, and gladly calls herself an American citizen. She demands the forbearance of its judges until America has accomplished its almost superhuman task—that of assimilating all the different nations of the earth that flee to its shores. "New York," she says, "counts nearly one million five hundred thousand foreigners among its three and a half million citizens. . . . Every third person in our American metropolis is an alien." Striking statistics, certainly. Speaking of literature, she finds Shakespeare the prince of optimists, and contends that Swift has never been read as much as his genius should command, because he was a pessimist. She does not deny the popularity of Omar Khayyam, but is certain that "the man of letters whose voice is to prevail must be an optimist."

SERVICE OF THE SYNAGOGUE

Edited by Herbert M. Adler; prose translation by Herbert M. Adler and Arthur Davis; verse translation by Mrs. Redcliffe Salaman, Elsie Davis and Israel Zangwill. Day of Atonement. Part I. Evening Service. (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.) This volume, which is the first of a series of six, should greatly assist in filling the gap caused by the absence of any modern and really efficient prayer-book of the Jewish festivals. The recension of the text which has been placed in the capable hands of Mr. Herbert M. Adler, who is well known as a Hebrew scholar, has been based upon the Heidenheim edition and upon manuscripts of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and is a decided improvement on that of other prayer-books, which are in many places corrupt. The prose translation is excellent, striking the happy mean between too servile a literalness and too free a paraphrase. It compares favourably with current versions, which show a tendency to be occasionally too stiff and heavy, too much bound by the original Hebrew. The verse translation of Hebrew hymns, which is one of the features of the new edition, is also on an extremely high level. In the prayers "Oh! let our prayer ascend from eventime" and "Forgive, I beseech Thee" Mrs. Redcliffe Salaman preserves not only something of the Hebrew metre, but what is infinitely harder, the actual spirit of the original. The well-known hymn beginning "For, behold, as the clay in the hand of the potter" has been excellently rendered by Miss Elsie Davis, in a style extraordinarily reminiscent of Omar Khayyam, though fearing, apparently, the profane associations of the Persian poet, the translator has chosen the metre of the heroic couplet. Mr. Zangwill is less scrupulous, and in the series of quatrains beginning "Thee I will seek, to Thee unveil my breast" has produced one of the best translations of an exceptionally fine series. If the remaining volumes are up to the standard of the first, there can be no doubt as to the success of the series.

A LIST OF NORMAN TYMPANA AND LINTELS WITH FIGURE OR SYMBOLICAL SCULPTURE STILL OR TILL RECENTLY EXISTING IN THE CHURCHES OF GREAT BRITAIN

By Charles E. Keyser. (Elliot Stock, 21s. net.) This list, with its learned introduction, makes a valuable addition to our works on architecture. Mr. Keyser's list is not only useful in itself, but provides ample excuse for the lengthy and

very interesting introductory matter. There is something quite fascinating to the student of architecture in all remains of Norman work, even the rudest. We can scarcely agree with Mr. Keyser's opinion that all the sculptures with which he deals are "intended to bear a religious interpretation," though doubtless in most cases this is so; equally so, doubtless, many of the interpretations suggested are accurate, but very rightly Mr. Keyser is not dogmatic and is willing to hear and weigh all opinions. A highly valuable book, one of a character too seldom met with.

COOK'S HANDBOOK FOR EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN

By E. A. Wallis Budge. (10s.) This is by far the most exhaustive handbook to Egypt which we have yet seen. Excluding the introduction which gives all the needful information to a traveller previously unacquainted with the country, the volume is divided into four parts. The first gives a concise account of the history of the country from the time of the first dynasty down to the English administration. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, the Learning of the Ancient Egyptians, and the Egyptian Gods. The celebrated hymn to Rā is also given in the original hieroglyphics from the papyrus of Ani, accompanied by an English translation. The remainder of the book is devoted to descriptions of the principal places of interest throughout the whole length of Egypt, starting with Alexandria and the Nile delta and gradually working its way through Cairo, Thebes, Luxor and Aswān to Khartūm and the Great Lakes. At the end of the volume is an excellent sketch of the elements of Arabic, together with a vocabulary of useful words. The book contains no less than nine maps and a hundred and fifty illustrations, and should prove invaluable to all tourists in the country.

Reprints and New Editions

THE TEMPEST constitutes the second volume of the Red Letter Shakespeare, which is being edited by Mr. E. K. Chambers for Messrs. Blackie. The aim of this series is to be "at once scholarly, dainty, and popular." It is certainly the two former, and deserves to be the latter. I like immensely its arrangement and the red and black type employed. It is quite exceptionally clear and easy to read, which all Shakespeares are not. The price of each volume is one shilling net in cloth, eightpence in leather. It is interesting to note that Mr. Chambers writes in his introduction to "The Tempest," "It is, in fact, to be classed as dramatic *spectacle* rather than as drama proper, and the elaboration with which it has been put upon the stage by modern managers may be regarded as not, in this case, wholly out of keeping with the intention of the dramatist."—John Stuart Mill's ON LIBERTY is now for the first time published with an index (The New Universal Library, Routledge, 1s. net). In glancing over its pages again I was struck, in the light of recent events, by what Mill says of the nations of the East: ". . . they have become stationary—have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits." A cheap and satisfactory reprint.—An artistic little reprint is to be found in a selection from SENECA, by H. C. Sidley (Bell, 1s. net). The translation used is that by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, published in Bohn's Classical Library, except in an occasional paragraph where the translator's name is given.—Two new volumes are now added to Blackie's Library of Great Novelists—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS and TOM BURKE OF OURS (2s. 6d. each). The last-named, it will be remembered, was dedicated by Charles Lever to Miss Edgeworth. The dedication more than anything else makes one inclined to forgive Lever for his burlesque of Irish manners and customs. In it he says, "Had the scene of this, like that of my former books, been laid chiefly in Ireland, I should have felt too sensibly my own inferiority

to venture on the presumption of such a step. As it is, I never was more conscious of the demerits of my volume than when inscribing it to you; but I cannot resist the temptation of being ever thus associated with a name, the first in my country's literature." This, I take it, was not so much a reference to the author of "The Prussian Vase" as to that very fine piece of writing, "Castle Rackrent," which shamed Lever's handiwork.—Wilkie Collins' NO NAME and Reade's THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH (Collins' Handy Illustrated Pocket Novels, 1s. and 2s. each net) are two very pleasant volumes, most convenient to handle and looking well upon our bookshelves. They are profusely illustrated—a great feature of the series for those who like fiction illustrated. My ideas of such characters as Gerard and Denys so seldom tally with those of the illustrator that personally I prefer my "Cloister and the Hearth" without pictures. With "No Name" it is a different matter, probably even the author had no particular idea of his heroine's personal appearance.—Can THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (Blackie, 2s.) for a moment be compared with "Robinson Crusoe"? After reading the latter could any one enjoy the former? I will confess that I never succeeded in getting more than half way through, while "Robinson Crusoe" was worn, as it were, to a shadow of his original self by my constant handling.—I have received no less than eighteen volumes of the Muses' Library (Routledge, 1s. each net). Apart from their contents the binding is so tasteful and the printing is so good that I marvel how they can possibly be sold at such a low price. Then when I open them and look at their contents the bargain seems greater than ever. Certainly they are exceptionally good value. Amongst the most interesting are WILLIAM BROWNE, VAUGHAN, GAY, WILLIAM DRUMMOND, CAREW, MARVELL, WALLER and DONNE. How easy it is nowadays compared with what it was a few years ago to collect a really handsome library of the poets at a small cost. Our only difficulty seems to be an embarrassment of choice.

F. T.-S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Bevan, the Ven. W. L., Notes on the Church in Wales (S.P.C.K.), 0/6.
 Bishop of Hull, The Christian in Home Life (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.
 Chadwick, W. E., A Call for Efficiency: an Address to Sunday School Teachers (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.
 The Royal Standard of God's United Kingdom (Greening), 3/6.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Sainte-Beuve, C. A., Portraits of the Seventeenth Century, Historic and Literary, 2 vols. (translated by K. P. Wormeley) (Putnam), 21/0 net.
 Ivanoff, Ian, Love and Eternity (Gay & Bird), 1/0 net.
 Harrison, C., The Sound of a Voice that is Still (selected and arranged for daily use by A. G.) (Sonnenschein), 1/6 net.
 Thorley, W. O., Poems (Heacham-on-Sea: The Author), 1/0.
 Gosse, Edmund, French Profiles (Heinemann), 7/6.

History and Biography

- Hunter, Capt. C., The Adventures of a Naval Officer (edited by Sir Spenser St. John) (Digby, Long), 6/0.
 Jane, L. C., The Coming of Parliament: England from 1350 to 1660 (Unwin), 5/0.
 Tchertkoff, V., and Holah, F., A Short Biography of William Lloyd Garrison, with Introduction by Leo Tolstoy (Free Age Press), 2/6 net.
 Macdonald, the Rev. A. (of Killesnoan), and Macdonald, the Rev. A. (of Kiltarlity), The Clan Donald, Vol. III. (Inverness: Northern Counties Publishing Co.).

Travel and Topography

- Adams, C. L., The Ancient Castles of Ireland (Stoek), 10/6 net.
 Candler, E., The Unveiling of Lhasa (Arnold), 15/0 net.
 Cooper, T. P., York: the Story of its Walls and Castles (Stoek), 10/6 net.
 Millington, P., To Lhasa at Last (Smith, Elder), 3/6 net.
 Landor, A. H. Savage, Tibet and Nepal (Black), 20/0 net.

Science

- Weismann, Dr. A., The Evolution Theory, 2 vols. (translated by J. A. and M. R. Thomson) (Arnold), 32/0 net.
 Engle, J. S., Analytic Interest Psychology and Synthetic Philosophy (Baltimore: King Brothers).

Educational

- Arnett, B., The Elements of Geometry, Theoretical and Practical, Books I., II., and III. (Simpkin, Marshall), 2/0 each.
 Hall and Stevens, Lessons in Experimental and Practical Geometry (Macmillan), 1/6.

Miscellaneous

- The Wimbledon and Merton Annual (Trim), 2/6 net.
 Payne, E. J., Colonies and Colonial Federations (Macmillan), 3/6.
 Curnock, W. E. M., How a Steam Engine Works (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.
 Harvey, C. H., The Biology of British Politics (Sonnenschein), 2/6.
 The Zoological Record, Vol. XL. (Zoological Society), 30/0.

- Haggard, H. Rider, A Gardener's Year (Longmans), 12/6 net.
 Devine, E. T., The Principles of Relief (Macmillan), 8/6 net.
 Longland, W., How to Read a Workshop Drawing (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.
 The Geographical Journal, Vol. XXIV. (Stanford).
 Keyser, C. E., A List of Norman Tympana and Lintels, with Figure or Symbolical Sculpture still or till recently existing in the Churches of Great Britain (Stoek), 21/0 net.
 Kermode, P. M. C., and Herdman, W. A., Illustrated Notes on Manks Antiquities (Liverpool: The University).
 Hazell's Annual for 1906 (Hazell, Watson & Viney), 3/6 net.
 A Thousand of the Best Novels (Newark, N.J.: Free Public Library).
 Archaeology: Progress Report of the Archaeological Survey of Western India (Bombay: Government Office), 0/11.
 Report of the Minister of Finance to H.M. the Emperor on the Budget of the Empire (St. Petersburg: Imperial Academy of Science).
 Vinogradoff, Dr. P., The Growth of the Manor (Sonnenschein), 10/6.
 Porter, Mrs. H., The Secret of a Great Influence (Macmillan), 3/0 net.
 Lawrie, Sir A. C., Early Scottish Charters prior to A.D. 1153 (MacLehose), 10/0 net.
 Willis, Mary A. (compiled by), The R. J. Campbell Birthday Book (Christian Commonwealth Co.), 2/6 net.

Reprints and New Editions

- Mill, J. S., On Liberty (Routledge), 1/0 net.
 Reade, C., The Cloister and the Hearth (Collins), 1/0 net.
 Collins, W., No Name (Collins), 1/0 and 2/0 net.
 Trevelyan, Sir G. O., The American Revolution, 3 vols. (Longmans), 5/0 net per vol.
 Halifax, S., The Heart of a Heretic (Brimley Johnson), 2/6 net.
 Phillimore, W. P. W., Herald's College and Coats-of-Arms (Phillimore), 1/0 net.
 Shakespeare, Twelfth Night and Julius Cæsar (Waistcoat Pocket Edition) (Treherne), 1/0 net each.
 Ranger-Gull, C., The Hypocrite (Greening), 0/6.
 Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar and King Richard III. (Methuen), 1/0 net each.
 Lassar-Cohn, Dr., Chemistry in Daily Life (Grevel).
 Dickinson, Emily, Poems (Methuen), 4/6 net.
 Fletcher, Professor Banister, A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method (Batsford), 21/0 net.

Fiction

- Phillipotts, Eden, "The Secret Woman" (Methuen), 6/0; Meredith, E., "Heart of My Heart" (Methuen), 6/0; Gowing, Mrs. Aylmer, "Lord of Himself" (Long), 6/0; Yorke, Curtis, "Olive Kinsella" (Long), 6/0; Forbes, Lady Helen, "The Provincials" (Long), 6/0; Forster, R. H., "Strained Allegiance" (Long), 6/0; Warden, Florence, "The Face in the Flashlight" (Long), 6/0; Barrett, Frank, "The Night of Reckoning" (Long), 6/0; Barbour, A. M., "At the Time Appointed" (Lippincott), 6/0; Mitchell, S. W., "New Samaria" (Lippincott), 3/6; Tytler, Sarah, "Favours from France" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Appleton, G. W., "The Luck of Bella Barton" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Sergeant, Adeline, "Celina's Fortune" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Hume, Fergus, "The Mandarin's Fan" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Foster, J. M., "The Furnace of Fortune" (Henderson), 0/3; Orczy, Baroness (Mrs. Montague Barstow), "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Greening), 6/0; Brown, Katharine H., "Diane" (Heinemann), 6/0; Cotterell, Constance, "The Virgin and the Scales" (Methuen), 6/0; Lovat, A. F., "Mouncey and Others" (Glasgow: Bryoe), 2/6 net; Roberts, Morley, "Lady Penelope" (White), 6/0; Young, F. E., "The War of the Sexes" (Long), 6/0; Preston-Maddock, J. E., "From the Clutch of the Sea" (Long), 6/0; Forestier-Walker, C., "The Doll's Dance" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Black, Maye H., "Stories from Balladland" (Digby, Long), 3/6.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Saint George," "Scottish Historical Review," "The Forum," "International Journal of Ethics," "Indian Magazine," "The Ancestor," "South Place Magazine," "Journal of Philology," "Lippincott's," "The London," "Mind," "Art," "Baconiana," "Review of Reviews," "The Cosmopolitan," "North American Review," "Pictorial Comedy," "New Africa," "Book News," "Edinburgh Review," "Church Quarterly Review," "English Historical Review."

Booksellers' Catalogues

- Mr. Bertram Dobell (*Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century English*), 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C.; Mr. Thomas Thorp (*General*), 100 St. Martin's Lane, W.C., and at Reading; Mr. Francis Edwards (*Dramatic Literature*), 83 High Street, Marylebone, W.

Foreign

New Edition

- Piranesi, G., Le Case degli Alighieri (Firenze: Francesco Lumachi).

Fiction

- Ἑλλάς, Ζωὴ καὶ Ἀγάπη σὺν μοῦσῃ (Paris: H. Welter), 10f.

Periodicals, &c.

- "Anales de la Universidad" (Santiago de Chile: Imprenta Cervantes), "L'Occident," "Mercure de France," "Revue Germanique."

Forthcoming Books, &c.

Mr. T. Sturge Moore's volume on "Albert Dürer," which Messrs. Duckworth will publish this month, aims at putting the man and his work before us in relation to general ideas. It is not an historical abstract or a record of research and discovery, but rather an examination of standards, ideals, and influences. By the kindness of the Dürer Society there will be included among the illustrations four of their copperplates.—Mr. Heinemann will publish on the 25th of this month "A Belle of the Fifties," being the Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama.—Love and courtship in a quiet cathedral town form the theme of Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "An Act in a Backwater," which Mr. Heinemann announces for the same date.

My Book of Memory

BOOKMEN as a rule are fond of pictures as well as of books, but I do not know that an affection for music is common among them. Pictures find a place in almost every bookish home I have the pleasure to know, and for myself if ever I have the money spare, upon a collection of paintings and engravings of London past and present shall it be expended. As I turn over the pages of my book of memory, my mental diary, I find that next in number to the entries concerning books come those concerning music, which has ever been a solace and delight to me. For detailed consolation and joy I have looked to my books. But there are moods in which I do not ask for any set and formal conversation, in which I crave for something akin to the message of the wind, the rain, the skies, the sea, a message inarticulate but clear, songs without words. Such messages, it seems to me, does music convey. There are hours of sorrow when the words and sympathy of even the dearest must jar upon me: at such times I can listen to a great music and be soothed and helped. Then also there are moments when everything in the world appears to me to be hard and wrong, when it is necessary for my refreshment that I should be lifted out of this world, and by what art can this be better done than by that of music? I may not know the mood of the composer when he wrote the strains that so deeply appeal to me and help me, I may not even have any understanding of the thing he has striven to say, I may find in his melodies that which he never put there, the very music that soothes me may exhilarate you, but what need I reckon of all this? I know this music does come home to my bosom, does lighten my burden for me; that is all I ask of it.

I suppose I am growing old-fashioned, for to me much of modern music is mere noise or pedantry. There are composers—living and dead—who I am told are great, but they touch me not; they seem to me to speak with effort, or often to talk when they have nothing to say; they appear to me complex, insincere, uninspired: it is as if it were impossible to them to set forth sublime music, they mistake complexity for sublimity, fury for greatness. Similar is the case with many writers of books and painters of pictures. He that hath a message to deliver can best deliver it in a language understood of all people; Carlyle, Meredith, Browning, Wagner, Strauss—surely they are all the less great in that always in some cases, often in others, they speak a language which has to be studied if not interpreted. This complexity is confined almost entirely to the moderns; the old masters achieved their splendid results by simpler methods. Then I suppose I am wrong in thirsting for melody, melodies shapely and complete, such as appeal not to our younger school of composers: to them a melody is a tune and therefore abomination. Not one of them, an he could, would condescend to write another unfinished symphony such as Schubert's. Yet all the deathless music we have, the music that lives to-day and was born many a yesterday ago, glows with melody: and though it is foolish to indulge in prediction, I do believe that the centuries to come will echo with the music of Wagner that is melodious, as most of it is, not hearing anything of that which he has given us—confused and—if I may apply the word to music—verbose. Heresy! Heresy! Yes, maybe it is so, according to those who do not agree with me; and they may be altogether right in their opinions, but I endeavour to set down no false entry in

my mental diary, and these opinions I hold and have held always.

With a friend of mine I have listened to much music, always with common enjoyment, for we have only heard together that which we both admire. He, however, is a stern partisan, a modern of moderns, and laughs at me for my comprehensive love. I in turn laugh at him, for surely mine is the better part; I do not think that there is any admittedly great composer for much of whose music I have not an admiration. Bach, Corelli, Handel, Gluck, Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Berlioz, Wagner, Nicolai, Liszt, Grieg, Elgar—all and others have their splendours for me, but for him some of them are dogs unfortunately not dumb. There is no moral question at stake, not one even of artistic morality, so in the end I am the happier of the two in that more and more varied pleasures are mine. Then, too, I know those to whom opera is delightful, but for whom there are no charms in orchestral or chamber music; again, all appeal to me, with varied strength at varied times. One day my brain or my heart may be sick, then opera or chamber music would not fulfil my craving; I seek out to hear a majestic symphony by Beethoven or a song by Schubert, and my thirst is quenched. At other times I desire to lose myself in a world of stimulating sound, of the pageantry of music; then for me "Die Meistersinger" above all operas—or music dramas—or Charpentier's "Louise," or —, or —. Such music intoxicates me, making me mentally drunk. How keenly I recall one summer night some years ago; the labour of the day had been harassing; but what cared I, knowing that the evening was to be spent with the Mastersingers of Nuremberg? The theatre was hushed, the world forgotten, as the strains of that glorious introduction began to stream forth, everything forgotten before this magic music. The hours flew by, in the goodly company of Hans Sachs, David, Walter, Pogner—in the goodly company of magnificent melodies; at last the curtain fell and I went out into the night, heeding not the jostling, shouting crowd, out and along the empty streets—for it was midnight—and so home beneath the moon, my head awl with music and my heart stirred to its depths. I sat for an hour or more by the open window of my chamber, too stirred to think of slumber, realising how much music means to those who love it.

As for songs, who shall say what power they wield? Songs merry, songs martial, songs sorrowful; songs sung in church or other meeting place by a thousand voices, bringing tears to the eyes of some and high beating blood to the cheeks of others: Christmas carols, with their echo of simple beliefs long since made complex; the song of the troops marching to fight; the song sung by a woman's voice in the twilight—ah me, no pen can quite describe *that*, we have all *felt* it.

Yes, yes, next to my books my music and my pictures: faith, if I be not a happy man then indeed must I be one cantankerous, at whom fate will throw up her hands as at an ingrate.

E. G. O.

The Repertoire Theatre

AT last, after Heaven knows how much of scribbling and chattering, interlarded with a few earnest attempts such as those of the Stage Society and of Mr. Vedrenne at the Court, a project for a Repertoire Theatre in London has actually been launched. The scheme which has long been under con-

sideration was made public a few days since by its originator, Mr. J. T. Grein, who, out of his practical knowledge and experience, has evolved a plan which holds forth excellent promise, firstly of putting the whole matter seriously to the test, and secondly of founding a permanent theatre should the test prove successful.

There are five chief points to be considered: (1) public support, (2) the theatre, (3) the actors, (4) the repertoire, (5) finances.

1. Will the public, in sufficient numbers to render it a paying concern, attend an artistically conducted Repertoire Theatre? I think they will, and for these reasons: that the Stage Society with its admirable performances has flourished, so also have the plays so well produced by Mr. Vedrenne at the Court Theatre during the last autumn; then there is so little competition in London, where musical comedy rules the roast. Mr. Otho Stuart at the Adelphi Theatre has shown that there is a public that cares for poetic drama and for Shakespeare—"The Taming of the Shrew"—finely acted in bold Elizabethan style and not overweighted with gorgeous scenery and costumes; lastly, the German Theatre, appealing only to a very small number of people, has taken firm root. I believe that there is a very considerable body of playgoers ready to support, from the first, an adequate Repertoire Theatre, and that the very existence of such a theatre will gradually win the favour of the public at large.

2. When it has been proved that a Repertoire Theatre is not only demanded but will pay its way, a home for it can and should be built or bought; meanwhile, for the experimental stage, a theatre can be hired; one not too big, or too sumptuous, or too costly, but comfortable, large enough to hold a sufficient audience and with stage accommodation adequate for the production of the plays chosen.

3. There are many capable and some first-rate actors and actresses who, through no fault of their own, but owing to the exigencies of the commercial theatre, are frequently, if not entirely, unemployed. The actor's profession is indeed hazardous to-day, when engagements are usually made only for the run of a piece which may not hit the public fancy or for a tour of the provinces which may end abruptly and disastrously, and when in London there is not a single stock company. From these a first-rate all-round company of players could be selected, "stars" being rigorously avoided, no player being paid a salary of more than, say, £20 per week, engagements being made for a year with the option of continuance, and every actor and actress being bound to play any character offered by the director of the theatre.

4. The repertoire will consist of good plays of old and of recent days and of new plays. At first it would be difficult to tackle Shakespeare, but there are many old comedies—Congreve's, Wycherley's, Steele's, Farquhar's, Goldsmith's, Sheridan's—which could easily be mounted and acted for a week or three nights at a time. As to recent writers surely they and the managers who hold the rights of their plays will not grudge to the Repertoire Theatre the use of some of their earlier successes? In fact, in this way the Repertoire Theatre should prove a godsend to the theatrical manager, stimulating public interest in a dramatist's latest by the reproduction of some of his earlier works. As for new plays, they will be carefully selected, carefully mounted, carefully played, and—no longer run than six consecutive days or several weeks of three days being permitted—many new plays and new dramatists, if such there be, will face the footlights during the year.

5. But the well-being of the whole depends upon

management and finance. Mr. Grein is not merely a dramatic critic of repute, but has, with the German Theatre and elsewhere, gained invaluable practical knowledge of the working and successful maintenance of a Repertoire Theatre. As director he will associate with himself a trustee, who will represent the interests of the guarantors, who will be asked to provide the necessary funds to enable the theatre to tide over the first and most dangerous days and to ensure the undertaking of a start. Three years would be by no means too long an experimental stage, and would require a guarantee fund of some £25,000; but failing the promise of that amount, the minimum useful experiment of one year can surely be carried out with a guarantee fund of, say, £8,000 to £10,000. Half of the guarantee should be cash to meet immediate expenses and the expenditure necessary before the curtain can rise on the opening night.

When thousands and thousands are being expended on luxuries of every sort, when every other art—painting, music, literature—is being encouraged by public support, is it not but little to ask the guarantee of a few thousands, so that a fair trial may be made to establish a Repertoire Theatre in London? Not only is the plan fully matured, but the organisation as regards its chief officers is in working order. The day that sufficient support is received work can begin. Space only permitted dealing with the outlines of the scheme, but I hope to return to the matter next week. It is to be hoped that many readers of THE ACADEMY will be willing to come forward as guarantors—of any sum, however small or however big, £10 to £1,000. Full details of the scheme will be sent on application to the Secretary, the Repertoire Theatre, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.

Lamb's Enfield Residences

WRITING to his friend Hood in the autumn of 1827 Lamb tells him that he and Mary had finally torn themselves from Colebrooke Row and were about to domiciliate for good in Enfield. Their first home in that village was what is now called "The Poplars," but in its present state so enlarged and altered as to bear no resemblance to its appearance in Lamb's time. In this house they remained for two years, and then removed next door to lodge with an honest couple—the Westwoods. In connection with the latter house a writer, about two years ago, called attention to "an interesting point which seems to have escaped the attention of biographers and commentators," the "interesting point" being that Lamb, so the writer stated, had in one of his letters described the house as situated "*forty-two inches nearer town*"; whereas the "*Westwood Cottage*" would be *forty-two inches further from town*." Having made the latter discovery, he asked: "Was this the house of the Westwoods or was Lamb's description of the location of their new lodgings an example of his extravagant humour, meant to confuse his friends?" and ended as follows: "Attempts have been made to solve this seeming riddle, but so far without success."

The supposed statement of Lamb's that his house was "*forty-two inches nearer town*" appears to have been accepted on the authority of the late Canon Ainger in his "Life of Charles Lamb" and that of Mr. B. E. Martin in his book "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb." If the writer had only referred to the letter he would himself have been enabled to solve the "seeming riddle" without much trouble. What Lamb wrote

is just the reverse of what he is credited with having written. Here are his own words in a letter to William Ayrton dated March 14, 1830: "We have an asylum at the very next door (only *twenty-four* inches *further* from town, which is not material in a country expedition)."

It may seem rather late in the day to call attention to the matter now, but as there still appears to be considerable confusion in regard to the Lambs' two Enfield residences, as will be seen from the following, it may not be altogether out of place to do so.

In "The Pall Mall Gazette" for December 29 last a correspondent who with an American friend on the anniversary of Lamb's death visited most of Lamb's London and suburban haunts, is quoted in a literary article ("The Book World") as follows: "So we betook ourselves by way of Liverpool Street to Enfield, there to find that the habitation of the superannuated Elia is yawning for want of tenants. It was there that Westwood, the Cheapside haberdasher, retired upon 'forty pounds a year and one anecdote,' and there also that he took Charles and Mary Lamb to live with him. The house has no outside attraction, being merely a stucco and commonplace affair, with a dozen staring windows and a portico of the forbidding type most prevalent in Pimlico." This house with the "stucco" front and "portico of forbidding type" is *not* the one in which the Westwoods lived, as was pointed out by the Cheapside haberdasher's son in "Notes and Queries" for November 23, 1872. It appears that S. C. Hall, in his article on Lamb in "The Art Journal" for 1865, had given a view of the house which he claimed to be the "odd-looking, gambogish-coloured house"—the Lambs' first Enfield residence—but which Westwood declared to be the one in which he himself was born and in which the Lambs took up their abode when they gave up housekeeping—"ridded ourselves of the cares of dirty acres," as Elia described it. Thomas Westwood's little article is so truly delightful that I may perhaps be pardoned if I quote an extract from it:

"The sketch in question represents (faithfully enough) the house of Lamb's next-door neighbour, in which he spent several years, and in a little back parlour of which (be it venerated henceforth!) looking out through a cluster of apple trees towards the New River and Epping Hills, some portion of his "Last Essays of Elia" were written. In that house I was born; in that back parlour, at Lamb's elbow, much of my youthful leisure was spent. I see the room now; the brisk fire in the grate, the lighted card-table some paces off, Charles and Mary Lamb and Emma Isola (the 'Isola Bella whom the poets love') seated around it, playing whist; the old books thronging the old bookshelves; the Titian and Da Vinci engravings on the walls and in the spaces between Emma Isola's pretty copies in Indian ink of the prints in Bagster's edition of the "Compleat Angler." That was its usual evening aspect; but at times there were great receptions—friends of the poets—never-to-be-forgotten gatherings. Oh! then—for I was a book-loving, poet-worshipping lad—my heart gladdened and greatened; then I drank in, with insatiate ear, the inspired talk of Christopher North, and Wordsworth, of Procter, Hunt, Hood and many more. . . . I see that room once more, dismantled, disenchanted, the familiar presences vanished for ever, the hearth cold. In my last Enfield vision of Lamb, he is walking by the side of an open cart, laden with his books, his face set towards London."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

The Future of the Sun

MODERN astronomy has taught us that the sun is the central portion of a great nebula which has been shrinking for many hundreds of millions of years. The shrinkage is due to the force of gravitation, the centre of the sun being the centre of gravity of the original nebula and of the present solar system. The sun, of course, is not burning as a fire burns: that is to say, no oxidation is occurring within him, his temperature being indeed much too high to permit of the occurrence of any chemical combination. As far as we know, the sun's heat, to which all life on the earth is due, is derived solely from the energy released in virtue of his gravitational shrinkage. A diminution in the sun's diameter of about sixteen inches per annum would account for all the energy emitted by him. At present we are without evidence that radium is present in the sun, though the occurrence in his atmosphere of helium, which is known to be derived from radium in terrestrial laboratories, makes it appear not improbable, despite the lack of any evidence from the spectroscope, that there may be radium in the sun. However, as far as we at present know, it is the force of gravitation that supplies the sun with his power and therefore the earth with its life. The energy utilised in your reading of this article is, in the long run, gravitational energy.

Now if there be any cosmic force that is uniform and constant in its action, it is gravitation; and if there be any source of power that is commonly thought of as constant and trustworthy, it is the sun. It may be true that he belongs to the category of yellow stars, supposed to be falling in temperature, and destined, within an appreciable time, to become red-hot and finally black; but, at any rate, nothing calamitous is going to happen in our time—the sun may fairly be counted upon.

But it appears that this is only partially true. In the first place, there are the sun-spots, discovered by Galileo nearly three centuries ago. Though astronomers cannot tell us their nature, yet it is positively known that they cause variations in the electric state of our atmosphere and always affect the magnetic needle. In so far, then, the sun cannot be regarded as a constant or invariable source of energy. Further, we know that there are numerous bright sun-spots, besides the dark ones to which the name usually refers; and these also are variable.

But quite recently Professor S. P. Langley, one of the foremost of American astronomers, has adduced evidence which points to a striking, if not an ominous, conclusion. He is the inventor of an instrument called the bolometer, which is an almost incredibly sensitive thermometer or heat measurer, and is said to be able to indicate the heat radiated from a human face distant one-third of a mile. Nevertheless, the possession of so sensitive an instrument does not suffice to record any possible variations in the heat we receive from the sun until numerous sources of fallacy, due to atmospheric variation, are eliminated. This, however, Professor Langley has succeeded in doing; and here are his results.

He believes that at the end of March 1903, contemporaneously with a marked increase in sun-spots, something happened in the sun that caused a rapid fall in the solar radiation, which subsequently has continued to be about *ten per cent. less than before!* What the cause of this fall may have been we cannot conjecture; but it is interesting to inquire what consequences it

had for the earth. According to Professor Langley, such a change in the sun would reduce the temperature of the earth's surface by something less than 7.5° Centigrade. Now when attention is directed to the exact observations made at eighty-nine stations in the North Temperate Zone, and when these are compared with the results of many previous years, it is found that a definite fall of more than two degrees did actually occur; nor is it possible to conceive "what influence, not solar, could have produced this rapid and *simultaneous* reduction of temperatures over the whole North Temperate Zone, and continued operative for so long a period."

Whilst we remain ignorant of the cause of this solar change we cannot make any predictions as to its persistence or possible accentuation. All we can conclude is that our tenure of this "lukewarm bullet" is perhaps not so certain as some of us have thought.

But my real purpose in writing this article has been to draw attention to the extreme interest and importance of contemporary work in astronomy. Only the other day I was asked whether astronomy had not practically exhausted itself, little more being left to do than the gaining of greater precision as to the weights and distances of the heavenly bodies. Never was greater delusion. The telescope, perhaps, has already won its greatest triumphs; but the spectroscope is only beginning to realise its possibilities. (I need hardly say that the spectroscope was indispensable for Professor Langley's observations.) This instrument has not only told us that which Comte declared we should never know—the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies—but it is enabling us to write a few scattered chapters of cosmic history. By its means the student is learning to classify the stars, to state whether they are in climax or decline, and to indicate their motion *in the line of sight*, when the telescope can tell us nothing.

We may yet expect from the new astronomy a detailed prediction as to the future of the sun; a determination of the question whether or not our stellar universe is finite; an explanation of its arrangement in a plane (the plane of the Milky Way), and of many other great questions. Lastly, let me note a recent observation, which bears on the future of the sun and his family. It has been shown that the "proper motion" of the solar system is not at any one of the infinite number of possible angles to the plane of the Galaxy, but is in that plane. If it should be found, as seems probable, that all the stars move, or are coming to move, in this plane we must conceive of our Universe as a flat disc bounded by the great circle of the Milky Way. It remains to be wondered whether it is rotating, and whether it is moving as a whole through infinite space. C. W. SALEEBY.

The Impressionists

IT was my intention to write further upon the Internationals this week, and upon the genius of the French sculptor Rodin in particular; but I have been among the French Impressionists all day, and they have taken possession of my pen. There are some men's masterpieces that, seen for the first time, almost overwhelm one with astonishment, with a strange wonder, at the greatness of the achievement; and surely he who stands before Manet's superb nude where she lies upon her white bed in his celebrated "Olympia" at the Luxembourg in Paris must realise that the French nation possesses one of the greatest masterpieces of the

nineteenth century. The splendid technique, the largeness of the conception, the intense beauty of the colouring, the exquisite modelling, the power of the thing, affect one as the greatness of the Greek statue, "The Venus of Milo," at the Louvre affects one, with that strange wonder that is felt before the creative power that lies in man's hand. To say that such a masterpiece may be seen amongst Manet's works exhibited in London to-day would be childish; but there are two canvases by this very great man, two gloriously representative works, which ought to belong to the English nation—the "Afternoon Music in the Tuileries Gardens, 1860" and at least the small study of fish called "Still Life," if the portrait of "Miss Eva Gonzalés," as is very likely, is beyond purchase. As examples of mastery of craftsmanship and beauty of colour the English student should have the advantage of seeing such pieces constantly. The impressionist landscape-painter Monet is represented by a picture of dead "Pheasants," which should be secured by the nation at all costs—it is an unforgettable thing. It would be well to have in addition one of his two fine pictures of Rouen Cathedral in snow to increase the nation's riches, with, let us say, the "Environs of Argenteuil" as specimens of this master's vibrant artistry, which should have a healthy and invigorating effect on English students. But the "Pheasants" alone, with its marvellous qualities of colour, even to the painting of the white cloth on which the dead birds lie, would add incalculable treasure to the national collection of art. Of Pissarro's work, the nation should acquire without fail the "View of Sydenham," a masterly piece of painting as well as of colour, and the powerful "The Pont Neuf—Afternoon Sun," a veritable masterpiece. Sisley could be worse known to the coming generations of English students than by his Corot-esque and beautiful "The Seine at Bougival." Whilst Degas, a most unequal artist (for all the exaggerative praise and abuse he has lived through), though he cannot be represented in the national collections by his immortal "Absinthe," should be known to us by his "Carriage at the Races," by the vivid and dramatic "At the Theatre—While the Curtain Falls," which is a glorious pastel in his best manner, and by "The Ironer." Boudin's landscapes, so fragrant of the land that lies on the water's edge, could be worse represented than by his delightful "Bathing-time at Trouville." If these pictures could be secured for England our art would gain enormously thereby; and these masters, the makers of a vivid and vital advance in technical achievement, would be known at something like their real value, instead of being known, as is much more likely to be the case, by their more tentative or more exaggerative efforts—a thing that is of incalculable harm to the student. Needless to say, most of the critics are talking, and will talk, much ridiculous over-praise of the work by the French Impressionists on view in London to-day, to make up for the stupid neglect of the past. But the work of these Frenchmen at their best it would be difficult to overrate. The great beauty which men like Manet and Monet, Degas and Pissarro

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and Sisley could get out of a flat coat of green or grey, the atmosphere they could win from the bravura of their vivid craft, the harmonies they could weave from the right use of greys and greens and black, the colour and life they could get out of the use of the variants of white alone, are lessons that every Englishman would do well to appreciate and to cultivate. Their mastery of pattern, of arrangement, and of the vitalities that lie in colour, will keep their names immortal and their art fresh and vivid. There will probably never be such a chance of securing so fine a group of works by the great impressionist school of France; and it will be a thousand pities if it be lost. England to-day has a great opportunity.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Monthly Prize Competition AWARD

JAPAN

By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

To approach so intricate, so deeply involved and so many-sided a subject as the interpretation of Japanese ethical development in any spirit save one of earnest and humble inquiry would be nothing short of gross arrogance on the part of the casual reader. Ten years ago such a volume as that now before us would have had an audience fit, but few indeed. To-day, thanks to recent events in the East and the deep national interest taken in their progress, there are few, ranking themselves among educated and broad-minded persons, whose reading has not led them into latitudes bearing on the subject.

In the popular view the picturesque has long been the dominant feature in the Japanese landscape. Mr. Hearn, than whom few men are better qualified to do so, has boldly lifted the veil, and, looking beneath the picturesque, with the clear sight and calm judgment of the discerning sociologist, has laid his finger on the keynote of the national characteristics of Japan of to-day, the wondrous antique fabric of the Shinto cult.

His first ten chapters are mainly devoted to a study—concise, practical and always interesting—of evolution, of primitive ancestor-worship in Japan, which is compared with the early stages of the Greek and Roman mythology.

To this source Mr. Hearn traces the growth of the splendid loyalty and proved patriotism of the modern Japanese; traces also their extraordinary lack of individualism, their slavish subjection to customs and conventions, the heavy yoke of an ancient rule of the dead.

The very politeness, the urbane orderliness of the people, the very absence of violence and crime, he shows to be the outcome of centuries, tens of centuries, of rigid discipline and control, of utter absence of individual freedom of thought or speech or deed. As Mr. Hearn points out, the Japan of to-day is not a world of the twentieth century after Christ, but a world of many centuries before Christ; yet this fact remains unrecognised by many people to this day.

This is Mr. Hearn's chief point in emphasising the absolute impossibility of sympathy between the mind of the Occident and that of the Far East. In point of view we stand as far apart as pole from pole. The Japanese idea is the outcome of a human experience evolutionally thousands of years younger than our own. Further, it stands in an entirely different trend of evolution from any through which our Aryan state ever passed.

To this fact is attributed the failure, the seeming hopelessness, of implanting in such a people the seeds of Western Christianity. The very activity of their intelligence makes their religious conservatism more formidable than in less fanatic, more barbarous nations. The introduction of Christianity means an uprooting of all that the nation holds sacred, all the religious cult of the dead, all the antique structure on which rests the Empire of the Heavenly Ones—an uprooting inseparable from a proper conception of Western Christianity.

The chances for a Christianity adapted to fit in and be assimilated, as were the general principles of Buddhism, with the harmless and revered forms of Shinto, Mr. Hearn considers to have been demolished by the disastrous effects and evil influence of the Jesuit Mission of the sixteenth century. To quote one of the author's pithy sentences:

"The real and avowed object of missions is defeated by persistent indifference to sociological truths, and the martyrdoms and sacrifices are utilised by Christian nations for ends essentially opposed to the spirit of Christianity."

Late in the story of the world Japan has gone to school; in a spirit of juvenility she is learning in a few years the lessons acquired with the pains of centuries by her Western allies, learning them with a quick intelligence of slow maturity.

On the foundations of strict suppression of individual entity, on a creed of supreme unselfishness, on the religion of unflinching duty, Japan stands to-day with the key to the West in her hand. Will she turn it and take her place among the peoples of the Occident?

The perusal of this "Attempt at Interpretation" leads us to answer in the affirmative.

MADGE S. SMITH.

REGULATIONS.

We shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 ls., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 ls. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *THE ACADEMY*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

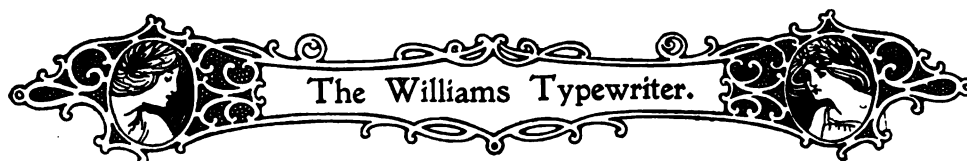
VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than February 13.

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"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

NOTE.

THE LEGEND OF PERSEPHONE.—It does not seem quite certain that Persephone was gathering daffodils when Pluto carried her off. Ovid says: "Ipse crocos tenues, liliacque alba legit" ("Fasti," iv. 442). This differs from the version in the Homeric Hymns (Hymn to Demeter). Here it is stated that Zeus, in order to help Pluto, caused a wonderful daffodil, or narcissus, with a hundred blossoms, to spring from the earth. Persephone was so attracted by the flowers that she was easily carried away. There is no reason to suppose that Persephone fell asleep and was then carried off. The following details are given by Ovid:

Carpenti studio paulatim longius itur
Et dominam casu nulla secuta comes.
Hanc videt et visam patruus velociter aufert, &c.
("Fasti," iv. 443-445.)—Percy Selver.

Questions SHAKESPEARE.

MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.—In estimating the value of money in Shakespeare's day compared with its relative value in our own time I find considerable difficulty in coming to a conclusion as to the proportion that should be rightly assigned to each. Mr. Sidney Lee puts the average income of Shakespeare before 1599 at £130, which he says is "equal to £1,040 of to-day"—that is, eight times more. Other critics do not put the increase so high, and if we consider that the prices for admission in the public theatres such as the Globe ranged from 2d. to 2s. 6d. we must be surprised at the wealth of the ordinary spectators, who could afford to pay from 1s. 4d. to 20s. of our money to see a play. If any of your readers could throw light on this question it would be a favour.—D. R. Clark (Glasgow).

SHAKESPEARE AND EPICETUS.—Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher, in one of his discourses said (according to translation): "Remember that thou art an actor in a play of such a part as it may please the director to assign thee; of a short part if he choose a short part, of a long one if he choose a long one." Can it be that the familiar quotation from Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage," originated from Epictetus?—Hastings Shaddick (Barnstable).

THE LADY OF STRACHY.—Who is the lady of the Strachy mentioned by Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," II. v.?—H.J.M.

LITERATURE.

"JOWNED."—R. L. Stevenson concludes one of his letters thus: "I am, Sir, yours, and be jowned to you, R. L. S." If R. L. S. did not coin this word by whom was it previously used and what does it mean?—I.B. (Gateshead).

STELLA'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.—In his "Journal to Stella," Letter XXVII., Swift writes: "Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible." In Letter XXXII. he asks: "Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray?" There is, apparently, no reason why Stella should have been without Biblical knowledge. Her eyes were weak, but that is hardly an excuse. Can anyone give an explanation?—H.J.M.

"ARCADES AMBO."—How has this Vergilian phrase come to be used as an equivalent for simpletons or knaves, and which is the prior significance?—Robert B. Boswell.

SATAN AS GOD'S APE.—Tertullian is stated to be the authority for giving to Satan the name of "God's ape"; but I cannot verify the reference, and doubt whether this is so. Can any reader assist me in the matter?—Robert B. Boswell.

LES MAGES.—What are the chief characteristics of this school of modern French poets (mentioned in Tolstoy's "What is Art")?—E.D.J. (Barnmouth).

TRUTH.—Could any reader say who it was who defined "truth" as "that which the world will neither believe nor accept"?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

The river is deep, it runneth slow,
You cannot tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth death.

From a faint recollection of the poem, read long ago in a magazine, to which this verse is the burden, the river runs "on the skirts of Cambridge town," but whether the poem was English or American—whether the Cam or the Charles is meant—I cannot say.—A.H. (Sheffield).

GENERAL.

APPLAUSE.—What is the origin of clapping the hands to express approval or satisfaction?—David White.

"SWINGING A CAT ROUND."—What is the origin of the expression "There isn't sufficient room to swing a cat round"? And why a cat?—W.S. (Leves).

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—I have lately visited Arundel Castle, and was there shown a room where tradition says Alfred "burnt the cakes." Can you tell me whether this is really the true place of this deed? So many places claim to have been the scene of this tale.—M. Howlett (Bury).

"TIB'S EVE."—In "Roget's Thesaurus," &c., I recently came across the term "Tib's Eve," meaning *never*. Can any one tell me how the term originated and the name of the originator? Shakespeare uses the term "tib," but not in connection with time.—John Everard.

* THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN.—In Scott's "Kenilworth," on page 16 of the large-type Border Edition of his works, I have come across the following words: "Here be a set of good fellows willing to be merry; do not scowl on them like the devil looking over Lincoln." To what legend does Scott refer when alluding to the "devil looking over Lincoln"?—R.H.B. (Blackburn).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"SIR" FOR "REVEREND."—*Dominus* or *Sir* was the title given to priests who had not obtained the University degree of *Magister*. Many of the Romish clergy who had passed through the Universities but had not graduated became priests, and these received as "Pope's Knights" the title of "Sir." This was the case before the Reformation, and "Sir Hugh," "Sir Oliver," and "Sir Topas" were characters whom Shakespeare drew from those who must have been quite common in his day.—D. R. Clark.

"SIR" FOR "REVEREND."—"Sir" in this connection means a University graduate, which every parson was presumed to be; just as at the present time a physician is popularly called a doctor. The word in this sense is, I believe, still in use at Queen's College, Oxford, where, for certain official purposes, it is prefixed to the surnames of resident bachelors of arts. Thus "Sir Smith" is "Mr. Smith, B.A."—William Cuthbert Childs.
[Replies also received from Hilda M. Wood; M.S.; and K.C.B. (Chelsea).]

WAS SHAKESPEARE A SCHOOLMASTER?—"The only external testimony worth anything—and its value is not slight—is the tradition that he was for some time an assistant in a school" (Garnett and Gosse's "English Literature: an Illustrated Record," ii. 145).—F.C.T.B.

DUCCAME.—Further replies from L.L.; H. Kingston; Hilda M. Wood; and M.A.C. (Cambridge).

LITERATURE.

* "ROBINSON CRUSOE."—The following occurs in Sir H. Ellis's "Letters of Eminent Literary Men" (published 1843), being a quotation from a memorandum in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, Poet Laureate: "July 10th, 1774.—In the year 1759 I was told by the Reverend Mr. Hollaway, rector of Middleton Stoney, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, whilst prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe' merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower and was one of his pamphlet-writers: that De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. . . . Mr. Hollaway was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good Orientalist, author of some theological tracts, . . . &c."—W. L. Harle (Falsfield).

AUTHORS FOUND.—The lines "If you loved only what were worth your love," &c., are found in R. Browning's "Dramatis Personae," James Lee, vii. "Among the Rocks."—Edward T. Quinn (Ballybrack).

THE TREES BEGAN TO WHISPER.—Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." Further replies received from Lilac; C.R.W.; M.A.C. (Cambridge); F.C.T.B. (Lyne Regis); and L.L.

"There is sweet music here. . . ." The well-known quotation attached to Burne-Jones's "Green Summer" is the first two lines of the Choric Song in Tennison's "Lotus Eaters."—Wm. Ranby (Coventry).
[Replies also from H. B. Foyster (Hastings); and L.L.B. (Richmond).]

GENERAL.

* "A BRICK."—This phrase is of very ancient origin. Plutarch, in his "Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta," tells this story. On one occasion an Ambassador on a visit was shown over the principal towns of Sparta, and remarked that he found no walls reared for defence. The King replied that if he would go with him on the following morning he would show him the walls of Sparta. Accordingly the next morning he led his guest out on to the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts he said, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, ten thousand men, and every man a brick."—Hilda M. Wood (Manchester).

"A BRICK."—I take the following from an old scrapbook, dated 1861: "When you say, in a phrase which is now quite common, such and such a man is a 'brick,' do you think of or do you know the origin of it? It is this: An Eastern Prince, on being asked 'Where are the fortifications of your city?' replied, pointing to his soldiers, 'Every man you see is a brick.'—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

"A BRICK."—According to the Century Dictionary, the origin of the expression "You are a brick" is uncertain. One explanation is that it arose in the English Universities as a humorous translation of Aristotle's *εσπερπαγματος ἀνρίπ*, a perfect (lit. square or rectangular) man.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

"ORDER REIGNS IN WARSAW."—The insurrection which broke out at Warsaw on November 29, 1830, was finally suppressed on September 8, 1831. Eight days later General Sebastiani made the announcement to the Chamber of Deputies in the following words: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie."—Eduard M. Borrajo (Guildhall).

[Replies also from E. T. Quinn; R.S. (Sunderland); C.R.W.; and W.M. (Aberdeen).]

PORT ARTHUR.—Further replies received from W. L. Harle; A.K.M. (Coatbridge); C.R.W.; K.C.; and K.S. (Bristol).

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."—Replies have been received from Hilda M. Wood; Lilac; M.A.C. (Cambridge); H.L.L. (Liverpool); and K.S. (Bristol).

BOHEMIAN.—Replies also received from K.W. (Stockholm); Lilac; Hilda M. Wood; G.H.S. (Brentford); and K.S. (Bristol).

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Notes

THE Editorial Chair of this Journal after this present issue will be occupied by another, to whom I desire to offer all good wishes. Also I desire to take this opportunity of thanking my readers for their kind support, which I trust will be given as freely to my successor as it has been to myself. All Editorial communications must in future be addressed to The Editor, THE ACADEMY, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE vexed question of American Copyright, which has quite recently been ventilated from different points of view in the columns of "The Standard," receives further publicity in a quaint and characteristic article by Mark Twain in the current number of "The North American Review." With obvious sincerity and typical *naïveté* the veteran humourist puts the case in the form of a dialogue between himself and an anonymous protagonist, who has (naturally) much the worst of the argument. According to Mark Twain, five or six thousand books are copyrighted annually in the United States; of these ten a year, at the outside, survive the forty-two year copyright limit. "Each year ten venerable copyrights fall in, and the bread of ten persons is taken from them by the Government. This microscopic petty larceny is all that is accomplished. . . . a distinct reversal of the law of the survival of the fittest. It is the assassination of the fittest."

THIS is very pretty pleading, and allowing for the necessary Transatlantic inflation of the eternal verities, it sufficiently accentuates the unfairness of the situation. But Mark Twain has a remedy. It is this: "That, during the forty-second year of the copyright limit, the owner of the copyright shall be obliged to issue an edition of the book at these following rates, to wit: twenty-five cents for each hundred thousand words, or less, of its contents, and keep said edition on sale always thereafter, year after year, indefinitely. And if in any year he shall fail to keep such edition on sale during a space of three months, the copyright shall then perish"—which is very optimistic and Utopian and desirable and impossible and altogether very Mark Twainish. The argument put forth is sufficiently specious to lure the unwary into belief; but it seems, on careful consideration, to lack a solid business, commercial, financial basis, and it seems scarcely feasible in its present presentment.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable article in this month's "Independent Review" is that of Mr. Thorold's, on "The Ideas of Anatole France." In our chauvinistic insularity we are wont to pay little or no attention to the

literary achievements of our cross-Channel neighbours, and to put it brusquely, the average reading Briton does not think much of a Frenchman until he is dead—and not always then. Nevertheless, there is now and then a spasmodic interest, awakened no one knows exactly how or why, in a contemporary writer who, whether or not "crowned by the Academy," happens to excite the interest of something more than a couple of dozen subscribers to Mudie's. Such an one is M. Anatole France, who (with profoundest apologies to several British novelists with "the biggest circulation") is quite an important author—and an artist, go to! with everything handsome about him. Mr. Thorold leads off his article with a typical quotation: "The longer I contemplate human life, the more I believe that we must give it, for witnesses and judges, Irony and Pity, even as the Egyptians evoked over their dead the Goddesses Isis and Nephtis. Irony and Pity are two good counsellors. The one smiles and makes life amiable; the other weeps and makes it sacred. The irony which I invoke is not cruel. It mocks neither love nor beauty. It is gentle and kind. Its laugh calms anger; and it teaches us to smile at wicked men and fools whom, without it, we might have the weakness to hate."

THESE are the words of a wise man, a good man, an historian, a poet and a philosopher. M. France is all these—and more. He is of the line of great sceptics, the salt of whose questionings has never been wanting to freshen the stream of human speculation. The book to which Mr. Thorold particularly refers is "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque"; but his just and appreciative criticism applies equally to "L'Etui de Nacre," "Le Jardin d'Epicure," "Jocaste et le Chat maigre," "Le Lys Rouge" and, most of all, to the sequel to the first mentioned work, "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard." "It is in 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque' and its sequel, 'Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard,' that he has succeeded in expressing himself supremely. In these books, his fantasy and (an enemy would say) his sophistry are suffused with so rich a glow of kindly humanity as to be quite irresistible. We may disapprove of the Abbé Coignard: it is our right as law-abiding citizens and respectable churchmen to do so; but it is impossible even to think of him without secret joy." Such discerning and understanding appreciation of a master, albeit a foreign one, is rare and delightful. It is a thousand pities that on our side we are so little appreciative of what is really fine and great in literature, because it happens to be writ in a tongue which is barely twenty-two miles distant from our own.

THE insularity at which I have tentatively hinted in a foregoing paragraph is accentuated by the publication this month of the first number of "La Revue Germanique" (Paris: Félix Alcan, Editeur, 108 Boulevard St. Germain). This periodical is to appear five times a year—in January, March, May, July and November. It is published under the auspices of the Universities of Lille, Lyons and Nancy, and has a list of contributors which is impressive in its comprehensiveness and cosmopolitanism. Although written in French, the review deals with Germanic literature generally. There is an article by Ernest Lichtenberger on Goethe's "Faust," from an entirely new point of view. André Chevrillon writes on "La Jeunesse de Ruskin," and Albert Schweitzer on "Le Symbolisme de Bach." There are notes on Novalis, Hebbel, Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. Sidney Lee's Elizabethan Sonnets, Macdonald's and Bertram Dobell's "Charles Lamb" and the "Bibliography" of Coleridge.

SUCH a publication is impossible with us. Not that we are entirely illiterate or unobservant of the happenings in the foreign press, but our inveterate insularity, our narrow purview of everything un-British, limits our literary horizon to that which occurs immediately under our own noses. It is sad and characteristic and inevitable. A Latin Review answering to this "Revue Germanique" would be an impossibility with us. Our publishers would fight shy of it; our writers would develop impossible and ridiculous fads; our advertisers would decline to assist, and our circulation would begin and end with exchange copies with foreign periodicals. We live on a small island and our literary periphery is in proportion thereto. Which is a pity.

THE Oriental section of the library of the late Arthur Strong, Professor of Arabic and lecturer in University College, London, and librarian to the House of Lords, has been presented by Mrs. Strong to the College and accepted by the Council. The books will form part of the Oriental Library of the College, and will be known as the "Arthur Strong Oriental Library."

At the Royal Historical Society, on January 19, Sir Frederick Pollock in the Chair, the following were elected Fellows: C. M. Agur, S. J. G. Hoare, and the Reverend W. T. Whitley. A communication was made by Mr. H. E. Malden, the Hon. Secretary, dealing with the position of the later "Bond men" in Surrey as contrasted with the status of the mediæval villeins. A paper was read by Miss E. M. Leonard on "The Inclosing Movement in England during the Seventeenth Century," with the object of showing that the extent and characteristics of the movement during the period in question have been hitherto inadequately described. The paper was illustrated by references to Chancery suits and other records in which the progress of the movement must be chiefly traced. A discussion followed, in which the Chairman, Mr. I. S. Leadam and Miss Skeel took part.

AN authorised biography of the late Canon Ainger, embodying a selection of his correspondence, has been in the course of active preparation for some months past. Friends of Canon Ainger who may be willing to assist in the collection of materials by the loan of private correspondence are invited to send any letters suitable for the purpose to the publishers, Messrs. A. Constable & Co., 16 James Street, Haymarket, by whom such letters will be copied and returned to their owners with all possible care and despatch.

Bibliographical

THE death of Emily Gerard (Mme. de Laszowska) removes the elder of two distinguished sisters, both of whom are widely known as writers of fiction, and both of whom married Austrian officers. The earlier stories which they wrote together were signed "E. D. Gerard." Emily Gerard's published works were: "Reata, What's in a Name?"—in collaboration with Dorothea Gerard—(1880); "Beggar My Neighbour"—with Dorothea Gerard—(1882); "The Waters of Hercules"—with Dorothea Gerard—(1885); "The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures and Fancies from Transylvania" (1888); "Bis"—four tales—(1890); "A Secret Mission" (1891); "A Sensitive Plant"—with Dorothea Gerard—(1891); "The Voice of a Flower" (1893); "A Foreigner: an Anglo-German Study" (1896); "An Electric Shock and Other Stories" (1897); "The Tragedy of a Nose (a Brief Delirium)" (1898); "The Extermination of Love: a Fragmentary Study in Erotics" (1901); "The Heron's Tower: a Romance" (1904). In 1893 she wrote a preface for an English edition of Kneipp's "My Water Cure."

"Morice Gerard," it may perhaps be worth pointing out here, is the pen-name adopted by the Reverend J. Jessop Teague, whose first story followed, I fancy, close after the publication of the first novel by "E. D. Gerard"—a curious instance of immediately contemporary use of the same name in the same field by those who owned it as a patronymic and one who had chosen it as a pseudonym.

It has been remarked before that the novelists have divided the country into districts for special exploitation in fiction. The title of Mr. C. F. Keary's new story, "Bloomsbury," suggests that they are about to do the same for the metropolis. It is many years since Laurence Oliphant may be said to have started the fashion with "Piccadilly," but in the last few years Mr. Percy White has given us "The West End" and then, descending from the general to the particular, he wrote "Park Lane," and Miss Winifred Graham—still keeping to the domain of fashion—recently published "Mayfair." "The City" and a few other districts remain—to say nothing of the comprehensive "London"—for those still on the look-out for titles.

A writer in "Notes and Queries" suggests that, in view of the approaching centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar, it would be interesting if a complete list of tales dealing with Nelson could be furnished, and goes on to cite the following three stories: the late G. A. Henty's "By Conduct and Courage," Dr. W. H. Fitchett's "The Commander of 'The Hirondelle'" and Mr. F. Harrison's "England Expects." Such a list, to be at all complete, would need slow and careful building up, and this will no doubt be done by the correspondents of "Notes and Queries." In Mr. Nield's "Guide to Historical Fiction" four stories are put down against Nelson—A. Sagon's "When George the Third was King," Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's "A Friend of Nelson," R. D. Blackmore's "Springhaven" and Señor B. Perez Galdes' "Trafalgar," of which an English translation was published about twenty years ago. Three further stories which might be added to the list are: "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," by Besant and Rice, Henty's "At Aboukir and Acre" and Mr. Douglas Sladen's "The Admiral."

The recent publication in a contemporary of a fairly familiar poem of Winthrop Mackworth Praed's as "anonymous" has set me inquiring as to the extent to which the work of that facile and entertaining poet of

the "lyra elegantiarum" has been republished during recent years. Excluding his "Every-Day Characters," which were issued, with illustrations by Mr. Cecil Aldin, in 1896, it is nearly twenty years since Praed's poems or any representative selection have been published. In 1885 the selection from Praed's works, made by Sir G. Young in 1865 for Moxon's "Miniature Poets," was reissued: and in the same year we had Sir G. Young's edition of "The Political and Occasional Poems of W. M. Praed" (a second and cheaper issue of which was made in 1888). In 1885, too, a New York firm issued in two volumes a revised and complete edition of Praed, with Derwent Coleridge's memoir of him (1864). In 1886 a selection from Praed, edited by Mr. Frederick Cooper, was added to "The Canterbury Poets." In 1887 a volume of Praed's Essays was added to Morley's Universal Library. There is, it may be added, a representative selection from his work—edited by Mr. Austin Dobson—in "Poets and Poetry of the Century," of which a popular re-issue is now being made by Messrs. Routledge. There should be room now for a new volume giving the best of his poetry, for, as Mr. Austin Dobson has put it, as a writer of society verse in its exacter sense, Praed is justly acknowledged to be supreme; perhaps he is yet to be represented in "The Golden Treasury" or "Muses Library Series."

WALTER JERROLD.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

An interesting work is about to be issued by Messrs. Jack. It is a History of Accounting and Accountants. For the purposes of this work reports have been obtained from almost every part of the civilised world, and an amount of information has been collected which certainly has never before been brought together and published. The volume will give, not only the past history of the profession and all pertaining to it, but the present position of accountants and the methods of accounting and auditing followed wherever international commerce exists; and will thus, besides being of direct interest to accountants, be found a useful book of reference for all engaged in the world's business. The volume will be illustrated by examples in facsimile of old accounts and account books, portraits of eminent accountants, and other interesting subjects. The author is Mr. Richard Brown.—Under title of "The Land of the Blessed Virgin" Mr. Somerset Maugham gives his impressions of a leisurely journey through Andalusia in a volume which Mr. Heinemann is publishing.—Mr. Heinemann also announces a new edition, revised and brought up to date, of "The Complete Indian Housekeeper and Cook," by Mrs. F. A. Steel and Mrs. G. Gardiner.—Messrs. Gay & Bird are bringing out a new edition of McLan's "The Costumes of the Clans." The work will be completed in twenty parts, at 2s. each, the size of the work being the same as the original.—On February 14 a new paper for boys, and especially for those of our elementary schools, will be published by the Religious Tract Society, with a view of counteracting the effects of the literary garbage still so largely circulated amongst lads. It will be conducted by Mr. G. A. Hutchison, who projected and has edited from the first—now over twenty-six years ago—the well-known "Boy's Own Paper," will cost only 1d. per number, and will bear the name of "Every Boy's Monthly."—A new novel by Mr. Percy White, entitled "The System," is published by Messrs. Methuen, and Miss K. Fitzpatrick's book, "The Weans at Rowallan," will be published immediately, illustrated by Mr. A. H. Buckland.—A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Collingwood's well-

known "Life of Ruskin" is announced. It will be included in the Half-Crown Library, and will contain several portraits.



THE RATHHAUS, COLOGNE

[Illustration from "History of Architecture" (Batsford)]

CAIRO OF TO-DAY

A practical Guide to Cairo and the Nile. By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. (Black, 2s. 6d.) This volume is slightly different from the ordinary type of guide-book. It is no mere catalogue of "sights," but rather a concise survey of those aspects of Cairo and its surroundings which are of interest to the modern visitor. The author, in fact, gives us not only the "stock" descriptions of the "stock" places of interest in Cairo, but contributes some admirable chapters on such subjects as Cairo as a Health Resort, Social Cairo. Hotels and Hotel Life, Sporting Trips, The Regeneration of Egypt and Recent Archæological Research. The volume is divided into four parts dealing respectively with Cairo, Excursions, the Nile and its Monuments, and matters of political and antiquarian interest.

In future all Editorial Communications and Books for Review must be addressed to The Editor, The Academy, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Reviews

FRENCH PROFILES

By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THE title "profiles" well expresses the character of these easy and graceful literary portraits, which give, and are intended to give, the man, but not the whole man. The method and the subject suit Mr. Gosse's happy talent for the *aperçu*. Biography and criticism are deftly blended into an intermediate something, and the last thing the reader need apprehend is to be bored. At the same time he will carry away with him a vivid idea of the personage under consideration, and one destined to but slight modification from fuller acquaintance or the perusal of critical disquisitions with more affectation of science or profundity. This lightness of touch may in part be due to the circumstance that these essays are chiefly reprints from reviews, or even newspapers. The chief exception is the highly interesting address on the influence of France upon English poetry delivered before the Société des Conférences in February of last year. Mr. Gosse justly observes that the great French poets have found much readier acceptance with their countrymen than the English, who have always had to fight against their public's lack of æsthetic sense. But it may fairly be asked whether the reason may not partly consist in the inferiority of the French poetical standard, whether much does not pass for poetry in France which here would be accepted only as rhetoric or *esprit*. We note one trifling oversight, there was no vernacular Tuscan poetry in the eleventh century.

Mr. Gosse's other essays are principally occupied with contemporary or nearly contemporary authors, the chief exception being Alfred de Vigny, interesting to Englishmen, not merely from his high merit, but as the modern French writer who has owed most to English literature. The others are mostly great artists rather than great writers, although Zola's daring attempt to rival the *Comédie Humaine* showed that grandeur of conception at least was not extinct under the Third Republic; while it would be a painful reflection were we compelled to believe that the imitator's inferiority to his original correctly measures the gulf between the literature of his age and that of Louis Philippe. This would be too severe a judgment, but Hugo, Balzac, Sand, Dumas, De Musset, De Vigny, Lamartine, incontestably gave the age of Louis Philippe an air of greatness which is as incontestably lacking to the present epoch. Anatole France and Pierre Loti are exquisite artists, and perhaps impart more real pleasure than their great predecessors, but compared to them they are as gem-engravers to sculptors. Mr. Gosse brings out their beauties with a sure and delicate touch; and he makes us acquainted in Albert Samain with a little-known poet in whom French literature would appear to have had a considerable loss. The present ecclesiastical crisis should revive interest in the novels of Ferdinand Fabre; and Paul Bourget and René Bazin, if less interesting individually, are worth noting as average examples of French novelists of the better class. The more considerable figure of Daudet is sympathetically treated by Mr. Gosse; and in dealing with Zola he does not overlook the charm of the innocent pastorals which it was his true vocation to write.

It is Mr. Gosse's misfortune that his canvas is not always large enough for his picture. We hear enough, for example, about that singular personage Barbey d'Aurevilly to make us wish ourselves better acquainted with man and author, of whom we have failed to receive a definite impression. This is sufficiently accounted for by

the contracted space necessarily allotted to Mr. Gosse's essays in the periodicals where they originally appeared, but some might have been extended with advantage. The essay on the Letters of the Portuguese Nun, in particular, would have profited by comparison with the recent edition by Mr. Edgar Prestage, who agrees with Mr. Gosse in maintaining the genuineness of the letters, and powerfully reinforces his arguments.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE COMING OF PARLIAMENT

England from 1350 to 1660. By L. Cecil Jane. "Story of the Nations" Series. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

IN this admirable work Mr. Jane does not keep quite so closely to his theme as Mr. Low does in "The Governance of England." That arises from the nature of things. Parliament, as it engages the attention of Mr. Low, had not become much of a reality even by the time at which Mr. Jane closes his survey. Indeed, practically all Mr. Jane is called upon to tell about the beginning of Parliament is stated by himself in a few sentences.

"Under Edward III. and Richard II. the reign of feudalism came to an end; in the Wars of the Roses the Baronage perished, and its revival was prevented by the 'New Monarchy.' By the Reformation the dangerous power of the Church was curtailed and another obstacle to liberty thus removed. Meanwhile the Tudors, by their foreign policy and their care for local government, had fostered the rise of a new opposition; and, finally, the last fight for absolutism was made by the Stuarts. Their failure secured the limited monarchy. . . . The history of the next century and a half is the record of the steps by which the popular control of the government was organised and the manner in which it should be exercised decided."

All these events are amply narrated and explained; but what Mr. Jane has really written is the English history of a period. An excellent history it is, too. Recalling newspaper and magazine articles bearing Mr. Jane's signature, we were prepared to find this work scrupulous as to facts; but, while its accuracy is notable, it has other merits which are astonishing. The events of the period, particularly towards the close, were many and complex and stirring; yet, although this book is almost as compact as an encyclopædia, it is so fluent and fascinating that one reads it with the delight which is given by great romance. Mr. Jane, it is true, is not without predilections. His imagination is attracted by the Navy. The Navy, it seems, is the real Mother of Parliament. In the time of Edward III.

"the crews of the ships were drawn from the peasantry; the admirals even were very rarely of higher rank than knights; and, since the lesser barons had coalesced with the burgesses, the Commons acquired a new weight. They were chiefly connected with the Navy, for the towns supplied the ships and the shires the officers, and, when invasion from France could only be avoided by the maintenance of an efficient fleet, the support of the class which provided and manned the ships was of vital importance to the government. Consequently the Navy had a great, though indirect, share in the promotion of constitutional progress. It is not merely accidental that the growth of the Commons coincides with increased maritime activity, and in this side of the national life the Baronage had no share."

To the Navy, indeed, we owe our very Protestantism. Did not our Elizabethan ancestors adopt that "ism" in order that "their religion might be an excuse for an

attack on Spanish America and not a hindrance"? One likes Mr. Jane's admiration for the Navy. It is whole-hearted.

In all other respects, though invariably he arrests attention, he is coldly judicial. As becomes an historian, he has no respect for parties; and, though never violent, he does not mince his words. In England, he says, the Reformation "was carried out by essentially worldly men. There can be no admiration for the private characters of Henry VIII.—Cromwell, Cranmer, Somerset or Northumberland: one and all, they acted from motives of political expediency, and their doctrines were conformed to the exigencies of the moment." Countless reams have been written about Charles I.; but this, after all, is perhaps the final word: "He appears to have accepted the dangerous theory that there are two codes of morality—one for private individuals, one for monarchs; and he was, in short, the best man and the worst king who has ever sat upon the throne of England." Mr. Jane's summing-up of Archbishop Laud is equally neat and persuasive: "He would have made an exemplary master at a small private school; he would have shone on a local board; but his passion for detail and his devotion to discipline on uniformity unfitted him altogether for the post of archbishop at a time when sympathy and tact were most needful." One would like to make other citations to justify one's praise of Mr. Jane; but the allotted space is filled. Suffice it to say that, besides being exceptionally well-informed, our historian brought to his task a fresh, independent and penetrating intellect.

W. EARL HODGSON.

THOMAS MOORE

By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

By some it will be questioned whether Moore has a just title to a place among the English Men of Letters, but surely by no one will it be denied that Mr. Gwynn's volume is a worthy addition to this series. Moore lives on in Ireland in the heart of the people; in England, when he is anything more than a name, he is simply recalled as the writer of some pretty ballads. Yet we hold the protest true we once heard made by Mr. Lecky, that Moore was a poet of no mean gifts.

His life is excellently set forth in this volume, the author having evidently put before him as the object of his task the painting of a faithful portrait. It is easy to account for the undue measure of fame which was Moore's during his lifetime; he exercised a potent personal charm, he was entertaining in high degree, a delightful conversationalist and a charming singer. But these light gifts would not alone have gained him access to so many distinguished homes or have won him so many lasting friends. His nature was deeper than the froth on the surface gave promise; he was a staunch stickler for his honour, never deviating by a hair's breadth from the path which he believed he should follow in money or business affairs; he was honest in everything. Miss Berry rightly said of him, "That's as good a creature as ever lived." Mr. Gwynn has well told in one short volume that which by Lord John Russell was ill told in eight—the story of the life of a good man and a good comrade, of his fortunes and his misfortunes, of his gaieties and of his work, but, above all, of as perfect a married life as this world is ever likely to see. Those who honour Thomas Moore must never forget Bessy, his wife.

Of Moore the man of letters less honourable epithets must be used. Of the vast quantity of prose that he wrote in his later years all that yet has a spark of life in it is "The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," in many ways a fine piece of biographical writing. We take it

that a biographer has achieved his end if he has presented to the reader a living image of the subject of the memoir, and this, in the case of Lord Edward, Moore has accomplished. Since he wrote, much has been added to our knowledge of the events amid which Lord Edward's life came to untimely wreck, but nothing has been added to our intimate knowledge of the man. Of Moore's poetry all that remains are some of the Irish Melodies, verses grave and gay and often of perfect lyrical quality. Mr. Gwynn does well to remind us that "the best verse is not that which sings best," a fact too often forgotten, and one that accounts for the splendid melodies which have been inspired by commonplace verse. So long as the words express an emotion and trot along neatly the desires of the composer are satisfied. Moore wrote after the event, fitting his words to existing music, which hampered him in the writing of pure lyrics judged from the literary standpoint; but even though so handicapped he has written some verses which should keep green his name as a great minor poet. The lyrics commencing

"At the mid hour of night, when the stars are weeping,
I fly,"

and

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,"

and

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,"

are of very high quality, as in a different vein are such as

"Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear,

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,

And the best of all ways—

To lengthen our days—

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

His gift was not that of insight into the grave problems of life; he sang simple emotions, often exquisitely expressed.

Mr. Gwynn has added considerably to his already very considerable repute by this capital little book, in which he does justice to his subject and to himself.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

DUTCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

By W. Pitcairn Knowles.

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE

By Frederick Fenn and B. Wyllie.

(Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts, 7s. 6d. each net.)

"In arranging this volume I have endeavoured to keep always in view the difficulties I myself had to contend with as a collector, and I have attempted to supply such information as regards the history of Dutch porcelain and pottery, and the quality and character of the produce, as may be a guide to the collector and student in attributing specimens to the correct maker and factory and period. I have, in fact, made an effort to supply what I felt the need of, but could not obtain, when I began collecting."

This extract from the preface to "Dutch Pottery and Porcelain" very clearly indicates the nature of the task undertaken by the author. By the force of circumstance he was obliged to become a self-made authority. But when a man has courageously ploughed his way through many difficulties and finally achieved success in any enterprise, it does not necessarily follow that he is what he ought to be—an ideal guide for those who desire to follow in his footsteps. Here, however, we have an enthusiast with whom the means of attainment have not been obscured by the end attained. Banishing the knowledge of the Dutch pottery and porcelain language that we already possess, we start afresh with our author for teacher.

In simple words he tells us the alphabet from which pottery and the different makes of porcelain are

constructed. Then, by the aid of a few historical facts, he creates a Dutch atmosphere. When we are sufficiently acclimatised he traces the development of the industry from the time when the *potter baker* accepted the assistance of the *seller of clay* and went into partnership with the *potter-turner*, till he finally collaborated with the *potter-painter*, and the porcelain factory came into existence. The influence of the imported ceramic ware of China and Japan on the Delft industry is clearly explained, and the devolution of the latter ware from art to trade is no less perspicuously traced than is the evolution of the art from the necessitous demands of every-day life.

The appendix, in which is given a facsimile of each of the most famous potters' marks, and of those of the celebrated factories, will be much appreciated by the amateur collector who is so handicapped as a student at museums by the stern injunction "Hands off!"

When we reclaim our previous knowledge of Dutch pottery and porcelain, which was temporarily put aside, we find that our author is a reliable, as well as an entertaining, guide.

The volume on "Old English Furniture" in this same excellent series is equally trustworthy, but it leaves us with a somewhat unpleasant feeling of having been "taken in hand." When Mrs. Wyllie's share in the preparation of this book has been dismissed with a compliment to her intuitive knowledge and an acknowledgment of her assistance, Mr. Fenn becomes distinctly assertive—it is difficult to find a page without an "I" on it. And yet it is possible to sympathise with this personal mood, for there is not a shadow of a doubt that Mr. Fenn is an expert on the subject dealt with; indeed, only a very able expert could compress so much valuable information into such a small amount of space.

The text and numerous illustrations combine to give a comprehensive idea of the "admirable taste and fitness the great masters showed, in the different periods, in constructing furniture which was at once beautiful and perfectly adapted to people's requirements, and to show the collector of moderate means what is worth buying." This being the avowed object of the book, why do we qualify our praise? One quotation from the second page will explain: "It is not every one who has instinctive feeling for what is beautiful in design and correct in form—not every one who is born with a sensitiveness which is outraged when a beautiful piece of furniture is insulted by being placed in unsympathetic surroundings."

Unfortunately, a man is educated out of what he is *born with* into what he is *born to* before he has time to realise that he is born at all. An ideal teacher should not draw attention to his own good taste and culture, but should tactfully lead his pupil into a path where he may possibly discover that which he himself was *born with*.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

By James Ford Rhodes, LL.D., Litt.D. Vol. V., 1864-1866. (Macmillan, 12s.)

DR. RHODES' history has already attained a formidable bulk, and his present volume devotes over six hundred pages of text and a copious index to the events of two years. His industry in collecting his materials and his fairness in pronouncing judgment on disputed questions are worthy of all praise, and are greatly needed in dealing with the stormy period of the collapse of the Confederacy and the reorganisation that followed. The part of the work dealing with the last year of the Civil War is perhaps the weakest: it is evident that Dr.

Rhodes has no particular taste for military matters, and while he has conscientiously studied the voluminous records of the war, his narrative of its strategy is comparatively meagre and uninforming. Doubtless, in the abundance of military histories of the Civil War, he felt that it was unnecessary for him to devote much time and trouble to a subject for which he has probably no especial taste, and to give his space and work chiefly to political and economic matters. Where he goes into detail over the war is generally in the discussion of some controverted matter such as the foraging and looting by Sherman's troops, or the treatment of prisoners by both sides. His merely military judgments will hardly commend themselves to experts. Grant, for instance, was not "a great general," and most military critics would place Sherman above him. The commander who invited disaster by his reckless neglect of precaution at Shiloh, and who flung his army into the hopeless butchery of Cold Harbor, cannot be called great. In both cases Grant acted in gross and wanton defiance of the ordinary rules of war.

But it would be unfair to regard Dr. Rhodes' slips in military matters as impairing the value of his work. The present volume is a perfect storehouse of valuable facts and records. If anything, it is too full of material and not sufficiently ordered. It is the right of the historian who has made an exhaustive study of his authorities to generalise, and it is also his duty. Without summing up his conclusions and ordering his facts under a few great heads, without disengaging from the tangle of conflicting statements the main laws of historical development, an historian cannot be sure of his accuracy; every event can be plausibly described and interpreted in several different ways, and the only satisfactory test of truth is that the view taken of disputed matters should be consistent with uncontroverted facts.

It is interesting to British readers to note how closely some of the disputes as to foraging, house-burning, the treatment of prisoners and of non-combatants resemble those raised during the Boer War, and it is satisfactory to note that Dr. Rhodes acquits both sides in the main of deliberate cruelty and wanton destruction. This is the more rational as well as the more kindly view. War is horrible, but seldom deliberately ruthless.

It would be impossible to follow Dr. Rhodes into the details of the political history of the two crowded years he has covered in his present volume. In future we may perhaps ask him to give us "less matter with more art," and group his facts more closely. It can be of no use now to recall the late G. A. Sala's articles on American official corruption, or the remarks of American and European newspapers on matters as to which they could have no trustworthy information. Dr. Rhodes might also avoid the unconscious narrowness that is the defect of too many British as well as American historians, who write as if the United States belonged to another planet. Often one parallel drawn between analogous events and movements in different countries will explain the essential nature of their history better than a wilderness of facts and a Sahara of documents. A. R. ROPES.

OTIA: POEMS, ESSAYS, AND REVIEWS

By Armine Thomas Kent. Edited by Harold Hodge, with an Introduction by A. Baumann. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE publication of this book affords a striking illustration of the impetus given by death to a literary career. Had Mr. Kent lived, it is safe to conjecture that this volume, which, with the exception of the verses and of two striking articles on Della Crusca and Leigh Hunt, consists exclusively of reviews reprinted from "The

Saturday Review," would never have been produced. If we leave them out of account, the spurious halo which encircles all posthumous work and the pious desire of the writer's friends to celebrate his memory, the volume has small excuse for existence, not that we would impeach for a moment the abilities or the personal interest of the author. Judging, indeed, both from the appreciative and efficient memoir which prefaces the book, and from the actual contents itself, he was raised several degrees above the average level of journalists. A writer to whom literature was a love rather than a profession, he remained throughout his life what he has himself called "a man of letters and of leisure." Yet the interest of reviews is of necessity ephemeral, and to read through a long series of such articles cannot but prove tedious.

It is true that the reviews selected touch as far as possible on subjects of enduring interest, but the smallness of the space gives the writer insufficient room for digression; and the reader who treats the book reviewed as the mere peg on which the author hangs his essay is perforce disappointed. The two articles, however, on "Della Crusca and Anna Matilda" and on "Leigh Hunt as a Poet" are admirable. Wisely avoiding the conventional sneer at the artificial extravagance of the Della Cruscans, having first given a detailed account of the foundation of the school by the Anglo-Italian Robert Merry, he assigns to them their true place in the history of English literature.

We quote the following passage: "We may perhaps give the Della Cruscans, with their desperate strainings after poetic fire and poetic diction, the credit of having done something to shake the supremacy of versified prose, of having forwarded, however feebly, the poetic emancipation which Wordsworth and Coleridge were to consummate. The false extravagance of Della Crusca may have cleared the way for the truthful extravagance of Keats." With the writer's estimate of Leigh Hunt we confess we are less in agreement. To call Leigh Hunt "the greatest master since the days of Dryden of the heroic couplet" is a heresy based on a radical misconception of the nature of the heroic couplet. Leigh Hunt may no doubt have been a great master of the picturesque, but that helps little in the case of a metre whose true function is to be the medium of social and satiric verse. With some other judgments we venture also to differ. We refuse to believe that "in the end Trollope will be found as imperishable as Jane Austen" or that Catullus' passion for Lesbia was "mere philandering."

The verse which is sandwiched between the various articles is pleasingly different from the customary type of minor poetry. Tinged largely with the spirit of the classics, it yet in many cases betrays genuine feeling.

To judge the character of the author from his book, he was a man who would have felt himself most at home in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He impresses us, in fact, as paying too much attention to the subsidiary points of technique. The book intrinsically strikes us as a failure; yet we are glad to have made the acquaintance of an interesting personality, and cannot but regret that the author has left us nothing more worthy of him.

COLLECTED ESSAYS AND REVIEWS OF THOMAS GRAVES LAW

Edited with a Memoir by P. Hume Brown, LL.D. (Edinburgh: University Press.)

DR. LAW, some of whose essays are the contents of the present volume, was the son of an Anglican clergyman

who became a Roman Catholic in the fifties. After hesitating between the Army and the Church, Law the younger chose the latter, and for some years he was a priest of the Congregation of St. Philip Neri at Brompton Oratory. A monument of the work which he did at that time is found in the history of the Cause of the Beatification of the English Martyrs under the Tudors and the first Stuart, for he was a member of the Commission appointed *ad hoc*. In the present volume we are glad to see reprinted the essay on the authenticity of the Vulgate version of the Holy Scriptures; a masterly explanation of the attitude of the Council of Trent and the Church of Rome towards that version, and a valuable defence of it as a more or less independent authority. This belongs to the same phase.

The rest of the contents belongs to a later period of Law's life, when he had cast off the Roman collar and had let his beard grow. As librarian and secretary of the Scottish History Society he found a congenial field of labour; and the essays on "Biblical Studies in the Middle Ages," on "John Major the Scholastic," on "Some Curious Translations of Mediæval Latin," on "Sham Imprints in Elizabethan English," are among the contents of this book in which his spirit of meticulous and critical research found a congenial exercise. In many of these essays he is in direct conflict with representative apologists of the Church, and even with his quondam brethren of the Oratory, particularly Dr. Knox. The essays on Cardinal Allen, English Jesuits and Scottish Intrigues, or the Spanish Blanks and Catholic Earls, are some of these; and it is pleasant to be able to remark of this highly exceptional apostate (he would not have shirked the name) that in these and other papers treating of like subjects the note of acerbity is rarely heard if it is not wholly absent. The most damaging of the essays in this field—because in them he tears to tatters a legend which we suppose to be rather typical—are the two dealing with Archangel (a Christian name) Leslie. This being, who has gone near to being raised to the altars of the Church, is shown to have been an hysterical boaster whom his serious contemporaries held lightly enough.

Finally, in "International Morality" we have an example of work in a lighter vein, which serves to round off the portrait of an interesting mind. Apart from this, the material has been chosen with a view to giving the impression of something like an organic work in which the theme of the relations of the Catholic Church to the world should be coherently dealt with by a mind of typical modern growth, to which belonged what must be recognised as a singular advantage, that of passing from the intimacy of one to the intimacy of the other.

THE LETTERS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA AND THEIR PLACE IN THE PLAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s.)

THE Book of the Revelation of John the Divine is an amalgam of two literary forms. The apocalyptic element is traditionally Hebrew. But already in the days when the beloved disciple was toiling as a convict in Patmos the Christian tradition of the open letter had come into being as the most proper medium for advice, for rebuke, and for exhortation. And in the covering letter by which the Apocalypse itself is introduced, a concession is made to the new fashion. Further, the writer himself, at a certain point, shows himself conscious that his chosen medium is inadequate; and here he breaks off into the epistolary form as more immediately appealing to the souls of those to whom he was writing. Nay, these seven

little letters may have been, in order of composition, a postscript, embodied by an afterthought in the place they now occupy.

Professor Ramsay's principal object is to show how much of the perplexity in which commentators have involved themselves has come of neglecting the Greek element with which it is interwoven. His book he describes as an essay towards the synthesis of East and West which is the new stage towards which current events, at a thousand points, are bearing Christianity; for this stage was already, in the first ages, to a certain extent anticipated in the cities of Asia Minor. His critical point is that the symbolic language is not to be explained, as it is generally attempted to explain it, from Jewish models alone. It is possible here to do no more than to give an example of the kind of illuminative parallel that the author adduces in profusion.

We have on page 63 an illustration of a relief from Koloe in Lydia, representing in a double zone a sacrifice on earth and in the heavens. In the lower zone may be seen the earthly priest and his assistants making the oblation on the altar of the deity; on the upper is shown the God himself performing the archetypal rite (being regarded as his own first priest). Here is the key to the mystic enumeration of "the seven stars which are the angels of the seven churches" and of "the seven lamps which are the seven churches." As the star is to its pale image, so is the angel of the church to the church itself. We have the same fundamental idea of a higher and a lower plane of existence in mutual correspondence. Even more striking are the coincidences to be discerned, by one who has made the Græco-Asiatic cities a subject of special study, between the apocalyptic prophecies and the natural features or the political history or the economic condition of the cities themselves. Thus, to take a single example, the promise to Smyrna: "I will give thee a crown of life," comes naturally home with renewed point when we learn that the metaphor is no arbitrary invention of the seer, but is suggested by that greatest of the city's natural ornaments, the garland of splendid buildings which encircled with a street of gold the rounded hill Pagos—"the crown of Smyrna."

It is not the least part of the service which in this book Professor Ramsay has rendered to students of the Bible that he seems (but this is a larger aspect of the work upon which it is impossible at this time to enter in full) to open a vista through which it is possible to catch a glimpse of the way that was travelled by the writer of the Revelation upwards to the heights scaled by the author of the Fourth Gospel.

THE WONDERS OF LIFE

By Professor Ernst Haeckel. (Watts, 6s. net.)

THE sub-title of this book, "A Popular Study of Biological Philosophy," more accurately expresses its nature. The volume is really supplementary to the "Welt-Räthsel," and deals abundantly in polemical matter only remotely associated with biology.

The more we read of Professor Haeckel the more he amazes us. The present volume is essentially Spencerian, save in so far as the author denies the phenomenal nature of our knowledge and regards modern science as acquainted with the nature of reality. But he is under the extraordinary delusion that he is an originator. In one place he seems to claim for himself the first attempt to construct a philosophy on the principle of evolution, though his first writings on the subject date several years after the publication of the initial volume of the Synthetic Philosophy! This statement is quite the most amazing thing in the book. Though Spencerian

ideas and even whole phrases are freely utilised the name of Spencer is actually absent alike from the index and the text; and Haeckel claims priority for his notion of the plastidule, though this and numerous variants with other names are notoriously none other than the "physiological unit" of Spencer, which preceded them all.

Haeckel's "law of substance" upon which his philosophy is founded, is a combination of the two doctrines of the conservation of energy and the conservation of matter. But no physicist now believes in the conservation of matter; the facts of radio-activity have entirely disposed of it. So much the worse for the law of substance, but it is interesting to note that the older dogma of the "persistence of force" under which Spencer subsumed the ideas that the realities underlying both what we commonly call energy and what we commonly call matter are one and eternal, is now the accepted dogma of physics. Haeckel, however, expressly declines to give up the doctrine of the conservation of matter; indeed, he cannot afford to do otherwise, if his law of substance is to stand.

But Haeckel's acquaintance with contemporary work, even in his own department, is not as adequate as it might be. Doubtless, however, it is not his fault that the distinguished name of de Vries, who has lately rediscovered the work of the Abbé Mendel, and thrown a brilliant light upon some of the problems of heredity, is persistently printed de Bries.

Similarly in psychology, which Professor Haeckel is never afraid to tackle, we look in vain in the index for the name of its greatest living exponent, Wilhelm Wundt. But the author's psychology grows stranger every day; a serious matter, since only by the aid of psychology can we establish an epistemology or theory of knowledge; and until we have inquired into the nature and validity and possible limitations of human knowledge we are without title to dogmatise on any subject whatever. The choicest piece of psychology in the volume is, perhaps, the assertion that the newborn child is devoid of consciousness. This is not carelessly made, but repeated and insisted upon. We have lately had abundant opportunities of observing the newborn child and we can assure Professor Haeckel that it does not sleep all the time, and that the difference between its waking or conscious state and the other is not a thing to argue about, but a fact to make the best of.

The chapters on "Forms of Life," "Monera," and "Nutrition" are written by a master in these fields and tend to compensate for the enormous mass of paralogisms and unproved assertions that constitute perhaps the greater part of the remaining chapters.

C. W. SALEEBY.

A POPULAR GUIDE TO THE HEAVENS

By Sir Robert Ball. (George Philip, 15s. net.)

THE difference between M. Camille Flammarion, the populariser of astronomy in France, and our own Sir Robert Ball is that the Irishman is trustworthy, whereas the Frenchman is not. Sir Robert has fully earned his reputation, for his work is never slipshod or perfunctory; and there stands against his name nothing that at all resembles the "Astronomy for Everybody," recently written by the most distinguished of his American contemporaries.

This present volume mainly consists of plates such as no possessor of a telescope, no amateur student of astronomy, can afford to be without. They are most carefully chosen, admirably reproduced and explained as Sir Robert is in the habit of explaining.

Of course, the volume contains the customary dia-

grams of the solar system, eclipses, the seasons and so forth. It provides star maps for all seasons of the year, tables that enable one to name an unknown planet—very *à propos* now that Jupiter and Venus are of almost equal brightness—and, indeed, all that may reasonably be expected in such a guide. But the book is perhaps chiefly worth possessing by reason of the superb photographs which it contains. The late Dr. Isaac Roberts, probably the most distinguished of the many brilliant amateurs who have served astronomy in this country, has raised the standard of celestial photography to a plane of real distinction, and some of his achievements are reproduced here. The photographs of nebulae are really beautiful, and those of comets run them close. Worthy to be named beside these is the photograph of a great sun-spot, taken at Greenwich, whilst the Lick Observatory, which has just repeated its discovery of a new moon of Jupiter in 1892, is well represented. Throughout, the purpose of the volume has not been forgotten. The features of the moon's surface have been fully recorded in drawings, with keys, which will add value to the possession of even a good field-glass. The night sky is so splendid at this very time that there is no excuse for neglecting it. Jupiter is more favourably situated for observation than he will be for another decade and more, whilst the incomparable nebula in Orion—the middle “star” of the celestial huntsman's dagger—will reveal some measure of its magnificence to a good pair of binoculars. Never was better time for prosecuting the study of the oldest and most sublime of all the sciences, and this is the book with which the amateur should equip himself. Fortunately this is not Holy Russia, where the censor lately expunged certain remarks concerning sun-spots, because they were calculated to “subvert traditional beliefs.”

Fiction

THE SECRET WOMAN

By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen, 6s.) Once again Mr. Phillpotts has given us a moving tragedy of human passions, with the stern frowning face of Dartmoor as its background. With such skill has the author suggested the atmosphere of the story that the reader almost feels that the events described could never have happened anywhere else. The tragedy gains greatly in force and impressiveness by its background of breezy moorland and undulating country. The central character in the book is Ann Redvers, a high-minded, devoted wife and mother, built in a somewhat severe mould. She has no understanding of, or pity for, weakness in any form. Her husband is not made of such strong material; he is good-natured and affectionate, ready to lean on Ann and to do her bidding. Ann, who contemptuously thinks she knows her husband thoroughly, finds that he is deceiving her, that he has sought elsewhere the caresses that she denied. In a blind fit of passion she murders him. Directly the deed is done remorse seizes her and she begs her sons to denounce her as a murderess. They refuse to do so, and remorse slowly eats away her strength and beauty until she becomes a wreck. In the end, when the chain of circumstances is complete and her eldest son, Jesse, has committed suicide because he learns that the girl he has long loved and wished to make his wife was his father's “secret woman,” Ann Redvers gives herself up to justice. It is a remarkable novel, a living, breathing piece of work. It would have been better had the last chapters of the book been omitted. They are not necessary, and only make a tame ending to a stirring tale. The picture of Ann Redvers is one that will remain in the reader's mind long after the book is put down.

TALES OF THE FIVE TOWNS

By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) This collection of tales by no means does Mr. Arnold Bennett justice.

Once again he takes us to the Staffordshire pottery district, with its hard commercialism and lack of beauty; but his “Tales of the Five Towns” have all the faults and very little of the merit to be found in “Anna of the Five Towns” and “Leonora.” Instead of a finished picture we are asked to accept mere snapshots, as it were—some almost startling in their vagueness and limitation, others badly developed and finished off. They are more like the photographic attempts of an amateur than of such an experienced and clever worker as Mr. Bennett. The author does not show to advantage in the short story; his methods are too leisurely, too much dependent on detail. Sometimes in these stories he gives us much detail and very little story, as in “The Elixir of Youth,” dramatic though the ending of that episode be; while in “His Worship the Goosedriver” we miss the light illuminating touches which the author can so well supply. In short, Mr. Bennett has not the feeling for the short story; he seems to have no sense of its delicate and nicely balanced proportions—few writers have. A perusal of the first half-dozen or so leaves the reader with an irritating feeling of emptiness and no desire to progress deeper into the volume. Is it possible that Mr. Bennett has written these too hastily? A trifle that passes well enough in a magazine will seldom bear reprinting and the author is ill advised to permit it. Yet one of the qualifications for writing good short stories Mr. Bennett does possess—a light bright style and an amusingly sarcastic turn of thought. A paragraph here and there is Mr. Bennett at his best, but one expects more in a book from him than a few good paragraphs.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG LADY

By Richard Marsh. (Long, 6s.) Mr. Richard Marsh again presents his offerings to the omnivorous reader. This time he dwells on what almost amounts to “A Bad Girl's Diary.” Not that Miss Boyes has a past, for it must be understood that her operations are distinctly confined to the present, and in some way she suggests affinity to that remarkable American creation “Buster Brown,” with this important difference, however, that no maternal chastisement follows the confessions. Molly Boyes makes her first appearance at the confessional as a Wonderful Girl. She is nearly twelve, and runs away from school, taking with her a small portion of German sausage, and will throw in her lot and no small talent, in addition to the rations mentioned, with an impecunious travelling theatrical caravan. Her next reprimand is received for mixing herself hopelessly, injudiciously, and most stupidly in the love affairs of her French master. And next she comes to grief at her mother's funeral. And so on: a progression of blunders, always amusing, disconnected, but invariably well told. The girl herself is not unsympathetic; on the other hand, she is rather a foolish little baggage, reflecting small credit on her sex. But she achieves her destiny, and the reader leaves her not quite but almost perfectly happy. And, after all, that is something in a novel. Then follow a series of short stories, fluently written, light, cheerful reading, such as will while away the hours and rest the brain.

HE THAT EATETH BREAD WITH ME

By H. A. Mitchell Keays. (Methuen, 6s.) The sentiment of “He that Eateth Bread with Me” is so exaggerated and mawkish, and the plot so impossible, that one finds little, if anything, to say for it. The author seems to have attempted more than he can manage. Katherine, Mackemer's first wife, is no doubt meant to be a study of a delicate-minded, single-hearted woman, whose qualities adversity only serves to intensify and enhance. But to the reader she very soon becomes tiresomely meek-spirited and impossibly angelic. Should we admire a woman who, after being shamefully deserted by her husband for a showier, handsomer woman, goes out of her way soon after the divorce is made absolute to call upon Mrs. Mackemer number two in order to say, “You have done me the greatest wrong that one woman can ever do another, but I have come to tell you that I wish to forgive you, to think of you without bitterness”? Is it surprising that Isabel Mackemer fails to appreciate the Christian spirit of her rival. Katherine entirely fails to convince the reader;

she is never a flesh-and-blood woman, only a mere abstraction. The reason for Mackemer's desertion seems too apparent. Mackemer, too, in whom there was "a strain of righteousness . . . a childlike longing to be good," is not altogether a successful creation. The whole is undoubtedly a protest against the divorce laws of America. The author, in the person of Katherine, rebels against the facility with which marriages are made and unmade, and the quiescent attitude of the Church in the matter. It is a pity that the book is so ineffective and unconvincing.

Short Notices

IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH

Being a portion of the History of Catholic Ireland, by Dom Philip O'Sullivan Bear. Translated from the original Latin by Matthew J. Byrne. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker.) The author of the work of which this is a translation was an exile from Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. His account of the troubles of his native land, in which thirteen of his brothers perished, is addressed to Don Philip of Austria, "ever a barrier to the pestilence of hellish heresy." Mr. Byrne, the most perplexing of editors and the most conscientious (if not always the most successful) of translators, begins his task at Book IV. of Tome II.; and forthwith we are plunged into the harrowing details of the struggle between a faithful and patriotic country and a cruel and thickheaded persecutor. It were not to be expected the O'Sullivan should write in an impartial spirit, or that his outlook should be the outlook of an historian. His is the voice of an exile and of a bigot, but of a bigot who had suffered from bigotry and brutality to the point at which the bigot is transmuted into the martyr, unless his is the happy lot to become, with the turn of the tide, a persecutor. O'Sullivan's book reads like a mere nightmare; so full is it of cruelty and treachery and despair and credulity and all unreason. It possesses no literary merit; it can hardly have been convincing even in its author's own days; and we doubt whether Mr. Byrne's labour, if it be his hope to interest a public to whom the original is a sealed book, be not labour wasted.

CHRISTUS IN ECCLESIA: SERMONS ON THE CHURCH AND ITS INSTITUTIONS

By Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt. (T. & T. Clark, 4s. 6d. net.) Though Dr. Rashdall prefaces this collection of sermons, preached by him in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, with the assurance that their purport is mainly practical, they are in fact largely controversial in their scope. His outlook is historical; and against the high theory of apostolic succession, and all that follows from it, of virtue *ex opere operato* in the sacraments he depends upon the evidence, partly negative and at best fragmentary, of the earliest age of the Christian era. A Roman Catholic would object that he treats too lightly, or ignores, the promise of divine guidance by the Holy Spirit indwelling the body of the Church; Anglicans of another school than his own that he neglects the testimony of the Fathers. But these discourses serve at any rate for a temperate and eminently clear expression of what many educated but not professional readers will recognise as an intelligible common-sense view on points of current controversy.

COLONIAL MEMORIES

By Lady Broome. (Smith, Elder, 6s. net.) Lady Broome is a downright egoist. She is best so. The "personal note" is the charm of the book for the reason that the "note" is simply personal, egoistical, not as George Eliot deprecated—egotistical. In the second chapter—on New Zealand—where the author writes from hearsay only, we have a mere bit of ordinary journalism. The magic touch is wanting. But whether our gifted story-teller is dealing with a snowstorm in New Zealand, with her impressions of Natal, with the charming girls of Perth, or with Bill, the bushranger of Western Australia, her vivid pen is most welcome to the

reader. The range of experience covers all four continents and extends through a long and very active life, in all of which the atmosphere is well caught and the glimpses of life and custom very graphic and informing. Lady Broome's references to some of the birds in her colonial surroundings will be keenly relished by many stay-at-homes. In Western Australia she found a delightful pet in the "Break-of-day" boys, the native magpie—a bird similar in shape to the English namesake, only a little larger. "At earliest dawn only do you hear the sweet clear whistle which is their native note" (p. 283). In the same country the "Jokolokals" are beautiful cockatoos—not talkers, but with a plumage "a soft creamy white, and with a crest and wing-lining of an indescribable flame-tint" (p. 281). In Trinidad Lady Broome was seized by an irresistible desire to possess a fire-beetle—large hard-backed creatures with eyes like gig lamps, with a third light beneath which only shows when they fly. "It is a wonderful sight, driving home in the short gloaming, for every blade of grass holds many tiny sparkles, winking in and out with a bewildering effect" (p. 173). It has been very delightful to follow the author's track in the Antipodes, to live over again scenes so well described, and to enjoy her recollections of lands not personally visited.

IN PURSUIT OF DULCINEA

By Henry Bernard. (Allen, 6s. net.) Why does Mr. Bernard adopt such a forced and involved style? It is possible to be original without being obscure, to be clear without being commonplace, but he seems to think otherwise. The pity of it is that here is a book on a subject which should interest most readers, a book for which there is a place waiting on most bookshelves. Who is there uninterested in that part of Spain which Cervantes chose as the scene of the famous adventure of "Don Quixote"? Who would not like to be better acquainted with the country of the inimitable Sancho Panza? Mr. Bernard writes of this world-famous spot as one who knows and who has seen, but for some strange reason he chooses to wrap his knowledge in a vague mantle of words and to make us see what he has seen through a mist. It is cleverly done, but we do not want to learn and see in that way—not when we are curious and interested. We want to see clearly; and here and there that indefinite mantle of words is rent and, falling away from the subject, allows us glimpses of word-drawing as clear and definite as a well-executed silver point, just to let us see what the author could do as he would. We wish we could say a good word for the illustrations, but they are very inadequate.

THE THACKERAY COUNTRY

By Lewis Melville. (Black, 6s.) Other volumes in this series are so good and there is so pleasant a book on the Thackeray Country to be written, that we turned to this with great hope of pleasure, only to be sadly disappointed. The author has not tackled his task in the right spirit or performed it in the right way; all that he has given us is a rather disconnected short life of Thackeray. On one page he deliberately states that he will not deal with a most interesting portion of his subject; and, for instance, the Denis Duval country is not touched on. Indeed, we gather that the writer is unacquainted with many of the places with which he deals. Further, there are many distinct mistakes: the Charterhouse is not now little changed since its original foundation; Thackeray did not parody Tennyson in "Timbuctoo"; Cambridge did not give Thackeray his social status; Disraeli did not make the statement credited to him concerning the Bar (p. 61); the Horticultural Society's gardens at South Kensington were not, we fancy, nursery gardens. Sir Francis Burnard and Donerial we know not, though these are doubtless misprints, of which we noted several. There are too many banalities, such as "the great painter, J. W. M. Turner"; "Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous actor"; and a good old story ill told concerning Oxford lawns. A large portion of the book has not anything to do with its supposed subject. We regret to have to speak thus, but it is a poor production. The illustrations are excellent and very interesting.

Reprints and New Editions

Messrs. Dent have earned the gratitude of many Elizabethan students by their very welcome reprint of Thomas Dekker's *THE GULS HORN-BOOKE AND THE BEL-MAN OF LONDON* (the Temple Classics, 1s. 6d. net). It is pleasant to dip into these quaint and interesting pages again. I know of none that gives a more graphic picture of the manners and appearance of London in Elizabeth's day, though of course account must be taken of Dekker's prejudices. In those days playwrights were not so considerably treated as in London of to-day. Even though the gallery should "boo" at the end of a performance that is not to their liking, how much they have progressed in manners since Dekker's age! I wonder how any man dared venture to write a play then. This is what Dekker says: "Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath epigrammed you, and hath a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather or your red beard or your little legs, &c., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket or giving him the bastinado in a tavern if, in the middle of his play (bee it pastoral or comedy, morall or tragedie), you rise with a screwd and discontented face from your stoole to be gone . . . and, being on your feet, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes or on stooles about you." He goes on to say that if it is not convenient to leave the theatre in such an impressive manner, "turne plain Ape, take up a rush and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants to make other foolles fall alaughing, mewe at passionate pieces, blare at merrie, finde fault with the musicke, whew at the children's Action, whistle at the songs." Truly this presents a curious picture of the stage in Shakespeare's day. I need hardly say that the reprint is excellent—it comes from Mr. Dent.—Next in interest this week to "The Guls Horn-booke" comes *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN*, now first printed in England from the full and authentic text (Dent, 3s. 6d. net). This autobiography had a very interesting history, as the editor, Mr. William Macdonald, reminds us in his preface, though we read of its many journeys and its strange fortunes more fully in Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Franklin." Written in 1771 by Franklin while on a holiday to amuse and gratify his relations and without any thought of publication, it was returned to him some twelve years later, after the troublous times of the American Revolution, by a Pennsylvanian Quaker into whose hands it had fallen, with a request that it might be continued. Franklin added what he could in the intervals allowed him by his arduous public life, and after many years fraught with strange happenings it was ultimately published. Few books have gone through such vicissitudes as Franklin's autobiography. Now it may repose peacefully on our shelves.—Of less value, it need hardly be said, is Samuel Smiles' *LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS: SMEATON AND RENNIE* (Murray, 3s. 6d.). It is very well got up, however, both in binding and letterpress.—Two books intended primarily for school use are *THE STORY OF THE ILIAD* and *THE STORY OF THE ODYSSEY* (Seeley, 1s. each). Professor Church's delightful stories are so well known that no doubt many will avail themselves of these neat and serviceable reprints.—To the Cambridge English Classics (University Press, 4s. 6d. net) has been added an admirable reprint of Butler's *HUDIBRAS*, the text edited by Mr. A. R. Waller. This series is really very good. F. T.-S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Macphail, A., *Essays in Puritanism* (Unwin), 6/0.
 Mortimer, the Rev. A. G., D.D., *The Last Discourses of Our Lord* (Skeffington), 5/0 net.
 Porritt, Norman, *Religion and Health: their Mutual Relationship and Influence* (Skeffington), 2/6.
 Hes, Sybil M., *The School of Life* (Stock), 6/0.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Melles-Lettres

- Gwynn, S., *Thomas Moore* (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
 Alma Tadema, Lawrence, *Four Plays* ("The Green Sheaf").
 Kelly, J. Kelso, *Robert Burns* (Hay), 0/6 net.
 Ha Rollo, *A Legend of the Twilight* (Barleigh), 1/0 net.
 Kent, C., *Epic and Legend of Empire*: St. George, Alfred, Harold, Victoria (Drane), 2/6.

- Ward, Wm. C., *The Nibelung's Ring* (Theosophical Publishing Society), 1/0 net.
 Whibley, Leonard (edited), *A Companion to Greek Studies* (Cambridge Press), 18/0 net.
 Witherby, G. H., *Lyra Amoris* (Astolat Press), 2/6 net.
 Brett, O., *The Reckoning: a Dramatic Poem* (Humphreys), 2/6 net.
 Street, G. S., *Books and Things* (Duckworth), 6/0.
 K. C., *Thumbnail Essays* (Brown, Langham), 3/6 net.
 Allen, W. Bird, *Forty Fables for Fireside Reflection* (Brown, Langham), 2/6.

History and Biography

- Lee, Captain Robert E., *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee* (Constable), 12/6 net.
 Cambridge Modern History, Vol. III.: *The Wars of Religion* (Cambridge Press), 16/0 net.
 Maybrick, Florence E., *My Fifteen Lost Years* (Funk & Wagnalls), 6/0.
 Grant, Frederick J., *Auto-Biography* (Baillière, Tindall), 3/6 net.
 Davis, Rebecca H., *Bits of Gossip* (Constable), 5/0 net.
 Calvert, A. F., *The Life of Cervantes* (Lane), 3/6 net.
 Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, Vol. XVIII. (The Society).

Travel and Topography

- Stoddard, C. D., *The Island of Tranquil Delights* (Chatto & Windus), 6/0 net.
 Melville, Lewis, *The Thackeray Country* (Black), 6/0.

Science and Philosophy

- Davis, J. R. Ainsworth, *The Natural History of Animals*, Half-vol. VIII. (Gresham Publishing Company), 7/0 net.
 Sociological Papers, by F. Galton, E. Westermarck, P. Geddes, E. Durkheim, H. H. Mann, and V. V. Branford (Macmillan), 10/6.
 Royce, J., *The Conception of Immortality* (Constable), 2/6.

Educational

- Church, the Rev. A. J., *The Story of the Odyssey and The Story of the Iliad* (Seeley), 1/0 each.
 Hampson, Dr., *Radium Explained* (Jack), 1/0 net.
 Daudet, A., *Contes Historiques* (Nutt), 0/6.
 Speight, E. E., *The New Temple Reader* (Horace Marshall), 1/6 net.
 Thomson, C. L., *A Book of Ballads* (Horace Marshall), 1/6.
 The Jack Readers, No. 4 (Jack), 1/4.
 Learning to Read, Step Four (Jack), 0/6.

Miscellaneous

- Robinson, E. Kay, *The Country Day by Day* (Heinemann), 6/0.
 Richmond, I. L., *Flowers and Fruit for the Home* (Morton), 5/0 net.
 Greener, Wm., *A Secret Agent in Port Arthur* (Constable), 6/0.
 Old, W. G. (translated by), *The Shu King, or the Chinese Historical Classics* (Theosophical Publishing Society), 3/6 net.
 Spooner, H. J., *Motors and Motoring* (Jack), 1/0 net.
 Bacon, Gertrude, *Balloons, Airships, and Flying Machines* (Jack), 1/0 net.
 "One and All" Gardening, 1905 (Agricultural and Horticultural Association), 0/2.
 Annual Report, Aberdeen Public Library.
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My Book of Memory

THE hope of having a repertory theatre here in London gives me great pleasure, for I love the drama and to see it acted. As I read Lamb and some others of the old-time followers of the play, I often envy them the opportunity granted to them of seeing so many fine actors in so many fine plays. Seldom do I go to the theatre nowadays, for musical comedies and suchlike make no appeal to me. Modern drama is distinguished chiefly by its being utterly out of touch with life, and comedies of character—and character is the essence of comedy—are few and far between, and seldom of high merit. As for Shakespeare, he apparently has become helpless in the hands of the painter of scenes and the maker of dresses. Therefore I would welcome and support to the limit of my purse a well-conducted repertory theatre, where I should find good fare well put before me. Meanwhile, I have to content myself with my dream theatre, where I am, with playbook in hand, the solitary spectator, and where the scenery and the actors are but make-believes of my mind's eye.

I have heard and read it argued that Shakespeare is for the closet and not for the playhouse; I hold this view to be heretical. Presumably Shakespeare knew better in this matter than do any of his critics or admirers. He acted in his own plays; he wrote them to be performed in his own theatre; he was a practical playwright through and through. He was a successful writer of plays because he was an actor and because he could draw human character to the life, not because he was a poet. The poetry was an added grace, but not an essential of success in his plays as pieces to be acted. So I hold that to gain a true view of Shakespeare's dramatic greatness we should see his plays performed, then after that read and study them as closely as we care to do. But away with all superfluous happenings, as away also with all attempts to play the pieces as they were played in Shakespeare's day; to achieve this last is impossible, for we cannot provide an Elizabethan audience. To see the plays costumed after the fashion of their own day did not appear strange to the Elizabethan playgoers, but for us to watch Hamlet fretting his hours upon the stage in either sixteenth or twentieth century dress is not only distracting, but borders upon the ludicrous. No, what I desire to see and what I have occasionally witnessed, is Shakespeare played in what I call seemly fashion; with enough of scenery and of dresses, and of accuracy in both, to stimulate the imagination without distracting the attention from the progress of the play.

In another matter I take it I shall be told that I am heretical. I do not go to the theatre to listen to Shakespeare's plays as great poetry, but as masterpieces of stagecraft and wondrous expositions of human frailties, virtues and comicalities. Therefore let our players see to it that they take care first of the *characters* entrusted to them, acting them vividly, simply, broadly, allowing the verse to look after itself, remembering that verse upon the stage must be spoken with due emphasis, so as to bring out its meaning, for we know that with verse such as Shakespeare's if we bring out the meaning we bring out the beauty. Shakespeare was an actor, and would not have hampered his players by asking them to sacrifice character to the form of his words. His poetry satisfied Coleridge's definition, "the best words in the best order"; therefore, if our actors will but study and

show forth the meaning of their speeches they will find that at the same time and of necessity they are bringing forth the full beauties of the poetry. Also must our actors remember that Shakespeare, as an actor and a practical playwright, would never forget that a successful plot or a successful character must be simple and straightforward; the emotions must not be complex but simple; the audience must not be asked to consider and solve problems when their attention should be fixed firm upon the working of character upon character and upon the steady march of the dramatic story. It is because actors and critics do forget all this that there has been so much bother about poor, melancholy Hamlet. I hope I shall not be decried as a villain if I boldly say that if Hamlet is the complex psychological character that our critics will have him to be, then the tragedy would, for the practical purposes of the playhouse, be bad. But we know that it is not bad but very good, and why is it so? Because we are all more or less ordinary human beings and love to see a good fight between the powers of good and of evil, between the hero and the villain, and Shakespeare knowing humanity, and humanity to-day being precisely the same as it was in his day, has given us in "Hamlet" just such a "set to" as we delight to see; Hamlet with his second Horatio against Claudius and his second Laertes. So it is with all his comedies and tragedies—the play's the thing, which is made a living thing, not by the art of poetry but by the art of a skilful plot and of skilful drawing of character. Shakespeare found in "Hamlet" an already popular piece; he refashioned it, he touched it up here and there, he gave life to the characters; all this he did being a practical playwright, and being a poet he expressed himself in gorgeous verse. But, as I have ever held, Shakespeare was a human being and therefore sometimes careless, and it is this carelessness of his, his being content to do just enough work to knock "Hamlet" into the shape of a more successful and more popular play than it was before—enough work and no more that has given us moderns so much trouble. Those who saw the play in his own day welcomed it as a fine, stirring melodrama—as we should call it—with plenty of good fighting and a splendid ghost, they overlooked the ragged ends, such as the curious part played in the plot by Ophelia; we, usually approaching Shakespeare in the wrong way, reading him first as a difficult "classic" and later on, if at all, seeing him acted, have bothered our heads about points concerning which Shakespeare was careless and Elizabethan playgoers unconscious.

I have found for my own part that the plays which I have seen acted—even badly acted—are to me far more "whole" and far more real than those which I have only read. I do not believe that I have any true understanding of "Titus Andronicus" or of "Timon of Athens," which I have never seen performed; I realise that I do not and cannot know what Shakespeare the practical playwright meant them to be or how he hoped they would impress spectators, while I have merely read them. Shakespeare wrote for the stage and by the stage must his works be tested.

And now I must say "God be with you" to those who have so kindly read these my talks about myself.

E. G. O.

Helpless Infancy

THERE be who still believe that morality is essentially an artificial and unnatural thing, no inevitable product of evolution, but a thing dependent upon men's acceptance of certain dogmas. Destroy—we are told—the belief in free-will, moral responsibility, and future retribution, and man will straightway wallow unrestrained in that sink of iniquity so pleasing to his "desperately wicked" heart.

Those, however, whose eyes are opened to the light of modern knowledge are apt to resent this view as the most outrageous of all impertinences, a colossal libel, a blasphemy but thinly disguised. According to them, morality is a cosmic product, naturally evolved, with roots now buried in geological strata of vast antiquity. The readers of *THE ACADEMY* are already familiar with the Spencerian revelation of the genesis of morality. They know the immense significance of the zoological term *Mammalia*, finding in the breast of the mammalian mother the fount whence love has flowed: and I have traced for them the strange sequence with which the *young* of successively higher orders of animal are found each to be more and more helpless at their birth. But it is only within the last week or two that I have myself realised, in anything like adequate measure, the wonder of this biological truth.

It was John Fiske, the admirable writer who did so much to popularise the synthetic philosophy in America, that first pointed out a fact which affords striking confirmation of Spencer's theory of the origin of morality. Fiske observed that the prolongation of the infantile period, so notable in human kind, must have been a most important factor in the development of our altruistic sense. The tigress robbed of her whelps is obviously not without altruism—though a learned and distinguished Jesuit friend of mine insists that it is only "unconscious altruism"—but the young of the lower animals do not long need parental care. The tiger cub and the fledgling of the bird are soon able to shift for themselves. In no preceding case, as Fiske observed, is the period of dependence so prolonged as in that of the human infant.

Indeed, the helplessness of infancy is not fully to be appreciated until one lives with it: nor is its significance to be measured until one appreciates its contrast with what is to be. Consider a baby. Unable to stand—much less to wander in search of food—very nearly deaf, all but blind, well-nigh indiscriminating as to the nature of what is presented to its mouth, utterly unable to keep itself clean, yet highly susceptible to the effects of dirt, able to indicate its needs only by alternately turning its head, open-mouthed, from side to side and then crying, possessed of an almost ludicrously hypersensitive interior, unable to fast for more than two or three hours, yet having the most precise and complicated dietetic requirements, needing the most carefully maintained warmth, easily injured by draughts, the prey of bacteria (which take up a permanent abode in its alimentary canal by the eleventh day)—where is to be found a more complete picture of helpless dependence? Can we wonder that one in seven, even in this wealthy and civilised land, dies before the first anniversary of its birthday?

Yet this is the creature which has spread over the earth so that he numbers some fifteen hundred millions to-day. He is the "lord of creation," master of creatures bigger, stronger, fleet, longer-lived than himself. The earth is his and the fulness thereof. Yet

without love not one single specimen of him has a chance of reaching maturity, or even surviving for a week. Verily love is the greatest thing in the world.

The infant's requirements, if I interpret them aright, afford an explanation of at least one adult feature which has often puzzled me. For sleep it is desirable to exclude light and sound: but whilst we have eyelids, no apparatus for closing the ears is known save, I believe, in certain animals which inhabit the sea, and whose ears are of small auditory importance. In these days, when barrel organs assail us with the "Ave Maria," playing Bach's accompaniment in G and Gounod's air in somewhat more than G, and when the motor car makes night hideous, one sighs for earlids. And I have even wondered why natural selection has not so endowed us; for it might seem an advantage to be able at will to protect one's nervous system from sound as from light. But it occurred to me that I had not appreciated the significance of the "infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry"—crying, however, not for the light but for its food. It would be a sorry business if a child had to rely for its nocturnal refreshment upon the willingness and ability of its mother to keep awake, or to waken spontaneously when wanted. This, perhaps, may partially explain our deprivation of earlids.

It would seem, then, that the gospel of force, the Nietzschean doctrine which is supposed to be a deduction from the law of the survival of the fittest, is based upon a gross misapprehension of the facts of biology. These facts teach us, without any aid from rhetoric or sentiment, but with entire impartiality, that altruism has been an invaluable factor, not merely in the ennobling of human life, but in its actual production. They further teach us that morality is no artificial and artificially-to-be-fostered product, but an inalienable possession of humanity, older than all the Churches, much older than human thought. Thus, though "Nature red in tooth and claw" may appear indifferent to good and evil, her sun shining alike on the just and the unjust, yet every new baby teaches us that love is a cosmic product of which humanity itself is not the author but the fruit; and that, therefore, Emerson was nevertheless justified when he said that "the universe is moral."

C. W. SALEEBY.

"Henry V." and "Much Ado About Nothing"

THOUGH we may differ in opinion as to the merits or demerits of the representations of Shakespeare's works which now occupy the boards of no less than three of the principal theatres in London, we must all be agreed that it is pleasant to be able to witness an apparent revival of interest both on the part of the managers and of the public in the works of our greatest dramatist. On the whole, the most artistic revival is that of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which scenery and pageantry are not permitted to overshadow the action of the play and in which the acting goes far toward a perfect ensemble. Mr. Lewis Waller has before now charmed the town with the sonorous heroics and brave patriotisms—if a word may be coined—of "Henry V.," a play which reads better than it acts as ever must be the case with dramas dealing with affairs of war. It yet remains for a dramatist to bring the scent of blood and iron over the footlights; probably no attempt at realism in this matter will ever be quite

successful and the playwright must have recourse to suggestion, as did Thackeray so wonderfully in a famous chapter of "Vanity Fair." The ragged, toil-worn heroes of Henry V. do not strike home to our hearts, we do not feel the tragedy of their situation or the reality of their triumph at Agincourt. As for the acting, it would be difficult to better Mr. Waller as Henry: he is frankly declamatory in the hortatory speeches, unflinchingly insular in his patriotic outbursts, but not monotonous, for he delivers quite beautifully the prayer at dawn on the day of battle. But his love-making is a trifle too facile, too graceful: the love scene with Katharine falls somewhat flat. Of the others for excellence may be named Mr. A. E. George as Fluellen, a character that tempts the actor to burlesque but which in this case is admirably performed, and Mr. John Beauchamp as the infantile Charles VI. But we do not like the Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol: treated as they are in this revival they cease to be human beings, becoming gross caricatures such as Shakespeare never drew; the actors should reform themselves altogether, restraining their exuberance in voice, gesture and "make-up." The result of this exaggeration was the complete ruin of what is really a touching scene—the announcement of the death of Falstaff. These ragged vagabonds in their way loved the fat knight, but these actors in their way turn the scene to ridicule.

As for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" it must be pointed out that while there was some justification for his treatment of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and of "The Tempest," there is none for that of the delightful comedy he is now showing us. "Much Ado" has been overlaid with scenery and with pageantry, and, what is even worse, comedy has been made subsidiary to drama. Hero and Claudio are the leading characters now in place of Beatrice and Benedick and the result is disastrous. The essence of comedy acting is that the speeches of the players should bear the stamp of spontaneity, but Mr. Tree as Benedick never *thinks*, only speaks that which is set down for him. On the other hand, Miss Winifred Emery has thoroughly grasped the soul of Beatrice; she does *think* before she *speaks* and while she *speaks*, and when she has—to use a loose phrase—"shaken down," her performance will be quite admirable, so much so that we fear that it will be difficult to believe in her mating with so unworthy an antagonist in the lists of love and wit as the present Benedick; but perhaps the latter will brighten in the progress of time. For the rest the acting was very good. Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Miriam Clements fully realised Claudio and Hero; Mr. Laurence Irving was rightly a bold, bad, villainous Don John; and Mr. Henry Neville presented a pathetic and living picture of Leonato. Lads on the stage are usually distressing, but Master Thomas Sampson was a sheer delight as Balthasar and his singing a musical treat of rare excellence.

As a whole, the performance dragged lamentably; the joyousness, which is the keynote of the comedy, was overwhelmed by the gorgeousness of the frame, the setting, instead of displaying, smothered the jewel; scene painters, costumiers, dancers, subordinates, came first—the actors second, which is to be greatly deplored. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has done so much good work in the past that we hope he will quickly realise the error of his ways in the present.

The Ultimate Significance of Art

MR. NORMAN BENNETT'S "tilt" with me, as I gather, is concerned only with his "irrefragable truth" that Art is Beauty. The weak spot of his "irrefragability" (ye gods! what langwidge!) is this: that it is wholly fragable. Like a monkey on a barrel-organ, dressed as Napoleon, sheer magnificence is unconvincing. The loudest bow-wow but proves that the biggest dogs can bark. But first, to clear the air, and get firm feet on firmer ground. I always understood that the Greeks were pagans. Still, if they were not, they were not. I apologise. I don't know what they were, if not; but at least not that. So be it. They tell me that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—that Shakespeare was a Papist. Indeed it's bewildering foggy weather in these days. But, cries Mr. Bennett, why this pother? Why, indeed? Then, again, why not? And, if not, why not?

But, to be wholly serious, all these quarrels of the schools and "movements" are quarrels of craftsmanship—not of art at all. Art, for instance, does not rise and decay—Art is eternal. What *does* decay and rise and decay is craftsmanship, the skill to produce Art, the power of beautifully uttering Art. It is this craftsmanship that is so often confused with Art—a misunderstanding that leads to all the sad confusion and casuistry to which Mr. Bennett, whether wittingly or unwittingly, is the victim. I will try to put it clearly.

The most vastly interesting thing to man is Life. Whence it comes, whither it goes—these are a part of the eternal mystery. But we can and ought to know all of life 'twixt its coming and its going. We can only know of life by personal experience, or at second hand by the communicated experience of our fellows. Now our personal adventures in life, even though we bestride the world like a Napoleon, can at best be a small and parochial affair, when all is said, set beside the multitudinous experience of all our generation. But we may know of life through the experience of our fellows, by the communication of their sensations to us, that is to say by Art; for, just as our thoughts are communicated to our fellows through Speech, so may we communicate our Emotions to our fellows by transferring those Emotions through the senses, whether by sound, as in music, or the poetry of verse or prose, or oratory, or by the sight, as by colour in painting, or by form, as in sculpture or architecture, or by the drama, and the like. Art is the Emotional statement of Life. Speech is the intelligent utterance of Thought; Art is the intelligent utterance of the Emotions. Craftsmanship is the grammar of Art.

Now, it is not enough to have uttered a Thought to account it Speech; it is vital that the Thought shall be so uttered as to arouse the like thought in the hearer, otherwise are we but in a jibbering Babel of Strange Sounds. It is not enough to have uttered Emotion to account it Art: it is vital that the Emotion shall be so uttered as to

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arouse the like emotion in the onlooker ; otherwise are we but in the tangled Whirl of Confusion. And just as Thought is the more perfectly understood as it is deftly expressed, so is Emotion the more powerfully transmitted as it is most perfectly uttered. In other words Art depends for its strength on the perfection of its craftsmanship. Craftsmanship is the perfection or beauty of statement by and through which Art is uttered. A poker may be a beautiful thing ; it is not art. A photograph may be beautiful—it is not art. A woman may be very beautiful—she is not art. Art *must* create—it must transfer Sensation from the creator to us, whether by colour or sound or form, or the rhythmic effects produced by the emotion-arousing use of words such as oratory or the poetry of verse or prose. Now, the Greek genius set up Beauty as the ultimate goal of Art. The Greeks did really mean that Beauty of Craftsmanship alone was not enough, that Art must create Beauty. This absolute aim to achieve Beauty was the cause of the triumph of Greece in Art—a greatly over-rated triumph and one of which the schoolmasters tell us much ; it was also the cause of her limitations and of her eventual failure to achieve the supreme mastery in Art, of which we hear little. For, splendid as was the mighty achievement of Greece in Art, she never reached to the majesty and grandeur of that masterpiece that stands upon the edge of Africa, head and shoulders above her genius, in the wondrous thing that is called the Sphinx. The genius of Egypt spent itself upon the majesty and the mystery of life ; and it moved thereby to a higher achievement than that of all Greece. When a school arose that had for its battle-cry Art for Art's sake, it really meant Art was for Craft's sake—that the aim of Art lay solely in the Beauty of its Craftsmanship. To show the depths of their confusion, what they said, therefore, was this, that if a Whistler painted a wall white, he by his trick of thumb created a work of Art ! When Whistler said that Art was the science of Beauty, he reminded one of the wiseacre's definition of a crab, that it was "a scarlet insect that walked backwards" ; the which was not an unworthy definition except that the crab is not an insect, is not scarlet, and does not walk backwards. Art concerns itself with tears and pathos and tragedy and ugliness and greyness and the agonies of life as much as with laughter and comedy and beauty. How much did Shakespeare concern himself with Beauty ? Is jealousy beautiful ? Yet "Othello" is great art. Is man's ineffectual struggle against destiny beautiful ? Yet "Hamlet" is accounted the masterpiece of the ages. What did Isaiah concern himself with Beauty ? Are killing and suffering and judgment beautiful ? Mr. Bennett says that the killing of a hog is beautiful. I utterly deny it. It is wholly unbeautiful. Had Millet made it beautiful he had uttered the stupidest of lies. Nevertheless the statement of it may be Art. Indeed, Millet's aim in Art, a large part of his significance in Art, is a protest against the pettiness of mere beauty. He took the earth, this great soul'd man, and he wrought with a master's statement the pathos and the tragedy and the might and the majesty of the earth and of them that toil upon the earth. The "Man with the Hoe" is far more than beautiful, it holds the vast emotions of man's destiny to labour and of man's acceptance of that destiny ; it utters the ugliness as loudly as it states the beauty of the earth and of toil ; and it most rightly utters these things, so that they take equal rank, and thereby add to our experience of life through the masterly power and the beauty of craftsmanship whereby he so solemnly uttered the truth.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

The Human Will

SIR,—I have read with much interest C. W. Saleeby's letters on "The Human Will." I think with him that by free-will is meant freedom of choice to be followed by an action. Consciousness is a very doubtful testimony, as most persons will allow. His concluding words are, "And to assert determinism is merely to assert that the human will is caused." Who would dispute this ? The question remains "Is the human will caused by choice or not ?" I do not presume to decide a question which has been in dispute for hundreds of years, but it is always a matter of surprise to me that writers on the subject should think it necessary to assert one or the other principle as governing every action. Practically men accept both. It is admitted that our actions to a very great extent are due to heredity and environment, and in practice it is at any rate assumed that the individual has freedom of choice. Exactly where one principle counteracts the other who can say in any given case ; it is just that difficulty that causes such hesitation in condemning or approving the actions of our fellow-men. An animal tethered in a field has a limited choice of range ; and may not we also be tethered by heredity and environment with a very limited freedom of choice ?—Yours, &c. H. D. B.

The Bhagavad Gita

SIR,—The pleasure with which I read my ACADEMY was for a moment qualified by reading in a recent number the strange statement that the translation of the Bhagavad Gita in Max Müller's "Sacred Classics" is the only one in English by a competent person. This is hardly just to the admirable translation in Trübner's "Oriental Series," by that learned Sanscrit scholar, John Davies. There is also a sixpenny one by Mrs. Besant and a Hindoo pandit. Also one by Pramada Dasa Mitra, and easily obtainable in London, for 1s. Another very good one by Harrychund Chintamon, with a very useful commentary. Moreover, there are several printed and published in India. Finally, one might mention the beautiful poetical version by Sir Edwin Arnold, and entitled "The Song Celestial." For all that, I agree with your reviewer in giving a hearty welcome to the new edition of this treasure.—Yours, &c. WILLIAM J. CORYN.

Dickens as a Novelist

SIR,—I suppose that "D. F. H.," despite the manifest contempt he has displayed for Dickens, would scarcely wish to maintain his comparison of Dickens' work to a Punch and Judy. Surely he merely harms his cause by stating propositions which seem to the average person both extravagant and untrue. Let us Dickens-lovers, by all means, acknowledge that our master has his faults. But, after all, it is by his *best* that criticism should judge a man. And it seems to me at least, that by his *best* Dickens did more than please, he taught. Take only one example. Did he not show us, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," that the poor are far more often truly Christian than the rich—a lesson which many of us sorely need ? Surely the picture he has given us of humble family life is a great piece of work—even considered from the entirely artistic standpoint. But I must not enlarge ; E. G. O. puts my point for me ; truly we may "sit at the feet of Dickens and learn our Christmas lessons once again."—Yours, &c. D. DAVIES.

Winchester.

Notes on German Schools

SIR,—May I trespass upon your space to protest against the highly inadequate review of Mr. Winch's book which appeared in your issue of the 14th inst. With reference to "Notes on German Schools," your reviewer asks if it was worth writing, states that England has nothing to learn from Germany in the matter of education, and quotes some questions on the main features of the Thirty Years' War asked of children aged ten, which he characterises as "utter

stupidity." His last sentence, put into plain English and deprived of its simile, calls Mr. Winch utterly ignorant for imagining that these notes are of any value in studying popular education. None of these statements are true, and, if they were, such dogmatic assertion would only injure your reviewer's cause. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" devoted three articles to Mr. Winch's book, and reviews of a careful and more or less exhaustive nature have appeared in English papers. In view of the important nature of the subject dealt with by Mr. Winch and his own claims as an expert student of educational methods, I regret that this note on his book should have been admitted to the columns of THE ACADEMY.—Yours, &c.

PERCY L. BABINGTON.

Free-Will and Determinism

SIR,—One gathers from Dr. Saleeby's intensely interesting article, "Education and Determinism," that he holds the view that determinism does not necessarily deethicise human conduct. In spite, however, of the beneficent results, in the physical sphere, which may be expected to flow from the general acceptance of this doctrine, it cannot be gainsaid that it reduces us to the level of automata, and it is impossible, as Dr. Saleeby will admit, to ascribe any ethical significance to mere mechanical actions and reactions.

The truth is that the ethical concept involves a curious paradox. If it is obvious, as it undoubtedly is, that unless our wills are free our acts can have no moral value, it is no less obvious that unless our wills are determined they can have no moral value either. In order to have any moral value it is as necessary that our volitions should be dictated by a moral motive as it is that we should be free to follow that motive or not to follow it. In following it the will is no doubt determined by it as absolutely as the fall of a stone to the earth is determined by the attraction of gravity.

Now, that man is a moral being, responsible for his acts, has been our great affirmation through all the ages—the affirmation in virtue of which he has raised himself out of the brute to a level "a little lower than the angels." What, then, should our conclusion be? Plainly, if we are to believe that evolution is in any sense good, that life is in any sense beautiful, we must consider, with Kant, that both of these contradictory propositions are true; that the will is both free and not free—is determined in a physical sense, is unfettered in some transcendental sense. Or, if you prefer to put it so, we must conclude that the problem is, for us, insoluble. To affirm this is but to affirm the limitations of the human intellect; while to deny it is to assert that the incomprehensible cannot be true. We cannot carve out all things with the knife of the Delphic cutler.

If we accept this conclusion we leave ourselves at liberty to believe in some ultimate synthesis, beyond our present grasp, where these contradictories are reconciled; it may be that for us, too, somehow, somewhere, these things shall one day be made plain.

Let us, then, still continue to "faintly trust the larger hope," believing that "now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face."—Yours, &c.

J. C. GRAHAM.

Omar al Khayyami

SIR,—Permit me to say a few words in reference to Mr. Meakin's letter regarding the title of my book, "The Life of Omar al Khayyami," which appeared in your issue of the 14th inst.

In the first place I have to correct the mistake in the heading published above Mr. Meakin's letter. I notice that instead of spelling the preposition "al" in "Omar al Khayyam" with an "a" it is spelt with an "e," making it "el" instead of "al." The letter "allif," both in Persian and Arabic, is equivalent to the English letter "a"; of course varying in its pronunciation in certain given cases—in the present instance the "allif" is pronounced in "al," as the English "a" in "at," and not as in "ate"; therefore "al" must be spelt in English with an "a," and not with an "e," as spelt in this case. Further Mr. Meakin spells Omar as 'Omar lacking the English equivalent of the Persian consonant "ayin"; even in that case Mr. Meakin would be

making a mistake if he spelt Omar as proposed by him, because the English correct equivalent of the Persian consonant "ayin" would be "U" and not "O," therefore, if we want to transcribe Omar into English as it is written, one would have to write "Umar" and not "Omar."

So much for the first and second words of Mr. Meakin's title. Regarding the use of the third and remaining word I beg again to disagree.

"Omar el Khayyam," as Mr. Meakin calls Omar, does not fall in with my view, because if it did then I would have necessarily to accept the theory that Omar himself was a tentmaker. "Omar al Khayyam" translated into literal English means "Omar the tentmaker"; which is incorrect. If we had to shorten the name—that is, instead of calling him "Omar al Khayyami," as his biographers and myself have done, then it would be far more correct to call him plain "Omar Khayyam" instead of "Omar al Khayyam"; because if we call Omar plain "Omar Khayyam" that in Persian does not convey to one the idea that he had anything to do with tentmaking; but, on the contrary, if we call him "Omar al Khayyam," we positively acknowledge the fact that he was a tentmaker. I will illustrate it in English: It is a different thing to say "John Smith" from "John the Smith." In the first instance we cannot assert that John was a smith, while in the second instance we positively assert that John was a smith; such analogous difference has "Omar Khayyam" from "Omar al Khayyam." We do not meet with the latter in any authentic Persian MSS., while we do in the case of the former. Therefore if Mr. Meakin adheres to his title of "Omar el Khayyam," without an "i" at the end, he is contradicting himself. I have spelt Omar's name as he has been known and as he should be known, having in view that "it is never too late" to correct an error. His full name, "Omar al Khayyami," in itself contradicts all other proofs as to Omar's profession or craft. Al Khayyami, as I have explained in my book, is a generic name, and not a family one. Omar or his father could not have possibly got this name from their family, but from the sect or tribe they belonged to. Careful research and investigations have resulted in the fact that the name "Al Khayyami" is not known in Persia as a patronymic, hence my reasonable conclusion that neither Omar nor his parents had anything to do with tentmaking, nor he could be possibly called otherwise than "Omar al Khayyami"; by calling him so we only do justice to him and to his biographers—such men as Ibn al Kifti, Zakaria Kazwini and others, who unanimously speak of him as "Omar al Khayyami." I may also add that Omar is known in Persia both among educated and ignorant classes as either "Omar Khayyam" or "Omar al Khayyami."—Yours, &c.

J. K. M. SHIRAZI.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

NOTES.

"GREEK LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE."—I do not see that the ancients had any greater love of knowledge than moderns, taking the populations in the

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aggregate. But they had this advantage in being more fully in communication with still more ancient media, which, now lost to us, have the mystery of being "unknown"; and, when we penetrate the obscurity, as with hieroglyphs and cuneiforms, we yet remain ignorant of their merely colloquial acquirements. Taking, then, the word *kaipo* (unaccented) we find it equivalent to our word "opportune," with all the potentialities involved as effective, seasonable, a good opening; with details sufficient to supply a column of quotations to our "N.E.D."; and having also the merely technical use as a "web," in weaving. It is the Latin "quasero."—A. HALL.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.—What were the original grounds for the story that Sir William Davenant, the Caroline dramatist, was really the son of William Shakespeare?—E. J. Thompson.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTLAND.—Did Shakespeare ever visit Scotland? We have no real evidence that he did so, yet one frequently meets with passages in the tragedy of "Macbeth" which seem to refer to that country. For instance, the description of Macbeth's residence represents exactly the character of the spot in Inverness where it is ascertained that Macbeth's castle stood. It is also remarkable that Act I. Scene iv. is laid in Ferres. Other instances are also to be found in this tragedy which point in favour of an affirmative answer to this question.—M. Howlett (Bury).

A SOUL.—

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

("Richard II." II. iii.)

This motto is printed on the flyleaf of my copy of the presentation edition—bound in white vellum—of "The Merchant of Venice," in celebration of its one hundredth performance in 1880 at the Lyceum, and above the lines Sir (then Mr.) Henry Irving wrote his signature, with a kind inscription to the lucky recipients. Now the meaning of the words in italics had always been, and still is, to me an enigma. Does "a soul" mean another person? This would make nonsense. If it mean "remembering in spirit," then a second "in" is needed. I wonder how Sir Henry interprets it. What is the explanation of your readers?—Immerito.

LITERATURE.

* LIONS' SKINS.—What is the allusion in the following passage, from Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals," Section I.: "We sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto virtue, and we slide not, but climb unto it?"—C. Fox Smith (Bolton, Lancashire).

"THE MUSIC MASTER."—What is the subject of, and where can I find, a poem called "The Music Master," highly praised, I think, by Coventry Patmore? Is it by William Allingham?—K.K. (Belfast).

WHITER'S "ETYMOLOGIUM MAGNUM."—I have a copy of the "Etymologium Magnum," by Whiter, a quarto published at Cambridge in 1800, with "Part First" on title-page. Did any other volumes or "parts" appear? I want to get them, but am away from libraries and reference books, so can find out nothing.—K.M.

LAVERGRO.—What was "the sin against the Holy Ghost" committed by Peter, the Welsh preacher? Was it simply a statement of His non-existence?—A.N. (Netherfield).

BRASILIA.—To what story does the following allusion (Browne's "Christian Morals," Section XXXIII.) refer? "To tread a mile after . . . the heavy measures of the lady of Brasilia were a most tiring penance."—C. Fox Smith (Bolton-le-Moors).

"THE COSSACK OF THE DON."—During my school days in England I have a dim recollection of reading a poem called "The Cossack of the Don." Can any of your readers tell me by whom it was written and where it can be found?—F. Darlow (Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.).

NATURE SIMILES.—Are there many instances in English poetry of taking ordinary manufactured articles as nature *similes*, such as
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn?—K.M.

"THE LEARNED HEATHEN."—John Wesley, in his "Sermon on the Reward of the Righteous," writes: "If the learned heathen acknowledged the sublimity of the account which Moses gives of the creation, what would he have said if he had heard this account of the Son of Man coming in His glory?" Who is the "learned heathen" referred to above?—E. J. Thompson.

THE RELAXED BOW.—Who was the originator of the comparison of a bow, which gains strength by being relaxed, with the mind? The figure occurs in Roger Ascham, Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, and other writers. What is the source from which they derived it?—C. Fox Smith (Bolton-le-Moors).

"KALEWALA."—In a novel of Marcel Prévost one of the characters is a Finnish artist working at a triptych. The first panel represents Aino gathering sticks in a wood, and turning to listen to the footstep of Walma-nainen. In the second she sits naked on a rock gazing at the sea. In the third she is jumping into the water to escape her pursuer. The subject is taken from the Finnish epic "Kalewala." Can any reader give the story of Aino, or mention any English translation, or collection of Finnish tales, which gives in popular form the subject and scope of the "Kalewala"? There are, I believe, French and German versions, but I cannot come across these.—K.K. (Belfast).

* WALTON AND CHALKHILL.—S. W. Singer, the editor of an edition in 1820 of "Thealma and Clearchus," by J. Chalkhill, suggested that, as nothing is known of the reputed author, Chalkhill may be a pseudonym for Izaak Walton, who first published the poem in 1683. A writer in the "Retrospective Review" (Vol. IV., 1821) upheld this view. Has anything since come to light which disproves this theory? The tomb, mentioned by Walton's editor Hawkins, in Winchester Cathedral of a J. Chalkhill, who died in 1679, aged eighty, can scarcely be that of the author of "Thealma," who is described by Walton as "an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser."—H.A.W. (Putney).

ST. BRANDAN.—Was the "Voyage of S. Brandan," to which Dante is supposed to refer in the "Inferno" (Canto III., "that catiff choir of the angels who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God"), known in medieval England? Where did it originate?—E.M.W.B. (Hove).

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Browning, in "Paracelsus," to some extent forestalls Darwin in the field of evolution. Has it ever been ascertained if Darwin had read "Paracelsus"? Or does Darwin anywhere refer to Browning or acknowledge any debt whatsoever to him?—E. J. Thompson.

GENERAL.

EARLIEST BRASS.—Can any reader say which is the earliest known brass in memory of a lady?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

WELSH AS MOTHER TONGUE.—The first effort at speaking of all children hears the sound of the Welsh word for mother—viz. "mam"; this is true of

all children in all climes. The Welsh claim this as a proof that their language is the mother tongue. Can any reasons be given for this belief?—D.R. (Manchester).

A SNIP.—In the Preface to a book printed in 1687 the editor says: "I go no snip with the stationer, but I am willing to venture my reputation," &c., meaning, it is to be supposed, that he did not share in the profits. Was this a common expression at the time, and can any other example be given?—K.K. (Belfast).

ONE HOUR OLD.—In a small countryside Roman Catholic cemetery in Sussex I noticed a small wooden cross, with the following on it:

James Hobbs.
Died 7th July, 1888.
Aged One Hour.

Has any reader ever seen a cross erected to any one younger, and where?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

"BRAUT" AND "BRÄUTIGAM."—Are there any words in the English language corresponding to the German "Braut" and "Bräutigam"? Bride and bridegroom have, of course, a different signification, and "betrothed" cannot be considered as satisfactory, as it cannot be used with the indefinite article.—A.J. (Leeds).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.—The prices of most commodities rose much in Shakespeare's lifetime. An income of £130 at the time of his birth ought to be multiplied by at least eight to get its modern equivalent; but the same income at the time of his death would not have to be multiplied by more than six.—Pedagogue (Nottingham).

"THE LADY OF STRACHY."—Cowden Clarke offers one of the best suggestions: Stracci, rags and tatters. He thinks that Malvolio regards it as an Italian family name. Other suggestions include astrakhan, duchy, sophy, satrapy, stratiaco, strategia, a province. A Greek word in use in Latin would answer to the sense of the passage, but "Strachy" is most probably the corrupt form of some place-name. (From John Lee's Notes on "Twelfth Night.")—C.B.

LITERATURE.

DE MUSSET AND DEL SARTO.—"André del Sarto, Drame en deux actes," is the first play in the first volume of Alfred de Musset's "Comédies et Proverbes," published by Charpentier, Paris. There is, however, barely any mention of his paintings. It is the story of his wife's infidelity (Lucrece del Fede). On discovering that her lover is his pupil and friend, Cordiani, del Sarto poisons himself.—E.C.E. (Irrington, New York).

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines commencing "The river is deep, it runneth slow," &c., are to be found in the late F. W. Faber's poem, "King's Bridge," written when at Oxford before he joined the Church of Rome.—Thomas Bloom (Salisbury).

COMMANDER OF THIRTY LEGIONS.—The philosopher was Favorinus, a friend of Plutarch, a favourite of Hadrian. According to Montaigne (Essays, Book III. Essay vii., towards the end), Hadrian and he had a dispute one day about the meaning of a word. Favorinus owned himself beaten, and when his friends complained of his complaisance, answered, "What! do you pretend he does not know more than I do—one who commands thirty legions?" Montaigne probably got the story from Favorinus' friend Plutarch, of whose works he says (Essays, Book II. Essay iv., near the beginning), "C'est notre bréviaire."—T.F.J.

LES MAGES.—The use of this obsolete term to describe a school of poets probably is intended to recall its original meaning, "magician-like," as well as its more obvious one of *chief* (extant in Fr. equivalent for chief justice). Hence its application to the writers of a particular school may be taken to indicate the (a) artistic standpoint of the poet, often expressed in Art for Art's sake, and (b) the creative and technical skill which presents an aspect or condition apart from ethical purpose, and only as an artistic study.—S.C.

* "JOWNED."—R.L.S. is evidently quoting from Hardy's "The Return of the Native." In Book I. Section iii., Grandfather Cantle says: "Well, then I spoke to her in my well-known merry way, and she said, 'O that what's shamed so venerable should talk like a fool.' That's what she said to me. I don't care for her, be jowned if I do, and so I told her. 'Be jowned if I care for 'ee,' I said." The word "jowned" is not given in the "English Dialect Dictionary." Regarding it as an expletive, the advantage of "j" as an initial letter is obvious, however meaningless the word as a whole may be.—S. King Alcock (Burslem).

GENERAL.

* "ST. TIB'S EVE."—The name of the originator of this phrase is lost in the mists of antiquity. There is no such saint as Tib in the calendar, hence the use of the phrase "on St. Tib's Eve" to imply "never." It is exactly parallel to another one, given by Grose—viz. "on St. Geoffrey's Day." Other expressions, not framed on quite the same model, but amounting to the same thing, are: "In the reign of Queen Dick," "When three Thursdays meet," "At later Lammas," &c. The French say "Dans une semaine de trois jeudis." The ancients similarly employed such expressions as "On the Greek Kalends," or "In the consulship of Planus."—Marianne.

ST. TIB'S EVE.—The origin of *Tib's Eve* for *never* is supposed to be as follows: St. Tib is a corruption of St. Ubes, itself a Christianised version of Setuval. There is thus no saint St. Ubes in the calendar; hence the eve of the saint's day falls never. As in the case of other popular corruptions of words, the "originator" cannot be known.—S.C. (Hove).

BLUE BEANS are bullets or shot—lead being blue. "Many a valiant Gaul had no breakfast that morning, but what the Germans call 'blue beans'—i.e., bullets" (W. Maccall, "My School Days," 1885). "Three blue beans in a blue bladder," "A rattle for children."

F. Harkl does it rattle?

S. Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder.

"Old Fortunatus" (Ancient Dramas), iii. p. 128.
—M. Maclean Dobrte.

"THERE IS SWEET MUSIC HERE."—Further replies received from E. J. Thompson; Hilda Wood; and M. Graman.

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Notes

THE news of Maxim Gorky is reassuring. Whether or no General Trepoff said that he should be hanged, it seems probable, according to the latest reports, that he will be released shortly. Meanwhile the world of letters all over Europe has risen in his defence. The movement started, it seems, in Berlin and New York; Paris and London are following suit; and the petitions and agitation in his favour are a new and leading instance of the way in which modern literature and modern men and women of letters are identified with modern life. Maxim Gorky has nothing of the "literary artist" about him. In his thirty-six years there has been no learned seclusion, no academic selfishness. He has been a painter of ikons, a pedlar, a scullery-boy, a gardener, a watchman, a barber's apprentice; he has worked in a lawyer's office and sung in a travelling opera company. Life, not letters, turned him author; and when he wrote, he wrote brutal, hideous things, that few men of letters can read. What chance would such a man have had in the old days, when literature was the amusement of the few? His very name, Maxim the Bitter, is the antithesis of the pet qualities of the man of letters. And yet it is first and foremost the men of letters who have come forward as his champions.

THE publication in "The Times" of the "unique" unfinished novel by Lord Beaconsfield should suffice to burst the Disraeli bubble. It was the work of an old and ailing man; but an old and ailing man who had ever possessed a genuine literary gift could never have produced such chapters as these. Disraeli (there is no concealing the fact) was a vulgar writer. His vulgarity is too clever to be gross, his social experience too great to leave it unvarnished; but it peeps out not only in his general attitude towards the aristocracy, but in the very form and diction of his sentences. Some faint interest may be roused by the question who Joseph Toplady Falconet was meant for. The name contains the same number of letters as William Ewart Gladstone, and Gladstone, shortly before Disraeli's death, had put "Rock of Ages" into Latin verse: on the other hand, Macaulay, too, came from Clapham Common and had belonged to the Clapham sect. We should prefer to believe that Macaulay was the man, for the publication of these unfinished chapters would be less welcome than ever if they proved Disraeli to have been making "copy" of that kind out of a still living political opponent.

WHAT, we wonder, did Disraeli think of the work himself? And what would he think of its admirers?

Browning's opinion of the Browning Society has been guessed at by the late J. K. S. in the lines on the "*Mr. Society* down in Cambridge," and by Mr. Max Beerbohm in one of the cartoons he exhibited at the Carfax Gallery last year. The artist might turn his attention to the Dickens Fellowship, which is preparing a meeting in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday next, to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of Charles Dickens' birth. "This huge organisation" has nearly 7,000 members, and thirty-one branches situated in all parts of the world, and they will all commemorate the anniversary simultaneously. No doubt they will all enjoy a pleasant evening. There will be presidential and vice-presidential addresses; there will be (it appears) personal reminiscences of the novelist; there will be songs and dramatic representations. There should be, or half the fun will be gone, resolutions, minutes, reports of proceedings, and the rest of it. And meanwhile there will be one or two, outside the 7,000, who will read Dickens.

By the death of Arnold Glover, at the early age of thirty-nine, students of English literature have suffered a real loss. In him were combined the characteristic qualities of his two Universities; it was obvious at St. Andrews a year ago, when he paid a visit to his old haunts after many years of absence, that he was by nature akin, in many ways, to the spirit of the place; and he had all that dread of over-statement, all that "painful" desire to be accurate and sure in the laying of foundations, so eminently a mark of Cambridge. A few articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an edition of Boswell's "Johnson" and of the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," a review or two and (in collaboration with A. R. Waller) the Collected Edition of the writings of Hazlitt—these constitute his published work. Only ten days before his death, during a walk round the Great Court of Trinity, he talked of work for many years to come; he was keenly absorbed in the edition of the complete text of Beaumont and Fletcher, on which he was at work for the Cambridge University Press; his stores of knowledge concerning all that belonged to Scots literature had hardly been touched, but he was going to draw upon them; and the minute care he had bestowed upon the politics and literature of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century in the matter of Hazlitt was to be applied in other directions. *Dis aliter visum.*

NEWS comes from Dublin of a new Juliet, Miss Violet Mervyn, who has a fresh reading of the psychology of Juliet's emotions. A Juliet with ideas would be a

welcome novelty, but the most interesting statement in connection with Miss Mervyn is that she has roused Professor Dowden to enthusiasm. The Juliet who can do that should be worth seeing, and we are glad to hear that the young actress may shortly be seen in London.

THE January number of the best Danish monthly, "Tilskueren," contains an entertaining article on the English language by Otto Jespersen, the well-known authority on phonetics. He asserts, with certain reservations, that the character of a nation may be gauged from the language, and proceeds to show how the English tongue reflects some national idiosyncrasies. "English is a masculine language—there is nothing either childlike or feminine about it. . . . Its merits, as well as its imperfections, are those of a man."

It is to the energetic character of the nation that Jespersen attributes the comparative harshness of spoken English, with its combinations of two or three consonants; these, he argues, require more energy on the part of the speaker to pronounce than is called forth by a softer language, with a preponderance of words ending in vowel sounds. This imparts a quality of virility at the expense of melodiousness, and thus even the shortcomings of English serve to emphasise its inherent manliness.

APPARENTLY ignoring modern British journalese, the author comments on the Englishman's abstention from exaggerated praise and his consequent dislike of superlative terms. "'That isn't half bad,' or 'She is rather good-looking' is often the highest praise that can be extorted from him." In the same way the Englishman vents his disgust in measured language, and where the Frenchman would exclaim "Quelle horreur!" contents himself with a quiet "That's rather a nuisance."

BUT the most striking feature of the English character which Jespersen claims to discover in the language is the love of freedom and impatience of undue restraint. No language is so unfettered by academic rules, none has greater powers of assimilation; provided a word be telling, it will be unhesitatingly accepted, whatever its origin may be. If French be compared to a formal Louis XIV. garden, then our own tongue may be likened to those English parks where all seems left to nature, and where all have leave to wander at will. "The English language would never have become what it is if Englishmen had not for centuries so respected individual liberty, that every man was free to strike out a new path for himself."

IN a very literary number of "The Quarterly Review" there are two articles of special interest. One is that of the President of Magdalen College on Matthew Arnold, and the other Miss Sichel's fascinating account of Canon Ainger. Mr. Warren writes with profound and intimate knowledge of Arnold, and gives such a picture as we do not find in any of the various biographical essays that have been published regarding the critic. And this is saying nothing derogatory to the excellent work done by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Paul, Mr. W. H. Dawson, Mr. Arthur Galton, and the others. Mr. Warren gives the following fine description of Arnold in his young days: "He was indeed a singular mixture, a paradox, or rather a bundle of paradoxes, oscillating, vacillating at all times between the worldly and the unworldly. Handsome, athletic, elegant, fashionable, loving (as he said himself) the ways and sports of the 'barbarians,' full of a superficial levity and even flippancy, calculated to shine in society, to adorn

and enjoy it—this was what he appeared on the surface." Mr. Warren insists upon the double nature of Arnold in which the gay and lively were always bubbling up through the grave and severe, so that the world did not quite know "whether to treat him as a mocker or as a mystic, a Socrates or a Scarron."

As long as Canon Ainger lived Charles Lamb did not lack a descendant both in a literary sense and a sort of inherited physical and mental presence. His innocence and delight and wit were re-embodied. To those were joined the devotion and admiration of a spirit kindred in most things—kindred fundamentally in its adherence to the principles of art and conduct of the past, and kindred in a perplexing veil each drew between the man of the world who trifled and punned everlastingly with the externals, and the deep and earnest soul beneath. "Lamb's f-f-fun" covered a tragical impression of both his own personality and the ordinary destiny. The humour that played about all they came in contact with and touched, often enough on the eternal things, yet left an absolute and childlike faith in the lessons of the unseen which the ages had handed down to both. They chose professions which seemed peculiarly unsuitable, and succeeded in them honourably and happily. Lamb's home affections, which are almost unmatched in any record of a man's life, particularly those of men of genius, are found also in Canon Ainger. Lamb used to have a pathetic desire to go and stand under the house where he was born and visit again all the houses that had witnessed his childhood and family life. The feeling is not uncommon, but it is seldom so intense as in Lamb, the "thoughts too deep for tears" came then. It is a comment on the lives and training of the two men to observe the scene that awakens the reflection in Wordsworth. There is also a curious parallel in the case of Thomas Hood, who was a friend of Lamb and was admired so greatly by Ainger. The "old familiar faces" of Lamb has an echo in Hood's

"I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,"

and Ainger completes the link by his poem to his sister:

"Home is not home where is no kindred face;
And often, wearied with the jars of day,
From stranger hearths I sadly turn away
The story of my childhood's days to trace.

For friends are sweet, but friendship ne'er supplies
The love of those who link us to our race."

There is the real spirit of Lamb, the Lamb who wrote
"Would that thou wert born in my father's dwelling."

MR. DAVID MURRAY, painter, has been elected a Royal Academician, while Mr. David Farquharson, painter, and Mr. Reginald Blomfield, architect, have been elected Associates. At the time of going to press we do not hear that any steps have been taken towards filling the vacancies in the number of the eight engravers.

THE Duke of Westminster is having a commemorative plate placed on No. 8 Victoria Square, Buckingham Palace Road, the house in which Thomas Campbell resided between 1840 and 1843. It was there that the "Life of Mrs. Siddons" was completed; and "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," "Moonlight" and "The Child and Hind" all appeared during the period of his tenancy of the house. Beattie tells many anecdotes of the poet's unbusinesslike methods. His guests often found their meals served in the library, which, famous for its "four scagliola pedestals waiting for their marble busts," and the story of the slipper and the bundle of banknotes which has been repeated recently, shows his absolute

neglect of all ordinary precautions in regard to money matters. He wrote to Beattie from Wiesbaden, asking him to send some money which would be found in the press in his bedroom. After a long and exhaustive search a roll of banknotes, of about £300 in value, was found in the press, it is true, but stuffed into the toe of an old slipper.

WHAT is serendipity? The word might have slept in learned obscurity but for Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. He found it, no doubt, in the works of Horace Walpole, its inventor, and hid it delicately in the pages of "Who's Who." But some one must have found it there and asked for an explanation. "He," says Mr. Meynell, "who picks up abroad just the volume that happens to be missing from the otherwise complete set on his own bookshelves, he it is who knows the joys of serendipity." There are joys, doubtless, for him who picks up just the word that happens to be missing from his own and everyone else's vocabulary; but these joys are transient. "Serendipity" will shortly occur on every page of every daily paper. It is already on a sign over a shop. When Sir Thomas Browne wrote down "meticulous" he must have thrilled with pleasure; so must the writer who first discovered it in his pages. The word is now a common hack.

NOTHING has contributed so much to the "waking-up" of "The Burlington Magazine" as its editorial articles, which combine plain-speaking, sound sense, and scholarship in just and sometimes amusing proportions. In the February number, for instance, the author of an excellent article on "The Prospects of Contemporary Painting" slips in a sentence on the works of "deceased aunts" which proclaims him human at once. There is also an important little note on the Insurance of Works of Art. Mr. Ricketts writes on "Watts at Burlington House," Mr. Lionel Cust (who seems to be the strongest candidate for the Directorship of the National Gallery) on Lucas Cranach, and Mrs. Ady concludes her notes on the Staats-Forbes collection of drawings by Millet.

Bibliographical

TO-DAY (February 4) is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Harrison Ainsworth, a novelist who enjoyed considerable popularity in his day, and whose works are still, as I think that free library statistics would go to prove, very widely read. Most of his romances are obtainable to-day in various forms from sixpence to five shillings apiece. Messrs. Routledge's list contains half a dozen "editions"; some complete and some comprising only the more popular of Ainsworth's romances, and Messrs. Gibbings also issued an edition. Judging by the number of reissues during the past fifteen years, "Windsor Castle," which has made five reappearances, is the most popular, while "The Tower of London" and "Jack Sheppard" have each made four. "Old Saint Paul's," which, as I remember, entranced me years ago, is rather low on the list for recent reprints, but it seems obtainable in half a dozen different forms, all of which seem to show that Harrison Ainsworth—whose "Rookwood" was published over seventy years ago—remains a serious competitor of living writers of historical and adventure stories.

The recent addition of a volume on Thomas Moore to the English Men of Letters Series has suggested an inquiry as to the sustained popularity of Moore's writings as shown by the number of reissues. During

the past ten years there have been about a dozen reprints of Moore's works. His complete poems were published in 1895, and again in two forms in 1897, while as recently as 1903 a selection from them was added to the Golden Treasury Series. The "Irish Meledies" were republished in 1897, and a selection from them translated into Irish was issued two years later. "Lalla Rookh" was published in 1901, while when we come to his prose we find three issues of "The Epicurean," 1897, 1899, and 1900, and a new edition of the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" in 1897. In 1899 a volume of anecdotes, &c., from "Moore's Journal" formed the opening volume of a Raconteur Series which was not, I believe, carried further.

The late Mr. William Fraser Rae will no doubt be remembered chiefly for his biography of Sheridan, his other writings on late eighteenth-century men and matters, and his contributions to the elucidation of the Junius mystery. He was also the author of several travel books and works of fiction, as may be seen from the following list of his publications: "Westward by Rail: the New Route to the East" (1870, third edition 1874); "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: the Opposition under George the Third" (1873); "Columbia and Canada: Notes on the Great Republic and the new Dominion" (1877); "Newfoundland to Manitoba" (1881); "Facts about Manitoba" (1882); "Miss Bayle's Romance" (1887); "A Modern Brigand" (1888); "Maygrove: a Family History" (1889); "Austrian Health Resorts and the Bitter Waters of Hungary" (1888, second enlarged edition 1889); "An American Duchess: a Pendant to Miss Bayle's Romance" (1891); "The Business of Travel" (1891); "Egypt To-day: the First to the Third Khedive" (1892); "Sheridan, a Biography" (1896); "Sheridan's Plays. Now Printed as he wrote Them" (1902). Mr. Rae also translated Edmond About's "Handbook of Social Economy" (1872); Taine's "Notes on England" (1872); and Sainte-Beuve's "English Portraits" (1875). He also contributed an introduction to the catalogue of the library of the Reform Club (1883 and 1894).

The recent tragic events in Russia, with their early sequel in the wholesale arrest of prominent leaders of liberal thought, will probably stimulate the demand for existing English translations of notable Russian books, and perhaps more especially for those of Maxim Gorky, who was among those arrested. It has been suggested that Gorky's grim writings would never have made a mark among English readers had he elected to write under his own name, Alexei Maximovitch Peshkov, and if the suggestion be true it shows that there is much in a name after all. For the information of readers who wish for some acquaintance with Gorky's writings I give a list of English translations which have been published: "The Orloff Couple and Malva" (1901); "Foma Gordyeeff" (1901); "The Outcasts and Other Stories" (1902); "Three of Them" (1902); "Twenty-six Men and a Girl, &c." (1902).

WALTER JERROLD.

Balzac's Short Stories

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have begun the experiment of printing French classics in England, seeking, by means of clear type and presentable volumes, to induce a closer study of the great French masterpieces on this side the Channel, and, on the other, possibly, to rouse a little friendly rivalry with the French in the matter of paper and print.

The volume under consideration ("Contes Choisis,"

by H. de Balzac, "Les Classiques Français," publiés sous la direction de M. Daniel S. O'Connor. Dent, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net) is devoted to a selection of Balzac's short stories, with a preface by M. Paul Bourget. By a curious oversight it has no list of contents, and we may therefore as well state that the stories included are: "L'Elixir de Longue Vie," "La Messe de l'Athée," "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," "Un Episode sous la Terreur," "Le Réquisitionnaire," "Le Chef-d'œuvre Inconnu," "El Verdugo," "La Grande Bretèche," "Facino Cane," "Un Drame au Bord de la Mer." With this selection there is little cause to quarrel. If "Facino Cane" had been omitted the volume would have been more nearly "pure gold"; it is but a slight sketch, interesting as from Balzac's pen, but of little merit, and it possesses few of the distinctive qualities of the short story. For the rest, the reader has in "La Grande Bretèche," "La Messe de l'Athée," "Le Chef-d'œuvre Inconnu" and the others mentioned, the very best of Balzac's work as a writer of short stories—work unencumbered with the moralisings so often found elsewhere in his longer writings, free from the "catalogue" detail so characteristic of him; work in which no strokes are lost, no digressions permitted, in which the pen moves on swiftly, freely, to the inevitable close.

M. Bourget discusses in his few preparatory pages the *raison d'être* of the short story and Balzac's work as a writer of *nouvelles*. He points out the fact frequently forgotten—that Balzac's short stories are as great supporters of his fame as are his longer novels; and it is a quality rare in literary history. Those rich pearls, to use the phrase of one of Balzac's most acute and discerning critics, that are scattered profusely throughout "La Comédie Humaine," are as clearly evidence of the wealth of his creative power as are "Le Père Goriot" and "La Cousine Bette." Other French masters in this art are not thus doubly endowed. Mérimée, who made the short story something it never was before, who brought it out of the void and gave it form, who wrote "Mateo Falcone," the despair of all who, with an eye towards economy of means, seek to write a short story based upon elements of pity and terror; even he, Prosper Mérimée, could not write a long novel. Why? Is it not due to a failure to recognise that the method and the technique of the short story are far removed from those of the long novel? To sum up a situation in a hundred words, the gift of Poe to France through the magic prose of Baudelaire, needs qualities entirely different from those needed to build up step by step, with here an elaboration of the diamond panes and there a nicely adjusted colouring of the roof, a structure that stands four-square to the winds of heaven, a logical and coherent whole. In a long novel the truest art consists in the selection and arrangement of those many small, unobtrusive facts which show that, under given circumstances, a man will act in such a way and in no other. Life may be *divers et ondoyant*: there is no settled sequence of things; but in a dumb, groping fashion we have discovered that certain causes generally produce certain effects, that as a man sows so does he reap. The novelist, whose aim is not merely to amuse, but who wishes to give a true picture of life, will, therefore, avoid that which is out of the common. Years ago Guy de Maupassant pointed this out in the preface to "Pierre et Jean." From the events of every-day life, desiring only that we should seek to understand what goes on, without any thought of judgment or morality, the novelish should select for presentation series of facts that show his characters working out their settled

destiny. He must cast aside the superfluous, for it is impossible to give in full the facts of even one day only in the history of a man's soul; he must select only those things which seem to tell, which are the hidden causes of what follows; but, even so, he will need a large canvas to let the play of successive or reiterated facts be seen. In the long novel, we repeat, the exceptional must be avoided, or used as sparingly as exceptional things occur in common life; but the exceptional is the very core of the short story. There the main requirement is the presentation of a single, detached episode, an unexpected tragedy, the life of a few moments, a completed thing, in which the forces of terror and pity and sympathy arise and sway and die. Of such stuff are the stories contained in this slight volume. They grip the heart; they are of the very essence of that species of tragedy which Aristotle, in his "Poetics," describes as purifying the affections by pity and terror. Of this same nature is Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," perhaps the most perfect short story of the most perfect artist in that kind. And the nearest classical examples we can show in English literature are two stories, both from over the Border: Sir Walter Scott's Wandering Willie's Tale in "Redgauntlet," and R. L. Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet." We have succeeded in many forms of literature, but as yet we have not worked this vein with the easy power of our neighbours. Our workmen are sparing of the file; they have yet to learn that the half is greater than the whole. Few English stories can be named that possess that singleness of aim, that reserve of material, that ruthless trimming away of the unnecessary which is needful to produce a sharply-defined and clear result. At the moment only one can be remembered, written of recent years, that fulfils every canon here expressed—Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." An isolated episode that brings us close to the profound depths of life and thought, the suggestion of unsolved problems without the long train of events that illustrate their (to us) apparent cause and effect, the flight of a bird across the warm and lighted hall, arousing questions of whence and whither, unique experiences, revelations of the blinding light that come at rare moments: these are the proper substance of the short story.

In lengthened studies of the human heart and in character-analysis we can show the works of Fielding and Richardson and the novels of Jane Austen; but we have failed in the short story primarily because we have not realised that we must go a different way to work, and, secondly, because of a lack in our conception of the art of writing that has had a malign influence upon more than the short story in recent literature: "Whatever the thing we wish to say," writes Maupassant, "there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek till we find this noun, this verb and this adjective, and never be content with getting very near it, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to sleights of language to avoid a difficulty." Needful in all really great work, this rule is vital in the construction of the short story; but, with a few honourable exceptions, care for the written word, among the writers of to-day, as expressive of the thing imagined, is not deemed essential. Not so did Mérimée and Maupassant understand their art; it was with carefully-wrought tools that they fashioned their works: our imitations do not bear the stamp of such whole-hearted devotion.

W.

Reviews

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES

By Albert F. Calvert. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

SPANISH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d.)

EVERY centenary brings its crop, scanty or abundant, of books, little or big, designed to tell the general reader why the first, third or any other hundredth year since some notable event, is being celebrated. The tercentenary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote" could not fail to bring the accustomed following with it. And we have nothing to say against their appearance, if only for the reason, such as it is, that nobody could write worse about Cervantes than some of his professed admirers have written already. Not but that better excuses could be found. When the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared in 1605 Spain took her place among the nations which have produced a great literature. If one were peremptorily called upon to define what constitutes "a great literature" it would be as good an answer as could perhaps be given to say, after modestly confessing the difficulty of giving a definition, that a literature is on the right side of the gulf between great and not great when it has produced at least one man who was not for an age, but for all time; not for a single people, but for all mankind. Now the "Don Quixote" is Spain's patent of nobility in the world of letters. There is much besides which is interesting, but nothing which is not too purely national to have a lasting influence north of the Pyrenees. Without Velasquez there would still be a Spanish school of painting; but it would be that only. There would be a Spanish literature without Cervantes; but then it would have no life outside the Peninsula. He has raised his brethren by excelling them, for, thanks to him, they do belong to the family which has produced one member who ranks with Ariosto, Shakespeare and Molière. The very high names of literature, like the grandees of Spain, have no table of precedence among themselves. Therefore let us proclaim the dignity of Cervantes even unwisely.

Of the two books now immediately before us, Mr. Calvert's "Life" is a little too obviously written for the tercentenary. It will, at any rate, give the unprepared reader much he did not know. The existence of most of the illustrations he reproduces was not justified by intrinsic merit when they first appeared, and to-day they are only something to look at, which serves to prove that "Don Quixote" has, for the space of three hundred years, been one of the books the world does not let die. We confess that we have not subjected his bibliographical lists and quotations of authorities to the minute examination which would justify us in pronouncing on their merits. They would not fail to put the student on the path to better knowledge. Major Martin Hume's "Spanish Influence on English Literature" is more independent and more ambitious. Given originally in the form of University Extension Lectures, his chapters are presented to us as an effort to give "a comparative study of Spanish Literature in special relation to its points of contact with the literature of our own country." Major Hume, in fact, intended to do on a larger scale what M. Brunetière had done for Spanish influence on France in one of those essays which display all the extent of his learning and of his power of analysis and synthesis. To labour the comparison would, of course, be grossly unfair; but even when a lower

standard is taken, Major Hume does not stand the test very well. Errors and omissions are to be excused. We will not make too much of such an amazing passage as this: "'Tartuffe,' for instance, which Colley Cibber turned into 'The Nonjuror' in England, would not have been written as it was unless the author had seen Lope's 'Perro de Hortelana' ('Dog in the Manger'), in which a lady was in love with her secretary, and too proud to marry him, and yet too jealous to let him marry any one else." Major Hume's notes have fallen into some confusion, and he has put "Tartuffe" and "The Nonjuror," where "The Duchess of Malfi" ought to have been. But a slip of this kind tells a tale. Major Hume nowhere distinguishes with precision between two things which are essentially different—a point of contact and an influence. Lope de Vega and John Webster both drew on the "Novelle" of Bandello. They came in contact while borrowing from the Italian, but where was the influence of one on the other? We are afraid that not even confusion in his notes can excuse Mr. Hume for saying that Shakespeare took the subject of "The Taming of the Shrew" from the "Conde Lucanor." Nothing is more certain than that he only adapted a still existing play called "The Taming of a Shrew."

Indeed, Major Hume does not succeed in persuading us that he has attained to any clear conception of what is meant by a literary influence. Mere similarity of matter proves nothing, as we see in the very leading case of Webster and Lope. To demonstrate the influence of one literature on another, it is necessary to prove that the disciple has taken from the master what is essentially "literature"—namely, the form, the method, the construction. The stories are naught, for they are a common fund, and, when stripped of the presentment, they are not very numerous. Men repeat, transmit and reinvent the same raw material for ever. M. Maspero has found the skeleton of Sinbad the Sailor in Ancient Egypt. When we ask what the Spaniard gave us directly of "form, method and construction," the answer must be very little; and that little had no abiding influence. Crashaw went, no doubt, directly to Santa Teresa and Juan de Dios for his model of ecstatic, religious and amatory verse. But this plant struck no root, and we need not regret its loss. When we turn to the two kinds of literature for which Spain did give a model—the unheroic prose story of adventure, and the stage play—a moderate degree of attention to the evidence will soon convince the judicious reader that the abiding action of Spain on England was exercised through France. Of ourselves we took from the "comedia" of the Peninsula nothing of its main merit—the artful construction of the fable, the logical development of the story as each scene arises naturally from its predecessor and leads to its successor. Indeed, we have learnt but little even through the French, for this "sense of the theatre" is precisely what always failed, and continues to fail, us. Our record is very different with the prose story; but what did the Spaniard teach us immediately? Practically nothing. Nash began by adapting the Lazarillo in Jack Wilton, but he soon wandered away into the stock blood and thunder, rape and murder of the Elizabethan tale of adventure. Mabbe's translation of the "Guzman de Alfarache" had no progeny belonging to literature. It was not until Le Sage had taken the *Picaro* and had translated him into the average sensual man that the novela de

Picaros became a profitable model for Defoe, Fielding or Smollett. France, said Macaulay, has played Aaron to England's Moses. There is a great deal of the function of Aaron in her literary activity, not only in what she has done for the insular genius of England, but for all, and for the "home-keeping genius of Spain" more, and not less, than for others.

CHILDHOOD. BOYHOOD. YOUTH. THE INCURSION

Vol. I. of the Complete Works of Count Tolstoy. Translated by Leo Wiener. (J. M. Dent & Co. 3s. 6d.)

A LANDED PROPRIETOR. THE COSSACKS. SEVASTOPOL

Vol. II. (3s. 6d.)

WE are extremely glad to welcome the first two volumes of a new translation of Tolstoy's works by Mr. Leo Wiener, Assistant Professor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University. The volumes, at 3s. 6d. each, are extremely cheap and well printed. Mr. Wiener, we note, claims that he is specially competent for the task he has undertaken on the ground that he, a native of Russia, for twenty years has lived in America, and that he is a vegetarian and teetotaler of even longer standing than Tolstoy himself. What a translator puts in his stomach, we may remark, cannot radically affect the knowledge of English idiom that he carries in his head, and it is a little naïve of Mr. Wiener to state: "No liberties are taken with either the language or the expression of the author's diction, which in unconscious artistic moments is sublimely poetical and sonorous. . . ." How to translate into another tongue this "sublimely poetical diction"? "*hic labor, hoc opus est.*" On comparing Mr. Wiener's translation of "Sevastopol" with Mr. Aylmer Maude's version we do not see much difference between them. Mr. Wiener is perhaps a shade more vigorous, but, on the other hand, he uses many slipshod phrases and Americanisms which Mr. Maude has eschewed. Translators are never satisfied with one another's renderings, and with reason, for each language has a spiritual flavour of its own which resides in the native associations of each word. Change the form of the word, and you exchange one spirit for another. But in any case, the more translators of Tolstoy the better. Each new version pushed by its publisher brings Tolstoy home to a fresh and growing circle of readers—that is the main thing.

How many of our readers have read "Sevastopol," perhaps the most vivid and penetrating psychological study of war ever written? "Sevastopol" was written by Tolstoy, himself an eye-witness of the siege in 1854-56, when he was a young and ambitious officer of twenty-seven. The book, which is without any *parti-pris* against war, and which opens and closes with a note of patriotism, is now fifty years old. How many English people know of this classic? A few thousand, at most. Yet the hundred and fifty pages of "Sevastopol" contain the description of everything essential to our realisation of what serious war is; we do not allude here to those little wars where white men, armed with the latest weapons, smash native tribes, or to military promenades such as at Tel-el-Kebir, or fiascos such as the last Turko-Greek war, but to downright serious wars, such as the Franco-German war of 1871, the Russo-Turkish war of 1874, and the present Russian-Japanese war. While the essential feature of serious war, between two determined well-matched combatants, is ever the same, we find the military historians and war correspondents, in their professional descriptions, giving us the shadow and not the substance. So much is it so that we may say that the

many sanguinary wars of the nineteenth century, in which millions of men fell, have produced in creative literature of the first order only Tolstoy's "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace," and perhaps a score of narratives of permanent human interest, such as Sergeant Burgoyne's description of the retreat from Moscow and Von Herbert's "Siege of Plevna." Why is this? The reason doubtless is that an extraordinary genius is required for penetrating into the abnormal states of mind that war induces in men, and, above all, for facing and comprehending the most cruel and sinister truths. As Tolstoy says in "Sevastopol": "The hero of my narrative, whom I love with all the powers of my soul, whom I have endeavoured to reproduce in all his beauty, and who has always been, who is, and always will be, beautiful, is truth."

Now, the able and clever military writers and war correspondents, it may be noted, always dwell at great length on the technical aspects of a battle, giving us picturesque sketches and clear rational abstracts of the material operations, and passing hurriedly in a few sentences over the vortex of human sensations, passions, thoughts, and actual actions of the men who kill or are killed. It has often been remarked that the more a man has seen of serious war the less is he willing to speak of what he has seen. He cannot bring himself to face, but hurries away from his most sinister recollections. And in the works of military writers generally war is presented accordingly as a highly interesting kind of human chess, in which the skill of the opposing player is examined, while that dark bloody background of terrible reality, which General Grant summed up tersely in the phrase "War is hell," is revealed only to the extent of pleasantly titillating the reader's nerves. This kind of literature, though as news of the day or military history it serves its turn and takes its place, is to a piece of great creative art as "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace," what a Bluebook is to life itself—a mere abstraction, useful for certain purposes. To describe war, while veiling its unique essential feature, is a piece of irony as significant as the famous epigram, "Speech is given us to conceal our thoughts." And the majority of readers who are too sensitive to read "Sevastopol," and yet are capable of the feat of sending their sons to war, may, in this fashion, plead their case in a sentence: I do not want to understand what it is I am sending my son to.

What gives "Sevastopol," this absolutely straightforward narrative, its unique place in literature is that its severe sense of moral beauty is relieved both by a quiet tenderness and unspoken passion. There is not a sentimental word in it from the first page to the last. Tolstoy, as we have said, at that time looked on war patriotically, as a necessary and natural, if ugly, phenomenon of man's life. But he carried into the field with him a power of psychological penetration into the "natural man"; into the meaning of instinctive automatic actions of men that betray their feelings and state of soul, a power of penetration which led him to express, with a force unparalleled in the literature of the battlefield, a truth which may be roughly summarised thus: The terrible triviality of the motives and feelings of the living in contrast with the sickening work of suffering and death they are engaged in. Here is the point where Tolstoy's analysis of war in its truth beats right out of the field the work of nearly everybody else on the subject. Nearly every other writer has, consciously or unconsciously, idealised the conduct and behaviour, the secret thoughts and sensations and emotions of the living men on the battlefield, while minimising and screening from our gaze the bloody sweat and agony of the "war

is hell" aspect. But Tolstoy fixes his gaze with so piercing a scrutiny on the attitude of mind and characteristic behaviour of the men and officers engaged in their thousand military duties, their conversation and *morale* under fire, on fatigue duty, volunteering for the dangerous posts, repairing the bastions, resting, eating, chaffing one another, in the trenches, lying wounded in the hospital, screaming under the surgeon's knife, &c., that the reader feels the shock of conviction that here is the actuality of the life itself, displayed not merely in a narrative of the external events of the siege, but in the most secret sensations in the hearts of the thousands who defended, perished, or survived Sevastopol. It is war in *all* aspects; nothing is minimised and nothing is exaggerated. And Tolstoy does not dwell unendurably on the horrors of the siege or the sufferings of the wounded. His picture is drawn in fine perspective, and in its true proportions. With the skill that only the great masters display, the atmosphere that steals upon us in his pages is the spiritual emanation arising from the whole conflicting environment of the changing temperamental attitude of masses of men, the healthy, the sick, and the wounded, kept waiting and working under the pressure of a long siege: his picture is an extraordinary vision of the innate forces of the human will of ordinary matter-of-fact men, of the tempering and tension of their human qualities under the strain of enforced but necessary heroism. The conflict between man's physical animalism and his bewildered soul, between his self-sacrifice and self-pity, his masculine pride and his fear of death, his native courage, tenderness for himself and indifference for others, his devotion to duty, and his wearied callousness—all is shown in a series of sketches so apparently simple that the artist's subtle selection of his types is lost sight of by us in the cumulative effect of the staggering whole. It is so simple in its details, "Sevastopol," yet it reveals all the immense complexity of life. Tolstoy was able to get all these effects, we repeat—effects which nearly all other writers on war did not in fact consciously realise, and so were unable to reproduce in their pages—by the extraordinary richness of his consciousness in the heat of the very circumstances that tend to confuse a man's perceptions. If his observation of life is not closer, or, indeed, so exquisitely subtle as the observation of certain other artists, his perceptions flow in a deeper, fuller stream than theirs, and embrace a greater area in human feeling than any modern writer's. His analysis of the different species of courage possessed by men—*e.g.* the brilliant bravery that springs from vanity, the courage of "wooden nerves," the courage that springs from ignorance, the frantic courage that is the violent reaction of fear, and his analysis of the breaking-point of these various species—as shown in his description of the conduct of his characters Kalúgin, Mikháylov, Pest, Volódya, &c.—is closer in its observation of human nature than any similar analysis in literature. All is so simple and all is so true.

We have ventured to direct the reader's attention specially to "Sevastopol," because the book is a remarkable example of Tolstoy's art, of his method of bringing home to us what life is—an artistic method that he developed later, but never surpassed, in the creation of his great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenin." In testing the work of every artist the first question we ask is does he enrich our consciousness of life, and, if so, in what direction does he enrich it? And examining Tolstoy's life-work, we are forced to conclude that he has extended our consciousness of life in mental planes into which his contemporaries have scarcely pene-

trated. Just as in his analysis of war he has put into clear and definite form certain confused perceptions which have been floating long in confused nebulous shape before the modern mind, so in his analysis of the hypnotic influence that social conventions exercise on the mind of the individual (see especially "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" and "Resurrection") he has drawn the distinction with more clearness and force than any other great writer of our age between what society actually feels and what it *thinks* it is feeling. The whole difference between the propagation of false and true morality, and so the whole direction of our ideals in life, depends on our understanding of this distinction, which lies at the root of Tolstoy's piercing examination of the *appearances* of life. We have not space here to discuss the bearings of the vast question by which Tolstoy, as marking the advance in self-consciousness of the modern mind, has determined his place in European literature, but the subject may be recurred to with advantage later.

TIBET AND NEPAL

Painted and Described by A. Henry Savage Landor: (Black. 20s. net.)

As the reviewer of this odd, unsatisfactory and fascinating essay put by the book and reached for his pen, he found himself repeating the old Tuscan proverb: *Inglese italiano è il diavolo incarnato*. This strange, impressive little adventurer, who goes on a second expedition to Tibet in an "every-day" costume, comprising (a) a pair of hideous ankle-boots, (b) a straw hat and (c) a whangee cane, is certainly the devil incarnate.

Why did he do it? One remembers his return to civilisation from his first unfortunate excursion into the same regions; the horrible illustrations of his tortures in a daily paper; and the loud expressions of incredulity from scientific critics who lacked nothing wherewith to annihilate him but a knowledge of the country. It seems probable that what really moved him to make another attempt was the sarcasm heaped on his mountaineering records. How! An altitude of 20,000 and more feet taken by aneroids! protested the members of the Alpine Club. The heights of Himalaya scaled by a man without an alpenstock! Such sneers must have been hardly borne by our unorthodox mountaineer, who straightway resolved—one imagines—to do the whole thing over again, and take his records with the hypsometrical apparatus.

Let it be said at once that no doubts will be set at rest. The delicate question will still arise in some minds: Is Mr. Landor a Bruce or a Psalmanasar? In brief, is he speaking the truth or lying? The present writer can only say that, for his part, he believes his author to be sincere and correct, and one of the pluckiest, truest-hearted and most enterprising men in the world to boot. To this encomium might be added, one of the cleverest, too, for the drawings in colour and black-and-white display a very acute artistic sense and an exquisite perception of the beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery.

The book itself is no more than an essay, as we have already hinted. The journey into Tibet turns out to have been a very small affair; the course it took one can barely follow, but there was certainly no penetrating into the interior, and the reader is left wondering what mysterious reason the explorer had for departing so suddenly from the Forbidden Land. Nor does Nepal fare much better in the book, which resolves itself into a description of a short expedition among the peaks and glaciers about the Tinker River and Lumpa Mountain.

Nevertheless there are many interesting observations on Tibetans, Lhokas and Gurkhas, and an excellent, simple narrative of dangers and hardships encountered, the whole being very truthfully infused with a peculiar sense of repellent discomfort, arising from impressions of chilly, wind-swept heights and grassless tablelands where unwashed tribes roam in a state but little removed from the misery of the fireless days before Prometheus. This is the unromantic end to centuries of wondering! Now that we have drawn the veil from its penetralia we find Tibet, alas! to be not so much the Forbidden as the Forbidding Land.

A COMPANION TO GREEK STUDIES

Edited for the Syndics of the University Press, by Leonard Whibley. (Cambridge: University Press.) WHILE the position of Greek in a liberal education is declared to be doomed by correspondents to the daily press, the study of Greek life and thought has never been in a more flourishing state. New discoveries on Greek soil, whether of civilisations hitherto unknown, as in Crete, or at the centres of Greek life, as at Delphi or Athens; or merely of isolated works of art and of occasional inscriptions, have, during the last decades, caused many changes in our knowledge and have even stimulated popular interest in the work of scholars. The application of the comparative method to the interpretation of custom and myth has resulted in a complete revolution in our ideas of Greek religion, and in this direction also the renewed activity of scholars has awakened the interests of a widening circle. Even in literature and art—the more permanent and valuable relics of Greek civilisation—there are not a few signs that the world is with the scholars. The exhibition of Greek sculpture at the Burlington Fine Arts Club has been followed by the performance on the stage of a London theatre of Greek plays translated by an accomplished poet; and while photography has brought the masterpieces of Greek sculpture into thousands of English homes, the influence of Greek art has penetrated in an even more effective way through the works of the great painter which are hanging at this day on the walls of the Academy.

The University of Cambridge has seized this moment of general interest to call forth a work which aims at being a general encyclopædia of Greek life. Under the editorship of Mr. Leonard Whibley the great classical scholars of Cambridge have joined their forces, and their combined efforts have produced a "Companion to Greek Studies," which deals with every branch of Greek activity from the philosophy of the Greeks to their cookery, and with every circumstance of their daily life, from the physical features of their country to the materials of their books. Each subject is dealt with, after the modern fashion, by a separate writer, and so rich is the University and so capable the editorship, that there is no branch which has not been placed in the hands of an expert. Only in two cases is the aid of the sister University called in. War and Geography are treated by Professor Oman and Mr. Tozer, but for the rest the scholars of Cambridge suffice; and with Professor Jebb dealing with Greek Literature, Professor Gardner with Greek Religion, Professor Sandys with the History of Greek Scholarship and the editor with Greek Constitutions, the reader may be satisfied that he is in good hands.

But it is no easy task to compress the life of a nation into a single volume. Matters of great importance and the merest trifles must both be included in a work of

reference which makes any claims to completeness; and, if space is to be considered, they are the more important and the best-known subjects which suffer. If Literature or Art, for instance, were given anything of the same detailed treatment that is accorded to Dress or to Medicine, they would require a volume to themselves almost as large as this whole book. As it is, we find that Æschylus occupies much the same space as the construction of a trireme; and while what is said of the latter is useful and not elsewhere easily accessible, the remarks upon the former are necessarily general and trite. The dates of, and facts known about, obscure authors and artists which correspond roughly to the minuter points of archæological or constitutional detail in regard to their place in our knowledge, must also, if space is needed, be omitted. But the disproportion of the parts is not the only fault of such a compilation. The dogmatic tone, which is a necessary evil of scanty treatment, implies an air of finality which it would be hard to substantiate. There are matters discussed on every page which scholars know to be doubtful; but, with the notable exception of Dr. Jackson and Professor Gardner, there are few contributors who confess that the views they adopt are combated. And yet if even so slight a change in the authorship were made as a transposition of some of the writers, if Dr. Verrall had written, for example, on the Greek Theatre, or Miss Harrison on Greek Sculpture, there would have been not a few statements equally authoritative but very different in character from those now found in the book. Indeed, as it is, discrepancies do not fail to make themselves felt, and the very revival of Greek study which has caused the book to be written has had an injurious effect upon its unity. In connection especially with the recent discoveries of the primitive civilisations does the treatment of different writers disagree. This is not the place to discuss the pious opinion of Professor Waldstein that the centre of the "Mycenæan" civilisation was Argolis, but it is noticeable that while in his account of the position of Greek women Mr. Cornish ignores the evidence of the honour in which they were held in "Minoan" days afforded by the plans of palaces and the remains of mural paintings, Lady Evans, in the very next article, devotes considerable space to the dress of women of that period as we know it from the discoveries of her distinguished son.

Apart from these defects, the book is too large and its subjects and contributors too many for any general criticism to be passed upon it. The larger articles are always lucid and decisive, and there are passages in some of them which are even masterly in their handling of difficult questions. Probably few who will use the book will realise the amount of reading that is required for the manufacture of a single sentence, how much evidence has to be weighed before a "not" is inserted or omitted. In other cases the question arises whether certain remarks or omissions are due to a failure to keep abreast of modern discoveries or to a conviction that these discoveries are mistaken or unimportant. But these are matters of detail which need not trouble the ordinary reader, and the smaller subjects are always full of useful information. These will alone satisfy the more advanced student and will protect the book from the charge of being a mere collection of material compiled for examination purposes. But even in them the lack of references is a serious drawback which is scarcely compensated for by the inclusion of several excellent maps and illustrations, though these will certainly render the book more attractive to the unprofessional

student. To them the volume may be confidently recommended, for, if it is too dry to appeal to the imagination as a picture of Greek life, as a companion to the reading of Greek authors, a handbook for reference about Greek things, the book is convenient, well arranged and, in all essentials, trustworthy.

SOCIOLOGICAL PAPERS

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THE birth of the Sociological Society was heralded with welcome in *THE ACADEMY* when yet the plans were inchoate and of small promise. To-day we may acclaim these first-fruits of a Society which has removed a reproach too long and lightly borne by the serious folk of this land. The present volume, the first of its kind ever published here, contains not only papers embodying the new and most important conceptions of such Britons as Mr. Francis Galton and Professor Geddes, but includes an important paper by Dr. Westermarck, and a number of opinions on various topics which have been collected from many eminent Continental thinkers.

It would be absurd to attempt to write a review of a book which contains at least three sentences that might serve as texts for a volume, on topics almost new to literature. Mr. Francis Galton's conception of "Eugenics," for instance, can hardly be dismissed in a review-article, even by one who is fortunate enough to own that distinguished biologist as a friend. Here we will only say that Mr. Galton purposes to utilise the principle of natural selection discovered by his cousin, Charles Darwin, in such a manner as to ensure that the best of each generation shall contribute more than their share to the next: and this without any injury to marriage or that great force which, as everyone knows, "makes the world go round." Now that the University of London has accepted Mr. Galton's gift of £1,500, and has chosen the first Research Fellow in National Eugenics, we may shortly be able to discuss some new aspects of a question which, as the reader will remember, is at least as old as Plato.

In these columns it is more fitting to discuss, at any rate in the first place, the more academic questions involved in the concept of sociology: only thereafter should we consider concrete sociological propositions. As it happens, not the least valuable part of this volume, the publication of which so definitely marks an era in the recognition of scientific thought in this country, is concerned with this very question—What do we mean by sociology? Let us adopt neither the definition given it by the University of London, the first in this country to recognise the existence of this study, nor any of those given by the foreign philosophers who have contributed; but let us rather observe a few definitions which may be condemned as too narrow.

Sociology, as the present writer understands it, is the end and crown and, in the practical sense, the synthesis of all the sciences. It is more than the comparative study of social institutions. It deals with man as a social animal, and with all his products as such. Human history, well conceived, is a province of it, being none other than a continuous series of sociological experiments. Everything that affects the mutual relations of men is subject matter for sociology: the existence of magazines, for instance, is a sociological fact of great significance.

Like every science, this starts with an assumption—an assumption upon which all wise men act implicitly, but to which many will decline to give explicit expression. It is that man and his ways lie within the realm of law.

Where there is no law there can be no science; and if man and his ways be not subject to law, then, whilst they offer an inexhaustible theme for the poet, the dramatist, and, indeed, the artist in all his forms, they do not interest the man of science as such.

Now the conception of law in human doings is slowly coming into its own; but it will more rapidly conquer when it is instilled into our youth: and the writer is desirous of aiding this process. It is not proposed that this volume be given as a school prize, or that children be rudely assured that the idea of a vacillating and shortsighted but potent Providence is untenable. But we urge the Sociological Society to make war without quarter against the teaching of history as it is now understood. Our children spend many hours of their young lives in the study of history which is simply "past sociology." Imagination is barely equal to the task of conceiving the transmutation of the average newspaper "leader," say on a Sunday massacre, which would be wrought a quarter of a century hence, if a scientific (or, if you like, a philosophic) idea of history could now enter our schools. Such leading ideas, for instance, as the inalienable alliance between autocracy and militarism, between militarism and the degradation of women: such generalisations as Buckle's, that there is no instance in history of the unabused possession of unlimited power by any class—these are perfectly intelligible to any schoolboy: they are of the gravest importance; they are universally admitted to be true: yet which of us was taught them at school? and which of us would not have learnt his history better, and be a wiser man now, had he early guessed that the history of man's past is not, at bottom, a record of battles and matrimonial alliances between Royal persons whom the modern publicist would briefly record as integers in a column headed "illiterates"? The Sociological Society must destroy this notion of history: must make it impossible for any boy again to be able to say, as one can, that he spent hours in memorising a long series of headings and dates which began or ended with the year 1649, yet never read a chapter or heard a lesson on the history of the idea that kings reign by Divine right, still less was guided to that page whereon Carlyle asserts that kings, like other folk, have but "the Divine right to be kingly men."

We set out soberly to review a pioneer volume which would repay a month's perusal and the thought of half a lifetime: but we have been led to make a suggestion which we earnestly commend to the Society for its propaganda. In all reforms we are told we must begin with the children: the teaching of history offers an easy means for so doing in the present need, which is the inculcation of the Scientific Idea into all thinking upon human affairs.

Some Comparisons in Poets

THE three great poets who lived into the late Victorian era show very few affinities in the general trend of their work and life. In this respect they are curiously different from the men who preceded them in the poetic world. Coleridge and Wordsworth, however separated in methods of poetry, shared much of each other's thought and aspirations, and linked with them were Southey and Lamb. They all stood together looking out on life. Individuality and genius made each leave an impress that seemed entirely unrelated, but they were the children of one family. Life rested on certain sure foundations; in conduct sifted

and tried by the ages; in a religion hardly orthodox, yet in its main features piously accepted; republican yet conservative, and only lightly touched by our later fever of doubts and misgivings. They were brothers, and in shorter poems, where the higher genius of each in its particularised revelation was less obvious, there may be traced an identity of impression and ideal. Take their two contemporaries, Shelley and Keats, and a spiritual union is again apparent. Though neither influenced the other, their minds are wonderfully alike, sensitive and morbid, but while Keats's passionate worship of beauty is as intense as Shelley's, he adds to it that common sense which he denounced. Shelley's visions were already floating away while his hands grasped them, and there was no trace in Keats of Shelley's proselytising enthusiasm on behalf of moral excellence. Byron and Burns could be cited if further example were necessary of that contagious brotherhood of genius and spirit which seemed to pass away with the death of those earlier singers. Tennyson is the embodiment of the solitary, self-sufficing artist. Coleridge leant on Wordsworth, Wordsworth leant on Coleridge; both took the judgment and amendments, as did Southey, of Charles Lamb. Tennyson, indifferent as one of his own gods watching the petty race of men, dreamt his poetry, carved out his art, struggled with the thoughts that the age provoked, and melted them into his poetry, alone. Shakespeare we can imagine laughingly accepting the corrections of some of the choice spirits at the Mermaid on the emendation of some fellow-actor, but it is difficult to conceive of Tennyson relying in the management of his art on any of his contemporaries. He never felt the lack of those brotherly literary men at the Lakes. It is probable that as only poets are supposed to have the greatest devotion to Spenser, so the sincerest and most painstaking of literary artists, who have been ground themselves under the heel of a wily and heartrending perfection, will always be the truest appreciators of the art of art in Tennyson. Browning next, moralist, preacher, poet, presents the contrast to Tennyson's artistic conscience. They were both students, both poets, but Tennyson was given at birth that mystic solitary self which Browning probably never felt move in him. Tennyson partook of the retiring character of Spenser; Browning, on the other hand, has an affinity to the more boisterous and workaday spirits of the Renaissance. He found that the world and its ways have a certain worth; and a healthy equable temperament deprived him of any glamour of poetic mystery. His strenuous and wild originality expressed itself in his work, but the artist is continually succumbing to the "hail fellow well met" atmosphere of the colloquial world he loved. It is probable that the exalted and remote quality of Tennyson's workmanship was the result of his severance from the market-place in every sense of the term. Holding himself apart, regarding himself highly, he had never exchanged one piece of his gold for a million of those pleasant social coins, which, however bartered, always take the edge off the clear fineness of the cherished ideals. Browning's work betrays no lineage and it will have no descendants, for it was less the outcome of carefully conceived art than the complete expression of an unmatched personality. The distinction does not lie in the greatness of the poetry, but in the isolation of his methods. They were the outcome surely of some strange family inheritance. Richard Jefferies does not belong to the elect of literature in one sense, but he possessed what none could imitate. Those who would imitate a Browning or Jefferies only succeed as far as those who, deprived of a sense, have it conveyed to them by

mechanical means—as in the speech the dumb learn. We come now to the third of our poets, Matthew Arnold, who, with eyes "estranged and sad," watched the procession of life. He is like one in his favourite Alpine valleys, lured upwards to the cold untrodden peaks and thin air. He, almost more than the other two, stands forth from his kind, consciously detached, and with a fixed purpose to break the chains of habit and sloth which bound so many minds of his England. His face looks out from the canvas, melancholy, kind, almost hopeless. There is no poetry, no prose, which has reflected more accurately the strange features of modern thought and pessimism. Either the purity and sternness of the art or a certain serene physical quality in the man has preserved it from the morbid or hallucinating airs that wander over the page of modern poetry. Alone and fighting his way, he is yet visited by some gentle and pacifying spirit. The purpose is not clear; no sun has ever yet dispelled all the clouds, but when a little comes the warrior must keep the reflection on his earnestly burnished shield and thrust it into the fight. Toiling and living equally with men, Arnold's poetry shows always the painful winding path the spirit goes.

"In mazes of heat and sound
For rest his soul was yearning,
And now peace laps him round."

Short Notices

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

By W. J. Rolfe. (Duckworth, 10s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the vicissitudes of manuscripts are written as an additional chapter to the "Curiosities of Literature," the story of this Life will be told; how, when completed, it mysteriously disappeared and its writer was "compelled to undertake the depressing task of rewriting it"—compelled, we suppose, because it was needed as an accompaniment to the New Century Shakespeare with which it was first issued; but for its publication now as a separate volume we can discover no adequate reason. Of lives of Shakespeare we have more than a sufficiency, and the only excuses adequate for an addition to their number would be either new facts or new and reasonable views, neither of which does Dr. Rolfe supply. This heavy volume of over five hundred pages is a laboured compilation: old views and new views are quoted at length and sometimes criticised, but nothing is given us here which has not been better presented elsewhere. The known facts of Shakespeare's life might be written down on "a half-sheet of note-paper," or might, with useful illustrations, be extended to a reasonable volume; but Dr. Rolfe persistently follows the old and bad habit of eking out a few facts with a vast deal of theorising. Such statements as these are typical: "John Shakespeare, like his fellows in the town council, appears to have been a lover of the drama"; and of William, "Whatever he may have learned at the Stratford school, we may be quite certain that it was all the regular schooling he ever had." Is there any good evidence for either of these flat statements? They may be true, they may not. Nor in actual matters of fact is Dr. Rolfe as accurate as he should be.

On many points we should like to break a lance with our author, but will be content to select one, in which—although in good company—he errs, as we hold. It is customary—and Dr. Rolfe seldom departs from custom—to credit to Shakespeare's Stratford days almost all his wonderful love and knowledge of nature and her ways. Had he been born and bred a Londoner, being

possessed of such extraordinary assimilative powers, he would probably have written as intimately as he has done of flowers and fields, of birds and beasts. It sounds almost silly to note the fact, but it is usually forgotten that the London of his day was what we should now call a country town. From almost any point within the city walls a walk of a quarter of an hour would then have brought one out on to the country-side. Gerard, the herbalist, is proof sufficient that London town was then a very happy home even for a botanist! We do not wish here to argue this point at length, but it is worth while noting, for it is of the same class, though not so hurtful, as the endeavours to prove that because of his apparently first-hand knowledge Shakespeare was "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor" and so on. Shakespeare and his brother dramatists were keen, open-eyed men, who knew life and enjoyed it to the full, and he does not stand above them in his knowledge of country and town life, or of this trade or that profession.

To return to Dr. Rolfe's book, we must register a protest against the multiplication of lives of Shakespeare. If Mr. Sidney Lee would cut down his admirable work by leaving out his theorising on the Sonnets and some other matters, we should have a Life which would stand and suffice until new facts be forthcoming. But for such books as Dr. Rolfe's there is no room on our already overcrowded shelves. To whom they make appeal we cannot imagine; to the expert they are simply irritating; to the inexpert not only confusing, but apt to be disheartening. This may seem a hard saying, but it is high time that protest be made by lovers of Shakespeare against the master's works being made the prey of theorymongers. Scholarly attempts to elucidate the text of the plays or to discover new facts regarding the playwright or his times we all encourage and applaud—beyond that the rest might well be silence for many a year to come. But when we are given such a work as this, where the vaporous theories of critics are gathered together and quoted at length, the result is appalling.

THE WOMAN STEALERS

By J. H. Knight-Adkin. (Isbister, 3s. 6d.)
THESE stories have at least the attraction of the unusual and the unknown; they are the outcome of gleanings of prehistoric times, a lively imagination and a power of entering completely into the spirit of the life described. The scenes, strange and foreign as they are to the novel-reader's mind, are so consistent, so isolated, as it were, from modern influence or suggestion, that they appear natural and possible pictures of life among the "Lake-dwellers" and Earth-dwellers. They are far from being dainty tales; they deal with violence, feuds and war of man and beast, but they have a distinct interest of their own, because and almost in spite of themselves. To come across one of them occasionally in a magazine would be a piquant change from the conventional story: to read half a dozen in succession is to experience a surfeit of struggle and bloodshed.

RED HUNTERS AND THE ANIMAL PEOPLE

By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). (Harper, 6s.)
THE author says, "The scene of the stories is laid in the great North-West, the ancient home of the Dakota or Sioux nation, my people, and they are based upon the common experiences and observations of the Red hunters—even those incidents which are unusual, and might appear incredible to the white man, are actually current among the Sioux and deemed worthy of belief." The result is, one of the most original and delightful books about animal life that have appeared for a long time,

full of interest and information not to be found in textbooks. Few sketches of the kind could be more charming than that of Wechah, the racoon, and his young Indian mistress, or more interesting than "The River People," or, again, "The Mustering of the Herds"; but it is difficult to make a choice where all have distinct claims to recognition. Each in its turn will be appreciated by lovers of animals, and to young people will prove a mine of information and amusement. The book is simply and pleasantly written, with no affectation or mannerism; but the frequent use of the word "dove" for dived strikes oddly upon English ears, though the author has Longfellow's sanction for it in "Dove as if he were a beaver."

Fiction

THE APPLE OF EDEN

By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) This is the story of a great temptation, of a man's struggle with it and of his ultimate victory. The man is an Irish Catholic priest, and his struggle is to keep the vow of celibacy he made without understanding what it means. He has grown to adolescence first in a remote farmhouse and then in a seminary, and when he is a man in years he knows as little of the world as a child. The book opens with a scene in the village confessional. The priest hears a young man's story of seduction, and he counsels the penitent either to marry the girl or never to see her again. It is on Father Michael's agitation, as the young man speaks of the girl's beauty, that the reader's attention is fixed, for the priest is a student waking suddenly in fear and trembling to the facts of life. Mr. Thurston writes of these facts with a plainness that will give offence to some: to those who think a novel should not deal with questions of sex because it necessarily reaches minds unfit for such discussions; and also to those Catholics who will shrink from the picture of a priest disloyal to his vows. Yet "The Apple of Eden" leaves a stronger impression of spiritual charm than of physical coarseness, and the author succeeds—as the author of that great novel "Ekkehardt" succeeded—in invoking your sympathy with the priest, both in his struggle with temptation and in his horror-stricken repentance. If you are a Protestant you may read a novel that makes a great to-do about a monk and feel at the end of it that any woman might have married him as cheerfully as if he had been a solicitor. But then the author has failed in the main purpose of his story, which was to rouse in all his readers some understanding of the tremendous issues involved for the man concerned, some sympathy with the commotion raised in his soul, some belief beyond all differences of creed in the binding force on mankind of solemn vows. Mr. Thurston has not failed, and this is due partly to his fine portrait of the erring priest, but also to his companion portrait of Father Connolly, the curate's superior and friend, and the most delightful character in the story. His breezy, kindly common-sense appreciates the younger man's subtler nature, forgives him his sins and helps him to save himself at the end. The two priests are the book. The other characters are subsidiary. For a long time even Roona, the girl with whom Father Michael falls so passionately in love, only comes in like a shadow. Why did Mr. Thurston blot her past with an unconvincing story of seduction? She is the girl of whom the young man spoke in the first chapter. After a long delay she becomes his unwilling wife, and soon after her marriage she is ready to leave her husband for a priest of her Church. It is Father Michael who ordains that he and she shall part. But in the scenes where she meets and learns to love him she never for a moment behaves like a girl with a questionable history, and we do not believe that she had one. We should like to know who took her to the theatre and walked with her in Regent Street. If it was her future husband, it is odd that Father Michael, who recognises his former penitent in a later chapter, did not recognise him then. The pictures of Irish country life are drawn with knowledge

and are interesting. But the triumph of the book is Father Connelly.

THE SYSTEM

By Percy White. (Methuen, 6s.) The novel is deeply interesting and—as Mr. White's work invariably is—excessively clever. It tells of the struggle of an idealist, Carey Butler, to free himself from the trammels of his worldly surroundings and achieve the development of his own personality. "If civilisation had been founded on perfectly rational principles Carey would have felt more at home in it. To this goal of Pure Reason he imagined human society was moving: his chief mistake was a desire to help it there a little too fast." He has different schemes for the reformation of the world, in all of which he apparently fails. At first he joins with a radical reformer named Rugg; then he edits a newspaper to reform the Press and is put in prison, after a Hyde Park demonstration; lastly, he starts a school on the basis of rational thought, the system from which the book obtains its name. But Carey Butler is not convincing: he does not live as do the other characters. We hear about him, we obtain glimpses of him, of which none is more vivid than when we see him pedalling on his bicycle against a high wind, and the conflict is pointed out as typical: "The wind was always against the dear fellow, and always must be, however nearly he might tie up the weathercock." But we do not get the man himself as entirely as we should like. And for this there seem two reasons. Mr. White does not appear to write of him with sufficient gusto; and it is almost impossible to write dispassionately of an enthusiast without making him merely a crank. Secondly, Butler's methods of reforming the world do not seem to be those which would be employed in the present day, when there is outlet for unregulated enthusiasm and an idealist is no longer an ineffectual solecism. The modern spirit breathes through the book, but the hero's difficulties and aims are not modern; and so we lose sympathy with him. Indeed, the incident of the radical reformer Rugg, who is nearly ducked in the horse trough by the Bonfire Boys, seems to belong to the middle of last century; yet, soon after, we read of electric broughams and steam yachts. This lack of conviction in Carey Butler is accentuated by the striking excellence of the minor characters, especially Morrison, the favourite pupil, and Needham, the pushing young journalist, whom it is not possible to praise too highly. The novel should be read because it stimulates, and stimulating novels are rare.

AN ACT IN A BACKWATER

By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann, 6s.) No one knows how to strike the note of gentle flippancy more dexterously than Mr. Benson; and the opening chapters of the book led us to expect what is sometimes called "a treat" of this kind. The aristocratic Avesham family move into the cathedral town of Wroxton, causing an amusing flutter. Jack Collingwood, the Canon's artistic son, arrives at the right moment "to see a finished picture—just a girl standing on the bridge, keeping off a wet puppy with her parasol." The girl, of course, is Jeannie Avesham. He paints and sends the picture to the Wroxton Art Exhibition; from this gossip arises, which is in the end justified by the marriage of Jack and Jeannie. All this has the makings of a capital light comedy, which no one could have done better than Mr. Benson. But for some obscure reason he has seen fit to introduce episodes entirely out of all harmony that ruin his effect. They give the impression of heartlessness and, what is worse, are bad art. The typhoid plague may perhaps be pardoned on the ground that it brings out the nobility of Jeannie, though it is a somewhat brutal expedient and slightly tedious in spite of the clever thunderstorm and the relief that comes with the rain. But nothing can justify the cancer episode. There are two maiden ladies, quite delightful, wrapped up in each other and their little interests. One writes poems, the other plays the guitar. Just as the plague is over and the wedding bells are about to ring, one of these old ladies develops cancer and dies, leaving her sister alone in the world; and the fact that the happy bride stops in the aisle of the gaily thronged cathedral to kiss the cheek of the figure in black cannot justify the intrusion of this realism. The only effect of it

is to crumble the pretty fabric of the book to dust, and show the absurdity of its prettiness. We hope it may be an early work, slightly touched and rewritten in parts. It is certainly a very disappointing piece of work coming from the pen of Mr. Benson.

Books Received

Art

Moore, T. Sturge, Albert Durer. Duckworth, 7/6 net. (Mr. Sturge Moore's volume professes to be an appreciation of Durer in relation to general ideas, not the result of new research. It forms part of the series which has already included Sir Charles Holroyd's "Michael Angelo," Lord Balcarras' "Donatello," and M. Dimier's "French Painting in the Sixteenth Century.")
The Year's Art, 1905. Hutchinson, 3/6 net.

Biography

Rolfe, William J., A Life of William Shakespeare. Duckworth, 10/6 net. (See Review, page 104.)

Classics

Gompertz, Theodor, Greek Thinkers: a History of Ancient Philosophy, Vols. II. and III. Translated by G. G. Berry. Murray, 14/0 net each vol.

Drama

Jones, Henry Arthur, The Manœuvres of Jane. Macmillan, 2/6.
Æschylus, The Prometheus Bound. Edited, with introduction, translation, and notes, by Janet Case (The Temple Dramatists). Dent, 1/0 net. (Greek and English on opposite pages. The translation is in prose.)

Educational

Blackie's Junior School Milton. Paradise Lost, Book VI. Edited, with introduction, notes, and appendices, by Albert E. Roberts. Blackie, 1/0.
Blackie's Little German Classics. Goethe's Die Geschwister. Edited by Ludwig Hirsch. Müllernbach's Die Silberdistel. Edited by A. Meyer. Blackie, 0/6 net each.
Blackie's Little French Classics. Beaumarchais' Le Barbier de Seville. Edited by W. G. Hartog. Blackie, 0/8.
Blackie's English School Texts. Tales from the Decameron, Lamb's School-Days, and other Essays. Macaulay's First Chapter. Blackie, 0/8 each.
The English Counties. Birmingham and the Midlands. Blackie, 0/8.
Æneid of Virgil, Book III. Edited by A. Sidgwick. Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges. Cambridge University Press, 1/6.
Thierry, Augustin, Les Normands en Angleterre et en France. Edited by A. H. Smith. Oxford Modern French Series. Clarendon Press, 2/6.
David, Jules, Le Serment. Edited by Cécile Hugon. Oxford Modern French Series. Clarendon Press, 1/6.
Blackledge, the Rev. G. R., Luganda-English and English-Luganda Vocabulary. S.P.C.K., 2/0. (A vocabulary of the language spoken in Uganda, by a C.M.S. missionary.)

Engineering

Maxwell, William H., Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., National Engineering and Trade Lectures. Vol. I.: British Progress in Municipal Engineering. Constable, 6/0 net. (1. General road engineering. 2. Main drainage, Sewage disposal, Destructors. 3. Water supply, Conclusion.)

Fiction

The complete works of Leo Tolstoy. Vol. I.: Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth—The Incursion. Vol. II.: A Landed Proprietor—The Cossacks—Sevastopol. Translated from the Russian and edited by Leo Wiener. Dent, 3/6 net. (The first instalment of a new translation of Tolstoy by the assistant professor of Slavic languages at Harvard University. See Review, page 100.)
Taylor, M. Inlay, The Rebellion of the Princess. Isbister, 6/0. (A romance of a French nobleman in Russia in the period of Louis XIV.)
Whiting, Mary Bradford, The Torch Bearers. Dent, 6/0. (A story of love and politics in modern Italy.)
Cunningham Graham, R. B., Progress and other Sketches. Duckworth, 6/0. (Sketches and studies of Spanish-America, North Africa, and other parts of the world, with a characteristic preface on prefaces.)
Rennison, Rennie, George's Georgina. Simpkin, Marshall, 6/0. (A story that would be amusing if the author had known where to stay his hand.)
Everett-Green, Evelyn, The Secret of Wold Hall. Hutchinson, 6/0. (Marcus Drummond, who has married Lady Marcia Drefresne, is unjustly suspected of a murder. After a mine explosion and some other exciting incidents the mystery is cleared up.)
McCheesney, Dora Greenwell, Yesterday's To-morrow. Dent, 6/0. (A stirring romance of the Restoration.)
Porter, Gene Stratton, Freckles. Murray, 6/0. (A charming story of a waif and stray, who is left alone in charge of a lumber camp, and is ultimately discovered to be of noble birth. Decorations by E. Stetson Crawford.)
Parrish, Randall, My Lady of the North. Putnam, 6/0 net. (A romance of a Confederate officer and a Federal lady in the American Civil War.)
Oxenham, John, The Gate of the Desert. Methuen, 6/0. (A long but powerful story of self-sacrifice. The scenes are laid in the Canaries, on the edge of the Sahara, and in Mashonaland. Mr. Lewis Cohen, the Jew, "of Tadlet and Kimberley," is a well-conceived and interesting character.)
Russell, W. Clark, His Island Princess. Methuen, 6/0. (Another rattling story in Mr. Clark Russell's well-known manner. Castaways on a South Pacific island, wrecks, and adventures, with a tragic and pathetic ending.)
Isam, Frederic S., The Strollers. Ward, Lock, 6/0. (A company of strolling players in America, one of whom is "Madame Carew," a former favourite at Drury Lane. American in origin.)
Knight-Adkin, J. H., The Woman Stealers: Tales of the House of the Otter. Isbister, 3/6. (See Review, page 105.)

History and Archaeology

Chadwick, H. Munro, Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions. Cambridge University Press, 8/0 net.

- Johns, O. H. W., *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters*. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 12/0. (A volume of the "Library of Ancient Inscriptions." Sources and Bibliography—Laws and Contracts—Babylonian and Assyrian Letters—Appendix.)
- Ranke, Leopold von, *History of the Reformation in Germany*. Translated by Sarah Austin. Edited by Robert A. Johnson. Routledge, 5/0. (Many of the notes are given both in German and English. Miss Austin is known as the translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes.")

Literary

- Fitsmaurice-Kelly, James, *Cervantes in England*. Frowde, 1/0. (The lecture delivered before the British Academy in commemoration of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote.")
- Farmer, S., and Henley, W. E., *Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English*. Abridged from the seven-volume work entitled "Slang and its Analogues." Routledge & Son, 7/6 net.
- Burroughs, John, *Far and Near*. Constable, 5/0 net. (Another volume of the delightful outdoor papers of this accomplished American writer.)
- McSpaddon, J. Walker, *Synopses of Dickens's Novels*. Chapman & Hall, 2/6 net. (A useful little book, giving lists of characters, short synopses of the plots, and brief bibliographical notes.)

Military

- Cassell's *History of the Russo-Japanese War*, Part 19. Cassell, 0/6 net.

Music

- Ashton Jonson, G. C., *A Handbook of Chopin's Works*. Heinemann, 6/0 net. (A very useful kind of handbook or "Musical Baedeker" to Chopin's works.)
- Lunn, Charles, *The Voice: its Downfall, its Training, and its Use; a manual for teachers, singers, and students*. Reynolds & Co., 3/6.

Poetry

- Herford, Oliver, *The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten*. Bickers, 3/6 net. (A sometimes amusing parody of the best known of Omar's quatrains. Illustrated by the author.)

Political

- Brown, Arthur Judson, *New Forces in Old China*. Fleming H. Revell, 5/0 net. (The stupendous changes produced in China by western trade, politics, and religion.)
- Joubert, Carl, *The Truth about the Tsar and the Present State of Russia*. Eveleigh Nash, 7/6 net. (By the author of "Russia as it really is." Plainspoken, personal, and rather sensational accounts of the Government, the army, the real cause of the war, &c.)

Reprints and New Editions

- Cassell's *History of England*. Empire Edition. Part I. Cassell, 0/6 net. (A new edition to be issued in weekly parts. Copiously illustrated; Rembrandt photogravure plates after pictures by well-known artists; with maps and additional coloured plates.)
- Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. Two vols. Third impression. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4 net each volume.
- Smiles, Samuel, *Lives of the Engineers: Metcalf—Telford*. Murray, 3/6.
- Reade, Charles, *The Wandering Heir*; Collins, Wilkie, *The Frozen Deep*, and other tales. Popular Edition. Chatto & Windus, 1/0 net cloth, 1/6 net leather.
- Balsac, H. de, *Contes Choisis*, with preface by Paul Bourget. "Les Classiques Français." Edited by Daniel S. O'Connor. Dent, cloth 1/6 net, limp lambskin 2/6 net. (See page 97.)
- Trotter, Captain Lionel, *The Life of John Nicholson*. Murray, 2/6 net. (The ninth (popular) edition of Captain Trotter's book which was published in 1897.)
- The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Vol. IV.: *Miscellaneous Pieces*. Bell, The York Library, cloth 2/0, leather 3/0 net.
- Bridges, T., *Punctuation Simplified*, second edition. T. Bridges, 37 MacLise Road, West Kensington, 0/6 net.
- Rawstorne, Lawrence, Esq., *Gamonia, or the Art of Preserving Game*. Methuen, 3/6 net. (One of Messrs. Methuen's "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Founded on Ackermann's edition of 1837, with fifteen coloured drawings, "taken on the spot" by J. T. Rawlins.)

Science

- Soouller, J., *Darwinian Fallacies*. Simpkin, Marshall, 3/6 net.

Sociology

- Henderson, Charles Richmond, and others, *Modern Methods of Charity*. Macmillan, 15/0 net. (An examination of systems of relief, public and private, in the principal countries of Europe and in America. With a bibliography.)

Travel and Topography

- Sladen, Douglas, *Sicily, the New Winter Resort*. An Encyclopædia of Sicily. Methuen, 5/0 net. (A less jaunty and more informative work than Mr. Sladen's books on Japan. Includes a key to the Sicilian dialect, and a table of railways and coaches. Fully illustrated.)

Catalogues

- West Ham Public Libraries: Passmore Edwards Branch, Plaistow. Catalogue of books in the Juvenile Library. Compiled by Alfred Cotgrave, F.R.Hist.S., Borough Librarian. Caines, Broadway, Plaistow. (An admirable compilation, classified and annotated.) Myers & Co., 59 High Holborn, W.C. B. H. Blackwell, 50 and 51 Broad Street, Oxford.

Science

The Cosmos in Category

"ALL facts belong to science, and are her portion for ever"; let us then take the Cosmos, or the Sum of All that Is, and reduce it, if we may, to its ultimate components, so that we may know with what orders of facts science must deal. But before making such a category as is compatible with the knowledge of to-day, let us contemplate a very simple one which appeared valid to many some thirty years ago.

The dogma of theoretical materialism (which we must not compare with practical materialism or mammon-worship) was not the least clear of creeds outworn. According to it, the spectator of all time and all existence had to deal with an *aggregation of moving atoms*. These atoms were very small, indivisible, hard or impenetrable bodies, of some seventy-five elemental varieties, each atom being a unit of matter. Now the atoms were in constant movement, and the movement was so important that we might conveniently sum all things as consisting of Matter and Motion. Certain facts, however, indicated the existence of a subtler stuff, believed to be omnipresent, which was called the ether. Some said that this was atomic, some that it was continuous and homogeneous; some thought it imponderable, others ponderable; but at any rate it could only be thought of as a subtler form of matter. There was also—by the way—a certain curious manifestation, hardly to be called an entity, but perhaps worth mentioning, which was known as mind. When certain atoms, arranged in an exceptionally complex fashion, and moving in a peculiar way, were observed, it was noticed that their clashing produced a sort of disturbance, somewhat different from those of sound and heat, which we could call consciousness or mind. This was only a bye-product or epi-phenomenon—to use the term applied to it by a former distinguished contributor to this journal, Professor Huxley: and as a bye-product it could hardly enter into an ultimate category of the All.

That creed was good enough for some in the seventies, and doubtless contents a few to-day, though I have never met one. We need waste no space in criticising it here, save to remark upon the amazing ingratitude—shall we say?—which degraded Mind, the percipient of all else, matter, ether, and motion, to the level of a bye-product. For if mind, the only thing of which we have immediate knowledge, be a bye-product, then surely that which we know thereby—atoms, ether, and motion—is merely a bye-product of a bye-product—and what becomes of Reality?

Now radium and radio-activity have proved what the wise knew without their aid, that the hard atoms, "the foundation-stones of the material universe, which have existed since the creation, unbroken and unworn"—are as much a figment of the imagination as the palace of Kubla Khan, or any other product of an opium-dream. We may regard as proven the modern electrical theory of matter, which has shown that even the root-characters of *mass* and *inertia*, which we attribute to matter, are properties of electrical energy. Nor will any trained intelligence now dispute the proposition of Spencer (him the unscrupulous call materialist) that, if it were necessary to describe the All in terms of matter alone, or of mind alone, one's only chance of success would lie in the latter alternative.

Let us, then, make a Category of the Cosmos as we now understand it—not, however, using the word "now" as if to suggest that at last we have reached finality. Our category must include four entities which, at the first glance, we can observe. These are Matter, the Ether, the many obvious forms of Energy, such as light, electricity, heat and Mind. Modern theory, as I have shown, entirely disposes of the first, that matter which was once thought to be the only reality worth mentioning. There is more to be said of this view, which upsets all our notions of every-day things, and which describes the attributes of a chair or a mountain in terms of electricity: but here we will simply accept it. This reduces us to a category of three—energy, the ether, and mind: but obviously we cannot rest here. The human intellect

has an irresistible tendency to unify. All thinking people are convinced of the truth of some form of Monism. Monotheism is evidently an ancient expression of this tendency: a tendency which every day's new light further justifies. At present theory seems to suggest that this ether, originally "invented" to account for the phenomena of light, and called the "luminiferous ether," is really the *prima materia* of the ancients, the *Urstoff* of the Germans, the *protyle* of Sir William Crookes: and all forms of energy may be referred to movements—vibratory and other—of the ether. Let us then provisionally reduce our Category of the Cosmos to a dualism; the ether and its energy on the one hand, and Mind on the other.

Such a dualism, as a final statement, will satisfy nobody: indeed has satisfied nobody, for the problem is old though the terms and the details are new. The reader is familiar with the two extremes which thought has taken in time past: and they are the same to-day. The idealists maintain that Mind is the only reality, and that the ether and its energy exist only in mind: as Berkeley would say, their *esse* is *percipi*. The opposite school say that mind must be a product of the ethereal energies, though they do not tell us how the law of the Conservation of Energy can be proved to hold in regard to the production of the Eroica symphony or the "Divina Commedia." The third school finds it impossible to explain not-mind in terms of mind, or mind in terms of not-mind, and regards both as manifestations of one Reality. This is the Spinoza-Spencer school. Time is not yet when men shall cease to discuss that Reality's Ineffable Name. For myself, I hold it literally Ineffable.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Drama : The Comic Idea

"Great Friends" at the Stage Society; "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" at Terry's.

IT has more than once happened, in the last year or two, that a play, originally produced by the Stage Society, has subsequently found its way on to the boards of what its admirers call the regular, and its critics the commercial theatre. Such events are, no doubt, occasions of legitimate triumph to an organisation which aims, I take it, not merely at providing caviare for a coterie, but at influencing and even, if the word is not too big, reforming the wider life of the national drama outside its own doors. It is perhaps a trifle less satisfactory when one's first instinct after seeing a play of the Stage Society's is to ask why on earth it should not have been left for the regular or commercial theatre to produce; and this also, I am afraid, has happened more than once in the last year or two. To my mind it very notably happened this week with Mr. Street's "Great Friends." One can understand that even the members of the Stage Society may have felt some reaction towards the conventional after the grim tragedy with which their season opened. But, if you are going to be pioneers, you must expect to be called upon to dig; and "Great Friends" is certainly not the kind of treasure-trove which lies so far beneath the surface as to be imperceptible to the divining-rod of the ordinary manager. May I explain that I went to the Court much prejudiced in the author's favour? Russell Bantock, in "The Trials of the Bantocks," has always seemed to me one of the minor immortals of contemporary fiction, and the merciless analysis and sane moral judgment of Mr. Street's

longer book, "The Wise and the Wayward," seemed to point to precisely the qualities needed by your comic dramatist. The greater was my disappointment. Sydney Baldwin, M.P. (Mr. Dawson Milward), is a young man with a future. He is engaged to Grace Pontemarx (Miss Dorothy Grimston), a girl of character rather than brilliance, who will make him an excellent wife. He proceeds, however, to imperil their joint chances of happiness by philandering, by becoming "great friends" with Lucy Lady Raffin (Miss Gertrude Kingston), a lady whose social talents and perhaps her complexion all her female acquaintances appear to regard as amounting to a certificate of immorality. Baldwin succeeds in falling over a cat upon Lady Raffin's doorstep and breaking his leg. He is laid up for a month in the Raffin house in Pont Street, and subsequently goes down to convalesce at the Raffin place in Hampshire. Between you and me, there is nothing very much for society to make a fuss about in all this. Lady Raffin is lonely, and quite frankly endeavours to persuade Baldwin to break off his engagement with Grace. But there is no reason to suppose that he will do so or that the permitted limits of friendship are passed. Grace's mother, however, who detests Lady Raffin, thinks otherwise, and proceeds to write distinctly unpleasant letters both to Baldwin himself and to Lady Raffin's husband. A sufficiently awkward situation is produced, and is only put an end to by Grace herself, who takes her fate into her own hands and sails down to Hampshire to recover her errant lover. The triteness of the finale rather leaves you gasping, and I think it will be recognised that throughout the play there is nothing which can be regarded as of an "experimental" nature. So far as you are amused, you owe it entirely to Miss Gertrude Kingston, who is inimitable in her adroit management of a fatuous husband. But Miss Gertrude Kingston has been amusing us all in this sort of way for a long time, without any help from the Stage Society. Mr. Street's dialogue, again, is neatly turned, although perhaps it is even a little too discreet, too much afraid of being epigrammatic, to be quite as effective on the stage as it is in print. But neatly turned dialogue, although I do not know that it is any great help to a play in the commercial theatre, is after all not an absolute disqualification there.

The fact is, that Miss Gertrude Kingston and an English style are not by themselves sufficient to make a comedy. You want also—and I own I am surprised that Mr. Street should not have discovered it—you want also a comic idea. Indeed, it is the presence of the comic idea which differentiates true comedy from the various other forms of entertainment that often masquerade in its colours. Farcical comedy may enmesh you in an extravagant web of ridiculous situations. Sentimental comedy may beguile you through misunderstanding after misunderstanding to a roseate close. But it is the function of true comedy to isolate from the tangle of life some fantastic tendency of society as a whole, or some absurd or stupid element in the relations of one individual to others in that society, and to lay it bare for the satisfaction of the satirical, humorous, ironic or cynical perceptions which make up the complex of the comic sense. With the best will in the world I cannot see what there is in "Great Friends" to satisfy any one of the comic perceptions. Comedy Mr. Street might have attained without any change in the structure of his play. Imagine Sydney Baldwin between the bad woman and the good girl, the object of the affections and the consequent intrigues of both of them,

and himself all the time complacently set upon the achievement of his own career, without any capacity whatever for sentiment; and at once you get exactly the kind of relations with which comedy can deal set up. The actual Sydney Baldwin is a singularly colourless person. If he had any emotions in the course of the play, I, for one, failed to discover them. Perhaps this was partly Mr. Dawson Milward's fault. But whatever Baldwin is, he is not comic. No! I am afraid it must be admitted that, for once, Mr. Street has rather unexpectedly failed to see life with the comic vision; and this just at the critical moment when he was writing a comedy. And so I must leave him, and stomach my disappointment as best I can.

Oddly enough, although Mr. Percy Fendall's "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" is in most respects a vastly inferior play to "Great Friends," it does happen to have precisely that comic idea which the other so singularly lacks. There is an irony in the relation of the husband and wife who seek a collusive divorce because they cannot agree, and, immediately it is declared, begin to find that life is intolerable without each other. Owing, however, to the perversity of things, a comic idea is no more able than any of the other ingredients of comedy to compose a dish by itself. "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" comes to nothing, partly because Mr. Fendall's dialogue lacks distinction and his incident lacks research, but more especially because, when the gods gave Mrs. Langtry a beautiful voice and other good things, they quite unaccountably failed to give her a sense of humour. Now obviously without a sense of humour you cannot be a *comédienne*.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art

A Craftsman's Ideals

THE visitor to the Watts Exhibition at Burlington House last Monday afternoon may have noticed, a few minutes before four o'clock, a trickle of his fellow-creatures filing off into the dark passage to the right of the grand staircase. If he possessed a ticket admitting him to the winter lectures of the Royal Academy he would brave that dark passage, and would probably lose his way, as I did, in the subterranean corridors and studios that compose the Royal Academy schools. Statues of nymphs, huge plaster heads and reliefs would lean out to him from the gloom; he would stumble up and down stairs, cross a drawbridge, seeing ghostly figures of girls and youths in paint-stained blouses flit past him. Perhaps when he knocked against a torso of Hercules and apologised, thinking in the gloom that it was a burly member of the Royal Academy, he would recall Manet's fine saying that light is the principal person in a picture, and contrast these twilight, statue-lined corridors with the light-drenched, airy hall where the Beaux-Arts students in Paris work from the antique.

I came safely through these adventures and emerged, not without astonishment, from a narrow staircase into one of the Royal Academy exhibition rooms, the walls bare as a newly ploughed field. I followed a group of students through a door, pausing while they signed their names, into the Lecture Room where, at the summer exhibitions, the sculpture is exposed.

When Mr. George Clausen was appointed Professor of Painting, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert Professor of Sculpture, the Royal Academy lectures became significant and popular, not only among those whose profession of faith

is art for art's sake, but also with those who believe with that Spanish poet, Ramón de Campoamor, dead so early, that the best artist is the best translator of the works of God. No wonder the students, and those of the public who care seriously about art, crowded to the Clausen and Gilbert lectures. Both men have been touched by the divine fire; both have held the sealing sacred; both are still students ever searching, ever experimenting; both have given great achievements to the world; and both, without the slightest flicker of oratory or the remotest facility for rhetorical periods, have the gift of halting self-expression with that intuitive sincerity which moves mountains and—audiences.

Mr. Clausen's lectures are finished for the season. Mr. Gilbert began his course last Monday, and the only member of the Royal Academy present besides the Keeper of the Schools, Mr. Crofts, was Mr. Clausen. While we waited for their entrance I reflected on the work and on the life of Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

His Work? I affirm, and many will agree with me, that he is the greatest craftsman in plastic beauty that this country has produced. You must not judge him by the Piccadilly fountain, in the creation of which he was hampered and harassed by the local authorities. It stands there shorn of its attributes like a polled willow, from which its natural water has been diverted. Judge him by his masterpiece on which he has lavished mind, heart and fortune—that magnificent memorial to the Duke of Clarence at Windsor; by the working models for this outstanding work of the Victoria era (you will find them reproduced in "The Art Journal" Easter annual for 1903), the models for "The Virgin," "Edward the Confessor," "St. Michael," "St. George" and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary"; by his colossal and triumphant statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester, and the *épergne* he made for her; by his Fawcett memorial in Westminster Abbey; by his "Icarus" and "Comedy and Tragedy"; by his chains of office; by a dozen smaller things, seals and such-like—he has done solely for the love of doing them.

His Life? We may disapprove of, we may loathe the fusing before the public eye of a man's work with his life; but in this rough-and-tumble world the life of a public man does become public property. It is no secret that Mr. Gilbert's sturdy frame has received persistent attention from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is not my concern to inquire into the justice of it, or how far he invited the imps of misfortune. Well, Mr. Henry James in a charming essay once explained how those who are sad or distressed or out of joint with the world; those who wish to possess their souls in patience, to work and dream, and take on the mystery of things—drift to Venice. There are other old, unambitious towns—kind and dying—whither the sorrowful drift. Bruges is one of them. To Bruges Mr. Gilbert has gone, and if ever the Bruges folk peep through the doors of his vast studios they must gape at the signs of such activity.

The Lecture? Only a man who had suffered could have given such an address! It was a plea for Idealism; for the growth of the soul inspiring the work of the

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W. Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

hands; for Idealism, the mother of Taste; for humanism in art. Sleeping, waking, the students must hug their ideal; they must "do as I say, not as I do." Not all our eyes were dry when he said that. There was praise, too—veneration, rather—for Watts, for Flaxman and Alfred Stevens. "No man should dare" (this with emotion) "to enter uncovered a room containing a work by Alfred Stevens." At this, I think, the little Stevens lions that used to stand outside the railings of the British Museum, making a walk down Museum Street a pleasure, would clap their paws.

And, after the lecture, I descended the stairs into the labyrinth of dim passages, uplifted by the words of this great craftsman—words whose message is that behind the efforts of the sculptor there should be always something of love, veneration and faith. It was five o'clock. There was still an hour before the Watts Exhibition closed. I was in the mood to see for the fourth time the collected work of this other great Idealist of the nineteenth century. I think I only looked at nine pictures—"Miss Edith Villiers," the little Hayricks landscape, "Joachim," "Prayer," "For He had Great Possessions," "The Dove that Returned Not," "The Dove that Returned in the Evening," "Death Crowning Innocence" and "The Rider on the White Horse."

Then, perhaps because I was becoming too transcendently-minded, I encountered Mr. Brock's huge "Model of the Design for the National Memorial to Queen Victoria." In vain I searched for the love, veneration and faith that should be behind every work of sculpture.

"It will stand," I reflected, "in front of Buckingham Palace; but at any rate it is better than the series of monuments that the German Emperor is erecting, at short intervals, to his ancestors in the Thiergarten of Berlin—dreadful sight! They begin with Albert the Bear; they continue to the present day, and they make the Siegesallee a nightmare."

C. L. H.

Romance, Old Style and New

At the sign of The Green Sheaf, in Knightsbridge, Miss Tadema has lately published "Four Plays." Two of them, "The Unseen Helmsman" and "The Merciful Soul," were printed for the first time some years ago, and, either in London or in Christiania and Antwerp, were afterwards put upon the stage. The other two, which more particularly engage attention, have not been given to the press till now.

What may be Miss Tadema's place in the estimation of the reading public we have no immediate means of judging; but, from remembrance of the reception of her first contributions to imaginative literature, we should say that her gifts made on most minds a strong, but yet uncertain, impression. If so, this is a case in which, we fancy, the general reader and the more critical are pretty much agreed, the difference between them being such as Lawrence Alma-Tadema has no reason to regret. Close attention to her merits takes nothing from their emphasis; and if the feeling described as uncertainty remains, it diminishes as we seek for an explanation of it. It would disappear altogether, or at any rate assume a different character, were this conjecture verified: that, whether from idiosyncrasy (her own) or whether from a calculated preference of free growth to all but the most necessary systematic training, she has shared the history of things that find their own way to such perfection as they are capable of. Preference of this sort is not very uncommon, and minds there are of a reflec-

tive order which, however assiduously taught, ward off intrusion as by another kind of maidenly instinct, and only expand in a domain chosen for themselves by themselves. The result, whenever it challenges observation as in a tale or a poem, generally reveals the same drawback with the same advantage: the advantage, a certain wild strength, freshness, freedom; the drawback, unexpected crudities or what may be called innocences, and an occasional absence of the veil where truth should not stare through too thin an atmosphere.

In "New Wrecks upon Old Shoals" an original idea (so far as we are able to bethink ourselves) has been treated with great ingenuity and success. Here in two scenes we have two dramatic sketches—one of Long ago and one of To-day, representing precisely the same love-lorn situation with only that difference: the one is of to-day and the other of long ago. The drama proceeds in the same old house and in the same old room of it—quite unchanged in the second scene except for the "restless medley" of cushions and curtains and photographs and curios which are the proper adornments of my lady's room in these times. The *dramatis personæ* are two in both scenes; they bear the same names, Aubrey and Ursula; they are in the same relation to each other at heart; and it adds to the force of the double presentation that the two young people are in no strange crisis of distress but about the most common in the whole range of the romance of love. In both scenes the Aubrey of the tale returns from a long absence abroad, and unexpectedly appears at the old house, which is the abode of the lady's father. It is glowing with light and in high revel of music and dancing, for to-morrow the Lady Ursula is to be married—to riches and great estate, but not by any means for love. In the scene of long ago Aubrey contrives a message to his Ursula; *will* see her, and see her alone; will take no denial; not that she quite unwillingly steals away and goes to him in the dimly-lit little chamber where he waits already. And there, too, he will take no denial. Has come to carry her off, congratulating her no less than himself on having arrived just in time. The contract signed? The rings exchanged, the vows vowed, her father's honour and her brother's future at stake upon the marriage? What of all that? What, then, becomes of her truth to herself and to him? "Do you love me, Ursula?" "Yes. There is no joy but your presence, no pain but the want of you." "All's said, then," he insists. She does not know the real meaning of what else she has been saying. And so, Come!—by the window here. . . . The rest is as if we were reading some wild old ballad. Approaching voices—of the father, of the bridegroom and a dying Ursula, who blesses the wound through which her infidelity departs.

That is the long ago. The scene to-day we are entirely at home in. The modern Aubrey returns to the modern Lady Ursula in precisely the same circumstances, sends his message, and, breaking from the music and the dance, Lady Ursula answers it as readily. But as for what follows, this is the way of it: "Why, Aubrey! you! Where do you spring from?" (They shake hands). "A gentleman to see me on important business—and then only you!" (Both laugh.) "Only me! I like that! A nice thing to say to a man you haven't seen for seven months!" "As long as that? The others will be awfully glad to see you. We are giving a sort of tenants' ball, you know, in honour of—to-morrow." "Yes, of course, to-morrow. Suppose we stay here a bit. Sit down, there's a nice girl, and talk

to me a little first." "Well, just a second," and so the conversation runs on. She reminds him that he has not congratulated her. He answers that the moment he heard of her engagement he wrote, and sent her a bushel of orange-blossoms. He *did* write! He swears he did!—"a perfectly twee letter." And he has brought her a bracelet which she declares is quite wickedly beautiful. And still the interchange of "chaff" goes on till presently they stray off into the subject of marrying for love, when it appears that he knew a man—"but he's dead now"—who was awfully gone upon a girl, and she cared a good deal about him. Oh, yes, she did!—the man knew. No, he didn't marry her. He hadn't any money. Neither had she. "So he just said nothing but stood out of the way; and in the course of time she made a thundering fine match. Ursula exclaims that she does not think much of Aubrey's story, nor much of his friend. Aubrey insists that the man did his duty. "Did he?" cries Ursula, "and what did the girl think?" That seems to make Aubrey uncomfortable. "You do agree with me, don't you, Ursula, that he did the right thing?" "No!" "He did, though. She made a rattling smart match!"

We can go no further with a scene which in itself is admirably done—as faithful a transcript of the speech, mood and manners of the time in a wide circle of society as we have ever yet encountered, and with many good touches that we have given no idea of; for this Aubrey and this Ursula have hearts in their bosoms, too, and are human in spite of appearances. But beyond that there is the interest of a telling contrast, well carried out and well worth thinking of.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in the ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 3 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than February 13.

Correspondence

Replies

SIR,—This week I have somehow failed to overtake my ACADEMY correspondence in secret, and must ask the favour of an inch of space from you.

My thanks to Mr. Dawbarn, of Enfield, for his observation that it is a wise religion which appeals to the emotions primarily, since they, as I have asserted, are the mainspring of volition.

Mr. Coddington, of Nantwich, and another correspondent have my thanks for commenting on my remark that our universe may be moving through space as a whole. This, as they suggest must be, is on the assumption, supported by Professor Simon Newcomb, that *our* universe is a finite disc, bounded by the Milky Way. We could learn of its motion only by meeting other universes in the course of ages. The two senses of the word "universe" are confusing.

Mr. Bindon, of Bristol, asks some great questions, most of which I have tried to answer in past articles. The origin of the sun's heat may rudely be described as due to the friction engendered by the unceasing gravitational contraction of his mass.

My thanks to other correspondents who demand no present answer.—Yours, &c. C. W. SALEEBY.

The Nature of Reality

SIR,—Dr. Saleeby seems to be amazed that Professor Haeckel should regard "modern science as acquainted with the nature of reality." But wherefore? Science is ordered knowledge—the classification of sense-impressions—and what, I ask, have five-sense beings to do with any other "knowledge" or "reality"? The very notion that beneath the phenomenal lies something which is "real"—the noumenal—is, after all, nothing but a projection—an illicit projection—of our sense-derived notion of reality into the metaphysical region of "things-in-themselves." In other words, because we believe in the reality of our sense-impressions *per se*, we imagine there must be a transcendent reality which produces them. Take a biscuit. It has shape, colour, hardness, taste—sense-impressions. Eat it, and no longer can you see and taste it. Then you must have eaten the "thing-in-itself," else why does not that weird object still produce sense-impressions? Can you eat the properties *off* a biscuit and leave the "noumenon" on your plate? Futile idealism, whose true name is "unrealism."

The sense-impressions are real enough for us; they are ultimate facts, and it were waste of time to discuss the notion of a phantasmagoria behind them. The "noumenon" is an unreal construction from the "phenomenon," just as a unicorn is an unreal construction from the horse.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

SIR,—The ever-growing circle of readers which Dr. Saleeby's contributions to your columns are securing will, I think, find the one in the current number not the least interesting among them. It is surprising how few even among the baby-adoring mothers, to say nothing of proud fathers, know what to expect from them, and how to account for their apparently queer ways.

The astonishing grip of the tiny hand—by which the newborn babe may actually be lifted—is, among many other like facts, full of hints which it concerns us all to take. And the connection of the absence of "earlids" to be closed like eyelids, with the helplessness of human infancy, is at least an hypothesis of value. One thing which rather militates against such connection, however, is the extent to which really deep—that is, normal—sleep can resist not only shocks of sound, but even some shaking. In truth, most of us enjoy but the thin sleep of the semi-invalid.

I cannot, however, here enter into this wider question; but many of us, to whom the central facts of life and experience are of pressing and practical interest, cannot but thank Dr. Saleeby for the vivid and lucid way in which he presents them.—Yours, &c. V. WELBY.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

NOTE.

WORMWOOD (ARTEMISIA ABSINTHIUM).—This quality of bitterness is the chief attraction in those objectionable tonics called *absinthe* and *vermouth*, as intensified by the addition of alcohol in the form of spirits or wine. Our great authority, Professor Skeat, tells us that the origin of the word "wormwood" is unknown, and utterly repudiates any possible connection with that intestinal parasite called "worms." Historically we have the primitive German *werimuota* (W.W.S.), *wormuota* (Kluge), modern *wer-muth*. The humble but pernicious (in this form) worm is *waurnis* in Gothic, Latin *vermis*; the suffix looks like an expulsion, from "out" you go! Dealt with medically "wormwood" was used as a prophylactic, thus defined: "It derives its name from its use in destroying worms in children;" again, "a species of *artemisia* . . . is reputed to be *anthelmintic*," from the Greek *anti* (against) *helmins* (a worm); perhaps "worm-out" is too definite for a mere speculation, guessing goes such a long way with etymologists.—A. HALL.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

* **HOLD OR CUT BOWSTRINGS.**—The last lines of "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., are:

Quince. At the Duke's oak we meet.
Bottom. Enough! Hold or cut bowstrings.

It is obvious that the above words mean "in any event," but can any one explain the origin of the expression or how it comes to have that meaning? So far as my researches go, the commentators make nothing of it. "Hold or break bowstrings" would present no difficulty, but "cut" indicates a deliberate act of the bowman.—H.C.

LITERATURE.

* **BRAVE PRINCE WILLIAM.**—In Goldsmith's "Description of an Author's Bedchamber" there occurs the line—

"And brave Prince William shows his lampblack face."

To whom is the reference, and why "lampblack"? Is this expression peculiar to Goldsmith?—E.J.D. (Ealing).

* **THE THIEVING EAGLE.**—In Isaac Walton's "Life of Richard Hooker" there is a letter from Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, wherein reference is made to "the eagle that stole a coal from the altar and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it." What is the origin of this story?—John Feurer, jun. (Upper Clapton).

* **"EOTHEM."**—In "Eothem" Kinglake quotes:

Soothe him with her finer fancies,
Touch him with her lighter thought.

He tells us this is by Tennyson. It must have been written prior to 1845, but I have been unable to find it in any of the earlier poems. Can any reader identify it?—D. Davies (Winchester).

* **AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER WANTED** of a volume of Euclid in which the preface is devoted to a prayer for guidance of those using the book.—Tramp (Charing Cross).

* **AUTHOR WANTED.**

As like as a hand to another hand.

Whoever said that foolish thing, &c.

The above passage occurs in Browning's "James Lee's Wife." Is there any record of such a saying, and where did the poet find it?—Madge S. Smith (Bolton).

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen

Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben,

Wird für keinen Dienst auf Erde taten,

Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben,

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen.

Can any one identify this quotation?—F.S.B. (Cambridge).

The following lines were given me as a parallel passage some years ago. I should like to know the source. I am quoting from memory:

Nemo me lacrimis nec funera letu

Faxit our nolito dum vivo per ora virum.

Cormes (Truro).

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a starre.

Or as the flights of eagles are;

Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hue,

Or silver drops of morning dew, &c.

The poem thus beginning is attributed both to Francis Beaumont and to Bishop Henry King, of Chichester. To whom does it really belong, and how did the confusion in authorship arise?—E. J. Ludlow (Edinburgh).

GENERAL.

* **SAVE THE MARK.**—What is the origin and explanation of the expression "Save the mark"?—Immerito (Teddington).

* **NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.**—Who was the coiner of this much-used phrase? It occurs in Oscar Wilde's play "Lady Windermere's Fan." Was he responsible for it?—F.C.B. (Brookley).

* **DAME MARY MAY.**—In Hare's "Sussex" it says: "In Mid-Lavant Church, St. Nicholas, is a tomb with an effigy, erected during the lifetime of Dame Mary May, 1681." Who was Dame Mary May, and what was she celebrated for?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

* **PROPER NAME PRONUNCIATION.**—Is there any book published to serve as a guide to the pronunciation of proper names occurring in English literature? One hears such varied pronunciations at different times as to be in doubt which is correct. A few examples are Jacques, Blougram, Catriona, Guinevere, Hugues.—F.W.T. (Dudley).

* **FRENCH LAWYERS.**—Can any one give me a short account of the position of the bench and bar in France at the present day? In reading Balzac, Hugo and other French novelists one gets the idea that law students fresh from college are at once promoted to the position of minor judges in the provinces, or of the Irish (paid) R.M.'s. A Frenchman whom I have consulted tells me that young judges are allowed to sit only as assessors of their elders, and that the *Shallows* in the provinces are, as with us, unpaid members of the *bourgeoisie*. I think Mr. Bryce says somewhere that on the Continent promotion is from the Bench to the Bar.—R.O.F.

* **RICHARD III.**—I have read that Richard III.'s body after the Battle of Bosworth was buried in a stone coffin. This is said to have been used as a horse-trough of an inn. Is this historically true? If so, where was (or is) the inn, and where is his body interred?—Lawrence Keogh.

Answers.

SHAKESPEARE.

* **"THE LADY OF THE STRACHY."**—Many suggestions have been made to explain this passage. Stevens thought "the lady of the starohy" laundry was meant; but it is more likely to allude to some popular tale or ballad in which a lady of high degree married beneath her. The title of Strachy was applied to governors of certain Italian towns; and Italian tales were in great favour in Shakespeare's day; many of his plays are, of course, based on them. "Stratigo" might quite easily come through "strategas," "stratagy," "stratgy," etc., to Malvolio's "Strachy"; and on the whole this seems the most likely solution. Collier also suggests "the lady of the Strozzi"; and Thrace (Trachy, Strachy), or Atrakhian (A-Strachy or the Strachy) also offer possibilities.—B.C.H.

* **SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.**—Your correspondent's question on the subject of poems addressed to men in the strain which characterises the Sonnets elicited references to Michelangelo and Barnfield. Reference may usefully be made to Eclogue I. in the "Piscatory Eclogues" of Phineas Fletcher. In this eclogue, Thelgon (i.e. the poet's father, Giles Fletcher, LL.D., Cantab. Treasurer of St. Paul's in 1597) speaks of the youth Amyntas. The following lines may be quoted by way of illustration:

Yet once he said (which I, then fool, believ'd)

"When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,
The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;
The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove;"
He said, and I believ'd; so credulous is love.

Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining;
But thou, ah me! art only constant in disdain.

Phineas Fletcher, who was born in 1584, became incumbent of Hilgay, in Norfolk, in 1621. In 1633, the forty-ninth year of the poet's age and the twelfth year of his incumbency, the "Piscatory Eclogues" were published, with the prefatory statement that they were "raw products" of the poet's "very unripe years and almost childhood." If this statement be accurate the Eclogues were written before the publication of the Sonnets.—George Newall.

LITERATURE.

* **THE RELAXED BOW.**—It is from Horace, no doubt, that our English authors, Roger Ascham, Bacon, &c., have derived the comparison of a relaxed bow with mental recreation:

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.—Odes ii. 10.

R. Bruce Boswell (Chingford).

* **NATURE SIMILES.**—An example of the use of a manufactured article to supply a figure for Nature is found in Shakespeare, "Henry V., i. ii. 194:

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds.

Gray uses the same figure in "The Progress of Poesy," l. 27:

O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day.

Johnson's criticism on this passage is as follows: "... Idalia's velvet green has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature." ("Lives of the Poets": Gray). This dictum certainly applies to the following from Butler's "Hudibras," where, of course, the degradation is intentional:

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.—W.M. (Aberdeen).

GENERAL.

* **NOT ROOM TO SWING A CAT!**—This saying arose from the sport of swinging a cat to a branch of a tree, as a mark to be shot at. Shakespeare refers to another variety of the sport: the cat, being enclosed in a leathern bottle, was suspended to a tree to be shot at. "Hang me in a bottle like a cat" ("Much Ado about Nothing," i. i.).—K.S. (Bristol).

* **"GUBBINS."**—This appellation was given derisively and to imply contempt, as it originates from the word "gubbings"—the offal of fish.—M. Maclean Dobrée.

* **ORDER REGIONS AT WARSAW.**—Further replies received from Hilda Wood: Percy Selver; and L.L. (Lincoln).

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Notes

READERS of THE ACADEMY will be interested to know that preparations are being made to effect important changes both in the form and substance of this journal. It is hoped that they will be brought into operation on March 11, and until that day THE ACADEMY will be conducted on its old lines.

THE most important publication of the week has been "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava," by Sir Alfred Lyall. It was issued too late for treatment in our columns this week, but we hope to deal with it in our next number. Lord Dufferin was a great part of the life of our times, a consummate diplomatist and a conscientious and trustworthy politician. Occupying such eminent positions as he did, it was natural and inevitable that he should mingle on familiar terms with the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and it will be found that his "Life" gives some pleasing glimpses of the inner circles of politics during the reign of Queen Victoria.

WRITING in "The Library," Mr. John Rivers gives an amusing account of Jean François Ducis, the French eighteenth-century author who took Shakespeare in hand and attempted to purge him of all that offended the classicalism of national and contemporary taste. Ducis himself, says Mr. Rivers, was a modest man of lofty ideals, and it was a genuine admiration of Shakespeare's work that led him to try and improve it. But the result—the now completely forgotten result—was rich in humour.

NORCESTE, whom we know as Horatio, flatly refuses to believe in the Ghost at all, though Hamlet (who has ascended the throne on his father's death) assures him that he saw it in a dream. Ophelia is not the daughter of Polonius, but of Claudius, who for no apparent reason has decreed that she, "the sole and feeble scion of my race, the light of Hymen's torch shall ne'er behold." Claudius and Gertrude, who between them have murdered the late King, "refuse to be bluffed into confession" by the play; but all ends "happily." Claudius is killed by Norceste, and Gertrude stabs herself, while Hamlet remains in possession of the throne. They are doing their best now in Paris to appreciate Shakespeare as they should—doing far more, indeed, than we are to master their great classical dramatists; but the reception of Mr. Marcel Schwob's translation of "Hamlet" was not over-promising.

IN "The Fortnightly Review" M. Maurice Maeterlinck discusses the production of "King Lear" at the Théâtre Antoine. There are only two critics in Paris, it seems, who had a good word for the play, M. Nozière in the "Gil Blas," and M. Brisson in "Le Temps." M. Faguet, the *lundiste* of the "Débats," talks of "stupid crimes, foolish horrors, and idiotic vices," and dubs the play "bruto-tragedy or bruto-drama." "Almost anybody, no matter who, could write 'King Lear,' with the exception of a few passages"! And the play, says M. Maeterlinck, "received the same hearing that would have been given to an antiquated melodrama, illumined here and there by an occasional gleam of genius."

FOR this strange lack of comprehension (which M. Maeterlinck astutely hints is not so uncommon in England as we should care to admit) he assigns two reasons: the necessary failure of a translation, in the case of an "essential" poet, to reveal more than a quarter of his soul, and the difference between the domestic geniuses of the two countries. The domestic genius spoke in Voltaire's "Drunken Savage," and the feeling still lingers; but it is only fair to point out that French men of letters are doing far more than English to break down the barrier. Quite recently able studies have appeared in Paris of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Burns and Richardson. What, besides Mr. Gosse's "French Profiles" and a few desultory studies of Ste.-Beuve, have we to show since Matthew Arnold?

THE Juliet House, as it is called, at Verona, is in danger of collapsing; but its loss would mean no more than the loss of any other of the picturesque old houses of Northern Italy. It is not, of course, Juliet's house, any more than Juliet's tomb is the tomb of Juliet, or the Andaman Islands the scene of "The Tempest." There is no house in Verona that can be declared with certainty the house of either Montagues or Capulets; and the tomb, we have it on good authority, was a washing-trough. A genuine washing-trough is better than a sham tomb—and the moral of the whole question may be found in Mr. Henry James' story of "The Custodians."

A PROPOS of a woodcut by Schäufolein in the British Museum, Mr. Campbell Dodgson relates in "The Burlington Magazine" for this month a quaint and delightful legend of Alexander the Great. In one version—that of a late Greek manuscript of Pseudo-Callisthenes—the event took place "at the end of the world."

Having reached it, and wishing to know "whether this was indeed the end of the world and the place where the sky slopes down to it," he caught two of the great white birds that came about his army, starved them for three days, and then confined them in a basket, in which there stood upright two spears lashed together, end to end, with the liver of a horse on the top. The birds flew up, like the donkey that follows the carrots dangling in front of his nose, in order to seize the meat; and the basket, with Alexander in it, rose with them. At last, being warned by a winged creature with a human face to return, he reversed the spears. The birds flew down, and he reached earth ten days' journey from the place whence he started.

In the Latin version of Leo's "Historia de Preliis" the basket is replaced by a machine with iron bars, and the motive power was not white birds but griffins—"li oysel ke on apiele gryfz," says a mediæval manuscript. Mr. Dodgson's article is illustrated by reproductions of two miniatures in the British Museum and of the woodcut by Schaufelein, which shows two most fascinating griffins attached by chains to an iron cage. In the cage stands Alexander in armour, grasping the baited spear, to which the griffins' eyes are hungrily upturned.

It appears from Signor Orlando's answer to the question put in the Chamber of Deputies on January 31, and from the conversation between the Rome correspondent of "The Times" and the Minister, that Professor Waldstein has not got quite so far as he thought in his scheme for the international excavation of Herculaneum. There is "a wide difference between an honorary committee composed of crowned heads and rulers of states, and an international committee for the actual execution of excavations"; the difference that one may talk while the other will work. Professor Waldstein appears to have become entangled in this net of diplomacy, from which may he soon be freed—to set to work and do what he wishes.

NATURAL science has lost a devoted and valuable servant by the death of Mr. George Bond Howes, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., who died on Saturday at his house in Chiswick. Dr. Howes, who was only fifty-one years old, entered the service of the Science and Art Department thirty years ago, after a private education, and became at once a staunch lieutenant to Huxley, whom he succeeded in 1895 as Professor of Zoology in the Royal College of Science. The amount of his published work was small, but it included the "Atlas of Practical Zootomy," as the revised form of the work is called, and a number of papers, chiefly on vertebrate morphology.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of collecting a fund and founding a prize in memory of Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Their object is to supply an annual prize, open to all students and members under six years' standing in the colleges for women connected with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, for the best essay on any subject, "ethical, psychological, or philosophical," bearing on the evidence of natural religion. Donations will be received by the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Lady Battersea, Surrey House, 7 Marble Arch, W., or by the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, Princes Street, E.C.

A PROPOSAL is on foot to establish a "Ruskin Park," on "the last spur of the Surrey Downs," as Ruskin him-

self called Denmark Hill. Only £2,000 an acre is being asked, and £50,000 will suffice to preserve the whole "lung" intact. Denmark Hill is not only associated with Ruskin and Mr. Chamberlain. It was the residence of Dr. Lettsom, the Quaker physician, whose park was famous for its plants and for the butterfly Camberwell Beauty, which he bred there. He, for one, would smile upon the "Ruskin Park."

THE dinner given to Mr. J. Nicol Dunn last Saturday night on the occasion of his leaving "The Morning Post" for "The Manchester Courier" was a fine and spontaneous tribute to a distinguished journalist. Mr. Barrie was in the chair, and proposed Mr. Dunn's health in as delightful a speech as one could wish to hear, the greater part of it banter, persiflage, drollery, but sobering into a most manly and earnest God-speed at the end. The company consisted of the guest's private friends, and contained foremost representatives not only of the leading journals, but of law, politics and the kindred professions. Naturally many men of the old "National Observer" were present, and if the shade of W. E. Henley did not hover over the feast, it was not for lack of invocation, both spoken and silent. When nearly every one present had a title to public attention, it was invidious to single out any name for particular mention. Mr. Dunn has made many notable friends in the course of a career which has embraced at least half a dozen different papers, including "The Scotsman," "The Pall Mall Gazette" and "Black and White."

It is most unusual for a journalist to leave a first-class position in London for the provinces, but if Mr. Dunn has chosen to follow a difficult path, he is also working for a great reward. "The Manchester Courier" has always had great difficulty in competing with a most able and well-managed rival, and all the resources of skill and enterprise will be needed to bring it up to the same level. But, on the other hand, these are magical days in journalism, and no doubt the same vigour and determination which have made so much ground elsewhere will be appreciated in Manchester. On "The Morning Post" the place vacated by Mr. Dunn is now filled by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, a journalist best known for his contributions to military criticism. Curiously enough, he first made his mark in the very town to which his predecessor has gone.

WE have received from an American gentleman a leaflet that carries important news. The American Philosophical Society and the Volapukists "fought a duel and killed each other's influence." That seems to have left the field open for Idiom Neutral, Esperanto and others. "George J. Henderson, of London, has made three languages, and Elias Molee, of Tacoma, Washington, has spent forty years on Tutonish. Such heroic efforts have not been without effects."

THE effects, it would seem, have rather been on George J. Henderson, of London, and Elias Molee, of Tacoma, than on the speaking world. But there is still hope, perhaps, for Tutonish, perhaps for one of the three *lingue Hendersoniane*. An International Congress of a thousand intelligent members could in five years frame a language, simple and systematic, easy and beautiful. And the cost—the cost of the congress, the invention, the teachers, the pupils, the literature and the minor expenses! A trifle of five thousand million dollars, or some £1,000,000,000! And for that "ignorance and mental

slavery would pass away, and the wars, famines and pestilences would vanish from the globe." More, we should be able, perhaps be compelled, to read our Sophocles and Vergil in Tutonish, our Shakespeare and Milton in Hendersonish.

THE February volumes in Messrs. Dents' complete edition of Tolstoy will be "The Snowstorm, Domestic Happiness, &c.," and "Pedagogical Articles, and The Linen Measurer," all written between 1856 and 1862. In the new French series, "Les Classiques Français," Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's "Paul et Virginie," with a preface by the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé of the French Academy, will be published this month.

IN view of the forthcoming Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery, Messrs. Bell will publish immediately a third and cheaper edition of "The Art of James McNeill Whistler," by Messrs. T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis.

Bibliographical

LAST year Miss M. F. Sandars published a life of Honoré de Balzac, which was welcomed as supplying a want, for in English we have not many works on the French novelist and his writings, and most of those have their origin in America. Now, however, it looks as though we were making up for lost time, for hard upon the issue of Miss Sandars' book I learn that Mr. W. H. Helm is to give us a new volume of criticism, entitled "Aspects of Balzac." Before the former work was published the only book available for would-be students of Balzac was Mr. Frederick Wedmore's volume, the "Life of Honoré de Balzac," in the Great Writers Series (1889). From America, however, had emanated "Balzac," a small volume of criticism, by E. E. Saltus (1884); "A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac," by Katharine Prescott Wormeley (1892), the translator of "La Comédie Humaine"; and "The Metaphysics of Balzac," by Ursula N. Gestefeld (1898).

It may be safely assumed, I think, that the publication of a book about a distinguished writer creates something of a demand, though it may not, often, be anything more than a small demand, for his writings. It may be hoped that Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Sydney Smith" (English Men of Letters) will make many readers wish for a fuller acquaintance with Smith's works. I do not know whether his "Essays," published in 1880 by Messrs. Routledge, are still obtainable, but there is a capital selection from his writings, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, in the Scott Library; and the famous "Peter Plymley's Letters" may be had in Cassell's National Library. The single-volume edition of his "Works" and the "Sketches of Moral Philosophy" may often be found by haunters of the second-hand bookstalls. Mr. Russell had not many predecessors as biographer of Sydney Smith, the only separate works being "A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith by his Daughter, Lady Holland" (1855), and "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith," by Stuart J. Reid (1884). In 1894 there was published in Paris "Sydney Smith et la Renaissance des Idées Libérales en Angleterre," by André Chevrillon.

There have been many biographies of Charles Dickens published since John Forster completed his "Life" about thirty years ago; but apparently the theme is inexhaustible, for Mr. Thomas Wright, as was announced

some time ago, is engaged upon a work of this character: and now it is stated that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is just completing a "Life of Charles Dickens as revealed in his Writings." Professor A. W. Ward's "Dickens" in the English Men of Letters Series, and Sir Frank T. Marzials' "Dickens" in the Great Writers Series, are available for readers who wish for succinct works on the subject, while altogether the books on Dickens, or some aspect of his work, would now fill a long shelf. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald had already given us "The History of Pickwick; its Characters, Localities, &c." (1891); "Bozland: Dickens' Places and People" (1895) and "The Pickwickian Dictionary and Cyclopædia" (1903).

The issue of a "uniform edition" of a writer's works may generally be taken as marking a definite stage in that writer's popularity. In view of the fact that Messrs. Blackwood are about to issue such an edition of Mr. Neil Munro's novels, it may be interesting to give a list of them, with the dates of their first publication in book form: "The Lost Pibroch, and Other Shieling Stories" (1896); "John Splendid: the Tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn" (1898); "Gilian the Dreamer: his Fancy, his Love and Adventures" (1899); "Doom Castle: a Romance" (1901); "The Shoes of Fortune, &c." (1901); "Children of Tempest: a Tale of the Outer Isles" (1903); "Erichie: My Droll Friend" (1904). The first half-dozen of the volumes named have been announced to form the new set, but I hope that Mr. Munro and his publishers will decide to include "Erichie," for that genial soul deserves inclusion; and many of us would be glad to have his humour presented in all the dignity of a bound book. It is true the authorship of "Erichie" has not been acknowledged, but it has always been an "open secret." Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that Mr. Munro once wrote a highly sensational serial story, which is *not* likely to be included in the uniform reissue of his novels, and that much of his writing lies buried in the columns of a Glasgow evening newspaper.

In giving last week a list of the English translations of writings by Maxim Gorky I omitted, by an oversight, one of the volumes in which I had found most to interest me—the "Tales from Gorky," translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain (1902). I might also have added that shortly after the introduction of the grim realist to English readers came a volume of appreciation in Dr. E. J. Dillon's "Maxim Gorky, his Life and Writings" (1902).

WALTER JERROLD.

Hudibras-Butler

OF the "Hudibras" recently edited for the "Cambridge English Classics" by Mr. A. R. Waller we have only one mild complaint to make.

The plan of Mr. Waller's edition excludes explanatory notes and all introductory matter except a short bibliographical note. But on the blank page opposite the title-page appears this short but disquieting legend:

SAMUEL BUTLER.
Born 1612?
Died 1680.

We cannot deny the exactitude of the question-mark. It is true we do not know that Butler was born in 1612, but research has shown that he was christened in February of that year; and if *in corrupta Fides nudaque Veritas* demanded the precautionary symbol, surely a drop of comfort might have been afforded to the curious in the form of a note.

A cynic might, indeed, find occasion for a sneer in this record of Butler's christening, being, as it is, almost the only fact of his life about which there is no doubt. For though, "according to all accounts" (says Mr. R. B. Johnson, the Aldine Editor), he "led a life of strict integrity," and though "no sneer has passed the poet's lips against religion or morality," there is singularly little of the distinctive features of Christianity in Butler's character. Perhaps to blame a satirist for uncharitableness is like finding fault with a tiger for inhumanity, or with Rabelais for grossness. He does not profess to supply the milk of human kindness, nor ask you to admire his organ of benevolence. But, for all that, "the great Butler," as "the great Doctor" calls him, gives the unpleasant impression of double-dealing and backbiting to a degree rare even among satirists. Critics are not agreed to what extent "Hudibras" is intended for a portrait of the Presbyterian, Sir Samuel Luke, "who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, but, to his dishonour" (says the earliest of Butler's biographers), "an eminent commander under the Usurper, Oliver Cromwell." Other Puritans, and perhaps other patrons of Butler, are laid under contribution by the satirist; and the spirit of burlesque accumulates many traits which have little to do with the Puritans at all. Butler, however, meant to make his "i's" easy to dot when he made Sir Hudibras say—

"'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land, yclep'd —,
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For person, parts, address, and beard."

Rhyme and reason alike pitch upon Sir Samuel, or rather Sir Samlle Luke, to fill the gap. Anyhow, he lived in the service of this "Knight so notorious," either as secretary or steward or valet, and employed his opportunities in that situation in accumulating the materials for "Hudibras," and probably composing a good part of the work. He kept the poison of asps well under his lips, however, until it was quite safe to launch it against the defeated party: and was then rewarded, like Horace's schoolmaster, *maiore fama quam emolumento*. Charles II., we are told, was always quoting "Hudibras," and kept it in his pocket; but he put little or nothing into the author's pocket in its place. Perhaps he thought, or other Royalists who had better memories and fatter purses may have thought, that benevolence might be misplaced in this dull fellow—for so he appears to have been in company—who might, after all, survive them, and then let the world know what he thought of them. As a matter of fact, he was amassing the materials for such an exposure while the wits were laughing over his satire upon the Puritans. He satirised the license, the gaming, the drunkenness, of Charles II.'s court; he satirised poor Sir John Denham, both for his poetry and for his madness; he satirised the newly formed Royal Society, first in octosyllabics, and then expanded these into the heroic measure to which he became more addicted in later years. All these rods, however, were laid up in pickle only when he died; they did not see the light till about eighty years after his death. Altogether, though the patrons who enjoyed his wit did not deserve well of him, it is difficult to avoid smiling at the expressions chosen by Ottway, who was always overflowing with sentiment, in referring to this neglect:

"Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service were return'd."

Mr. Waller does break through his reserve in his bibliographical note to the extent of giving us the enter-

taining passage from "Pepys' Diary" in which Mr. Pepys describes how, "falling into discourse" with Mr. Battersby "of a new book of drollery in use, called 'Hudibras,' I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by, meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d." Six weeks later, however, he found it necessary to buy "Hudibras" again—presumably for 2s. 6d.; but later entries in the "Diary" show that he never could see the fun of it, though he once records having enjoyed having Mr. Butler and others to dinner—"a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted." Mr. Pepys was not a connoisseur in wit: Charles II. was, and was undoubtedly in the right here. Whatever else Butler was, he was a prince of wits. The Restoration has a great name for wit, and, in spite of Macaulay, deserves it. But Butler is a giant among the Restoration wits, just as Milton is a giant among the Restoration poets. His is not mere verbal wit, nor the raillery of a highly artificial society. It is imaginative and racy, not merely rippling the surface of the mind into a smile, but stirring up the depths of laughter. He is a man of exceptionally sound sense talking outrageous nonsense, a feat which always conveys the impression of great power. In this respect he deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with Aristophanes and Rabelais, and with the master to whom he owed the main idea of "Hudibras," Cervantes, though he is wanting in the good-humour which is half the greatness of these much greater men.

A larger portion of good-humour would have made "Hudibras" more readable to remote posterity. "To-day it is not read," says Mr. R. B. Johnson, "and to a large extent would not be understood." The second remark is true, if the "large extent" be not pressed too hard. "Hudibras" is, of course, packed with topical allusions, as well as with all sorts of allusions the very reverse of topical—out-of-the-way bits of learning such as Rabelais delighted in, which we may be sure were as unintelligible to Charles II. as they are to us. The latter, however, are part of the fun, now as then. And as to the topical allusions, it is true that the objects of Butler's ridicule are no longer before our eyes; while the passions which were then excited over ecclesiastical government have been succeeded by a long line of descendants, which all have a strong family likeness, but are too vigorous in each generation to feel much interest in their ancestry. But the mere fact that we cannot understand many passages without the aid of a note, and even the fact that a note is sometimes inevitably wanting, because the key to the allusion has long been lost—these facts only explain in part why "Hudibras" as a whole is not read to-day. "Don Quixote" has more allusions which are pointless to the average English reader: yet few people find "Don Quixote" difficult to read. You may say that it is because "Don Quixote" is drawn on a larger canvas, and breathes the open air of adventure for all its satire of knight-errantry. Yes, but this is much the same as saying that it is full of good-humour. Cervantes looks upon all the world, including his crazy hero, with a kindly eye. He moves with careless and jovial freedom of gait, and gives his reader time to digest his wit. Butler is like a hanging judge who is witty at the expense of the prisoner. He looks on all the world with "lidless dragon eyes," and mercilessly exposes everybody's faults and follies, without a hint

that he is of the same clay as the rest of us. His scorn and contempt for the human race is like that of the only one of his imitators who is his equal: and in reading Swift we seem to be assisting at some dreadful tragedy, a man afflicted with some strange madness, cursing and uprooting his own heart; whereas Butler's satire is just heartless. And his wit gives you hardly any rest. Dr. Johnson puts this matter well in the course of his somewhat jerky and indeterminate account of Butler. "If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure; he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted."

But what wit it is! One cannot quote it to advantage. Many of his couplets have passed into proverbs too familiar to quote: but even these, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be read in their context. It is the volubility at such a high level, the agility of the doggerel rhymes, with their ease and naturalness, the apparently uncontrolled spontaneity of the whole performance, that is so amazing every time one takes up the book. It is difficult to believe that the author amassed his material in "Commonplace Books," and wrote and re-wrote with anxious care. Certainly there never was a better illustration of the maxim which Pope paraphrased from Horace:

"Success in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

The only poet who has attempted the Hudibrastic manner of handling rhyme on a large scale, and as an accompaniment to his matter and not the end in itself, is Browning; but Browning never "learned to dance"; nor did he realise, apparently, that Butler's very triumph depended upon the perfect match between his manner and his matter.

The Guls Hornbook

SOME people carry their love of suitability to the verge of mania, and could not bring themselves to read an old book newly tricked out in the finery of green limp leather and a red silk marker. I am not of their number. They are but captious bibliophiles and have their reward in the sense of their own exclusiveness, from which they doubtless derive a fine satisfaction. "A Guls Hornbook in lambskin!" and their sneer rises to a snort: but I answer unabashed, "My study to any reading-room, museum or Bodleian," with a chant of content as I turn over the dainty pages of old Dekker's pamphlet, which Messrs. Dent & Co. have just issued in their "Temple Classics" series. I have hardly a moment's thought for the Arber reprint, which I do not possess, and leave the discovery of an aged quarto, marked at a mere song, to the godlike dreams of night. Dekker—that "Pasquille madcap," as he calls himself; "with as much poetry in him as one wants," as Charles Lamb (not easily satisfied in that respect) says of him—has always appealed to me in rather a special way by reason of his buoyancy and kindness. Simon Eyre, with his quaint expletives, and his wife—the "bombast-cotton-night-cap-queen"—are

among my favourite characters. Indeed, the whole play, the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, is in its own somewhat domestic way a masterpiece. He lacks the greatness of Ben Jonson, of course; but he lacks also that scathing element which led Jonson to sport with human follies a little cruelly at times, as his treatment of the Puritan shows—and of Dekker himself, for that matter, in their famous quarrel. I wonder why they fell foul of one another. It would be excessively interesting to know the true reason why Jonson's wrath should have been roused against Dekker, of all men—for he was not more unworkmanlike in his plays than many others—to such a pitch that he was obliged to satirise him under the name of Crispinus. Still, Dekker turned and had his say with his *Satiromastix*; or, *The Untrussing of a Humorous Poet*. What times these were!

But to your Hornbook, gull. Dekker must have chuckled—with almost more than a journalist's joy at copy found—when he came upon the German Dede-kind's Grobianus and saw how nicely he could fit the book to his own ends! No one could teach a gull to be a gallant better than Thomas Dekker, for what he did not know about town life need not be called knowledge. Moreover Grobianism—his own word for the form of satire which praises and recommends the thing to be avoided—was the manner peculiarly suited to his personality. And it is delightful to notice that he does not seem ever to have passed so far beyond the realm of the gallant but that he occasionally forgets that in writing of him his tongue should be in his cheek. I hear a certain ring of sincere feeling as he denounces the absurdity of early rising and advises his gull to lie long abed—"Care not for those coarse painted cloath rimes made by ye University of Salerne, that come over you with 'Short let thy sleep at noone be, or rather let it none be.' Sweet candied councill, but there's rats-bane under it."

He thoroughly enjoyed writing his book: he wrote with such gusto that its freshness—though a mere pamphlet—lasts after the lapse of so many years and the passing of so many fashions; for human nature has an odd way of remaining in essentials the same, and the gull and the gallant, though they have not such picturesque names nowadays, continue to exist, and always will exist as long as there is money to spend and youth to spend it: the cult of the correct thing is as everlasting as youth, always wishing (and quite rightly) to cut a fine figure, though what that figure should be is according to the opinion of the period. The gallant used to ruffle it down Powle's Walk or Chepe Side; the "dog" strolls down Bond Street or Piccadilly. The gallant used to smoke on the stage and listen to Shakespeare; the dog takes his cigar in the promenade of a music hall and applauds the cake-walk. Dekker takes his gull and schools him through the day from noon to midnight, tells him where he should dine, how he should enter an ordinary, what company he should affect, what sights he should see (especially the top of Powle's Steeple, where "I would desire you to draw your knife and grave your name in great characters upon the leades"), how to avoid duns, and how to behave in Duke Humphrey's walkes or at the play. And while he laughs at gullery and gallantry, he seems always to remember that his knowledge is not second-hand, and that he himself passed through these same stages of gull and gallant. There is a touch of pride, too, in his memory—the pride of a man who has lived hard and is glad of it. For even in those days, when life hummed, no one lived more "robustiously" than did Thomas Dekker.

Reviews

SYDNEY SMITH

By George W. E. Russell. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

THE career of a wit resembles in one respect the career of an actor. He writes his name in water, and his most brilliant effects are evanescent, like the ripples which disturb the glassy surface of a lake. For the true wit relies not merely upon a whimsical phrase. He jests also with his voice, his hand, his whole bearing. And these accessories played a larger part in Sydney Smith's humour than in the humour of most. As Charles Greville has told us, "his appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to his audience, who were always in fits of laughter." But sixty years ago Sydney Smith's tongue was silenced for ever, and if we would recover even an echo of his wit we must rely upon his own reported words and the testimony of those that knew him.

Mr. George Russell, then, has performed a task of no small difficulty in writing the life of one whose crowning virtue died with him, and he has wisely touched upon his humour with a light hand. And Sydney Smith's career justifies this discretion. A man of letters, a zealous clergyman, a keen pamphleteer and energetic politician, he does not depend for remembrance upon the repetition of half-forgotten jokes. Moreover, the flashes of drollery with which he enlivened the dinner-parties of his friends did not reveal the best side of his talent. He too often made jokes at table, because jokes were expected of him. His very presence was a check upon conversation, for conversation might spoil a jest, and he was doubtless oppressed by the duty laid upon him by others. Whether he was in the vein or not, he was obliged to appear humorous, and sometimes the result may have been as tiresome to others as it must have been to himself. But when he preached or wrote he employed an easy, spontaneous humour, which is never tiresome, because it did no more than illustrate or clench a serious argument. It was but the sauce which gave a piquancy to a well-cooked dish; and even if we know little of the Sydney Smith who "set the table on a roar," we can none the less appreciate the Dean of St. Paul's and the Edinburgh Reviewer, who never ceased to blend the *dulce* with the *utile*.

To a modern ear Sydney Smith's sallies may smack of irreverence, but he joked in the pulpit, as he joked elsewhere, because it was natural for him to joke. He could not help seeing the incongruities of human life. Moreover, to him the Church was a profession rather than a vocation, and he thumped the cushion of his pulpit, to use his own phrase, because he regarded it as his duty. Born in 1771, and educated at Winchester and New College, he was ordained in due course, though, had he followed his bent, he would have been called to the bar. "The law," said he, many years afterwards, "is decidedly the best profession for a young man if he has anything in him. In the Church a man is thrown into life with his hands tied, and bid to swim: he does well if he keeps his head above water." Sydney Smith always kept his head above water, but then the Church never absorbed all his energies. Sent to Edinburgh with a pupil in 1798, he numbered Jeffrey, Horner and Brougham among his friends, and with them he founded "The Edinburgh Review." With character-

istic humour he chose as the motto for the new enterprise *Tenui musam meditamus avena*, which he translated into "We cultivate learning on a little oatmeal"; but the truth of the motto condemned it, and another was found with a blunter point and less chance of being misunderstood. The first number was edited by Smith himself, but his profession called him to London, and Jeffrey, a far more highly gifted editor, took his place. Preferment, however, came slowly, for Sydney Smith was a Whig among Tories, and he was compelled to put his hand to any enterprise that offered. At the outset he lectured on moral philosophy at the Royal Institution, with conspicuous success. The subject, familiar in Edinburgh, was new to London, and Smith was hailed as the preacher of a new gospel. When he lectured there was not room for all those who flocked to hear him, and the neighbouring streets were packed with carriages. But his triumph brought him no pleasure. He assured Jeffrey that he was heartily ashamed of his own fame, conscious that it was ill deserved. When, years afterwards, Dr. Whewell wished to read them, "My lectures are gone to the dogs," wrote Smith, "and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house." But if he knew nothing of moral philosophy, he knew perfectly well how to interest and amuse an audience—a knowledge which never left him, and it is not surprising that people flocked to hear him. For paradox and epigram were always at his command. "Bishop Berkeley," said he, in one of his lectures, "destroyed this world in one octavo volume; and nothing remained after his time but Mind, which experienced a similar fate at the hands of Mr. Hume in 1737."

However, despite their faults, these lectures made Sydney Smith known to the polite world. Henceforth he was a brilliant member of the circle of which Lady Holland was the centre. He was the friend of Rogers and Luttrell and all the other wits. He was a Whig, to whom a crushed party looked for guidance and support, and he was always ready to fight the battle of what he deemed Liberal principles with energy and brilliance. "Peter Plymley's Letters" are among the finest specimens of controversial irony in our literature, and they made so great a stir in England that their author could not but be famous. And then, at the height of his reputation, he was presented to the living of Foston in Yorkshire, and straightway settled down to the life of a country parson. But his gaiety of mind carried him through all difficulties. "I have bought a book about drilling beans," he wrote, "and a greyhound puppy for the Malton Meeting. It is thought I shall be an eminent rural character." And he very soon was. He not only preached to his parishioners, he doctored them when they were sick, and he discussed their crops with them on all occasions, although a few months before he had not known the difference between a carrot and a turnip. Then, too, he designed and built himself a house, which he called the Rector's Head, and there he entertained his distinguished guests from London with so amiable a hospitality that even Luttrell, the famous epicure, "tasted and praised." And all the while he was writing pamphlets, fighting the battle of Catholic Emancipation, and contributing articles to "The Edinburgh Review," whose levity made even Jeffrey shudder.

That a free-lance like Sydney Smith did not find

preferment from the Church is not wonderful. He was never so happy as when he was casting ridicule upon his own cloth, and he could not resist making fun of a bishop. Moreover, he was bold enough to attack both Methodists and missionaries in the "Review," and it was plain to all that in so doing he was walking upon forbidden ground. But he could not help his sense of humour. In his mind gravity and fun were so intimately confused that he was always unable to separate them. For this he suffered in his lifetime, but it is this admirable confusion which makes his essays such good reading to-day. His review of Waterton's "Natural History" is perhaps the best example of his banter. Thus he describes the campanero, a bird of the size of a jay: "The campanero," he writes, "may be heard three miles off!—this single little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding and good family." Again, he writes that "the sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree; but, what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop." The natural history may be bad, but the fun is excellent; and though Sydney Smith was a dignified clergyman, he was none the less the founder of the "new humour"—a fault which was not his own, and for which we cannot blame him.

Mr. George Russell's biography is adequate and sympathetic. He has selected his material with discretion, and has let Sydney Smith tell his own story as far as possible. Now and again the biographer permits his own prejudices to intervene, and so strikes a jarring note. It is not just to call Sydney Smith "a Philistine" because he does not look with a kindly eye upon missionaries and Methodists. Again, to say that Copley was "unscrupulous" is merely to repeat the foolish slander of partisans; and there is no excuse for the habit of exaggeration which can denounce Burke's "diatribes" against the French Revolution as "obscene," and can calmly speak of Swift's "beastliness." But the book is a coherent, intelligible account of a great man. "In ability," said Macaulay, "I should say that Jeffrey was higher, but Sydney rarer. I would rather have been Jeffrey; but there will be several Jeffreys before there is a Sydney." A rare compliment, and well deserved.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Two vols. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4.00 net.)

In these volumes Professor Eliot Norton has given us an important addition to literature. The friendship between him and Mr. Ruskin endured for forty years, and was of the most intimate description. Ruskin writes more like a lover than an ordinary friend. His epistles generally begin "My dearest" and often "My darling Charles," and the little pouting quarrels and reconciliations are exactly such as are likely to occur between a man and his mistress. Pathetic they are from the very extent of time they cover. They began when Ruskin was a comparatively young man of thirty-five, already celebrated, but gay and hopeful, full of schemes of work and plans for the future; they end just before his death, when the old man, weary and thwarted and disappointed, looked forward not only with tranquillity, but almost with longing, to the time when at last he would be "in earth's soft arms reposing." The letters give a more intimate picture of the events of his

pilgrimage than any formal biography could. They inspire us with a certain compassion. His parents, estimable though they were, were not in sympathy with what was best in their son. There is a little anecdote that sets the father before us:

"One evening at dinner, when the cloth was drawn, Mr. Ruskin, senior, in special honour of the occasion, had set before him a decanter of sherry from the cask which had been on board the Victory for Nelson's use in what were to be the last months of his life. Mr. Ruskin was always proud of his sherry, but this wine, of supreme excellence in itself, not only pleased his fine palate but touched his romantic fancy. It had been ripened on a fateful voyage, it had rocked to the thunder of the guns of Trafalgar; a glass of it might have moistened Nelson's dying lips. The old wine-merchant's appreciation of the associations which it evoked was a pleasant exhibition of his suppressed poetic sensibilities."

At that time Ruskin himself is described as possessed of "a sweet gentleness" and consideration for the wishes of others. He had not yet acquired the tone of dogmatism and arbitrary assertion that came to be manifest in his writing. His letters of the period fully carry out that impression. They are full of such sallies as this:

"Go to bed. Moonlight's quite a mistake; it is nothing when you are used to it. The moon is really very like a silver salver—no, more like a plated one half worn out and coppery at the edges. It is of no use to sit up to see that."

The life the letters describe is that of a studious and unworldly recluse whose interests are in art, architecture, letters and the like; too little, perhaps, in the individual human being. It is good for a man that he should bear the yoke in his youth, and if, by having to labour for his daily bread, Ruskin had at an early age been brought into contact with the bare necessities of life and had been obliged to know men as they are, he would probably have been saved from many mistakes afterwards. But he became heir to a fortune of £157,000, and so the stern schoolmistress Poverty had no opportunity of teaching him certain painful but most valuable lessons. We recognise the theorist even in such few judgments of men as appear in these volumes. No one who really knew humanity, for instance, could have bewailed the evil influence of "Don Quixote" in terms such as these:

"It always affected me *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, real chivalry to me; and it is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because, thus vain, they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons, and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness and involved in shame, that I call the book so deadly."

The sentence is Ruskinian to the core, but it simply defies comment. It was the death of Dickens that led to this remark, and here is his opinion of Boz himself:

"It is Dickens's delight in grotesque and rich exaggeration which has made him, I think, nearly useless in the present day. I do not believe that he has made *any* one more good-natured. I think all his finest touches of sympathy are absolutely undiscovered by the British public; but his mere caricature, his liberalism, and his calling the Crystal Palace 'Fairylane' have had fatal effect and profound . . ."

But this sort of distress is that which arises only in the mind of the brooding solitary. And when he praises he is equally extreme, as when he declared of Carlyle that his words are "written in white-hot fire on every

city-wall of Europe." On the contrary, every day seems to show more and more that much of Carlyle was writ in water. He, too, looked at one side, and one side only, till imagination magnified and distorted, and the clear eyes of reason were blinded.

But the passages in these letters that appear to us most unforgettable are those in which the gifted and earnest dreamer speculates on the great mystery of existence. Sad and melancholy are his musings on "the mystery of it all—the God's making of the great mind, and the martyrdom of it, and the uselessness of it all forever as far as human eye can see or thoughts travel." Meditation drove him to what many will think a sad and pessimistic conclusion. On October 10, 1869, he wrote:

"That I am no more immortal than a gnat, or a bell of heath, all nature, as far as I can read it, teaches me, and on that conviction I have henceforward to live my gnat's or heath's life.

"But that a power shaped both the heathbell and me, of which I know and can know nothing, but of which every day I am the passive instrument, and, in a permitted measure, also, the Wilful Helper or Resister—this, as distinctly, all nature teaches me, and it is, in my present notions of things, a vital truth."

In connection with this it is worth while reading his declaration about the Rubaiyat:

"Omar is very deep and lovely. But the Universe is not a shadow show, nor a game, but a battle of weary wounds and useless cries, and I am now in the temper that Omar would have been in, if somebody always stood by him to put mud into his wine, or break his amphora."

Whatever Ruskin's ultimate opinions might be, they did not militate against his resolve to do the best that was possible for his fellow men. Indeed, towards the later period of his life he grew to believe passionately that he had a mission to reform the political economy of the country, and in especial to undo the teaching of John Stuart Mill. Many of us think he would have done well to leave politics alone, but no one will attempt to deny that he, in the truest sense, lived a *vita vitalis*, a life worth living.

THE FALSTAFF LETTERS

By James White. (De La More Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS delightful little book ought to be most cordially welcomed by all lovers of Charles Lamb, not only for its author's association with the god of their idolatry, but also for its own sake.

Who does not remember "My merry friend, Jem White," who instituted the annual dinner in Smithfield for the young chimney-sweepers, who "carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least," and who, having accosted Dodd, the "Aguecheek" of Lamb's day, with "Save you, *Sir Andrew*," received for reply "Away, fool!"? White, a schoolfellow of Lamb's at Christ's Hospital, must have been a fellow of infinite jest and one who appealed most strongly to the humorous side of Lamb's character, though there was a time when Lamb's response to his witticisms was not of the heartiest. Writing to Coleridge (January 28, 1798), with reference to a quarrel with Charles Lloyd, he says: "He (Lloyd) was hurt that I was not more constantly with him; but he was living with White, a man to whom I had never been accustomed to impart my *dearest feelings*, though from long habits of friendliness, and many a social and good quality, I loved him very much." Subsequently, however, the references to White were thoroughly appre-

ciative, and Lamb appears to have lost no opportunity of recommending the "Letters" to his friends and acquaintances. His interest in the book continued almost up to his death, for we find him giving it to Landor on the latter's visit to him in September 1832.

One interesting fact has been omitted by the editor in his short account of the author. This was related by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his book "The Lambs." It appears that, on Lamb's appointment to the India House clerkship, his father became a surety in £500 in 1792, and in 1810 a fresh bondsman was required—Mr. Hazlitt thinks on promotion—and was found in the person of Mr. James White, "of Warwick Square, newspaper agent."

The chief interest of the "Falstaff Letters" for students of Lamb lies in the question how far Lamb was concerned in their composition; but beyond referring to the statements of Southey, Gutch and Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor does not make any addition to our knowledge. Lamb's part, if any, was probably confined to the Dedication and Preface; otherwise we cannot understand his anxiety to help on the sale of the little book.

Most of the letters are supposed to have been written by Falstaff, the remainder by his friends, either to him or to others. These are very cleverly done, and it is astonishing how they could have been written by such a young man, for White was only about twenty when he composed them. Those from Falstaff are the most interesting, and are full of the humour of the fat knight; but two from Davy to his Master, Justice Shallow, are delightful. The one in which Davy describes the death of Abram Slender (caused by the rejection of his love-suit with sweet Anne Page) was singled out by Lamb as a good specimen of White's style, in his review of the book in "The Examiner" for September 5 and 6, 1819, a few months before White's death. Keeping in mind the fact of Fanny Kelly's rejection of Lamb's offer of marriage, a little less than two months previously, Lamb's comments have a very interesting personal application. "Or are you, reader, one who delights to drench his mirth in tears? You are, or, peradventure, have been a lover; a 'dismissed bachelor,' perchance, one that is 'lass-lorn.' Come, then, and weep over the dying bed of such a one as thyself. Weep with us the death of poor *Abraham Slender*."

We do not, however, think *he* wasted many "idle tears" over the failure of his own love-suit.

BOOKS AND THINGS: A COLLECTION OF STRAY REMARKS

By G. S. Street. (Duckworth & Co., 6s.)

MR. G. S. STREET is a good writer whose pose is the informal, as might be inferred from the seeming careless "Books and Things" and the "stray remarks" of his title. They sound as though he did not take himself seriously—an idea effectually exploded by his prodigal use of the first personal pronoun. He is, however, best when least self-conscious. For example, the papers on Fielding and Sterne, which consist of honest argument, are much superior to any of those which begin with some such personal statement as "It is commonly called the great public, but I am rather sorry for it and would show my sympathy," "I have been reading, &c., &c.," "'I am sick,' said I to the editor, 'of literary subjects,'" "It was nearly twenty years since I had visited it." Yet there is no law to be laid down on the subject. The problem in good writing is how to reveal personality without obtruding it. To take an example from the book before us, it is the charm and the greatness of Laurence Sterne that he is able to write himself on the

page and that he has a self worth writing. The question so ingeniously discussed by Mr. Street, following Mr. Whibley and Mr. Miller, as to whether it was lack of courage or literary artifice that made Sterne play with the improper instead of either suppressing it altogether or being frank with the frankness of Rabelais, is of very minor importance. The greatness of Sterne as a writer lay in this: that in the whole of the "Sentimental Journey" and in certain immortal pages of "Tristram Shandy" he shows us life exactly as it appeared to his own eyes. But the small egoisms were shorn away as completely as they are in the plays of Shakespeare, where, though the writer is inscrutably veiled, we yet feel his personality in every line. All that the greatest author can do is to carry the reader to a high mountain and show him the world of men—dream, pageant, procession, or what you like to call it—exactly as it appears to his eyes. And if his greatness is to be measured at all, it is by the sweep and depth of his vision. In his estimate of Fielding that is what Mr. Street fails to take into account. For the qualities he possessed no one can overpraise Fielding. His style is for its purpose matchless, his picture of manners unapproached; but there is an inner sanctuary of life to which he had no access. It is where "the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold"; it is where Juliet loves and Ophelia sings and weeps; it is the land of Scott's Lucy of Lammermuir and of all those beings who are compact of tears and blood. Fielding is simply the country gentleman of literature. Land and air and sky he loves, but with no more passion than he can infuse into his Sophia, his dear and wholesome and loveable Sophia. Compare her or Amelia either with Rebecca the Jewess, with Diana Vernon or the other famous heroines of Scott, and it is seen at once where Fielding falls short. The theme is so interesting as almost to carry us away from our subject. But it also bears on one point, that Fielding gave us what every sincere writer is bound to give—his personal equation. Only he does it unconsciously, and self-consciousness is perhaps the most flagrant characteristic of the modern school of which Mr. Street is a very distinguished member. He is so skilful, however, that it seems almost unfair to make him the object of our remarks, which apply more directly to the lower order of those who call themselves impressionists and are remarkable chiefly for the possession of a cherished "liver." They at all events take no pains to purge their small egoisms and conceive that they are modern and personal when "I finished breakfast with something of a headache and languidly, &c."

Another point on which it would be pleasant to argue with Mr. Street is in regard to the paper he calls Provincialism. He makes much ado about the proper definition of this word, but surely the meaning is simple enough. A provincial writer, whatever be his place of residence—Clapham or Pitsligo—is simply a writer for a tea-party. The subject does not matter at all. It might be the parish pump which bulks so much in the eye of the villager and shrinks into so small a space when allotted its just proportion. But the individual "liver" and general "melancholiousness" are in writing exactly what the pump is. He who exaggerates them has only a tea-party in his eye. We have no wish, however, to take leave of Mr. Street in a spirit of fault-finding. The literary essays in this volume, though, as we think, somewhat lacking in depth and clearness, are scholarly and clever, and they abound in "excellent good phrases." Even when we differ from the writer, we find him stimulating and suggestive, and many of these papers were worth reprinting.

THE MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACH

Edited and Translated by Patrick M. MacSweeney, M.A.
(Published for the Irish Texts Society by David Nutt.
10s. 6d. net.)

AN interesting feature of Irish Epic, as Mr. MacSweeney remarks in his introduction, is "the variety and number of the minor sagas dealing with heroes of the second grade." Possibly the fact that the vehicle of the early Irish Epos is prose has not less to do with this than the number and individuality of the independent tribal communities. The story-teller was unhampered by any restrictions of metre; he poured forth his unpremeditated prose with an abundance as gratifying to the historical student of to-day as to the warrior of old; so that, in those happy days, it must have been a sorry hero indeed who lacked his sacred bard. Cuchulainn may have employed the cream of early Irish genius, but there remained enough to treat also of the doings of Conghal and of other heroes innumerable, some of whom may hardly have merited the posthumous renown they acquired at the hands of these chroniclers. That Conghal Cláiringhneach headed a revolt against the Ardrioh sometime in the first century B.C. is probably true enough; but it is doubtful whether we should have heard much of his exploits but for the struggles between the many provincial rulers for the kingship of Ireland in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Conghal saga is, in short, of political origin, even as the "Chanson de Roland" owed its origin to the necessity for glorifying the struggle of Christendom against the Saracen. Chronologically, it belongs to the pre-Cuchulainn stage of the Red Branch Cycle.

This volume appears to be the fifth issued by the Irish Texts Society. It is easy to admire the enthusiasm that prompted the editor in his labour and the completeness with which he has carried out his scheme. The book is produced as well as the most exacting of students could wish. It has preliminary matter enough to furnish out a small volume; then follows the text and translation of the saga, page by page; and finally some forty pages of notes, a glossary and index. For the student the labour was no doubt worth undertaking: the only point upon which the reviewer who is not "in the movement" is likely to join issue with the editor is upon the literary value of the story. In his *Literary Study of the text*, which Mr. MacSweeney includes amongst his numerous introductions, he speaks of the Conghal saga as a work of high perfection. "The incidents are full of dramatic force, and are so correlated as to sustain interest to the end. When we yield our imaginations to it, free from the bias and predilections of the almost morbidly introspective literature of to-day, we are conscious of a certain simple robustness of imagery which possesses a singular charm of its own." Simple robustness is a virtue common to most sagas; it is to be detected here also; but for dramatic force the honest seeker may look long, and go at the last unrewarded. And when the editor goes further, and speaks of the introduction of that "subjective note that is so strong a mark of modern literature," the honest reader can but admire his enthusiasm and marvel at his judgment. Historically the story has its value. A simple directness of diction may be conceded to its author; but the reader who looks for more—for dramatic force or for the modern subjective note—will inevitably be disappointed.

THE GROWTH OF THE MANOR

By Dr. P. Vinogradoff. (Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.)
EVER since Professor Vinogradoff published his "Villainage in England" in 1892, students have been expect-

ing further contributions from him on the political antiquities of this country, and one now comes to us in the shape of lectures delivered at Oxford from the chair of the Corpus Professorship of Jurisprudence. In his former work Professor Vinogradoff dwelt more upon the comparative evidence, using Russian analogues to illustrate English difficulties. In his present work he dwells more upon the influences he sees on English soil. He estimates what was the position of the Celtic tribe founded upon kinship, what was the position of the Roman polity founded upon state organisation of an advanced type, what was the position of Teutonic and Scandinavian tribalism; and then he tries to disengage these elements and estimate the result on the growth of English institutions. His method and the mastery of the details of his subject combine to produce a notable book; but we confess to disappointment that he did not pursue to a greater extent the test of comparative polity. Where he now sees succession from a disestablished or displaced system, he would, we think, sometimes have discovered, under his older method, survival of primitive forms. And to this extent we regret that his unrivalled knowledge of both Slavonic and English institutions has not been put to its fullest use.

But everywhere the master hand is to be noticed. If he submits to the influence of Dr. Seebohm, he does not come under the uncontrolled power of Professor Maitland; and in those chapters where he discusses the legal aspect of the natural communities, he disposes of one of the strongest arguments against them by explaining how inquiries into the juridical character of the Sippe or the Maegth have been conducted "with an exaggerated sharpness of juridical definition and construction and a certain disregard of the peculiar setting given to juridical problems by place and time."

Dr. Vinogradoff gives to the Celtic evidence just that placing which was necessary if we are ever to understand what Celtic polity has done in the building up of the national constitution. It was not destroyed by the Romans. It was twisted, so to speak, from its place; it was, moreover, broken here and there, but it was never destroyed. There is no room, of course, in this view of the case for the exaggerated notions of Celtic influence which some scholars try to bring about, but equally there is plenty of room for a sound basis of legitimate research into Celtic modifications of the Teutonic settlement. Dr. Vinogradoff will have nothing to do with a pre-Celtic social organisation. If it existed, it was swept on one side without much to do, and fell in ultimately to a place in the Celtic polity. This is a subject upon which it is possible to argue, but not to dogmatise, and all we would say is that the evidence is not yet forthcoming for deciding the matter, and that the evidence is rather anthropological than historical.

The Manor comes in at the end of the series of natural social developments and lasts on well into the historical period. In the historical period it gets dated, legalised; handled by king and witan, church and lord; influenced by economic changes and by political events; and historians having attached the Manor to their domain, will not allow the anthropologist and the student of comparative politics to have much say in the matter. But, in spite of documents, there are more elements in the Manor than can be traced to historical origins. Dr. Vinogradoff understands this point well, and his fine study of manorial origins is worth, and will receive, the closest attention.

We have dealt with this work in its broad outlines rather than in its detail. But it is one of its greatest merits that, broad as it is in outline, it is full to the

highest degree of the most valuable details. Documents have been overhauled in order to get from them every fact they can yield, and the result is that we have a mass of material brought together and classified in a manner which must remain of permanent value.

THE DICKENS COUNTRY

By Frederic G. Kitton. (Black, 6s.)

DICKENS

By W. Teignmouth Shore. Miniature Series of Great Writers. (Bell, 2s. & 1s.)

SYNOPSIS OF DICKENS' NOVELS

By J. W. McSpadden. (Chapman & Hall, 1s. 6d. net.)

THE charming volume that stands first on the list is compact of sadness and of pleasure; it is sad reading because it is the last touch of a vanished hand, and it is full of pleasure because it is of the same high order of excellence as was all the work that was done by the late Frederic George Kitton. Mr. Arthur Waugh has performed with great tact and true sympathy the delicate task of writing a memorial introduction, adding to our regret for the untimely death of an accurate scholar regret for the world being made the poorer by the loss of "a true and generous man." Of Mr. Kitton's services to all lovers and students of Dickens it is not necessary to speak, but it is indeed pleasant to be able to record, not out of any kindness to the dead, but of sheer justice, that in "The Dickens Country" we have a work worthy of the subject and of the writer.

The more we learn of Dickens' life the more we are able to understand the method of his work, for no other English writer of fiction embodied in his stories so much of his experiences of life and of his knowledge of places; indeed, to read the story of Dickens' career from boyhood to his death is to read a commentary on his novels of unexampled value and interest. With both human beings and with localities Mr. Kitton has dealt in this volume, telling in brief the biography of the novelist, tracing him from home to home, from the earliest days at Landport, where he was born, to the latest at Gad's Hill, where, pen in hand, he died. As each place is mentioned he tells us what part it played in Dickens' stories; so is it with each person and with many an incident. Strangely enough, however, in dealing with London, Mr. Kitton has practically confined himself to those buildings and quarters of the town with which Dickens was personally connected, leaving untouched the many places which are described in the novels yet which formed no part of Dickens' recorded life. But a difficulty had to be faced: had Dickens' London been entirely covered, there would have been no room for aught else in this volume; also many identifications are matter of guesswork and of controversy, whereas Mr. Kitton was a lover of fact even when he was criticising fiction. Nor are Dickens' foreign residences, in Italy, Switzerland, France, more than touched upon; and the same course is pursued with regard to America. Perhaps it would have been well to have given us a little less concerning Dickens and a little more about his foreign travels, which were not entirely without influence upon his work. The pages tracing "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices" are amongst the most interesting in the book. We should very much like to know on what grounds the King's School at Canterbury is identified with Doctor Strong's, and his private residence with "an old building at the corner (No. 1) of Lady Wootton's Green." In "Copperfield" we read, "I went . . . to the scene of my future studies—a grave building in a courtyard, with a learned air about it." Where, there were tall iron rails and

gates outside the house, great stone urns flanking them, a red-brick wall and so on. Also that "the school-room was a pretty large hall, on the quietest side of the house," "commanding a peep of an old, secluded garden." Now surely this reads that house and school were sheltered under one roof and in no way points to the King's School? At Canterbury a cottage in North Lane is pointed out as the 'umble 'ome of the 'umble Uriah Heep, but of this Mr. Kitton makes no mention, and, indeed, the matter is one of considerable doubt.

That so large a portion of this book is devoted to the country towns and the country-side serves to remind the reader of what is too often forgotten—that, devoted lover of London as Dickens was, he was not only intimately acquainted with several of our counties, notably Kent, but also that country sights and sounds held a large place in his large heart; town vagabonds were a delight to him, so were the tramps and other itinerants who frequented country roads. Some of Dickens' most brilliant descriptive writing was of country scenes, and that he was a close and accurate observer of nature we know from the famous storm in "Copperfield," admired by Ruskin.

The illustrations to this volume are, on the whole, excellent, though we do not understand on what grounds is given the fancy picture of young Dickens at work in the blacking-factory. As we turn from picture to picture it is saddening to note how year by year Dickens' localities are being changed and Dickens' homes and haunts being swept away. "The Golden Cross" of today, both in itself and its surroundings, is scarcely recognisable as one with the hostelry of 1827; Dickens' and Bob Sawyer's home in Lant Street is no more; Furnival's Inn has been entirely rebuilt, with advantage only from the point of view of beauty (no mention is made of Thackeray's famous visit to Dickens); Jack Straw's Castle has been modernised—odious word and odious deed; Tavistock House has been pulled down; the old office of "Household Words" is a victim of the London County Council—a dreary tale to tell and here told but partially. Still, the Dickens pilgrim has left him many a shrine to visit; he can tramp the streets of London, visiting with Dickens, or with the children of his imagination, many a delightful old-world corner. To Canterbury, Dover, Broadstairs; to Ipswich, to Yarmouth, to many a pleasant place he may journey; and wherever he may list to go, he should carry this book with him—a sure and faithful guide, and a pleasant travelling-companion. Would that there were more to come from the same pen, as indeed there may be, for Mr. Waugh mentions a valuable MS. dictionary of Dickens topography. We understand that this MS. is now in America and that it is hoped that arrangements will be made for its publication. As with all Mr. Kitton's work, the MS. is so carefully written that the intervening hand of the "editor" will scarce be needed. For this book to come we shall keep a vacant place next to the volume here reviewed.

Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's "Dickens" in Bell's "Miniature Series of Great Writers" is a model of what such a little book should be. Mr. Teignmouth Shore knows his subject thoroughly; his admiration is tempered by sound judgment, his praise is never exaggerated and he contrives to give a true impression of the life of his author without setting out subjects and incidents that less adroit people might have thought it necessary to mention. The book, in fact, is marked by scholarship, critical ability and good taste.

As to the "Synopsis of Dickens' Novels" of Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, we know not whether more

to admire the compiler's desire to be useful or his solemnity. The man who can sit down and draw up a synopsis of "Pickwick" must surely be an agelast of the worst! And yet Mr. McSpadden is not that; he has, clearly, a sense of the humour of the thing. The most fatal consideration is that Dickens' plots are exactly what no one wants to know or to remember, and while the lists of characters and the short bibliographical notes may be useful to some, we can see no good purpose likely to be served by the remainder of the book.

Fiction

THE BELL IN THE FOG

And other Stories. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan, 6s.) "Authors," observes Mrs. Atherton, generalising gloriously in the eponymous story of this collection, "are far closer to the truths enfolded in mystery than ordinary people, because of that very audacity of imagination which irritates their plodding critics." There are certainly some truths enfolded in mystery, to the explanation of which the present critic is no closer, for all his plodding, than when he began, and the greatest mystery of all is the book itself. It is extraordinary that a writer who has made for herself so considerable a reputation should deliberately republish four old magazine stories, eked out with five apparently new ones and a prologue to an unwritten play, evidently intended to be a dramatised version of her finest novel, "The Conqueror." The stories are not bad, considered as magazine stories. They show, most of them, something of Mrs. Atherton's characteristic qualities—a certain rough power of presentation and an insight into character, especially feminine character. But there is no unifying thought running through all this miscellany. In some we are taken to that mysterious borderland, the "great pale world" which Mr. Henry James has treated with exquisite subtlety in "The Two Magics" and Lucas Malet in "The Gateless Barrier." But Mrs. Atherton's art is not delicate enough for such a theme; neither, to speak plainly, is her mastery over the English language sufficient. "His ego raised its goose-flesh," she says in one place; and, again, "They harlequined their misgivings and were happy when together"; while what are we to say of the word "literally" in "His grey eyes seemed literally to send forth smoke"?

YESTERDAY'S TO-MORROW

By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.) A sharp American lady has recently said that the historical novel is remarkable for its lack of history and novelty, and we fear that Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney's would-be romance of the Restoration will not, in the main, disprove this statement. But it is extremely likely to prove a popular book none the less, for the clever people who like simple novels of theatrical action are many, and their voice is a power in literature. Without disclosing the main plot, we may say that the most effective idea in the book is that connected with the return of a strenuous Cavalier at the time of Charles I., one who has fought from Nottingham to Naseby, and has served as a slave for some twenty years to the latitudinous Court of Charles II. Like all of the many characters in this book—the King and Rupert, the ardent lovers, the courtiers, the Quakers, and so forth—the returned and mysterious Cavalier gives one the impression that he has learnt his part well and plays it for all he is worth, but that the footlights glare upon his endeavours. For, notwithstanding the author's obvious sincerity and interest in her subject, her knowledge of the period, her lush sentiment and popular style, she fails to convince us that her people are of flesh and blood. "Yesterday's To-morrow" is always "a drama of the Restoration" as it lately appeared on the stage of, shall we say, the Imperial, with excellent effects of lighting and curtains that come pat upon a situation. With nicely adjusted theatrical sentiment and a continuous pageantry

of historical characters passing up and down to the music of "Shirley's solemn dirge":—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

THE CHILD ANDREA

By Karin Michaëlis. Translated from the Danish by John Nilsen Laurvik. (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.) In spite of the loss that is invariably entailed by the medium of translation—and in this case the loss is considerable, for the book has been rendered into ungrammatical American—it is always interesting to make the acquaintance of a new foreign writer, because he comes to us with two-fold credentials—the enthusiasm of the translator and the judicious acceptance of the English publisher. This story, though quite short, contains proof that Karin Michaëlis is an artist. The idea of it is simple and profound. Karstin and Jutta have a child, Andrea, a grown-up daughter to whom each is jealously devoted; but there is no link of love or sympathy between either. The child dies, and sorrow draws the father and mother nearer to one another than they had been before: not so much the sorrow at her death (and the point is significant) as sorrow that her last days were made more terrible by her knowledge of their disagreement. Vigour of imagination is displayed in the delineation of all three characters. They abound with subtle touches, but the invention of devices—the machinery of the story—is not on the same level as the rest of the work: especially do we take exception to the grandmother's letter to Andrea, which she is never able to read, telling her exactly why it is that her father and mother are not happy together. The importance of the letter in the novel is obvious, but we are not at all convinced that an old woman would under any circumstances write thus to a dying child, and this troubles the illusion of reality which is essential to a novel of this type. Hence the book leaves us with the impression that it is the work of a genuine artist, but of an artist who has not yet attained to a full mastery of his craft.

DIANE

By Katharine Holland Brown. (Heinemann, 6s.) This novel is "A Romance of the Karian Settlement on the Mississippi River": a small body of French colonists with communistic views who had been brought to America by Père Cabet; and the story opens in 1856, when most of them were thoroughly tired of him and of the artificial equality enforced under his despotic rule. Diane is his beautiful ward, and as she wears silks and muslins while all the other women must wear sackcloth or its equivalent she is naturally not popular. But the schisms of the commune pale in interest beside the affairs of the American Abolitionists who come into the story. In 1856 to be an Abolitionist was as bad as to be a thief. So there is a divided interest. In one chapter Robert Channing is carrying runaway slaves to safety; in the next Père Cabet is preaching his flock into rebellion. The petty affairs of the Icarians and the quarrel that shall shake the States run side by side. Their separate currents meet in the loves of Robert and Diane. The value of the story depends on its description of the Commune, and to English readers on its sympathy with the intimate, tremendous issues forced on American men and women by the abolition of slavery. Rose Faulkner, the girl who loves Channing but abhors his views and deeds, illustrates the struggle as it presented itself to the individual, riving old affections, breaking old ties. The novel is worth reading for the sake of its pictures of people so near us in point of time, so immeasurably removed from us in sentiment and surroundings. They have charm.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen, 6s.) "No man's a failure till he's dead or loses his courage, and that's the same thing." "There's only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that's inside your income." "Books are all right, but dead men's brains are no good unless you mix a live one's with them." The Chicago pork-

packer has been writing letters to his son again, letters of wit and wisdom. Every boy in the Empire ought to read them, and for that matter every girl, because the qualities the old merchant demands of his son are the qualities a nation wants of all her citizens. It is true that the letters are written by a wealthy business man who considers success in trade the young man's highest goal. The great spiritual ideals are untouched, are perhaps unseen by the hustler. But, to be honest and wise and to work hard is very excellent morality, and never can be preached too widely. Mr. Graham preaches well because he wraps his sermon in such amusing epigrams that you swallow it laughing. When you shut the book you wish the vigorous, kindly, caustic old man was your personal friend; you believe that "though the world has some pretty rotten spots on its skin, it's sound at the core," and you know that the best way to keep it sound is for you to be shrewd and straight and energetic. Incidentally, too, the game pays. "I've found that this is a mighty big world for a square man and a mighty small world for a crooked one." Simple sentiments and healthy. But it was rather unkind of Mr. Graham to lend money to his son's worthless friend and charge the loan to his son's account.

THE GOLDEN BOWL

By Henry James. (London: Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Henry James has here put forward the most important work, in point of bulk and complexity, which he has issued for some time. It is, indeed, the longest novel we have of late years read; close-packed, full of matter, elaborated with remarkable and meticulous precision of labour. It is no novel which he who runs may read. Its every page exacts of the reader concentration; it must be followed with care and patience; nor can the critic without much diffidence judge on a first reading work of such a scale and prepared with so manifest, so conscientious a deliberation. For it is pre-eminently Henry James, and Henry James of the latest, the most difficult refinement. The plot is cunningly contrived, artfully interwoven. Perhaps for "plot" we should say "situation," since (as in all James novels) it is the evolution of character under the development of a situation rather than plot in the usual sense, which is the groundwork of the story. A James situation is always subtle; but this is intricately subtle—so intricate in its subtlety as to intimidate any attempt at brief description or analysis. It is the case of a couple (an Italian Prince and an Anglo-American girl) forced into a false position by a love affair preceding the Prince's marriage to an American heiress; a love affair concealed from the bride, who is the Anglo-American girl's bosom friend. Conceive that the latter girl afterwards marries the bride's millionaire father, is thus brought into permanent relation with the Prince and his bride, and that circumstances drift her into renewing her former connection with the Italian—you then have but a part, the most obvious part, of the tangled web woven by Mr. James. The interest is heightened by the fact that all the four people thus netted in domestic tragedy—indeed, all the chief people of the story—are in their varying measure sympathetic to the reader. The issue (as one foreknows in a James novel) is partial and unsatisfying as life itself. The emotion, the tragedy, though keen, is never violent, never full-blooded. Mr. James knows that modern domesticity is a thing of half-tints, even in its suffering: it bleeds, but it does not bleed red. The "Golden Bowl" is a crystal vessel cased in gold, which plays a part in the tale with somewhat Ibsen-like symbolism; a crystal vessel with a secret flaw, which finally shatters—allegorising the character and fate of the Italian Prince. Not only in length and elaboration is this a novel which claims attention, even among Mr. Henry James's work. As the plot, so is the execution, subtly intricate. Often, alas! but too much so! Mr. James' later work has frequently carried his peculiar qualities to a baffling extreme, and much of this book has the defects of those qualities harassingly in evidence. The intellectuality overpowers the sensuous and objective traits proper to a novel, until one has the impression of reading an abstruse treatise of psychology rather than a tale. The reader is never for a moment

allowed to "take it easy." He is required to be alert always and at all points. Even the inverted commas, to which the schoolgirl looks as marking the green oases in the sands of narration, betoken for him no relaxation of vigilance. We know that in life people often answer to each other's meaning rather than to the thing actually spoken; that you may have passages of dialogue wherein the actual words are but signposts pointing to the intended significance. Especially is this the case with very cultivated intelligence or very uncultivated intelligence, where the sense and habit of language is very trained or very untrained. In the one case it is an art of delicate suggestion, in the other a groping for expression. Mr. Meredith, at his best, handles this manner of dialogue admirably; so, in his separate way, can Mr. James. But in this book it is at times pushed to a nebulousness, a tenuity, which gives one the feeling of walking on tight-ropes. Moreover, people, after all, talk in this way but at moments, under stress of some withheld emotion, impelled by some particular motive. But here people often propound enigmas to each other for page after page, till the wearied reader rebels. Then, too, Mr. James' extraordinary gift in detecting and expressing the most evanescent complexities of psychological feeling, subconscious or unconscious thought, has seemingly become such a passion that he cannot for an instant disembarass himself of it. It overpowers his instinct of proportion: he must analyse everything, important or trivial, with like minuteness and like prolixity. Thus you have page upon page in which the game is beautifully played, but the game was really not worth the candle. Nay, at one point there is the (we should think) unparalleled exhibition of three successive chapters almost wholly engrossed by analysis and unbroken by a single conversation. It is magnificent, but it is scarcely novel-writing. Also, Mr. James' faculty of finessing with and reducing to psychological abstractions what with any other would be the most pedestrian commonplaces of statement, in association with these other things grows rather appalling to the jaded attention of the much-tried reader. But his analysis, in the proper place, triumphs. A father marries his daughter's young friend mainly to satisfy his daughter; and we believe it, for Mr. James persuades us of its truth. When he does concentrate on his story there is the old power and art. He is admirable in sureness and cumulative convincingness: through all the intricate evolutions and changes of emotional situation, which from another hand would seem artificial as a Congreve comedy, he guides us with perfect persuasion of natural truth. Despite exasperations of detail, the novel in the main is masterly. The three leading women are differentiated with the nicest skill: each is living and persuasive. The Prince, in a position somewhat recalling that of Tito Melema, never forfeits the reader's sympathy, or appears less than a natively high-minded man—a Southern man. But the women are the success of the novel. To analyse its charm, its power, is far less easy than to note its defects. But it fairly ranks as a master-work—if a master-work flawed by some of his obscurest later mannerisms. It is not built for popularity; but no lover of Mr. Henry James can neglect it without loss. It is a last word of subtlety, marred at times by subtlety out of place.

Short Notices

THE UNEMPLOYED: A NATIONAL QUESTION

By Percy Alden, M.A. (P. S. King & Son, 1s. 6d.)

It is by no means to depreciate this clear and well-balanced little book to say that perhaps the most important sentence it contains is in Sir John Gorst's preface—a sentence which forcibly struck the writer of this note when recently Sir John was discussing this question with him: "*Nothing degenerates from lack of use faster than the capacity to work.*" Who has not observed this for himself on return from a holiday? (The right word, by the way, is not "degenerates," but "atrophies.")

Accepting, then, the view that the unemployed constantly tend to become the unemployable, Mr. Alden has approached the question in a liberal fashion, carefully avoiding the opportunity to make political capital of his subject. Indeed, he is indebted to opponents on the fiscal question so irreconcilable as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Gorst.

Once we realised—as indeed the author's name certified—that he approached this problem in scientific fashion, we turned to the chapter on the therapeutics of this grave disorder of the body politic. Since the volume was in type, a newspaper has published some details of Mr. Walter Long's proposed enactment to deal with unemployment, and it is a satisfaction to observe no small measure of congruity between the forthcoming Bill and Mr. Alden's views. The spectacle of unemployment, causing not merely direct misery to the innocent, but moral degradation of its subjects, as Sir John Gorst indicates—and this in the twentieth century and the incomparable land where money always abounds for charitable purposes, but where the scientific treatment of charitable impulses is yet in embryo—sometimes causes one to think that, *pace* Leibnitz, this is the worst of all possible worlds; but recent indications serve to show that wiser views are beginning to prevail; and we can really seek no better cause for hope than in a phenomenon so striking as this synchronism between the expression of the views of a non-partisan thinker, and the promulgation of Mr. Long's Bill. This is a quite striking exception to the general rule that the English politician is commonly just two generations behind the thinker. But, of course, Mr. Alden is on the Mansion House Unemployed Committee.

RELIGION FOR ALL MANKIND

By Charles Voysey. (Longmans, 2s. net.) In a volume of 224 pages, dedicated "in all humility" to the Supreme Being, the Rev. Charles Voysey has undertaken to provide a "religion for all mankind, based on facts which are never in dispute." At the same time he informs us on page 9 of his preface that "It is the right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion." It is difficult to understand how these essentially contradictory theses can be maintained; and, in fact, they are not maintained, save by eclectic methods of belief as fairly open to criticism as those Mr. Voysey seeks to combat. The subject matter is of too controversial a nature to be discussed in these pages from a theological point of view; and it would involve a triangular debate, in which the orthodox believer in revelation and the philosophic doubter would equally oppose Mr. Voysey's conclusions. There are doubtless minds which are satisfied with the theistic hypothesis, and to them Mr. Voysey's statement of the case will be welcome. That it will convince any scientific thinker, or prove more than a stone to many who ask for bread, is difficult of belief.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the

writer's name, in the ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 3 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than
February 13.

Books Received

Art

The Masterpieces of Van Dyck. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net. (Reproductions of sixty Hanfstaengl photographs.)

Biography

- Shore, W. Teignmouth, Dickens. Bell, 1/0. (See Review, page 127.)
Simpkinson, C. H., Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General (Temple Biographies). Dent, 4/6.
Russell, George W. E., Sydney Smith. Macmillan, 2/0 net. (See Review, page 122.)
Fitzgerald, Percy, Lady Jean: a Study of the Douglas Cause. Unwin, 21/0 net. (The pith of the Great Douglas Cause was whether Lady Jane Douglas, who married at or about the age of fifty, was really the mother of the twin boys, whom she produced as heirs to her brother's estates.)
Pollard, A. F., Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation, 1489-1556. "Heroes of the Reformation." Putnam, 6/0.
Dobson, Austin, Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay, Vol. III. Macmillan, 10/6.
Scott, A. MacCallum, Winston Spencer Churchill. Methuen, 3/6.
Dent, Edward J., Alessandro Scarlatti: his Life and Works. Arnold, 12/6 net. (A scholarly and interesting life of a musician whose biography has never before received proper attention in England. Plentiful extracts from Scarlatti's music.)
Kitton, Frederic G., The Dickens Country. Black, 6/0. (See Review, page 126.)

Economics

Ackworth, W. M., The Elements of Railway Economics. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2/0 net. (A text-book of railway economics, the need of which struck Mr. Ackworth as lecturer at the London School of Economics.)

Educational

Ellery, T. B., The "Council" Arithmetic for Schools, Parts III. and IV., Scheme B. Black, 0/3.

Fiction

- Jackson, Wilfred S., Helen of Troy. New York: John Lane, 6/0. (An amusing farcical tale of how Paul Arden, who had a taste for private theatricals, was drawn into a duel as second, and made use of his histrionic gifts to escape the consequences.)
Meade, L. T., Little Wife Hester. John Long, 6/0. (So far as we can discover from the defective copy sent us, there is nothing to distinguish this from the other medical stories of this author.)
Cleeve, Lucas, Stolen Waters. Unwin, 6/0. (An "unpleasant" story of a clergyman who drinks and a girl with a "past"; but it is cleverly written.)
McCutcheon, George Barr, The Sherrada. Ward Lock, 6/0. (A man and his two wives: one in England, the other in Chicago.)
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel, The Vacillations of Hazell. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 6/0. (Mild but amusing. The story seems largely to consist of spring cleaning.)
Atherton, Gertrude, The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories. Macmillan, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
Wilson, M. F., When the World went Wry. Sonnenschein, 6/0. (A very mild story, suitable for girls.)
Mott, F. B., Before the Crisis. John Lane, 6/0. (An amateurish story of John Brown, the abolitionist hero, by an American author.)
Lane, Elinor McCartney, Nancy Stair. Heinemann, 6/0.
Fitzpatrick, Kathleen, The Weans at Rowallan. Methuen, 6/0.
Ystride, G., Three Dukes. Unwin, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
James, Henry, The Golden Bowl. Methuen, 6/0. (See Review, page 129.)
Brown, Katharine Holland, Diane. Heinemann, 6/0. (See Review, page 128.)
Holdsworth, Annie E., A New Paola and Francesca. Lane, 6/0.

Gardening

McIver, D. Grant, Pruning, Training, and Trimming Trees and Shrubs. Dawbarn & Ward, 0/6.

History and Archaeology

- Wall, J. Charles, Shrines of British Saints. Methuen, 7/6 net. (A new volume of "The Antiquary's Books.")
Daly, Augustus A., The History of the Isle of Sheppey. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 2/6 net.
Griffin, A. P. C., Select List of References on Impeachment. Library of Congress, Washington.
Bain, Nisbet R., Scandinavia: a History of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden from 1513 to 1900. Cambridge Historical Series. Cambridge University Press, 7/6.

Okakura-Kakuzo, The Awakening of Japan. Murray, 5/0.
Ford, Worthington Chauncey, Papers of James Monroe. Library of Congress, Washington.

Literary

Gibbs, Philip, Facts and Ideas: Short Studies of Life and Literature. Arnold, 3/6. (Able short papers, originally contributed to various periodicals with the object of introducing young people, working men, and others to various branches of study.)

Miscellaneous

Latham, Edward, Who Said That? A Dictionary of Famous Sayings, with their Sources. Routledge.

Military

Fraser, David, A Modern Campaign. Methuen, 6/0. (Mr. Fraser was sent by "The Times" to establish the wireless telegraphy station at Wei-hai-wei, and afterwards accompanied Kuroki's army.)
Villiers, Frederic, Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers. Longmans, 7/6 net.

Poetry

Carryl, Guy Wetmore, The Garden of Years. Putnam, 6/0. (There is sterling vigour and much lyrical beauty in these verses by a young American author, recently deceased.)

Reprints and New Editions

Wordsworth, William, Resolution and Independence. Lane, 1/6 net.
Adam, L. Gowans, The Hundred best Poems. R. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net.
Die Besten Gedichte. R. Brimley Johnson, 0/6 net.
Smiles, Samuel, Lives of the Engineers, George and Robert Stephenson: Lives of the Engineers, Boulton and Watt. Murray, 3/6 each.
Schreiner, Olive, Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland. T. Fisher Unwin, 1/0 net. (Uniform with the new issue of Mark Rutherford's books.)
The Lamb Shakespeare for Young People: The Tempest. De la More Press, 1/6 net.
The Robert Browning Calendar and Birthday Book, selected by M. E. Gibbings. De la More Press, 2/6 net.
White, James, The Falstaff Letters. De la More Press, 1/6 net. (See Review, page 124.)

Science

Caton, Richard, M.D., F.R.C.P., (1) I-em-hotep and Ancient Egyptian Medicine; (2) Prevention of Valvular Disease. The Harveian Oration, June 21, 1904. Cambridge University Press, 3/0 net.
Grimaldi, A. B., M.A., Catalogue of Zodiacs and Planispheres Ancient and Modern. Gall & Inglis, 2/0 net.

Sociology

Report of Proceedings at the Sixth Congress of the International Co-Operative Alliance.

Theology

- Burton, Ernest de Witt, Principles of Literary Criticism and the Synoptic Problem (The Decennial Publications). University of Chicago Press, \$1 net.
Purvis, the Rev. David, The Life Everlasting. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 4/0 net. (Papers on the Life Everlasting, Resurrection, and Future Life and Immortality in Literature.)
Burn, A. E., D.D., Niceta of Remesciana: his Life and Works. Cambridge University Press, 9/0 net. (Editio Princeps based on many new manuscripts: the introduction occupies 160 pages. Niceta was the author of the *Te Deum*.)
Voysey, Charles, Religion for all Mankind. Based on facts which are never in dispute. Longmans, 2/0 net. (Written to replace the book entitled "Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin," now out of print. See Review, page 130.)
Wood, Irving F., The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature: a Study in the History of Religion. Hodder & Stoughton, 6/0. (By the Professor of Biblical Literature and Comparative Religion in Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Part I.: The Spirit of God in Hebrew Thought. Part II.: The Spirit of God in New Testament Thought. Part III.: The author's conclusions, briefly stated and without technicalities. A short bibliography.)
Church History in Luganda. S.P.C.K., 1/4. (A translation by the Rev. Henry Wright Duta Kitakula of Robertson's "Sketches of Church History during the First Six Centuries.")
Ekitabo Ekitageza Katekismu Eye Kanisa. S.P.C.K., 0/6. (A translation into Luganda by the Rev. F. Rowling, of Norris's "Manual on the Prayer-Book.")
Wordsworth, John, D.D., Teaching of the Church of England on some Points of Religion. Arabic-English Edition, translated by the Rev. Simon Stephen. S.P.C.K., 2/0.
Ukubamba Kwenposi Nomsindisi Wetu. S.P.C.K., 1/0. (A translation into Zulu of Father Osborne's "The Children's Saviour.")
Mitchell, E. J. Murray, Shukuda Za Dini Ya Kimasihi. S.P.C.K., 1/4. (Evidence of the Christian religion in Swahili.)
Hallifax, Sydney, The Heart of Humanity. Brimley Johnson, 5/0 net. (Thoughtful essays, somewhat "liberal" in tone, by an author of wide reading and considerable freshness of ideas.)

Topography and Travel

Khan, Hadji, With the Pilgrims to Mecca. John Lane, 12/6. (The journey of Hadji Khan, special correspondent of "The Morning Post," and Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow, in 1902. Introduction by Professor A. Vambéry.)

Periodicals

"Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Geological Society of London." "Notes and Queries." "The British Journal of Photography." "Connoisseur." "Casell's Magazine." "Chambers's Journal." "Independent." "Fortnightly Review." "Every Boy's Monthly" (0/1; a new venture in the production of a cheap monthly magazine for boys. Copiously illustrated. Containing an instalment of a story by Sir A. Conan Doyle). "Cornhill Magazine." "Cunard Christmas and New Year Atlantic Souvenir." "Journal of Theological Studies." "Century Illustrated." "Home Magazine of Fiction." "Pearson's Magazine." "Manchester Quarterly." "Harper's Monthly Magazine." "Macmillan's Magazine." "Temple Bar." "Windsor Magazine." "Commonwealth." "Isis." "New York Times Saturday Review." "Surveyor." "Antiquary." "Occult Review." "Blackwood's Magazine." "Lippincott's Monthly Magazine." "Cambridge University Reporter." "Dawn of Day." "Harper's Weekly." "Bookman." "Collector's Magazine." "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute." "Myos Review." "Boston Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin." "Bibelot." "Westminster Review." "Bookman" (Cervantes Number). "Gardener." "Indian Sociologist." "Dana." "Golden Sunbeams." "Macmillan's Magazine." "Nature." "Educational Times." "To-day" (February 1, 1905. The first of the new series at 0.1). "Sale Prices" (supplement to "The Connoisseur"),

"School World," "Book Monthly," "Buddhism," "Independent Review," "United Service Magazine," "Library," "Library Assistant," "Burlington Magazine," "Geographical Journal," "Fortnightly Review," "Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow," "Notes and Queries," "Author," "Architectural Review," "Transactions of the Essex Archaeology Society," "Index of the Archaeological Papers," "Cambridge University Press Bulletin."

Sport

White, Stewart Edward, *The Mountains*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6 net. (Sporting experiences of a party on the West Coast of North America. Well and vigorously written by the author of "The Blazed Trail," and illustrated by Fernand Lungren.)

Foreign

Educational

Biese, Dr. Alfred, *Römische Elegiker*. Leipzig: G. Freytag, 1m. 20pf. Siepmann, Primary French Course, Part II. Macmillan, 2/6.

Fiction

Georget, Alphonse, *Emancipées: Mœurs Parisiennes*. Lemerre, 3f.50c. (Another volume of the "Pages de la Vie contemporaine.")

Theological

Brandon-Salvador, Marguerite, *A Travers les Mémoires*. Paris: Félix Alcan, 4f. (Extracts from the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Apocryphal and medieval authors for each day in the year.) Sabatier, Paul, *Examen de Quelques Travaux Récents sur les opuscules de Saint François*. Paris: Fischbacher.

Economics

Guiraud, Paul, *Etudes Economiques sur l'Antiquité*. Paris: Hachette, 3f.50c.

Periodicals

"Le Courrier Européen," "La Vérité sur le Congo," "Deutsche Rundschau," "Altpreussische Monatschrift," "Mercure de France," "Le Mois Scientifique," "Norsk Familie Journal."

Catalogues

Bernard Quaritch, Francis Edwards, Bertram Dobell, Douglas & Foulis, Charles Higham.

The Man Richard Strauss

Not the musician, the composer, the conductor, the artist or the creator, but just the Man, as he lives and moves and has his being. Richard Strauss, although he is beyond all question the one great dominating figure in the world of music to-day, does not at first sight suggest the typical musician. He is not burly and leonine as were Beethoven and Rubinstein; neither is he delicate and *chétif* like Chopin or Mozart; but the initial impression, which on nearer acquaintance is fully confirmed, is that of an essentially thinking man whose genius might take the form of literature maybe, or perchance painting, but certainly not music.

Rather above the middle height, fair in complexion, with deep-set eyes of a palish blue, short hair over an exceptionally high forehead, a small sandy moustache, a straight, small nose and firm lips. Such is the bare portrait of the man, to which must be added a pair of working but not artistic hands, the fingers spatulate rather than taper, an entire absence of nervousness, a quick, decided manner of speaking and an attire which is as neat and unobtrusive as that of a diplomat. Watch him conduct the orchestra at the Berlin Opera. There is no unseemly swaying or ugly contortion, no monkey-tricks of manner, but a firm, decided simple beat, with scarce an indication beyond the use of the *bâton*. Even the head barely moves, and the torso not at all. There is rather more animation when he conducts a concert orchestra on a platform, but even then the whole figure is self-contained and dignified.

Away from his orchestra, his piano and his scores, Richard Strauss is a strange mixture of frank simplicity and profound depth; a curiously complex individuality, probably the product of an intensely high form of intellectual culture, for Strauss, almost alone among great musicians, is an extraordinarily cultivated man. The other exceptions to the general rule of crass ignorance of any art and science outside their own are, first and foremost, Hans von Bülow, and then Liszt and Mendelssohn. The average musician is intensely self-ab-

sorbed; his letters and his conversation show it. If you did not know who the man was, you might talk for an hour with Richard Strauss and not know that he was a musician and a genius. You would come away with the impression that you had met an exceptionally well-informed man, conversant with the latest developments of science and politics, well versed in ancient and modern literature, more than commonly interested in painting and sculpture, no stranger to sport and possessed of a very keen sense of humour; no ordinary man and, indeed, no ordinary musician.

The extent and variety of his intellectual interests may be gauged even in the titles and subtitles of his great works. In "Ein Heldenleben," for instance, we have the Hero, followed by his Antagonists, his Companion, his Battlefield, his Words of Peace, his Renouncement of the World and the Fulfilment. The Hero is not a single poetical or historical figure, but rather a general ideal of manly heroism in the abstract; not the heroism to which one can apply the every-day standard of valour, with its material rewards, but that detached heroism which describes the inward battle of life and which aspires through effort and renouncement towards the elevation of the soul.

Again, in "Also Sprach Zarathustra," that great tone poem, with its subtle subdivisions into: Concerning the Men of the Backworld; of the Great Longing; of Joys and Passions; the Grave-Song; of Science; the Convalescent; the Song of the Dance; and the Song of the Night Wanderer, we have not, as has been falsely alleged, a musical interpretation of Nietzsche's philosophy, but "a representation of the various stages of development of humanity as conceived by Nietzsche, or the soul's history of a man who ends by becoming a disciple of Nietzsche"—which is a very different thing. Only a scholar, a man of vast learning and deep thought, could conceive the comprehensive scheme of any one of Strauss' great works. Their formulæ may be in terms of music, but their intrinsic purpose and value are human in the widest and most general sense.

Lastly, an anecdote just to illustrate Strauss' quickness of wit and sense of humour. On one of his visits to London he was entertained at a dinner at which musicians and critics were present. One of them made a speech, long and flattering to fulsomeness, concluding with the sentiment: "Richard Strauss knows all. He is the Buddha of composers." During the applause that followed Strauss remarked in an undertone to his neighbour: "If I am a musical Buddha, then that last speaker is a musical Pesth!"

Science

The New Theory of Matter

THE statement was recently made in "The Academy" that the dogma of the conservation of matter is no longer believed by modern physicists, and a correspondent very naturally asks for further discussion of this "law," which has held sway in men's minds for a century—a reign coextensive more or less, with that of the indivisible atoms of Dalton. The assertion of the conservation of matter—which we really owe to the great Lavoisier, aristocrat and chemist, not spared by the unrighteous excesses of a most righteous Revolution—and the assertion of the integrity of the atom are obviously complementary. It is radium the revealer that has caused the supersession of both.

Of course, the law of the conservation of matter still holds for the ordinary purposes of the chemist. If you

weigh and then burn a candle in suitable conditions, you can show that nothing was lost in the process—the resultant gases contain all that was in the candle. But the chief discovery of the twentieth century hitherto is a confirmation of the central dogma of “First Principles” as applying even to the “foundation-stones of the material universe,” to use the phrase I quoted from Clerk-Maxwell last week. Observe that we are promised an English translation of M. Gustave le Bon’s views on the *evolution of matter*! And if, as is already abundantly proved, matter itself is but a transition stage in the evolution of Something else, we can plainly no longer speak of its conservation.

Premising, then, that physicists are now coming to believe that radio-activity is a property of all matter, let us look at it as shown in radium. Let us also premise that the disintegration or evolution theory of the radium atom has lately been accepted by its one outstanding opponent, Lord Kelvin, who may probably be regarded as the greatest physicist of any age. With his conversion to it the theory now to be presented in outline may be said to be established.

An atom of radium—and the atoms of all the other so-called elements differ only in detail—consists of a large number (probably hundreds of thousands) of incredibly minute bodies known as electrons. These are in rapid motion, describing orbits, as is believed, around some central point. So small are the electrons that the distances between them are relatively as great as those between the planets of the Solar System. In size they are to the atom “as a full stop to a cathedral.” But even when we substitute for the simple conception of an atom entertained by Democritus, or Newton, or Dalton—that of a minute hard speck—such a conception as modern physics entertains, we do not necessarily impugn its *stability*. Such a complex atom, microcosm though it be, might conceivably be conserved, permanent, indestructible. But far more remarkable than our recent discovery of the complexity of the atom is the discovery that it is only a stage in all-embracing evolution. All the phenomena of radio-activity—the production of heat and light and electrical disturbances—are due to the fact that these atoms of matter are *not* conserved, but are impermanent not merely from second to second, but from one-millionth of a second to another. By the action of causes yet dimly guessed these electrons are constantly flying out from the atomic system, and pass, at speeds comparable with that of light, outwards to an unknown fate.

Here, as the acute reader will observe, I have an excellent opportunity of begging the question. Having shown that the atom is not conserved, I might rest content and try to persuade him that I have disposed of the conservation of matter. But he will say, “Not so fast, my friend. I grant that your so-called atoms are falsely so called, but what if I propose to transfer this term to the electrons of which the atoms (literally, the uncut) are now known to be composed? Plain it is that if the electrons be permanent, then the law of conservation of matter stands. Recent discoveries have only given it more accurate expression. It will not do to juggle with the term ‘atom,’ as if it were not your own fault that it has hitherto been misapplied.”

In attempting to meet this most legitimate criticism I must first ask, What is an electron? Is it a hard, impenetrable, indestructible speck of stuff or matter? At first sight it might appear to be such, for it is certainly possessed of *mass* and *inertia*, and our minds will not permit us to imagine that it does not occupy space. But recent study has shown that mass (which may conveniently be here regarded as equivalent to weight)

and inertia are properties of electricity. All matter, in short, is an electrical phenomenon.

Now we are in deep waters, and I am not sure that contemporary physics, utterly remaking as it is, can quite keep its head above them. But if we admit that the electron is the unit of matter, and that it is electrical, and then find evidence to show that it is a “particle” of “negative electricity” we can at any rate convince ourselves, even while admitting our sore need of a brand-new vocabulary, that the electron is really no more than a transient expression of a *relation*. When a negative and a positive charge of electricity—I quite admit that we hardly know what we are talking about—have met and “satisfied their affinity” for each other, they each cease to be. There is no annihilation of the Something of which they are transient expressions, but there is annihilation of the temporary relation which formerly was, and in virtue of which they existed. Matter, then, is no more than the transient expression of a transient electrical relation.

I have every sympathy with the reader who has now come to the conclusion that modern physics, if this be a sample of it, is hardly distinguishable from metaphysics; but at least he will accept my word that I am not aiming at a general befuddlement, nor trying to refine matter into an abstraction, when I call it, in the most accurate language at my command, an expression of a relation. I have attempted briefly to indicate the problems upon which all physicists are now engaged, since they realise that the last few years have given us a modicum of truth and a first step onwards, beside which all previous inquiry into the nature of matter may be regarded as nugatory and stationary.

The late Professor Tait, joint-author with Lord Kelvin of the leading work on physics in any language, was fond, as one who had the honour of sitting at his feet remembers, of styling the law of the conservation of energy “this grand principle.” He never showed the same enthusiasm for the law of the conservation of matter, though there was no reason, at that time, why he should not regard the two as peers. But Tait had the insight which many a most distinguished and useful servant of science does not possess. I fancy this partiality of his, which has often been remarked upon, was due to what we may perhaps call an intuitive perception that the two laws are not peers; in short, that the law of the conservation of energy would ultimately be found to include the other. And so it has turned out. Whilst no one can now regard matter as other than a phase of the cosmic activity, yet no physicist is one whit disturbed in his belief that the Power of which matter is an expression is Eternal and uncreatable. Atoms may come and atoms may go, “and leave not a wrack behind,” but assuredly this Power goes on for ever. The last problem of all philosophy is the relation of this Power or Energy to the Mind by which it is known. In the last analysis, is this relation an Identity? Spinoza said yes, and Goethe declared his framing of and answer to this question to be the greatest, truest and profoundest thought of all the ages.

C. W. SALEEBY.

THE Board of Agriculture and Fisheries desire to give notice of the publication of a “Handbook to a Collection of the Minerals of the British Islands in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, London.” Copies of this handbook may be obtained from any agent for the sale of Ordnance Survey maps, from the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, or through any bookseller, price 1s.

Drama

The Plays of Sudermann

Hermann Sudermann, Poète Dramatique et Romancier.
Par Henri Schoen. (Paris: Henry Didier.)

WHEN one looks down the list of Sudermann's plays one realises with something like a pang the deplorable state of the theatre in England at the present time. Here is a dramatist of European celebrity whose works are played in every country on the Continent. How many of them have been played in England? How many of them have even been translated into English? "Magda" of course we know, for it furnished Mrs. Patrick Campbell with one of her successful rôles. "Sodom's Ende" (disguised under another title to appease the scruples of the Lord Chamberlain's office!) had a brief and inglorious career in London about a year ago, but neither the quality of the performance nor the quality of the English version gave it any hope of success. "Es lebe das Leben" was produced by Mrs. Campbell two seasons ago, but insufficient rehearsals and an inadequate performance proved fatal to it. The other works of Sudermann have only been seen in London, if at all, in isolated performances, either at the German Theatre or in the *répertoire* of some travelling company of foreign artists who have made a temporary descent on our shores. Thus the German Theatre have played "Die Ehre," "Das Glück im Winkel," "Johannisfeuer," and "Der Sturmeselle Sokrates." "Johannes" has never been given here in any language, and, in a country where Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was refused a licence, is presumably unlikely to be given unless the Stage Society comes to the rescue with a performance of it. It is a humiliating thought that England, with what are called "free institutions," should contrive to remain, in matters of dramatic art, so hopelessly behind despotically governed Prussia, but so it is. The reasons for this state of things are probably twofold. One is that very real distrust and dislike of anything like fine art which is such a feature of the English character. The other is unquestionably our English censorship of plays. In politics we may—and do—plume ourselves on having representative government and the rest of it. But in matters dramatic Russia itself is not more hopelessly enslaved.

In writing of the career of Hermann Sudermann one is inevitably led to refer to the censorship, because it was that institution which nearly succeeded in throttling the modern realistic school of drama in Germany. But for the establishment of the Freie Bühne (Independent Theatre as we should say) at Berlin in 1889, it is probable that Sudermann would have abandoned the career of a dramatist altogether. Certainly his work for the stage must have assumed a different character. The Freie Bühne was an Association of men interested in literature and in the theatre for the production of plays of the modern realistic school. It was a sort of Stage Society, in fact. The performances were technically private, and therefore did not require the licence of the censor, but they were widely attended, much written about in the Press, and hotly discussed, and it is certain that they produced an effect in modifying the rigid attitude of the official mind towards the drama of such writers as Hauptmann and Sudermann. They did not succeed in abolishing the censor altogether. The production of "Sodom's Ende" was only sanctioned after its author had trimmed and pared it to satisfy that

functionary, and that of "Johannes" was only permitted after months of hesitation. But the obstinate conservatism of Berlin was fortunately shaken by the success of the Freie Bühne, and the relative freedom which the Berlin stage at present enjoys as compared, for example, with our own, is mainly due to that Association. If the Stage Society can succeed in doing the same thing for London we may yet have a drama in England that compares in importance with the contemporary drama of France, of Germany and of Scandinavia.

Dr. Schoen's book is interesting for the very full and accurate accounts it gives of the plot of each of Sudermann's plays. These are narrated with clearness and always with sympathy. On the critical side it is not so good. The writer is at times the victim of that terrible tendency (which used to mar so much of Mr. Archer's work on Ibsen) to deduce a lesson from his author's work and provide him with a mission. Ibsen is the most objective of dramatists, the most detached, the most dispassionate. He drew mankind as he saw them. His characters are human beings observed with the eye of a master and drawn with ruthless fidelity. Yet to read much that has been written about him in England one would suppose that he was mainly concerned with promulgating certain doctrines as to the emancipation of women or the institution of marriage. Similarly, Sudermann is primarily an artist depicting life as he sees it. You can draw a moral from his presentment of things if you choose, just as you can draw a moral from a case in the police courts or from the upsetting of a Clapham omnibus. But the interest and the value of his work lie in his presentment of life, not in your deductions from his presentment. "Heimat" ("Magda") is a great play because it deals with an intensely human situation, because the struggle between the old, clinging to their authority, and the young, asserting their right to liberty, is eternally interesting, and because the various characters, Magda herself, her mother and father, her gentle sister Marie, the well-meaning pastor Heffterdingk, and the miserable Keller, are all admirably drawn and admirably contrasted. To say that the play would be improved if Magda were a more "sympathetic" character is to misunderstand Sudermann's object in writing it. His is not the vulgar ambition to furnish us with a "heroine" who shall absorb all our sympathies to the exclusion of the rest of the characters. Sudermann is much too good a naturalist and much too good an artist for that. Where the old-fashioned dramatist, in dealing with Magda's life, would have been content to show us only one side of the question, he shows us all sides. He claims our sympathy, or at least our comprehension (which is sympathy in the making), for all his characters, even down to the wretched Keller. Far from wishing us to side wholly with Magda, he shows us that she is vain and self-willed and fond of luxury, just as he shows us that her father, with all his grey hairs and high sense of honour, is an obstinate and tiresome old gentleman; that Heffterdingk, with his good intentions and moral earnestness, is a man of small brain and no imagination, whose interference is disastrous and his advice idiotic; and in fact that the family generally are a very ordinary and human family, neither better nor worse than their neighbours, and deserving our sympathetic attention just because they are of like passions with ourselves and not embodiments of an imaginary perfection. "Il n'y a que les lâches et les paresseux qui s'entourent d'idylles trompeuses." If Magda had done as Dr. Schoen would have liked her to do, and in place of that terrific suggestion to her exasperating father, "How do you know

if he was the only one?" had made a speech about her art and her child and generally comported herself like the rhetorical heroine of romance, she might have been a more admirable character, but she would have been a far less human and interesting one. Dr. Schoen complains that both in "Heimat" and in "Die Ehre" he has an uncomfortable feeling that the sympathies of the author are not always with one character, but shift now to one, now to another. This is perfectly true. The sympathies of Sudermann are hardly ever with any one character in his plays to the exclusion of the others. His aim, and Ibsen's aim, is to endeavour to express the personality of all his characters *from their own point of view*, and therefore to sympathise with them all. That is the point in which modern realism is so much greater than the old romanticism, and it is the glory of Ibsen to have so often attained to this complete detachment, and of Sudermann to have followed in his footsteps.

Art

Events and Tendencies in 1904

THE past year, if it has been notable for the death of the great veteran G. F. Watts, has been important in other ways. As a period of change and transition it has shown signs of many things which must always occur in the early part of a new century, and I would beg for a little patience in favour of my attempt to separate these events from that which seems but the mere use and wont of the artistic year. I admit that my assumption that a new century brings about a difference in things is in itself a fiction or convenience of speech, a habit of mind which likes to view events in picturesque perspectives with recognisable landmarks, and that twelve months is a very short time in which to detect change or development; yet the past year has shown a departure from the well-worn tracks which marked the end of the last century; new ground has been broken, and one or two new signposts set up. While these few pages are in hand, two difficulties of great importance have occurred, whose solution should be of importance in the future, since they affect the management of our museums; and these afford the evidence of a nation's value of art, and influence directly or indirectly the tendencies of public opinion. The directorship of the Victoria and Albert Museum has become vacant, and the National Gallery is also without a director, Sir Edward Poynter not having sought re-election to this difficult post which he has filled for ten years. These subjects are almost beyond the scope of this article; but on the readiness of those in authority to solve these two vexed questions must depend a great deal, and one might wish that the final settlement of these matters rested in other official hands than those indirectly responsible for the past state of affairs. The vacancy at South Kensington calls for the election of a man, or body of men, capable of coping with what amounts to the reconstruction of that museum. That which Mr. Claude Phillips had to do for the Wallace Collection will have to be done at South Kensington; the effect of its reconstruction counts in the formation of the national taste and should influence the art industries. So far, South Kensington has been out of gear and control, unwieldy and inert.

The directorship of the National Gallery is no less important, though the museum is formed and does not require remaking. The post should be given to a man

of profound and varied knowledge and experience; it must not fall (as it has been rumoured) into the hands of some popular good fellow or well-supported "official museum official." We expect the selection of men for these vacancies to be made in good faith, and, with a view to the more intelligent interest which the public takes in these matters, a man with the knowledge and experience of Mr. Sidney Colvin is required; or, failing him, Mr. Claude Phillips should be elected as a set-off to the genius and insight of Doctor Bode, the great director of the Gallery at Berlin, to whose energy and insight we owe the loss of many masterpieces bought in England.

This last remark may seem uncalled for, since, during the last year at least, the National Gallery has benefited by two priceless additions which count as events in the history of the Gallery. The early portrait by Dürer and the earliest known portrait by Titian have each filled gaps in our collection which seemed likely to remain empty; they are priceless as art, and priceless historically. These two important works have at least not been allowed to drift out of the country like the "Millais" Holbein, the "Ashburnham" Rembrandt, the two "Peel" Van Dycks, the "Willet" Ghirlandajo, the "Ashburnham" Botticelli and the "Darnley" Titian, only to mention works which count among the masterpieces of each of the above masters. The Greek Department at the British Museum has benefited already by the additions made by the new director, and we may expect a break from that period of stagnation which hung upon that department in recent years.

The most prominent event and the greatest sign that the public has become alive about the future of our permanent collection has been expressed by the agitation which culminated in the Chantrey Fund inquiry. The official report is excellent reading and reveals, even among our critics, the perception of an aim or some sort of standard which their current criticisms have not always led us to expect; yet the essential difficulties besetting the case remain unsolved. A collection is good in proportion to the number of fine works it contains, and these must always be produced by a few men only, whose works are always open to discussion, disapproval and faint praise. Let us give the Academy its due. Had the Chantrey bequest been conducted with all desirable foresight the public would long since have clamoured for popular works. By the public I mean the large body of lagging artists and pressmen. Yet it remains a healthy sign that an inquiry should have been possible, that the subject should have been a welcome one for academic discussion and that certain forms of popular art are in fact no longer popular.

What have been the tendencies in the picture market? On the whole, we find reassuring signs, for the sale-rooms have emphasised the fall in purely commercial painting. With one or two exceptions we have been able to note a lull also in that tiresome speculation on the seventh-rate work of the mere hack face-painters of the eighteenth century. The sale rooms have even been dull. The marvellous Holbein miniature which sold at Christie's for rather less than £3,000

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

being the one work of supreme artistic interest which has appeared, to be sold, alas! to an American, though it might be said that the "American peril" has often been overstated; and the forthcoming Whistler show should prove that even the latest American art boom is largely a fiction, and that the works of Mr. Whistler are still appreciated and kept, as in the past, by collectors in England.

The picture market has still to steady itself from recent speculation in that which the rich alone care to buy—in fact, the dealer may have to reconsider his policy, though the dealer in England has rarely controlled the course of art, if his influence has spread disaster in the provincial galleries and among the large class of the "new rich" who require pictures like furniture to be got expeditiously and at a large cost. The course of art has been ever separate from the politics of Bond Street; Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Whistler each flourished in his own way, unsupported by the dealer.

The immediate sign of what the future holds in store will be found in the character and aims of the exhibitions; and in this the last twelve months have been full of development and change. The practical reconstruction of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers, under the intelligent election of the new President, M. Rodin, is an event of the greatest importance. Previous exhibitions held by that Society under Mr. Whistler were fated to be limited in scope by certain idiosyncrasies and restrictions which characterised that master, and, to some extent, the weaker points in the organisation of the Society as it now stands are surviving traces of the conditions first imposed by the circumstances of its foundation. If the aims of the New English Art Club are too specialised and too restricted for the use of the word "English," since it represents mainly one phase of art as it is practised in London, the International Society flies too big an ensign. The title is to some extent an illusion also, for no really international yearly exhibition in so restricted a gallery as the New Gallery could be possible; it is not even desirable, for internationalism breeds a false or composite standard in art; it leads, or has led—in Paris, for instance, notably during the 'seventies—to the invasion of crude foreign ideals. Internationalism tends to force the pace in the matter of novelty, sensationalism and other undesirable elements. Yet the Society can boast a number of works which it would be difficult to match elsewhere, and, since the death of the great master, G. F. Watts, has rendered the spring show at the New Gallery in future only a matter of slight importance (it is now merely an annexe to the Royal Academy), the succession to the Grosvenor Gallery tradition must be fought out during the autumn—indeed, the art season has for some time tended to change its date and to occur in the autumn; the spring in the future will remain conspicuous only for the Academy show, which has against it the Ascot week, Henley and the distracting social movements in the wake of Royalty.

Will the new forces scattered in different quarters unite in a movement as big and active as the "Secessions" in Germany? or must the younger school split up into several small groups of artists with a recognised aim such as the New English Art Club, the Society of Landscape Painters and the most recent of all associations, "The Society of Twelve"? Who can tell?

Will the provinces continue in their allegiance to the past state of things, or show signs of some constructive effort, such as we noted at Bradford and more recently in Dublin? The future of our public museums must

count indirectly for a great deal in this, for a nation's interest in its arts is a sign of its vitality and future; a nation which remains inert in this matter is a nation without a will and without a history. The qualities and virtues of a nation are embalmed by its arts; a statue or building, a book, a picture, tells us more than what may survive in its records. The civilisation of a nation is proved by the value it attaches to these things.

C. RICKETTS.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has lately received, under the will of Mr. Frank McClean, a most valuable collection of manuscripts, early printed books and works of art, which are to be permanently exhibited in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Mr. McClean, who established the astronomical observatory at Tunbridge in 1874, and was a leading authority on spectroscopic work, devoted his leisure to the formation of the collection which he has bequeathed to his University. The manuscripts, two hundred in number, include a Greek Uncial Evangelistarium of the ninth century, and three gospel-books of the thirteenth century, a ninth-century Latin Bible, and a magnificent fragment of a twelfth-century missal, and many other most valuable and important things. Among the printed books is an "Augustinus de arte predicandi," printed by J. Mentelin at Strassburg before 1466; and the works of art include oriental objects, ivories, enamels, engraved gems and some examples of Verre-Eglomise.

The Council of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has decided to close their exhibition now open in the New Gallery, on Saturday evening, February 11. The Whistler Memorial Exhibition opens to the public on February 22. On this day the charge for admission will be ten shillings.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL.—In "Julius Caesar" (II. iii.) Artemidorus, writing to Caesar says: "If thou beest not immortal look about you." Why is this abrupt change from the second person singular to the plural made? No explanation is given in the annotated editions I have seen.—E.D.J. (Bartholomew following—)

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the author of the following:

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
Or what the shining of the brightest eye,
To the sweet soothing of a calm reply?—B.B. (Glasgow).

AUTHOR WANTED.—"May virtue all thy paths attend." Will any of your readers kindly inform us who wrote a short poem commencing with this line, and in what work it can be found?—Glasgow Public Libraries.

DICKENS, THE POET.—Dickens, besides excelling as a prose writer, was a poet of no mean quality, as the many pieces he has left behind amply testify. Two well-known songs written by him, "The Ivy Green" and "Hail to the Merry Autumn Days," are still popular. Being anxious to further my knowledge of Dickens' poetry, I shall be glad to know if a collection of his poems and songs has ever been printed, and if it is still obtainable?—*R.S. (Sunderland).*

* **DICKENS AND "THE BASKET OF FLOWERS."**—There is a well-known story called "The Basket of Flowers," written originally in German and translated into English some seventy years ago, since when it has been issued in editions almost innumerable. The two principal characters in it—a young girl and her grandfather, who wander about the country after being banished from their home—strongly remind the reader of Little Nell and her grandfather and their wanderings in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Several other points of similarity lead me to infer that Dickens borrowed a good deal from "The Basket of Flowers." Am I right in my surmise?—*R.S. (Sunderland).*

TITLED AUTHORS.—The "Life of Charles James Fox," by Earl Russell, came out as follows: In 1859 appeared Vols. I. and II. by "Lord John Russell." In 1866 appeared Vol. III. by "Earl Russell." Are there other instances of an author's change of title during the progress of one work, and were such changes notified on the title-page?—*Percy L. Babington (Tonbridge).*

GENERAL.

PUMPS.—In Hay's "History of Chichester" it says: "Pumps were first introduced into Europe about the year 1425, and into England not before 1512 or 1513." Who introduced the first pump into England, and where?—*Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).*

* **POOLAR.**—Cecil (Lord Burleigh), in a communication to Queen Elizabeth, formed on Sir Peter Carew's report on the condition of the army in Scotland (1560), says: "My Lord Grey is a noble, valiant, painful, and careful gentleman; Randolph worth more than I fear our time will well consider, and no poolar nor robber." What is a "poolar"? Chambers' gives "pooler," as "a stick for stirring a tan-vat"; is there any connection?—*Alex. J. Philip (Gravesend).*

"UPWARDS OR."—Out of a group of twenty-eight persons suddenly interrogated twenty-one understood "upwards of," say, £2,000, to mean "more" than that sum; the other seven had not the slightest doubt that it meant "less"—i.e. "rising towards." Which is considered correct and on what authority?—*J. Presgrave (Penang, Straits Settlements).*

ROSEMARY.—What is the origin of the saying—
Where rosemary flourishes,
Mistress is master?—*Madge S. Smith (Bolton).*

THE JUDGES' WHITE GLOVES.—What is the origin of the custom of giving a pair of white gloves to the judge when there are no criminal cases to be tried?—*W. L. Harle.*

DETACHED COUNTIES.—What is the history and present significance of the small detached portions of other counties in the main body of larger ones? Part of Durham, for instance, in Yorkshire.—*M. (Carlisle).*

LONG AND SHORT "O."—Why is the *o* in progress, process, sounded short? It is surely a recent usage, and at variance with the Latin words from which they are derived.—*M. (Carlisle).*

KILLIGREWS OF FALMOUTH.—Was the Killigrew who built the King's House (Drury Lane) in 1663 one of the famous Killigrews of Falmouth?—*W. L. Harle (Falsfield).*

AN ARMY OF BROWNBILL MEN.—In Besant's "London," page 260, in a description of the plague in 1603, "an army of brownbill men, that kept the shore" of the river, and prevented plague-stricken people landing, is mentioned. Can any one tell me what "brownbill" men were?—*W. L. Harle (Falsfield).*

Answers.

SHAKESPEARE.

* **HOLD OR CUT BOWSTRINGS.**—A colloquial expression among archers, suggesting a forfeit for failure, which grew into general application. The meaning appears to be that Bottom and the company will hold to their engagement, or, failing therein, they shall be disgraced in their calling—i.e. have their bowstrings cut. Capell says: "When a party was made at Butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase; the sense of the person using them being that he would 'hold' or keep promise, or they might 'cut his bowstring,' demolish him for an archer." In "Much Ado about Nothing" Don Pedro says of Benedick that "he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him"—that is, dare not play the archer.—*F. Scannell (Lewisham).*
[Replies also from *T.H.M. (Newcastle)* and *J.J. (Norwich).*]

LITERATURE.

* **LIONS' SKINS.**—"We sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto virtue, and we slide not, but climb unto it." A possible explanation of the allusion is to be found in Ruskin's "Queen of the Air" (§§ 161 *et seq.*), in which he applies the parable of Hercules and the Nemean lion. The slaying of this lion, without weapons and in the solitude of its noisome den, the subsequent wearing of the skin as a protection, are shown as types of what each of us may perform in overcoming some special weakness or temptation. "But, alas," says Ruskin, "how many of us have to go uncovered!"—*Laurence Saunders (Nottingham).*

As like as a hand to another hand,
Whoever said that foolish thing, &c.

Probably an imperfect recollection of Horatio ("Hamlet," I. ii. 211-2):

I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.—*F.W.*

ST. BRANDAN (Brandan or Brandon) was an Irish monk (historical), ob. circ. 578, May 16, and so his story was well known in England. His voyage seems to be founded on that of Sinbad (so B. Gould), or is a "monkish *Odyssey*" (M. Jubinal). It became popular in the eleventh century, as is shown by maps after that date placing the Terrestrial Paradise in the extreme west from Ireland. The first English edition is in verse, early fourteenth century (Percy Society's Vol. XIV.); the first prose English is in the translations of the "Golden Legend." St. Brendan finds a tree full of birds on an island, asks the meaning, and one of the fair birds, making a full merry noise like a fiddle, says: "Some times we were angels, but when our master, Lucifer, fell into Hell for his high pride, we fell with him for our offences," &c. They are not represented as in pain; they sing all the hours, "that it was a full heavenly noise to hear." It seems as if the

belief in half-fallen angels originated in Ireland; the peasants identify them with fairies, and when they see a cloud of dust (supposed to be fairies) they cross themselves and say, "There go the good (sic) folk." The legend of St. Brendan is important as one of the causes of Columbus' expedition.—*E.L.B.B. (Ramsgate).*

ST. BRANDAN.—The "Voyage of St. Brandan" was translated into English verse about the end of the thirteenth century, and the Latin version must have been known in England at a much earlier date. A French metrical version was dedicated to Henry I.'s second wife, Adeliza of Louvain. See H. L. D. Ward's "Catalogue of Romances," ii. 516-557.—*J.A.H. (London).*

NATURE SIMILES.—Similes from manufactured articles can be found frequently up and down the English poets. Here are some examples similar in character to the lines quoted from the "Lotos Eaters":

And then I know the mist is drawn,
A lucid veil from coast to coast.—*Tennyson.*

Thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth.—*Shelley.*

Soft, soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
Waft thy silver cloud-veils athwart the summer sea;
Thin, thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining,
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me.

—*Kingsley.*

Compare as illustrating the same point:

Flowers that their gay wardrobe wear.—*Milton.*
The olive-sandalled Apennine.—*Shelley.*

—*G.B.C. (Oxford).*

BRAVE PRINCE WILLIAM.—There can be little doubt that the brave Prince William who showed his "lamp-black face" in Goldsmith's "Author's Bed-chamber" would be William Prince of Orange. A coarse engraving some fifty or sixty years old well answers the description.—*H.C.*

"EOTHEM."—The quotation from Tennyson, "Soothe him with (thy) her finer fancies, . . ." is from "Locksley Hall," written in 1842.—*S.C.*
[Replies also received from *H. Pearl Humphrey; F. Scannell (Lewisham); H.C.; P. L. Babington (Tonbridge); L.H.; K.K.; and H.O.D. (Dulwich).*]

THE RELAXED BOW.—This illustration was used by St. Antony, according to an anecdote in the "Vite Patrum" (Migne, "Patrologia," lxxiii. col. 912). Cassian, in his "Collations" (ib. xlix. 1312) puts it in the mouth of St. John the Evangelist. Both versions are preserved in the "Legenda Aurea."—*J.A.H. (London).*

AUTHOR FOUND.—The Latin lines beginning "Nemo me lacrimis . . ." are those of Ennius, quoted by Cicero in his "De Senectute," chap. xx. In most editions we find "Nemo me lacrimis deoet neque funera fletu Faxit"; but in some editions the second line runs "Cur? Volito vivus per ora virum."—*J. Edwin Datch (Stechford).*

AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines beginning "Like to the falling of a starre" are by Dr. Hy. King, Chaplain to James I., and are to be found in his poems. See also Chambers' "Ency. of Literature," where no doubt is thrown on his authorship.—*H.C.*

GENERAL.

PROPER NAME PRONUNCIATION.—The best modern work is Smith's "Cyclo-pædia of Names," 1895, but it includes biographical and geographical as well as literary names, and being so complete is naturally expensive. The best cheap book is Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction," which contains literary names only, and was published in Bohn's Library, 1866. Of course, the very recent names are absent from it, such as Catriona, the correct sound of which is *Catrenea*, three syllables, the "o" being silent. Hugues is one syllable, as in French. Guinevere is three syllables. Jacques is a name it is impossible to pronounce wrongly; there are so many opinions about it. Some sound its vowels and consonants as in French, others as in English. It may be either one or two syllables, at pleasure. Shakespeare himself varies between one and two, Scott makes it one, Charles Lamb makes it two.—*James Platt, Jun.*

SAVE THE MARK.—In archery when an archer shot well it was customary to cry out "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent any one coming after to hit the same mark and displace my arrow. Ironically, it is said to a novice whose arrow is nowhere.—*T.H.M. (Newcastle).*

[Replies also from *S.C. (Hove)* and *B.R.S. (Manchester).*]

"ARCADES AMBO."—The literal meaning of this phrase is "Arcadians both," i.e., dwellers in Arcady, the central portion of the Greek Peloponnese. Arcadia is surrounded by mountains, and its inhabitants are therefore cut off from the main civilisation of Greece. Hence in classical times they were noted for their simple country life, and were more backward in civilisation than the rest of Greece. An Arcadian is first a countryman, then a boor or simpleton, and then a knave. We may compare the degeneration of this word with that of "villain," which was primarily of similar meaning, being connected with "villa." Arcadia has also provided the literary phrase, "a solemn Arcadia."—*R. B. Appleton.*

"ARCADES AMBO."—Arcadia was pre-eminently the land of rustics, not influenced by the growth of Greek civilisation. Thus Conington says: "Arcadia, being the country of Mercury, who invented the lyre, and of Pan, who invented the pipe, Vergil makes his ideal minstrels (in *Ecl. vii.*) Arcadians, as in modern days they might be made Tyrolese." Hence arose the meaning of simple or rustic, which, as in the classic example of "Simple" Simon, easily became transferred to that of "knave."—*E.M.W.B. (Hove).*
[Replies also from *Richard Smith (Bolton); E. T. Quinn (Dublin); and H.O. (Torquay).*]

THE RELAXED BOW.—Cassian, or Joannes Eremita Cassianus, circa 420 A.D., tells a story about St. John. A young hunter, just returned from the chase, was astonished to see the aged Apostle caressing a pet partridge—a useless waste of time for such an illustrious man. "What have you in your hand?" asked John. "A bow," answered the youth. "Why is it unstrung?" "Because," replied the hunter, "if it were always bent it would lose its elasticity and become useless." "And in the very same way," said John, "my spirit must have relaxation, else it would lose its elasticity and fail to respond to the call of duty." I cannot give the reference for this story, nor do I know if the idea is found in earlier writers.—*W.M. (Aberdeen).*

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Notes

PREPARATIONS for altering THE ACADEMY are getting on apace and we have now every reason to hope there will be presented to our readers on March 11 a journal beautifully printed on fine paper, whose contents will offer something new in the annals of literary journalism. A good wine needs no bush, and it is not our purpose to say more at present, but to do our best and leave our readers to form their own judgment.

SINCE the death of Robert Browning very little of his poetry has been unearthed that had not previously seen the light, but a find has recently been made. The poem is called "A Forest Thought" and it was written as far back as November 4, 1837, in one of the ladies' albums that were so popular at the time. Browning was quite young then and the verses are done in his most beautiful style. By the courtesy of "Country Life," in whose pages the verses will shortly appear, we are in the position to give four lines that will at least show the metre and the character of the poem:—

"In far Esthonian solitudes
The parent-firs of future woods
Gracefully, airily spire at first
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst."

THE proposed Shakespeare memorial has made a stride towards actuality. The County Council has expressed a willingness to grant a site for "an adequate Shakespeare monument," and on the strength of this promise a Provisional Committee has been formed, with Professor Gollancz as its honorary secretary. The committee's aim is not confined to the monument. They would rather aim at the establishment of a great Shakespeare House, to be devoted primarily to the furtherance of the study of the poet's works, and also to serve as a recognised centre for humane learning generally.

THE "House," it is hoped—or dreamed—will include a Shakespeare library, a lecture-theatre, and a central hall to receive (it is here that we begin to be a little nervous) "a fitting statue of Shakespeare, statues of other famous men being added from time to time." The statues are the part of the scheme on which all will reserve judgment, though, indeed, anything would be better than the Roubillac. But one suggestion will rise to every mind. There is only one sculptor living, if there is even one, who could express Shakespeare in marble: and that one is M. Rodin.

THERE is plenty of time, however, for that. The first thing is to collect the necessary funds. Mr. Richard Badger has offered in all £3,500, and the Shakespeare Commemoration to be observed in England, America and all parts of the world in Shakespeare week should result in large contributions. Pens and tongues of the ablest, like the pen of Mr. Sidney Lee, which is to deal with the subject in a forthcoming number of the "Nineteenth Century," will be put in requisition, and in order to reach not only the wealthy but persons of limited means, volunteer workers will be organised in different countries and localities. Lord Avebury is the treasurer of the fund, and Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co. its bankers.

RECENT discoveries of old books suggest that there may be sensational surprises yet to come, even from the best worked fields. It is not long since Arthur Wilson's play of "The Swisser" was recovered (and published some months ago in Paris); then came the discovery in Sweden of a unique copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" (1594); and now Mr. R. A. Peddie has contributed to "The Times" particulars of the finding of a copy of a "hitherto uncatalogued and undescribed Elizabethan translation of Achilles Tatius"—"The Most Delectable and Pleasant Historie of Clitophon and Leucippe," translated out of the Greek by "W. B." (1597). The translator was William Burton, brother of the famous author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and though his translation has been known to have been published—thanks to an entry in the Stationers' Registers—no copy has hitherto been identified. "The Swisser" manuscript has been secured by the British Museum, and it would be good news to learn that the new "Titus Andronicus" and "Clitophon and Leucippe" were also added to the national collection.

IN 1797 there came into remote Somerset one whose stay there for a year introduced a new element into English poetry. About that time Coleridge was living in a cottage at Nether Stowey, and to be near him Wordsworth and his sister came to Alfoxden. Before he left, the "Lyrical Ballads," the fruit of his happy companionship with Coleridge, was written, and "Tintern Abbey." In this month's number of "Temple Bar" there is an excellent account of this little-known chapter in Wordsworth's early life. Two friends that the poets had there are mentioned incidentally, John Thelwall and Thomas Poole.

THE latter was a farmer of independent and original mind, whom they greatly appreciated. There could hardly be higher praise applied to a "mere layman" than that of Coleridge, who said he got from him "truths plucked as they are growing and delivered to you with the dew on them, the fair earnings of an observant eye, armed and kept on the watch by thought and meditation. There was something both in his understanding and his affections so healthy and manly that my mind freshened in his company, and my ideas and habits of thinking acquired, day after day, more substance and reality." Earth, mother earth, had proved a wonderful muse to this tiller of her. Like "Michael" in the poem in which Wordsworth had Poole in his thought,

"His mind was keen,
Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men."

A story of Wordsworth in the article is too good to be passed. A worthy "statesman" had walked many miles to hear the poet-laureate address a meeting, but left immediately he discovered that high-sounding personage was "Nobbut old Wadswuth o' Rydal efter aw!" Then there is the other story of the stonebreaker who regarded the poet as a harmless lunatic, and told Hartley Coleridge "that old Wadswuth's brocken lowce ageean."

IN "The Independent Review" there is an article on the "Poetic Quality in Liberalism." It begins in this way. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, that a man were turned into a mackerel. His sentiments touching the change may not be a matter for urgent, but they cannot fail to be a matter for clarifying, consideration. There are many things that he would lose by passing into the fishy state; such as the pleasure of being in the neighbourhood of a Free Library, the pleasure of climbing the Alps, the pleasure of taking snuff, the pleasure of joining a heroic political minority, and also, I suppose and hope, the pleasure of having mackerel for breakfast. But there is one pleasure which the man made mackerel would, I think, lose more completely and finally than any of these pleasures; I allude to the pleasure of sea-bathing." To this we would venture to add another pleasure—the pleasure of reading a typical article in "The Independent Review" on the "Poetic Quality in Liberalism" by—it is hardly necessary to give the name—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

OF Hawker of Morwenstow, whose biography by his son-in-law, Mr. C. E. Byles, Mr. John Lane is to publish in one volume on February 21, Mr. Francis Coutts writes in his "Musa Verticordia"

"Here, by this black forbidding coast,
Dwelt one who heard the heavenly host
Singing in every wind that blows,
In wave that breaks, or stream that flows.

And surely deemed that love divine,
Whose tendrils all his church entwine,
Is not too distant to be won
By Nature's humblest orison.

Wherefore amid these moors and steeps
His spirit ever laughs and weeps;
Weeps with the storm or laughs with glee
For rhythmic laughter of the sea."

The poem was written on the occasion of the unveiling of a window in Morwenstow Church last September,

and Mr. Coutts remarks how the pilgrims (and pilgrims to Morwenstow are not a few)—

"Shall hear the whisper of the well,
The clamour of the torrent, tell
Of him who had strange power to teach
Their wordless human voices speech."

ONE among several literary anniversaries that have been celebrated lately seems to have been overlooked by every one except Mr. R. F. O'Connor, a writer in an unpretentious but well-conducted little paper, "The Catholic Fireside." One hundred years ago last December Francis Sylvester Mahony, better known, if known now at all, as "Father Prout," was born in a suburb of Cork. It would be a pity if Father Prout were completely forgotten before the anniversary of his death in 1966; but it seems not improbable that the eccentric old scholar and wit who delighted our grandfathers will disappear from memory entirely in the next sixty-two years. He was not so great a man as Peacock, whom in many ways he resembles; and even Peacock is little read to-day.

AND yet, in his time, no writer was more popular than Father Prout. He wanted first to be a Jesuit, and found himself unfitted for the religious life; he was ordained a priest, and followed his office with by no means a single heart. He loved roaming, he loved reading, he loved writing, and he loved talking better than any of them; and he lived mainly abroad, in Rome and Paris, a strange, Bohemian but respectable life. The numbers of "Fraser's Magazine" which contain "The Reliques of Father Prout" contain also "Sartor Resartus"; and there can be no question which was voted then the better of the two.

THERE is a good deal of punch in the wit of Father Prout; there was a good deal, too, in his life. But the Prout papers, to our thinking, are well worth reading to-day, if only there were a pleasanter edition to read them in than Messrs. Routledge's now old and always unattractive reprint. They are crammed with scholarship, with rollicking good-humour, with prejudice and wit. The mental agility of their author is astonishing. From admirable criticism of literature and politics it is but a step with him to the kind of joke that goes with punch or the most exhilarating nonsense. His prejudices are as violent as Peacock's, and as constantly to the fore; what Lord Brougham was to the author of "Headlong Hall," Daniel O'Connell was to Father Prout. And Thomas Moore was his favourite butt.

WHICH of the two, Peacock or Prout, was the better scholar it would be hard to say. Prout excelled as a translator, in particular of Horace and of Béranger; all good literature, new or old, was alive to him, and he made it live for his readers in translations or through the talk of his fictitious old priest, Father Prout, of Watergrasshill, Co. Cork. His original poetry includes one of the most charming lays in existence, "The Bells of Shandon"; and the half-pathetic, half-jovial spirit of the man makes everything he writes attractive.

DICKENS made him Rome correspondent of "The Daily News" in 1846, and he saw and described the Rome of the early Pontificate of Pío Nono. Then he went roaming again, and finally settled in Paris, where, as correspondent of "The Globe," he was a quaint and well-known figure in the streets. There Mrs. Oliphant

saw him. He was calling on an old, old lady, a friend of many years, and he sang "The Bells of Shandon" with the tears in his eyes.

THERE is an objectionable form of title much in vogue now. The latest example is "The Truth about the Czar." Before that we had "Russia as it really is," "The Transvaal from Within," "The Real Siberia." It may be wisdom from the publisher's point of view, but most people would be suspicious of a book so titled. In any case it is silly. But there will always be children who insist on asking for the "right" time.

THE British Museum will shortly open a branch in Wales. In other words, the Treasury has at last consented, on condition that "sufficient local support is forthcoming," to make a grant in support of a national museum and a national library in the Principality. The homes of the new institutions will be where promises of local support are most freely forthcoming. Bangor, though not one of the largest nor wealthiest of Welsh towns, likes to be called the Athens of Wales; and no doubt the new buildings would look well on the heights above the Menai Strait. There will be keen competition for the coveted honour. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Earl of Jersey, and Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy are appointed by the President of the Council to consider ways and means of carrying out the Treasury proposals.

Bibliographical

THE approaching centenary (April 2) of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen—guide of millions of children into the fascinating realms of fairyland—is not likely to be neglected by the publishers, though it might be thought that his stories are obtainable already in sufficient variety of forms to satisfy such extra demand as is likely to be made. During the past fifteen years there have been at least three dozen "selections" or "collections" of Andersen's stories issued—sufficient proof of the steadiness of his popularity. About twenty years ago, Andersen's "Works" were issued in an American edition of ten volumes, but I know of no English edition of such a character. Some of his writings other than the fairy-stories should repay republication—"In Spain" or "In Sweden," to mention two of his pleasant books of travel talk. "The True Story of My Life" is a delightful piece of autobiography, though it only deals with his earlier years—he lived until 1875. This has been twice translated—by Mary Howitt (1846) and by Dr. Spillan, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin (1852)—and there must be many lovers of Andersen who would be glad of a reissue. Readers who would know something of his later years may be interested in "Hans Christian Andersen's Correspondence with the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Charles Dickens, &c.," selected and edited by F. Crawford (1891).

Some weeks ago I had occasion to refer to Dekker's "Guls Horn Book," a welcome reprint of which has been added to the Temple Classics. Now I notice that we are to have from the Cambridge University Press a reprint of another of Dekker's quaintly entitled pamphlets on his contemporary London. This time it is to be "The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London: Drawne in Seven Severall Coaches through the Seven Severall Gates of the Citie, Bringing the plague with them." First published in 1606, this work was reprinted in John Payne Collier's "Illustrations of Old English

Literature" (1866), in Professor Arber's "English Scholars' Library" (1880); and presumably in Dr. Grosart's edition of Dekker's non-dramatic works (1884-1886), to which I have not been able to refer. I fancy the satire is still obtainable in the attractive form of the "English Scholars' Library" as reissued by Messrs. Constable in 1895. A complete library edition of Dekker's works should be worth undertaking by some competent scholar and enterprising publisher, for Dr. Grosart's edition of twenty years ago was, I believe, but a small one.

"Oroonoko" and Mrs. Aphra Behn's other stories are to form a volume of Messrs. Routledge's series of Early Novelists. The story named was reissued in 1886 and in 1890, but the only other recent reprint of the witty woman's writings of which I know was a six-volume edition of "The Plays, Histories and Novels of the Ingenious Mrs. Aphra Behn" in 1871; and this has, of course, long since become unobtainable. The fact that Aphra Behn was "the first female writer who lived by her pen in England" gives a special interest to her work; but so much of that work—and particularly the dramatic—was marked by the licentiousness of the time that it is little suited to present-day taste. It will be interesting to see how far "Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave," and its companion novelettes will be popular to-day; during the eighteenth century they ran through many editions, the story named being translated into French and German.

To the series of Early Novelists to which I have referred there is also to be added Mr. J. M. Rigg's translation—first published in a very costly form in 1903—of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, to be prefaced by John Addington Symonds' essay on "Boccaccio as Man and Author," which was published by itself in 1895.

The announcement of a further book from the pen of the lady who elected to be known as "Michael Fairless," and who unhappily died just as her work was receiving the widest recognition, suggests that some readers may like to have the brief list of her publications. These are: "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" (1901); "The Roadmender"—and other papers reprinted from "The Pilot"—(1902); "The Child King: Four Christmas Writings"—a booklet—(1902); and the forthcoming "The Grey Brethren." All her books were short ones, and many readers will hope that before long they may be reissued in a single volume.

WALTER JERROLD.

Richard Jefferies

THE publication of a new edition of Mr. Salt's "Richard Jefferies" (A. C. Fifield) invites some comment on an author of whom it is stated in the preface that he is enjoying a steadily growing appreciation. Sixteen months after the death of Jefferies Mr. Henley wrote in "The Athenæum" that he "was not interesting at all," and that the biography of the future would not concern itself with him. Mr. Salt says this criticism already stands pilloried by time. It is worth while seeing now, after a lapse of sixteen years, if the balance cannot be held between these two opinions. It is impossible to classify Jefferies, to show that the peculiarity of his genius was derived from any race of literary men. Nature, turning aside for a moment from her usual processes of heredity, circumstance, environment, strayed from her beaten track. Poets, naturalists, thinkers, are made every now and then amid the great mass of commonplace; but here was one in whom, in the combination of these, her methods

altered. The loneliness of wide plains, the green life of forest and meadow, the mystery of the wind, the loveliness of flowers, the unrest of the sea, the depth and wonder of the skies—the love and spirit of that outer world were all given to Jefferies. In varying manner the feeling of these things has been the dowry of all poets, and all poets are really naturalists and thinkers in the wide meaning of the term; but Jefferies was the possessor of something which had never found expression before. Tracing roughly his development, we find at the beginning evidence of the sporting instinct; then observation and love of life in all its forms made him a keen naturalist; to those was added a poetic fire which had possibly long lain dormant; and, finally, the conscious thinker struggled into being. It is the last phase which marks out Jefferies, that parts him from his fellows, that separates him from poet and naturalist. We all begin with a germ of poetry, we are all infant naturalists, but time treads down the first impressions and interests. The few who have genius survive all buffetings. Then we have the poet, the naturalist—perhaps a later day may call him scientist; but in them all it is the wonder, the inquiry of the child that has never been crushed or contaminated. So in all times the poet has sung the glories of natural objects. Lucretius in the dimness long ago descanted on the wonder of nature: the poet, the naturalist, the scientist, the thinker, have all been similarly inspired. But it was left to the nineteenth century to discover some hint of a new and unexpressed quality in nature. In England Wordsworth first gave passion and worship to nature in every form. Taking the natural features of our world, we may say that the manuscript of recorded nature suffers a hiatus from the pastoral age of the Greeks up to his time. Such a remark seems to skip over the great utterances of poetry, but we refer to that especial loving spirit which endeavoured to establish an intimacy between man and the features of the scene in which he found himself. It is true that Theocritus, to take one example, made no attempt to interpret consciously or ally himself to the nature he describes. But he was the child who spoke in the sweetness of the falling water, the sweetness of meadow and flower, and he heeded not, he knew not, that there was separation between them and the joy of animal life, the sweetness of maid and youth. They were all parts of one whole unquestionably blended. Then the days came when man and his works and inventions for ever intervened between the poet and any vision of the direct communion of man and nature. She became more and more a background for scenic devices and more and more artificially divorced. Civilisation was rotting at the roots. Man no longer sprang from the earth and derived his nourishment therefrom. He tended to a sickly superficiality of growth, making towards the high heavens perhaps, but losing the healthy union with the earth that had nursed him. Wordsworth, with divine instinct, felt its "healing power." Consciously he set himself to walk in the ways that had long been forsaken. Of course, his thought, the philosophy he evolved, took him far from the simple Greek. But he re-established the claims of nature on the imagination and literature of the nineteenth century. Can it be proved that Jefferies was in any sense an outcome of the Wordsworthian ideal? We do not think so. Wordsworth accepted the past, its wisdom, its experience, he only added to his poet's gift a deep sense of the divinity and inseparableness of the animate and inanimate. Jefferies passes across the stage like an emanation from a new world! With immeasurable desire, with crude

expression, he strove to draw sustenance for thought and life from the mere contemplation and absorption of natural beauty. To him an undiscovered country lay in the world about our feet, an unknown magic dwelt in sun and stars to lift the soul into unimaginable altitudes. The burning heart of the poet never followed the elusive splendours of love and fame with more entirety than Jefferies this mirage of a new earth he was ever on the verge of entering. To him the dawn came to quicken with white fire the frenzy of his worship; the blueness of noon dropped a flower of the sky into his spirit; the sun flaming above a London square burned up the ant-like race that crawled there, and Jefferies found himself solitary on some Pisgah height. He was driven to the sea to seek air and depth and breadth for his dream to grow. The salt winds filled his lungs; the sea-scents rose to his brain; the murmuring waves stilled the inward turbulence. He heard behind him the yellow cornland whispering of plenty for the labouring earth and thankfully took the message of good and beauty. He used it all to exalt his sense of the completeness of man's destiny, if only the evolution of a deeper and fuller life were kept in view. His generous and sanguine soul was prepared to suffer and struggle with limitation and prejudice and sorrow if only he could be assured that he was to discover the boon which would give eternal aspiration and happiness to the race. In all his descriptions of what might be, there breathes the simple, sensuous, passionate nature of every poet's dreams. He does not evince any sympathy with the airy floating images of mystic fancy, nor does he evolve a wonderful Republic or visionary Utopia. He believes that in man resides a sense which would widen every conception, deepen every impression of beauty and love, dispel disease of mind and body, disease of civilisation and baneful heredity. He, alone on the hilltop, visited by the pure airs from above, in the wood where the tender flowers look up and thrill with real eyes, among the corn which the beneficent earth ripens for man, by the brook, singing of past and future, under Orion, under the sweetness of the Pleiades—everywhere did Jefferies fill his soul with beauty and longing and pray that these might enter into him and into the life and hopes of generations to come. Have all this blood and tears of thought and yearning left no mark? That Jefferies, the naturalist, the essayist, is read and appreciated each new edition of his writings testifies, but how many have tasted that deep summer life he would have given the clue to? "The unsearchable riches" he never found. Like Arthur's knightly saints, he pursued and fasted after the Holy Grail; and perhaps was granted him the incommunicable vision that comes to him who is content to watch and pray.

The Undergraduate's Art

PARODY is the undergraduate's art. It requires the high spirits and the plentiful lack of reverence of youth to produce it in perfection. True the authors of "Rejected Addresses" were never at a university. But if it be possible for a man to remain all his life an undergraduate without ever having been one, that feat seems to have been performed by Horace Smith. Mr. Swinburne's parodies ("Heptalogia") date from his post-university days, but then, Mr. Swinburne possesses the secret of perpetual youth, and certainly no one can accuse him of an excess of reverence. There

has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes a collected edition of the works of one of the most accomplished undergraduate parodists who ever lived—Arthur Clement Hilton. In May of the year 1872 there appeared at Cambridge the first number of a "superior and high-class periodical" (to quote the title-page) called "The Light Green." A second and final number was issued in the following November. The contents consisted of half a dozen brilliant parodies and one or two miscellaneous articles, almost all by Hilton. He died at the early age of twenty-six at Sandwich, where he had a curacy, and with the exception of these parodies wrote nothing of the smallest value; but these have immortalised him. The first of them was "Octopus," a skit on Mr. Swinburne's "Dolores," and it opens thus:—

"Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscos and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between."

"Whence camest" is atrocious. It should have run "Whence com'st thou." Otherwise this is very fair Swinburne. The remaining stanzas are not so good, and, indeed, "Octopus" is a little outside Hilton's line. In it he is trying to satirise a poet's thought and manner as a whole rather than to travesty any particular set of his lines. This is the fine art of parody, but it is rather beyond Hilton's powers, since he is weak on the critical side. What he really excels at is the purely verbal parody which, following its original verse by verse and almost line by line, gets its effects by the subtle or the absurd misapplication of the author's words to subjects for which they were never intended. In this *genre* "The Vulture and the Husbandman" has never been excelled. So good is it that at times it actually improves on Lewis Carroll. Take the following stanza:—

"The papers they had written lay
In piles of blue and white.
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right."

For mere metrical dexterity those last two lines are a masterpiece. They are worthy to rank with Peacock's famous "War Song of Dinas Vawr":—

"The mountain sheep are sweeter
But the valley sheep are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter."

But then, Peacock's lines are an immortal piece of satire. Hilton's are merely a delightful jingle. Again, in "The Heathen Pass-ee" (the story of a Pass examination), there is a stanza which for fidelity to the original and for humour is quite exquisite. Every one will remember in Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," how—

"We found on his nails, which were taper,
What is common on tapers—that's wax."

Here is Hilton's stanza:—

"In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is dates."

Verbal parody up to this standard is extremely rare. No parodist can keep it up through an entire poem. To achieve it even in an occasional stanza is something of a feat. Mr. Lawrence Binyon is responsible for one of the best examples. Every one knows the famous verse in Mr. Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine":—

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Here is Mr. Binyon's parody, in "The Garden of Criticism," which the curious will find reprinted in the first series of "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine":—

"From too much love of Browning,
From Tennyson she rose,
And, sense in music drowning,
In sound she seeks repose.
Yet sometimes joys to know it—
And is not slow to show it—
That even the heavenliest poet
Sinks somewhere safe to prose."

It is lamentable that the man who could parody like that should have turned aside to become a merely serious poet. It is an Apostasy!

There was an anonymous writer in "Punch" some years ago who was responsible for a very happy parody on the Browning verse:—

"And did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you answer him again?
How strange it seems and new!"

It was just after the Shelley Society's performance of "The Cenci," and the parodist wrote:—

"And did you see the Shelley play?
And did you really sit it through?
Nor, at the third act, steal away?
How strange it seems—if true!"

Mr. Kipling in his younger days tried his hand at verbal parody with considerable success. Witness the travesty of a famous chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon" in "Departmental Ditties." But "Atalanta" has been the butt of more than one parodist. Many people will recall "Atalanta in Camden Town," by Lewis Carroll. The poem which has suffered more frequently than any other in this respect is supposed to be Longfellow's "Excelsior," but Tennyson's "Break, break, break" must run it close. Its refrain has been made applicable to breaking crockery and breaking cricket-balls and breaking records, to breaks at billiards and brakes on railway trains. One of the best of them (the undergraduate's art again!) began:

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of my stairs, Oh scout!
And it's good that my tongue can't utter
The oaths that my soul points out."

But the author, whoever he was, was no match for Hilton. Indeed, in his own line Hilton stands alone. It is therefore very satisfactory that his verses are now accessible in a cheap and handy form. "The Light Green" is very rare and very precious to the happy few (mainly Hilton's contemporaries at Cambridge) who possess the two green-bound numbers, and the new volume has the additional advantage of a biography of the little-known wit.

Reviews

THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. 2 vols. (John Murray, 36s. net.)

THE late Lord Dufferin was in a peculiar manner at once the product and the ornament of a great empire. His name is mostly associated with those distant dominions of the King that the forefathers of this generation founded and that we have taken so much pains to solidify into an empire. He came of a stock from which the qualities he displayed are naturally expected. It seems that the earliest record of the family name, Blackwood, was discovered in a deed witnessed by John de Blackwode at Morpeth in 1386. After that the name occurs frequently in the town and parish registers of southern Scotland during the next two centuries. Whether all the Blackwoods mentioned came from one stock is doubtful: in the fifteenth century the family seems to have established itself in Fifeshire; but we need not trace out his pedigree from its dim and uncertain beginnings to the birth of the hero of this biography. As Sir Alfred Lyall points out, in Lord Dufferin we have a notable example of the blending of hereditary qualities, namely, those of the Blackwoods on the one side and the Sheridans on the other. Lord Dufferin himself was born at Florence on June 21, 1826, but shortly afterwards his father brought his wife and son to Clontarf, in Ireland, where Hans Lord Dufferin was living in a house "where no two rooms had floors on a level, and consequently everybody was tumbling up and down steps all day, no doors or windows shut, and the sea breezes played freely over every sofa and bed, frisking out of the room after cooling every corner." However, they did not remain long at Clontarf, but presently removed to Clandeboye, "where the old lord made his grandson, then four years old, drink Tory toasts at dessert." Eventually he was sent to a school at Hampton, kept by a Mr. Walton, of whom Lord Dufferin records that "the floggings at Eton were child's play compared with the Hampton ones." From Hampton he passed in 1839 to Eton, whence in due time he went up to Oxford. He gives the following graphic picture of the life of the gentleman commoners of Christ Church:

"We dine at a table by ourselves, raised on a dais at the top of the hall; our gowns are made of silk, and a gold tassel is put on the cap, whence the name of 'tufts'; all others are interdicted from keeping servants and horses; we are not even expected to do so much in our college examinations; in short, there is no circumstance in which we are not given the advantage, consequently we are tempted to think that there must be some intrinsic merit in ourselves to deserve such attention, and begin to look with contempt upon those our fellow-students who are not treated with like respect."

In 1847 he became President of the Union Debating Society, to the great joy of his mother, who in one of her letter inquires whether there is any salary or emolument attached to the office of President's mother. Lord Dufferin came of age on June 21, 1847, and two years later he accepted from Lord Russell the post of a Lordship-in-Waiting. He had already begun to nourish political ambitions, but fate did not permit him to study politics in the House of Commons, for on January 31, 1850, he took his seat as Baron Clandeboye of Clandeboye in the House of Lords. His way of life at this time is well illustrated by a quotation from his journal:

"Saw Thackeray shaving! Breakfasted with the Bishop of Oxford; went down to the House of Lords to hear him speak, and was turned out of the gallery by the usher. Talked for some time with Gladstone.

Had my head examined, and was told that I had no political ambition. Talked to Sharman Crawford about tenant-right. Took a lesson in reel-dancing."

From the beginning Lord Dufferin attached himself to the Liberal cause, and he gives us many interesting glimpses of the leaders. His first meeting with Gladstone had been while he was still a boy, and he was a guest at Hawarden in December, 1861, when the Prince Consort died, and in February, 1862, he was charged with the duty of moving the address in the House of Lords in answer to the Queen's speech. He kept the friendship of the great Liberal leader up to the very last, and on his appointment to the Embassy at Paris in 1891 Mr. Gladstone, writing to a friend on the staff of the Embassy, said:

"Will you be kind enough to congratulate Dufferin very warmly, on my own and my wife's behalf, on his appointment to Paris. The country is also to be congratulated. I, at least, do not know how any different and equally good appointment could have been made."

Of Lord Randolph Churchill there is the following mention in 1886:

"I had a long talk with C. Villiers on Saturday evening at the Athenæum. He spoke in the highest terms of Randolph Churchill. He thinks him one of the most remarkable men he has known, not merely on account of his debating power, but from the mastery he has obtained over every subject which comes under discussion, and from his strength of will, which has, from sheer force of character, swept away every obstacle, triumphed over innumerable jealousies and dislikes of his colleagues and of the Court, and has made him for the present the most powerful man in the House of Commons, and with widespread influence out of doors. He thinks, however, that his health will give way."

Of literary people we get many mentions. It is generally known that Dufferin was one of Tennyson's friends, if from nothing else from the fact that "Demeter and other Poems" is dedicated to the Marquis of Dufferin as a tribute of affection and gratitude. The poet laments his son's death "beneath alien stars" and says:

"But while my life's late eve endures,
Nor settles into hueless gray,
My memories of his briefer day
Will mix with love for you and yours."

In the first volume a meeting with Carlyle is recorded at dinner at Lady Ashburton's, the entry in Lord Dufferin's diary being as follows: "Peel, Carlyle, Ellice: Carlyle saying Sydney Smith had no humour and was like a Yorkshire innkeeper." When he was at Boston, U.S., Longfellow asked him to be his guest at the monthly dinner of the Literary Club, and among the guests were Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, and the two Danas. But naturally enough the great Pro-consul's friends were more frequently dramatists and ambassadors than men of letters. From New York we get the following characteristic vignette:

"The only piece of Yankee sharpness I observed was the following: A horse had dropped down dead in the street. The afternoon was too far advanced to admit of its removal that evening. Five minutes afterwards the carcass was completely plastered over with electioneering placards."

Russia provided him with more exciting incidents. He was there when the Emperor was assassinated and an attempt was made on the life of Count Melikoff. Lord Dufferin writes:

"I saw Loris Melikoff within a few minutes after he had been shot at, and he showed me the hole in his

coat where the bullet had grazed his spine. It was a very near thing. He was very much pleased when I observed that it was probably the first time his enemies had ever had a chance of aiming at that part of his body."

After St. Petersburg his next appointment was to Constantinople, and his letters home contained vivid accounts of what took place there in the 'eighties. Of the Egyptian Campaign he narrates the following curious incident:

"After the English troops had stormed the Egyptian lines and advanced far beyond them, some of the men returned to their original position. On their way back they came across an elderly Arab lying on his stomach with a heap of empty cartridges beside him, and firing away at a high elevation. Some one hit him a crack on the back and asked him what he meant by what he was doing, upon which he replied, with some irritation, 'I don't in the least know who you are; I am blind,' and wanted to return to his original occupation of shooting imaginary foes."

In these pages we do not discuss politics, and it has been our object merely to skim this biography and show by extracts some of the incidents in Lord Dufferin's career, and give a hint of the atmosphere in which he lived. But the real value of the book lies in the information it supplies in regard to the great movements in foreign and colonial politics that have been going on during the last thirty years. We have had few ambassadors as able as Lord Dufferin, and not one whose life was more irreproachable. With a cool and clear eye he discerned the operations that were going on round him, and he had a sense of justice that makes every account of anything given by him absolutely reliable. One has only to look at the fine clear-cut features of the photographs that adorn these pages to understand the eminence he attained as the representative of Great Britain. He was great and he was illustrious, and as we read the biography we seem to be following some fine and stately figure threading the mazes in a turmoil of intrigue, and menace, and danger. It has been done at very great length, but when the biography has been placed on the shelf for reference those who find most use for it will not regret the fact.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S REMINISCENCES

By George Jacob Holyoake. 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin, £1 1s.)

Mr. Holyoake has already published—in two volumes—"Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," which was an interesting and even notable book, but it did not exhaust all the material afforded by his career. We are obliged, however, to admit that in this later book the gold is beaten rather thin; and, in fact, the reminiscences—which are none of them to be described as wildly exciting—are eked out with extracts from newspapers. Mr. Holyoake's sententiousness also sometimes betrays him into platitudes, such as "Life would be impossible or very unpleasant if every one persisted in remembering what had better be forgotten"; and again, "Noble maxims have their limitations. Few have universal applicability." Our author's passion for newspaper quotation is illustrated in the twenty-eight pages which he devotes to telling the story of how the Lambeth Palace grounds were opened to the public. From that momentous year of 1878, when Mr. George Anderson, "an eminent consulting gas engineer," "in whom business had not abated human sympathy," was struck with the advisability of substituting the children of Lambeth for the sheep in the Palace pastures, down to the taking over of the fields

by the London County Council some two or three years ago, we are given an extraordinary *olla podrida* of memorials, articles, letters, and so on, industriously rescued from old newspaper files. Mr. Holyoake should have summarised the whole business in a couple of pages, which would have been infinitely more effective for his purpose as against the obstructive authorities concerned. Another example of this copiousness is a passage about Church rates, of which the captions are: "The Predatory Vicar of St. Bride's," and "A Sacred Shylock." Mr. Holyoake actually gives us the full text of two demand notes, dated 1856, for £1 4s. 8d., and we wade through all this legal verbiage before we get to the real point, which is that Mr. Holyoake ultimately decided to pay the vicar in kind; and as the chief produce of his "farm" in Fleet Street consisted in volumes of the "Reasoner," "I sent the vicar," he says, "three volumes, which exceeded in value his demand. He troubled me no more." Now that is really an entertaining incident, which would have gained enormously if it had been told succinctly.

Mr. Holyoake is dryly humorous about his early ambitions. His first was to be a prize-fighter; his second to be a clown; his third to be a poet; and his fourth to be a critic.

Of special interest is Mr. Holyoake's chapter on Disraeli, which should certainly be compared with Mr. Bryce's essay in "Studies in Contemporary Biography." After pointing out the remarkable analogies between the characters and the careers of Disraeli and Ferdinand Lassalle, Mr. Holyoake gives a ludicrous description of Disraeli's famous speech at Manchester in 1872, when, inspired by brandy and water, he went on speaking for hours after the time fixed for him to sit down. But those were days when members who were manifestly inebriated did not hesitate to address the House of Commons. The favour which her late Majesty showed to Disraeli is certainly difficult to understand in view of what Mr. Holyoake tells us about his Aylesbury speech in September 1871, when he said: "We cannot conceal from ourselves that Her Majesty is physically and morally incapacitated from performing her duties." Mr. Holyoake tells us that one of the reporters who took down the astounding words afterwards read the passage over to Mr. Disraeli, who assented to its correctness. Mr. Holyoake also mentions a Lord Mayor's banquet at which Mr. Disraeli gave an insulting and defamatory account of the Russian Royal Family, with whom, of course, our own Royal House was allied by marriage. And he points out that, whatever even Republicans may think of the theory of the Crown, they are against any personal outrage upon it.

Naturally more interesting, because based on much wider knowledge of the man, are Mr. Holyoake's comments on Mr. Gladstone. He gives the full text of Gladstone's first electoral address, to the electors of Newark, containing those paragraphs about slavery which afterwards formed the basis of so much misrepresentation. It actually fell to Mr. Holyoake's lot to report that famous speech of Mr. Gladstone's at Newcastle, when he said that Jefferson Davis had not only made a navy, but had made a nation. Curiously enough, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the subject the next night and made various qualifications, the press took no notice of them. Mr. Holyoake was certainly useful to Mr. Gladstone in keeping him informed as to the state of public opinion on various questions, which was apt to be misrepresented by the London newspapers. We cannot resist quoting Mr. Holyoake's noble tribute to the great Liberal statesman:

"In the splendid winter of Mr. Gladstone's days there was no ice in his heart. Like the light that ever glowed in the temple of Montezuma, the generous fire of his enthusiasm never went out. The nation mourned his loss with a pomp of sorrow more deep and universal than ever exalted the memory of a king."

In some ways the most interesting chapter of the whole book is that in which Mr. Holyoake tells the story of the British Legion sent out to help Garibaldi. Mr. Holyoake was the Acting Secretary, and drew up an advertisement of an attractive excursion to Sicily and Naples, which was particularly addressed to members of Volunteer rifle corps. Unfortunately many of the volunteers who appeared and were enrolled had their own game to play, and had no notion of rendering that obedience to orders the necessity for which was impressed upon every applicant. Among the earliest recruits was a young man, wearing the uniform of a Garibaldian soldier, of specious manners, and calling himself Captain Styles. This gentleman, whose military experience seems to have been taken for granted, made quite a good thing out of the enterprise, for he secretly sold commissions without the knowledge of the Committee, and pocketed the proceeds. The cardinal weakness of the Legion was that there was no competent commander to enforce order. Of course Captain Styles disappeared and was no more heard of. Garibaldi's praise of the services of the Legion was characteristic of his generosity; but Mr. Holyoake declares that the majority of them really deserved it.

A word must be said, in conclusion, in praise of the numerous and exceedingly interesting portraits with which the book is illustrated.

DO WE BELIEVE?

A Record of a Great Correspondence in "The Daily Telegraph," October, November, December, 1904, with an Introduction by W. L. Courtney. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) It is not easy to forbear a smile at the somewhat boasting statement prefixed to this book that nine thousand letters were received by "The Daily Telegraph" in its singular correspondence, and that "if all the letters and sermons had been printed they would have occupied two thousand five hundred columns of the newspaper." The illustration is of a sort dear to the popular imagination. The correspondence, even when set out with a show of order and introduced by Mr. Courtney, leaves a vague impression on the mind as of a babel of voices reiterating "Yes" and "No," but it is instructive as showing how various classes of the community have been influenced by the teaching and discoveries of the past century. It would be idle to pretend that the Christian faith or rather the faith of Christians at the opening of the twentieth century is exactly what it was when the nineteenth dawned. Even if we grant that its teaching is not only right but Divine, we must also admit that scientific discovery has modified it. No thoughtful man now seriously disputes the doctrine of evolution. After a period of vigorous protest and controversy it has gradually come to be accepted that the world as it is was not called into sudden existence by the voice of a magician, but has arrived where it is after a process extended over æons. Biology has shown that man himself is intimately connected with the life around him. At what period and in what manner life came to the planet remains a mystery, but, given the first protoplasm, the development of the most complicated organisation becomes at least intelligible. The study of embryology has shown that from the ovum to the finished organism this history is repeated in the indi-

vidual, while many organs that have become atrophied through disuse still remain to show the stages through which man has passed. His divinest gifts, reason included, may be studied in the lower animals, while the care and labour spent on investigating the usages and manners of savage nations show in the rough how his most cherished institutions began with the first attempts of men to live in some sort of organised society. Add to all this the effects of historical criticism applied with a new precision, and it will no longer be gainsaid that the old simple faith has suffered a rough assault. The results are open and visible. There is scarcely a grade or class which has not lost something of its interest in religion and religious questions. Even the peasant, though he may not be able to explain why, he ceases to go to church; if he is young he rides on his bicycle instead; and in this he is following the example set him by the classes immediately above that to which he belongs.

But was it for good or evil that a discussion on the subject was allowed to go on to such an inordinate length in the columns of the favourite paper of the middle classes? Mr. Courtney, at least, has no doubt on the subject. In his opinion, newspapers "in a sense represent the *conscience* [the italics are ours] of the nation," and in this matter "The Daily Telegraph" has served "as a modern substitute for the confessional." Which cryptic saying he amplifies by telling us that men and women have confided to its columns "their most intimate perplexities and doubts." Of course there is a rich variety in the letters. One man seems to think doubt is at end because "the Bible as it stands was accepted by the late Dean Farrar and the late Mr. Gladstone, men of stupendous intellect and profound learning"; others seek to justify their faith by elaborate argument. The tendency of what are in our opinion the most thoughtful letters is to exhibit an honest wish to believe. Whether it were Divine or no, the vision of one who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" seized the imagination of mankind as it never had been seized by the potent early deities. Poet and preacher and painter tried to outdo one another in impressing on the world the material events of his career, till the stable he was born in, the manger that was his cradle, Nazareth, Bethany, Capernaum and Dark Gethsemane, his "bloody sweat," the nails of his cross, were materialised before every Christian eye. Probably it was only given to the elect of the ages to recognise the Divine and deep and kind wisdom, a wisdom true to the heart of man, that underlay such sayings as "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God." They could see how wise this was if applied to the commonplace affairs of life, but the duller crowd, to whom rule and formula are necessities, only learned the superficial meaning, the invitation to little children, and did not recognise that it was mainly a demand for the child-like spirit. Understood by a few, it was wrapped in dogma and accepted by the multitude. When Christianity was first promulgated there were but a few small spots where civilisation flourished. Nations now at the top of the wave of advancement were then made up of gloomy savages. And it is small wonder if the rude tribesmen of the day failed to catch the gentle spirit of the new teaching. Progress is a slow process, and the ideals opened up by Christianity, though they helped it along, worked no miracle. Of the sayings of those moderns who could not accept the creed, the most profound was that of Goethe, who asserted that he was proud of human nature, inasmuch as it had evolved such

a religion. But it would be vain to expect any wide philosophic view from the correspondents of a daily paper; rather let us be thankful for the evidence that so many think seriously about the gravest of all questions. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that the religious feeling is being atrophied, so few appear to be interested. On the Exchange and in the mart, in the haunts of fashion and the meeting-places of intellect, but seldom do we hear such topics mentioned. A quarter of a century ago the reviews were full of theological controversies; now one scarcely ever arises. Yet all history goes to show that religion, as distinguished from mere dogma, never is extinguished, though there have been periods when it has almost died out. Like everything else, it has developed, and perhaps we have now arrived at a new point of departure. In that case it is well that a great daily paper has taken the trouble to mirror for us the ideas passing through the minds of the "men in the street."

LADY JEAN: THE ROMANCE OF THE GREAT DOUGLAS CAUSE

By Percy Fitzgerald. (Fisher Unwin, 12s. net.)

THOSE who enjoy antiquated mysteries—not to say scandals—will doubtless find a feast of satisfaction in Mr. Fitzgerald's book; those who have no taste for such matters will be inclined to wonder whether or no it was worth while to call the Lady Jean Douglas out of her grave merely to put her in the pillory as an adventuress. It may be conceded, however, that she fills the rôle of adventuress to perfection, and that the author makes out a very strong case against her. The story of the famous "Douglas cause," as here set forth, makes curiously unpleasant reading, though not without some grim humours of its own. The violent and eccentric Duke of Douglas, Jean, his sister, with her plausibility and unscrupulous cunning, the broken-down gambler, her husband, and the train of dupes and accomplices—these provide a complete Rogues' Gallery. After much coquetting in youth, the Lady Jean, when close on fifty, married Colonel Stewart of Grand Tully, a gentleman of a not too savoury reputation, with the expressed intention of providing heirs for her brother's estates. As she was deep in debt and out of favour with the Duke, the proceeding was advisable, but prudence might have suggested her setting about it a little sooner. However, after a year and a half of wandering on the Continent, the Lady Jean duly produced twin boys, and presented them as her brother's heirs. Mr. Fitzgerald gives a close account of the manner in which—presumably—the boys were bought from their real parents, and of the elaborate artifice by which the Lady Jean sustained her part. The narrative does not err on the side of reticence, and we grow rather weary of physical detail. Whether Lady Jean got her twins at different times by purchase or both together in the more accepted fashion seems, after the lapse of so many generations, scarcely a burning question, though Mr. Fitzgerald is as keen on the track of the secret as was that Andrew Stewart who, in the interest of the Hamiltons, ransacked France for proofs of imposture. It would appear, as far as the matter can be considered without going through the "1,200 quarto pages of evidence" that there probably was an audacious fraud, in consequence of which the estates of the house of Douglas went to a youth who had no connection with the family. We will not go so far as Mr. Fitzgerald, who considers that the judgment of heaven on the imposture was shown by the fact that all the eight sons of the fortunate claimant died without children. Heaven does not, as a rule, work in so obvious

a manner. A little less personal detail, a little more of the legal aspect of the case, might have resulted in a more valuable as well as more dignified volume; for the "great Douglas cause" was debated by famous lawyers, was decided against the claimant in the Scotch Court of Session, and decided for the claimant in the House of Lords. Unhappily, the marked legal figures are not individualised; Mansfield and the rest are mere names. Neither is the atmosphere of the eighteenth century so conveyed as to raise this *chronique scandaleuse* to the rank of an historic study. Mr. Fitzgerald has, in fact, given us a somewhat repellent chapter of gossip, narrated in a style so slipshod as to suggest doubts as to its accuracy in other points. It is, of course, possible that an author who misuses his "and which" and writes "different to" may yet be capable of weighing points of evidence; but we are inclined to give Lady Jean Douglas the benefit of the doubt.

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS

By Edward J. Dent, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. (Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

GERMAN, Italian, French, and Flemish writers have produced exhaustive monographs on the lives of individual musicians or the musical histories of particular cities. Hitherto such work has had but little attraction for English writers. The paucity of biographical material which the closest research into our own early musical history brings to light discourages the antiquary; nor have we hitherto devoted attention to foreign musical personalities. Mr. E. J. Dent has broken fresh ground, and has published an ambitious work dealing with the Neapolitan composer whose share in the evolution of opera has made his name one of the most familiar in the history of music, though his works are completely neglected, and not a single one of his airs remains upon the vocalist's repertory. Appreciation of Mr. Dent's adventurous excursion into a new path is called for by the attempt as such, and the result of his labours is a handsome volume which should find a place in every music-lover's library.

Let it be premised that certain blemishes are perceptible here and there. Accuracy, not elegance of style, has been aimed at, yet there are occasional sentences where Mr. Dent has endeavoured to impart interest to the manner as well as the matter. But from an alumnus of Eton and a Fellow of King's one expects better English than "We must remember that music in the seventeenth century occupied a different position to that which it occupies in the twentieth" (p. 10).

To write a biography of an Italian composer necessitates a vast amount of knowledge other than musical; local dialects as well as literary Italian must be understood; local customs as well as general history demand attention; even terms of cookery are repeatedly introduced. Here Mr. Dent shows himself fully competent. Without blind adoration of his hero, he has brought himself into thorough sympathy with Scarlatti's personality, and has studied all his circumstances and his relations to Italian art. There are indications that the author is not quite so intimately acquainted with the early musical history of England and Germany. On page 80 he speaks of the German chorales as if they had always been in even notes like the Genevan and English psalm-tunes; apparently he is not aware of the fundamental difference between the "rhythmic chorale" (where the rhythm was of words, not of music) and the later chorale as we find it in Pachelbel and Bach, with musical rhythm. Such a hymn-tune as the one Wagner composed for the opening scene of "Die Meistersinger"

is quite unlike any chorale Hans Sachs ever heard. Again, the allusion to Ground Basses on page 13 suggests imperfect acquaintance with English instrumental music.

Scarlatti's biography is fairly clear, except as regards his early years; there is no doubt that he was a Sicilian, born about 1659, but the actual birthplace is uncertain. Nor is anything definite recorded of his youth until in 1679 he appears in Rome as an opera composer. He was at once successful, and appointed Maestro di Cappella to Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden. Opera had a precarious life in Rome; Pope after Pope forbade it, and women were never permitted on the stage. Most of the performances were private, in the palaces of the nobility. In 1684 Scarlatti became Maestro to the Spanish viceroy at Naples; his sister, a disreputable actress, was instrumental in obtaining his appointment by intrigues which remind us that the age was that of Barbara Villiers and Louise de Kerouaille in London, and of La Montespan in Paris. In Naples Scarlatti remained eighteen years. Then he went for a time to Florence, Rome, Venice and Urbino, returning to Naples in 1708; and at Naples, except for a stay at Rome, 1718-21, he remained till his death in 1725. He was perpetually composing, and is credited with hundreds of operas, hundreds of masses, many hundreds of solo cantatas, hundreds of miscellaneous pieces, which must have run as by their own impulse out of his pen. The very finest opera he produced was, says Mr. Dent, "*Mitridate Eupatore*," a work of his Venice time, and one air, "*Cara tomba*," he describes as "head and shoulders above" every other air of Scarlatti's. The beginning is quoted, and is so remarkable that one must regret Mr. Dent did not publish the whole; he pronounces it "worthy of J. S. Bach at his best." Judging from the tantalising fragment, it resembles rather the finest inspirations in Handel's operas; and when we recall that Handel was about 1707 in Venice, it is difficult to doubt a kinship between "*Cara tomba*" and the immortal "*Cara sposa*" in "*Rinaldo*." Scarlatti's air should be made accessible by inclusion in some collection of vocal music, such as the "*Gemme d'Anhita*."

The libraries examined, besides those in London, Oxford and Cambridge, include the Paris (Nationale and Conservatoire), Brussels, many at Rome, Naples, Bologna, Florence, Milan, Montecassino, Padua, Modena, Venice, Munich, Dresden, Darmstadt, Vienna and, above all, the celebrated collection of Fortunato Santini, now lying in the miserablest neglect at Münster in Westphalia. Mr. Dent has described in "*The Monthly Musical Record*" what a sight met his eyes when he entered the room where Santini's collection is preserved. A long spell of housemaid's work was necessary before he could even get at the MSS., but he finally succeeded in profiting by Santini's labours, and found them especially useful as regards Scarlatti's church music. And the article in "*The Monthly Musical Record*" has had the important result of calling attention both in England and Germany to the disgraceful condition of Santini's collection.

As regards critical opinions, the author is moderate and discriminating; he occasionally lets slip utterances which show a want of sympathy with certain aspects of modern German music. Such phrases as "*Elsa* or any other namby-pamby maiden of early (?) German romanticism" are less startling than the remarks upon one of Scarlatti's brilliant dramatic airs:

"'Coloratura' employed in this way has a dramatic value which no declamation, to however elaborate an accompaniment, can equal. Such a triumphant rush of rapid notes can only produce its proper effect when sung.

The modern plan of giving the 'Coloratura' to the orchestra and declamation to the voice makes us almost always feel that the singer is battling against the instruments, instead of leading them."

Most musicians will hardly agree with this last sentence; yet it is well that occasional utterance should be found for antiquated beliefs, certain to revive one day. We have been baptized into another creed; but there are distinct signs of a reaction in this direction as well as in others, and Mr. Dent's book is itself one of the signs. He does not perceive that a change has begun; for he says: "To most lovers of music at the present day, Schumann, Wagner and Brahms represent the normal style of musical expression." This represents the standpoint of 1890. Instead of Schumann, he should have said Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Arensky and Strauss, while beside these newer lights, the classical school—Mozart, above all—is shining steadily on, while Beethoven's *epigoni* grow dim. This reaction makes the older Italian school, Handel's operas as well as Scarlatti's, more intelligible to us. Mr. Dent's book will in some measure aid this reaction towards the appreciation of constructive skill rather than the violently prominent detail German romanticists loved; and it must also be recommended because it assists the comprehension of a most important figure in musical history, who closed the transitional seventeenth century and ushered in the culminating period of Handel and Bach.

GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS

By G. W. Beldam and P. A. Vaile. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

To Mr. G. W. Beldam came, in a happy moment, the thought of utilising his considerable talent as a photographer in a novel field—that of book-making. "*Great Golfers*" was the result, and a very interesting result it proved. From that book the ardent golfer may indubitably learn a good deal. He can discover how the best exponents of the game take up their stance for the different shots: he can select his models where he pleases (and there is enough diversity among the experts' positions to satisfy all tastes); and it is possible for him at the same time to effect a considerable improvement in his own methods and to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the personal appearance of the great exponents of the game. The golf book, in fact, was a success; and from its success the book before us has naturally sprung. Human nature is such that when an author scores a bullseye with a fortunate shot his publishers will not be satisfied until they have persuaded him to a second attempt. And so Mr. Beldam comes forward once more with his series of snapshots, and Mr. P. A. Vaile comments diligently on the various strokes; and the "trade," we may presume, mindful of a former success, buys freely. Every one concerned in the production should be satisfied. The photographs are very good indeed—as photographs. Possibly a good many lawn-tennis players will buy the book, and turn over the pages at odd moments. But they will not gain anything like the instruction from it that the golfer found in Mr. Beldam's previous work. The golfer can learn much from photographs, for the simple reason that he has to deal with a ball at rest, and the stance, address and swing can be reproduced by the camera with absolute fidelity. The lawn-tennis player, dealing with a ball approaching him in all manner of different ways, with innumerable variations of pace, flight and spin, finds it impossible to gain much information from these reproductions, excellent as they may be. And the letterpress, to speak frankly, is often merely fatuous.

For Mr. P. A. Vaile as a lawn-tennis player and as a theorist we have a considerable respect. He is one of those athletes (like Mr. A. C. M. Croome and some others we could name) who bring their minds to bear upon a game and are never satisfied until they have approximated it to an exact science. Also, hailing from the colonies, he has the inestimable advantage of approaching the subject with a mind freed from reverence of tradition. The Dohertys may be champions, but he criticises them with no less freedom on that account. He is in no danger of bowing down and worshipping their game as faultless. Many of the remarks he makes upon their methods are sound and useful. But the amount of space he devotes to himself and his own performances (especially in the direction of authorship) strikes us as disproportionate to the verge of absurdity. Shortly before the last championship meeting, it appears that Mr. Vaile wrote in a few days and "rushed through the Press" (to use his own words) a book called "Modern Lawn Tennis." We have not gone to the labour of counting the references made to this work in the volume before us, but it would be hardly overstating the case to say that there is at least one mention of the book in each page of printed matter. Dr. Johnson's comment on conduct of this kind was severe, but merited: "He used to write books," he said of some unhappy hack, "and then other books praising those books, in which there was something of rascality." But that was before the days of the "expert" in literature. Proficiency in sport was not then regarded as a sufficient passport to letters, and books were seldom that cheerful mixture of slang and solecism that we find to-day. Mr. Vaile can play lawn tennis and can talk about it, but he certainly cannot write. He rarely encounters an infinitive without splitting it with the utmost promptitude and despatch.

However, Mr. Beldam's photographs make an excellent album. To regard the volume in which they appear as a book is perhaps unnecessary. One might as well apply the canons of literary criticism to the reviewing of an illustrated fourpenny magazine.

Fiction

NANCY STAIR

A Novel. By Elinor Macartney Lane. (Heinemann, 6s.) Amid the welter of machine-made fiction of the present day, it is a pure delight to happen upon a story which can be heartily and sincerely commended with no critical qualifications and reservations whatsoever, with no unspoken thought in the reviewer's mind that he could have done it so much better himself. Such a black swan among novels is "Nancy Stair," a story of which the extraordinary charm is due chiefly to the intense natural human feeling which colours it and makes it live. Nancy Stair herself draws indescribably at the reader's heartstrings, and the other characters—even her own father—are presented in their proper subordination to that little central, all-compelling figure. Most moving is the story of Lord Stair's tempestuous wooing of the half-gypsy, Marian Ingarrach, and we feel it is only from the union of two such noble natures that a creature so wonderful as Nancy could have been born. Nancy's birth costs her mother's life, and Lord Stair betakes himself to travel, the long travel customary towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the child is nearly five years old before he returns. Such a child! A slender, round figure to look at, with broad, low forehead, noticeably black brows, heavy-lashed clear gray eyes, a dear, quaint baby with glorious chestnut curls. But it was really the spirit and mind of her, beautiful as she was, that conquered every one, and

especially her father, who was indeed her slave from the day when he drove up to Stair Castle in a gipsy waggon of an abandoned character in company with Dame Dickenson, Father Michel, Uncle Ben, the two or three dogs, the kittens, the one without a name, the "drey" hen, and a small child holding a dissipated-looking owl with but one feather in its tail. The loving kindness of this small child towards all created things that were sick or suffering, her education as a gentleman in classics and logic, her poetry (here our author owes a debt to "Pet Marjorie"), her training in jurisprudence by a hard old Scots lawyer, above all, her undaunted bravery and honesty of soul—the whole portrait is one that Stevenson might have been proud to draw. He would have delighted in Nancy's "daffing" with Robbie Burns, as well as in the murder of the Duke of Borthwicke, and Nancy's saving of Danvers Carmichael at his trial with her subtle, woman's wit, strengthened as it had been by her upbringing at the hands of men. The ending of the tale is both conventionally happy and artistically right; and we find nothing to regret save a sudden attack of "preachiness" from which Nancy suffers in the final pages.

PETER'S MOTHER

By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) The relations existing between mother and son are apt to be slightly strained, and the strain between a mother and an only son is invariably tighter from the very loftiness of mutual sentiment. Our sympathy is all with Peter's Mother, for she is charming and human; not at all with Peter, for he is a cub and selfish, taking, as his aunts are proud to point out, entirely after his dear father, who effectually managed to cloud the youth and spirits of his wife by his chill austerity. But he dies, just as Peter starts for the war; and Peter's mother is alone for three years. During this time she grows young in the air of freedom, and Peter at the war grows into a young man—the crisis of cubhood—more like his father than ever. He loses an arm and returns to a mother determined to place him on a pedestal and worship; for now he is not only her son, but a wounded hero. But Sarah, a brilliant girl with red hair, is too fond of them both to allow the sacrifice and clever enough to turn Peter round her little finger, revealing in the process his true character—faults and qualities—to his mother and himself. Both are shocked, but the situation is saved by the over-setting of the pedestal. It is a delightful story, told with a certain distinction and much charm: for the whole thing is in harmony, and though the dangerous notes of sentiment are continually touched, the touch is so true and delicate that there is never a single dissonance.

THE FATE OF FELIX

By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Long, 6s.) It will be a matter of regret to Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's readers to find her descending to such a wretchedly stale plot and incidents as those of the present story. A death-bed marriage, a bride who did not die but lived a lunatic hidden away in a country house, unknown to all but two persons, in defiance of all the probabilities. A second marriage, and a baby, followed by the startling discovery of the mad first wife. A murder, a ghost, and a grateful escaped convict who eventually proves that the death-bed marriage was not valid, that the ceremony was, in fact, performed by another escaped convict in disguise. It is time such battered old puppets were left to grow dusty upon the shelf. To produce new novels in rapid succession when there is a welcome awaiting them is no doubt a temptation, but when a standard has been established by an author's first book the public expect it to be maintained, there or thereabout; and if authors would only realise it, it is of no permanent advantage to themselves to throw off careless work, and it is a disappointment to those readers who remember their better work. Yet, setting aside the ridiculous plot, Mrs. Kernahan does not fail us altogether. She can write agreeably when in the vein; there are some effective scenes, the characters are generally lifelike, such people as are met with every day, and who would be pleasant enough company in other surroundings.

THE THREE DUKES

By G. Ystridde. (Unwin, 6s.) A study of life in a Russian country-house as seen by an Englishwoman with an observant eye for minor characteristics presents a certain novelty and interest. It would not, however, be fair to accept "The Three Dukes" as an accurate description of an average Russian household, since the head of it is regarded as an ogre by his family, eccentric by his friends, and as a wizard by the peasants; while his wife is full of small deceits towards him, rates her dependants like a fishwife, beats her grown daughter, and is in all domestic relations ill to live with. Still, there are true pictures of the ordinary daily round, the women's side of life, more particularly in the house of a rich aristocrat, with its extravagances and discomforts and complete disregard of the feelings of inferiors. The story—or, rather, series of incidents and dialogues—suggests that it is the outcome of the personal experiences of one well acquainted with Russian customs, and she keeps strictly to the narrative, adding little or no comment or reflection by the way. The desire to tell much that she knows carries her through many pages that would have gained in attraction and value by sharp pruning by a friendly hand, and there are occasional faults of expression that call for correction. Nowhere is there a glimpse of the author's self, the book is as free from personal feeling and bias as a police report. She records what she has seen and heard, and her photographs of scenes and people bear the stamp of truth and individuality.

HELEN OF TROY, N.Y.

By Wilfrid S. Jackson. (John Lane, 6s.) For humorous stories there is a great and commendable demand, and they are the only kind of which the supply is inadequate. Even if it were not so, Mr. Jackson, already favourably known for his "Nine Points of the Law," would deserve a hearty welcome, for his fooling is excellent. It is rollicking farce, this tale of an American millionairess and her lovers, and as you read it at breakneck speed you catch yourself picturing the absurdity produced at the Strand Theatre, and you have no difficulty in fitting Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. James Welch and the rest of a "strong cast" with their parts. From the duel in the Green Park by moonlight between Freiherr von Deggendorf and Mr. Raggleston Mr. Jackson contrives a constant succession of diverting situations, misunderstandings, disguises, awkward meetings, and wild rushings to and fro—the usual material of farce. But Mr. Jackson has more literary ability than commonly goes to the making of farces, and one or two of his scenes are touched with the true spirit of comedy. He has style, observation, and a pretty gift of dialogue, so that his characters talk with a naturalness which immensely heightens for the moment the plausibility of his wildly impossible plot. Lord Billingham and his father, Lord Horsham, are well drawn, and so are Paul Arden and the politically-minded Lady Theodosia. Bobby Vane, the youthful "Johnny," is good, too, but the young ladies of the piece are shadowy, save Lady Maud, who stands out from the rest, and wins the reader's whole heart. Mr. Jackson appears to have entrusted the reading of his proofs to unskilled hands.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris. (Duckworth & Co., 3s. 6d.) The Confederate war in the States has formed a background for many a story and will furnish material for many yet to come. Its picturesque diversity of incident, its irregular skirmishes, and the relationships between those who took different sides—all give opportunity for the interweaving of the element of romance in any quantity desired. The book now in hand is readable undoubtedly; that is to say, it is written in good style with nothing to jar on the ears of those sensitive in such matters, but it is doubtful whether it will evoke enthusiasm. It is a book which, if there are no untoward interruptions, will probably be finished, but it could be put down at any moment without wrenching one's mental fibres. The characters are probable but not striking,

the little corner of incident brings us not a whisper of the greater events of the war; and the worst fault of all is that it is muddled. We do not know, to use a homely expression, quite what the people are "driving at." It all seems meaningless. They wander hither and thither in an aimless fashion, and much is left to the reader's own deductions. The hero of the book, who sets out to capture a spy, actually comes in contact with his man in a tavern, without knowing that it is he. He quarrels with him, and the spy is knocked out by the hero's negro servant. There he is left, while the hero, still unconscious of his identity, goes off philandering with the heroine, who, without much apparent reason, appears at every alternate entrance in man's clothes. Yet, at the end of the book, the hero is publicly praised for having "captured" the spy! The book is full of loose threads, but over it all there broods that atmosphere of quietude which appeals peculiarly to some people and is seldom found without a degree of literary quality. The type is good, and the illustrations are peculiar, having only one colour note—red—to relieve wash drawings of the ordinary sort.

A NEW PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

By Annie E. Holdsworth. (Lane, 6s.) There occurs in a recent musical comedy an engaging little ballad of cross purposes. Set down in prose, it relates, as far as memory may serve, the old, old story how Jack is in love with Jill; while Jill (one of many) likes Jim, who loves Jenny, who madly adores Will. Now, Will woos dainty Dorothy, but Dorothy, straight and tall, is sighing and yearning for Tom, who is burning for Kate, who loves no one at all! If the lovers concerned in "A New Paolo and Francesca" are fewer in number than all these, they may at least lay the flattering unction to their souls (and they are full of soul), that in point of complexity their amatory entanglements may successfully challenge even the above cited curious combination. There are, of course, four of them. (1) Janice Catesby (Francesca), Janice of the laugh and the sad eyes, as she calls herself, a passionate, pretty baby, as her prospective mamma-in-law calls her, and a somewhat fly-away little neuropath in the opinion of one heartless critic. (2) Her inseparable friend Heriot, dowered with beauty and gloom. (3) Sir Logan Catesby, stern and masterful Scotch baronet; and (4) Knight, his twin brother, gay, penniless, and tender. They are all cousins or cousins of cousins, and all obsessed by the ghosts of two promises made to a dying father and cousin that Logan and Janice, who have never met, shall marry. The actual position, however, on the first possible opportunity is that Janice, convinced that she ought to love Logan, falls in love at a glance with Knight; that Logan loves Heriot but is absolutely certain till the last page that he loves Janice; while Knight and Heriot, instead of conveniently loving each other (as, indeed, they are suspected of doing), love respectively Janice and Logan. This sad coil is further complicated by various "if-onlys" and "might-have-beens." The "if-onlys" are a foregone conclusion as soon as ever we know that Janice's life "tore within her and shrieked against the bonds in which she had bound it," before she saw either of her cousins. As for the "might-have-beens," they have chiefly to do with that sadly wicked and rather delightful old woman, the Lady Elizabeth Catesby. For Lady Elizabeth, it appears, had long ago, by a secret interchange of certain blue and pink baby-ribbons, transferred to Logan the heirship which properly belonged by a bare few minutes to his twin, to the great convenience and comfort of the story. The uses to which a little common sense might have put her astonishing confession are obvious. But, alas for them! all concerned are most honourable fools, and the two hundred or so pages treating of their perplexities are so surcharged with emotion that the arrangement of a marriage calculated to bring all this unhappiness to a head is a positive relief to the harassed reader. If only Miss Holdsworth had succeeded in convincing us of the necessity of it all, her tragedy might have easily won a share of the tremendous pathos that attaches to its prototype. But these are, surely, quite unreasonable self-sacrifices.

LADY PENELOPE

By Morley Roberts. (F. V. White & Co., 6s.) In the last year or two a sort of society novel of very slight texture, having hardly any plot at all and no delineation of character, has appeared pretty frequently. Such books depend for their success almost entirely on a conversational smartness which makes them amusing; and in truth they fill a place, for they supply pure recreation of the most trifling kind. In "Lady Penelope" we have one of this class without the single quality which might have made it worth having. The conversation is curt to the last degree, an exaggeration of that self-restraint in expression which is demanded by modern taste, but it is neither brilliant nor amusing. The *motif*, the way in which an heiress, who is only saved from dead perfection by a lack of the sense of humour, sends off her pack of lovers in ill-assorted couples is too farcical to be accepted as even a pretence at real life, and the lovers themselves are all stock figures—the fine, muscular athlete, the little timid poet, and so on. Mr. Roberts is a prolific writer, bringing out on an average his two novels a year, and he is now suffering badly from the disease of over-production. His "Colossus" was amusing; but that appeared six years ago, and since then the machine has been worked for all it is worth. Among the earlier books we remember some which certainly contained the stuff of which books are made, real raw life evidently taken from experience. The stuff was served up crudely, it lacked manner in presentation, but in those days it seemed possible that manner might come by practice, and that Mr. Roberts might develop into one of the virile school. Unfortunately, there seems to be no chance of that now; he has long ago deserted his original themes for the weakest style of society novel, and in the present book we find neither matter nor manner.

Short Notices**MODERN METHODS OF CHARITY**

By C. R. Henderson, assisted by others. (The Macmillan Company, New York, 15s. net.) POVERTY and affliction are always with us. To the statesman they present the aspect of social weakness or danger, to the philanthropist they are piteous, and either feels bound to deal in his own fashion with the problems raised. It is the philanthropist, however, who is the more eager of the two to point out the way—he it is who first finds time to pity the blind, the dumb, the epileptic, the insane, the fallen woman or neglected child, and to consider even the claims of the lost dog and the Yorkshire pit-pony. The complex interaction of private effort and public ordinance is clearly and on the whole interestingly set forth in Mr. Henderson's seven hundred pages. The editor and his assistants give a conspectus of the systems of relief throughout the chief countries of Europe, the British Empire, and the United States, concluding with a special account of Jewish charities.

In fact, this work attempts to do in a rough way for the civilised world in general what the Charities Register and Digest has done for the United Kingdom—namely, to guide enquirers to the best place for obtaining expert information on any given charitable subject. The editor expresses, indeed, a hope that general laws of right social action may be inferred from the numerous facts recorded, but he prudently makes no attempt to indicate such laws. The only clear "social imperative" which emerges from a perusal of this book is the duty of each worker to find out what others have done and are doing in his own special line, and to be willing to learn what these others can teach him. It is the petulant unteachableness of charitable men which so often blocks the way to united and effective action.

No nation has solved the problem of public relief.

This is clearly shown by the fact that the machine-made poor laws of England and America and the humaner systems of Germany and France are overlapped by hundreds of private societies. Reasonable men feel uneasy at the sight of this formless welter of activities, and in England especially the duty of organisation and co-operation has been strenuously urged. But no private body, however influential, will have weight enough for the work. Is it too much to hope that some day there will be a Minister of Charities?

We can strongly recommend this book as giving a temperate and impartial account of the world's charitable doings. There is a serviceable bibliography for those who wish to go more deeply into any particular matter, and an adequate index of contents.

SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS

By J. Charles Wall. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the latest addition to the series called the Antiquary's Books, which the Reverend Dr. Cox edits with notable success. The present volume may be said to be of a slightly more popular character than that on "Old Service Books," but the same wide research and careful compilation of facts have been employed, and the result will be, to the general reader, equally informative and interesting. At a time when England and Ireland were both called the "Isle of Saints," when William of Malmesbury said that every corner of the Monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury was filled with the bodies of meritorious saints, when a single small island, two miles and a half in length by one and a half in breadth, was said to contain the bodies of twenty thousand of them, can it be wondered at that shrines grew apace and the manufacture of reliquaries flourished in the land? Great Britain became saturated with saintly remains and the memories of a thousand thousand holy deeds drew pilgrims to almost as many shrines. The action of time, assisted by the personality of Henry VIII., changed all this. Mr. Wall says, in effect, that although nearly the whole of the visible shrines in Britain have been totally destroyed, the entire land is a shrine, its soil is permeated with the dust of her saints; but, alas! the sins of her children arrest the continued application of the name "The Isle of Saints." It is true we are no longer called by so pleasing a title, but we doubt very much if the author could prove to the satisfaction of the most compliant sociologist that, age for age, the entire morale of Great Britain was higher before the sixteenth century than, say, afterwards or at the present day. It is certain that his admirable lists of prelates and priests, his descriptions of shrines, tombs and reliquaries will not do it. But this is a side issue, although one on which Mr. Wall is somewhat insistent; the real matter before the reader is, as he says, an attempt to picture the various classes of shrines which were raised in Great Britain to honour the memory and the relics of her saints, to describe the construction of the greater shrines, to comprehend the riches of art bestowed upon them, and to expose the dominating reason for their destruction—and this attempt is carried to a highly satisfactory issue. The large number of illustrations from, we gather, drawings by Mr. Wall, and the photographs of actual remains, such as the shrine of St. Frideswide, Christ Church, Oxford, will prove helpful to all those desirous of pursuing with the author his researches among the relics of mediæval devotion. If to the sociologist Mr. Wall's treatment of his subject will make but slight appeal, to the student of religion this volume on the once overflowing number of British saints will not be without its value; while

the antiquary will be constantly interested in the work. Although he is unlikely to learn much that is new to him the present pages will recall to his memory many happy discoveries and queer traffics.

THUMBNAIL ESSAYS

By K. C. (Brown, Langham & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE forty or so neat little essays upon old truths and problems express the thoughts of hundreds of ordinary intelligent people in pleasantly rounded phrases. The author, in a modest dedication, alludes to them as "Philosophic Tabloids for Household Use," and no doubt they will be found an agreeable moral tonic for many minds, and may be administered to old and young alike with confidence that the result can only be beneficial. Here and there a fresh fancy or a touch of humour enlivens the page; here and there also there are definitions that will not meet with general acceptance—"Self-respect contents itself with externals and can survive all but being rudely found out." Again, how many men could give an honest affirmative to the question: "If a mirror existed which would show man his inner personality, would he not even more eagerly seize the opportunity of regarding his soul therein, with all the tricks and traits of his mental character?" By their nature some of these slight papers "contain counsels of perfection," but they are always on the right and bracing side of moral life, well written and presented with good feeling and good taste.

BITS OF GOSSIP

By Rebecca Harding Davis, author of "Silhouettes of American Life," &c. (Constable, 5s. net.)

MRS. DAVIS is of opinion that each human being, "before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived, its creed and purpose, its queer habits." Possibly, as she suggests, it would help to make history "live and breathe"; but to few of us is given such opportunities as hers, or the gift of the right touch and happy phrase that make her own memories so deeply interesting. The recollections of "The Old Home" in Virginia, where "nobody was in a hurry to do anything, least of all work, or to make money," are delightful. There are tragic stories, too, in "Life in the South," where the planters lived in magnificence and squalor, and "the washing of reputations clean by blood was going on perpetually." Perhaps the most sparkling chapter is "Boston in the 'Sixties," in which Mrs. Davis records her impressions of the "Atlantic" coterie, whose greater lights "did not appear to the eye of an observer belonging to a commonplace world precisely as they do in the portraits drawn of them for posterity by the other Areopagites," "While they thought they were guiding the world, they stood outside it, and never saw it as it was." Hawthorne alone stood aloof, "the alien among men, not of their kind"; "even in his own house he was like Banquo's ghost among the thanes at the banquet." "There was a mysterious power in his face I have never seen elsewhere in picture, statue, or human being." To Emerson as she saw him Mrs. Davis devotes considerable space, and gives us a striking portrait of the man who wielded such immense power over his disciples. In appearance "he was Uncle Sam himself. I have often wondered that none of his biographers have noticed the likeness. Voice and look and manner were full of the most exquisite courtesy, yet I doubt whether he was conscious of his courtesy, or meant to be deferential." "His interest in his Ego was so dominant that it probably never occurred to him to ask what others thought of him.

He took from each man his drop of stored honey, and after that the man counted for no more to him than the robbed bee." In her recollections of Holmes there is a kindlier note. Everybody loved and laughed with "the little doctor"; "he attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant child would attract them, but nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being intimate with him." Mrs. Davis, who saw both sides of the Civil War from her home in the South, the hatred, corruption, political jobbery, as well as its finer aspects, evidently feels something of a grudge against Lowell and the Boston clique for their persistent exaltation of it; to them, she complains, it was always "only the shining track."

"Bits of Gossip" is hardly a happy choice of title for this volume. It conveys too trivial an impression of a charming and informing series of memories and portraits.

STORIES FROM BALLADLAND

By Maye H. Black. (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.) On its own merits this book would not call for notice; taken as an example of a practice that is growing only too common, it demands attention. The author has taken twelve stories from what she calls "Balladland," and told them in her own language for the benefit of children. Why? What is there in the tale of "Kinmont Willie," of "Wicked Lord Soulis," or "Sir Patrick Spens" that a child cannot learn for itself, with a little explanation, from the original ballads? And how is that child's mind more likely to grow to vigour and its literary taste to purity and ripeness—by the study of the ballad or the easy absorption of these insipid little morsels? For the "Tales from Shakespeare" there is ample excuse, not only in the nature of the material they were drawn from, but in the exquisite beauty of their form and the unerring rightness of their selection. But when we find Scott's words boiled down by Mr. Crockett into sop for babes, and these ballads turned into the language of the Sunday School reader, we can only be sorry for the modern child who is never left to himself.

Reprints and New Editions

VOLUME IV. of THE WORKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, which Messrs. Bell have just issued (3s. leather, 2s. cloth), has many interesting features, and will be most heartily welcomed by Emersonians. It is on the title-page marked "Miscellaneous Pieces," which, however, gives only the slightest hint of its interest. Naturally and inevitably the work even of Emerson varies in quality, and though some of the pieces here reprinted partake of the nature of occasional addresses and slight essays, I agree with the editor, Mr. George Sampson, that "they are far too good to be lost." Many to whom Emerson's Essays published in the previous three volumes of this admirable series are well known and long familiar will be charmed to discover special pieces which have not already been published except in "The Dial." Such essays, for example, as "The Senses and the Soul" and "Saadi and Persian Literature" are now for the first time reprinted, as is the editorial preface to "The Dial." Also, the official edition published after Emerson's death was considerably revised and altered from that which left Emerson's pen in life, and I note with pleasure that in this present volume the original text has been followed as closely as possible, with careful reference to the original sources of publication. The alterations and omissions were sometimes quite considerable, as a glance at the two editions will show. "Thoughts on Modern Literature" lost very considerably by the process. Here we have it in full. It is a very serious question to the lover of literature, "to revise or not to revise," but I think most readers will agree with me in preferring an original copy or an exact copy of the original, in which we can make our own "cuts" if necessary; somebody else's blue pencil may not agree with our tastes. I note that the fifth and last volume of the series will contain Emerson's Poetical Works.—I place TROOPER PETER

HALKET OF MASHONALAND (Fisher Unwin, 1s. net) among the fictional reprints of this week. Yet it is more truly a political pamphlet. While we think of Olive Schreiner as the author of "The Story of an African Farm" with admiration and high esteem, we cannot yet call her a "one-book" author. It was so notable an achievement that one always hopes that perhaps some day—? It is not quite clear why "Trooper Peter Halket" should be reprinted, for it was never successful even as a political pamphlet.—First a play, then a reading, and lastly a novel, **THE FROZEN DEEP** (Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d. net leather, 1s. net cloth) achieved great popularity. As a play, it will be remembered, the part of Richard Wardour was created by Charles Dickens, who, says Wilkie Collins, "literally electrified the audience." An old playbill of August 1857—"in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold"—is given in the preface, where such famous names as Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Augustus Egg occur, as well as those of the author and Charles Dickens. Charles Dickens might have been a great actor had he elected to go on the stage; how grateful ought we to be that he chose literature, for his delightful personality is still with us in "David Copperfield," whereas had he taken to the boards, as he endeavoured to do, we should only have had some photographs and dry dramatic criticisms. Is there anything so dry in the world as the average dramatic criticism of old days? Messrs. Chatto & Windus give excellent value for the money in these two novels. They are not pretentious volumes, but something better—simple and serviceable.—Of Samuel Smiles' **LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS, METCALFE—TELFORD** (Murray, 3s. 6d.) there is little to say. The edition is an excellent one, the print good and clear, the binding handsome.—The De La More Press has issued **THE TEMPEST**, for young people. I was at first a little puzzled by the half-title—a "Lamb Shakespeare, based on Charles Lamb." It is really half Shakespeare, half Lamb, ornamented by numerous illustrations by Helen Stratton. The story of "The Tempest" as Lamb relates it has been strictly adhered to, but Professor Gollancz has interpolated frequent lines from Shakespeare himself. What shall we have next? First we have Shakespeare, then Lamb, now we have Shakespeare—Lamb—Gollancz; next we shall have, no doubt, Shakespeare—Lamb—Gollancz—Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Beer-bohm Tree. Some day someone will rediscover Shakespeare.—Numbers 1 and 2 of Mr. Brimley Johnson's **POCKET ANTHOLOGIES**, published at 6d. net each, have just left the press. They comprise "The Hundred Best Poems in the English Language" and "The Hundred Best Poems in German." It seems that the first series has been given so hearty a welcome and support that a second was rendered necessary. Who says there are no readers of poetry? F. T.-S.

Books Received

Art

- Hatton, Richard G., *Figure Composition*. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
Bygone Eton: a Collection of Permanent Photographs: Part IV. Spottiswoode & Co., Eton College. (Eight large historical views, with a short descriptive note on each.)
A Selection from the Pictures by Boudin, Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, Morisot, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley, exhibited at the Grafton Galleries, 1905. Durand-Ruel & Sons. (Some fifty excellent reproductions.)

Biography and Memoirs

- Lyall, Sir Alfred, P.C., *Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava*, 2 vols. Murray, 36/0 net. (See Review, page 144.)
Crosby, Ernest, *Edward Carpenter, Poet and Prophet*. Fifield, 0/6 net.
Holyoake, George Jacob, *Bygones Worth Remembering*, 2 vols. Unwin, 21/0. (See Review, page 145.)
Wellesley, Colonel the Hon. F. A., *With the Russians in Peace and War*. Nash, 12/6.

Drama

- Trevelyan, R. C., *The Birth of Parsival*. Longmans, Green & Co., 3/6 net.

Educational

- Lindsey, J. S., *Medieval British History: a Student's Guide*. Cambridge: Heffer; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 6/0. (The second volume of "Problems and Exercises in British History." Knowledge tabulated for the use of teachers and learners. Contains an immense amount of information, and should prove a useful guide to historical literature.)

Fiction

- The Complete Works of Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Leo Wiener. Vols. III. and IV. Dent, 3 6 net each. (Vol. III. contains "A Moscow Acquaint-

ance," "The Snowstorm," "Domestic Happiness," and "Miscellanies"; Vol. IV., "Pedagogical Articles," "The School at Yasnaya Polyana," and "Linen-Measurer.")

- Tracy, Louis, *The Sirdar's Sabre*. White & Co., 6/0. (The adventures of Sirdar Bahadur Mohammed Khan. Ten stories with a continuous interest. Very good reading.)
Tweeddale, Violet, *Lord Eversleigh's Sins*. Long, 6/0.
Griffith, George, *A Mayfair Magician*. White, 6/0.
Gull, Ranger, *A Story of the Stage*. White, 6/0.
Middlemass, Jean, *Count Reminy*. Long, 6/0.
Vesey, A. H., *The Clock and the Key*. Appleton, 3/6.
Naish, W. P., *An Awful Legacy*. Drane, 6/0.
Hamilton, M., *Cut Laurels*. Heinemann, 6/0.
De la Pasture, Mrs. Henry, *Peter's Mother*. Smith, Elder, 6/0. (See Review, page 149.)
Dui-Palor, Jost and Earnest. Drane, 1/0.
Richards, Hedley, *The Meshes of Fate, or the Curse of the Blue Diamonds*. "Weekly Budget" Novels. Henderson, 0/3.

History and Archaeology

- Sandbärg, Gustav, Sweden. Government Printing Office, Stockholm. (A historical and statistical handbook, published in fulfilment of a measure passed in the Riksdag in 1898. Fully illustrated. Published also in French and Swedish.)
Hubbard, Arthur John and George, *Neolithic Dew-Ponds and Cattle-Ways*. Longmans & Co., 3/6.

Military

- "O," *The Yellow War*. Blackwood, 1/6.

Philosophy

- Turner, Arthur Tisdall, *A New Morality*. Grant Richards. (A violent little statement of "egoism" by a follower of Nietzsche.)

Political

- Williams, Constance, *How Women can help Political Work*. Hayman, Christy & Lilly. (A handbook for women anxious to take an active part in politics, telling them how to begin and what to do.)
Doyle, N. Grattan, *Free Trade or Freer Trade*. Drane, 1/0. (Six addresses delivered by Mr. Doyle under the auspices of the Tariff Reform League.)

Poetry

- Hurst, Cyril, *Scrap-Ironies*. Illustrated throughout by A. Carruthers Gould. Drane, 1/0. (Topical and political verses and skits, reprinted from "Public Opinion.")
Crosby, Ernest, *Broad-Cast*. Fifield, 1/6 net. (The "poems" are mainly in the form of expression used by Walt Whitman.)
Kaese, D., *Hither and Thither*. Liverpool: Edward Howell, 1/0 net. (Mainly brief and aphoristic verses, with a "Reply" and a "Rejoinder.")

Reprints and New Editions

- George Whitefield's Journals, edited by William Wale. Drane, 3/6 net. (Whitefield's Journals have not been reprinted in full since 1756. This volume also includes the "Short Account" and "Further Account," with appreciations by Canon Hay Aitken and John Foster, and Cowper's lines on Leuconomus.)
Bernardin de St. Pierre, *Paul et Virginie*. Dent, 1/6 net.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Dent, 6/0.
Salt, Henry S., *Richard Jefferies: his Life and Ideals*. Fifield, 1/6 net.
Stubbs, Bishop, *Biblical Criticism*. S.P.C.K. (Reprinted from a charge delivered in 1893 and from Ordination Addresses.)
Villari, Pasquale, *The First Two Centuries of Florentine History*. Translated by Linda Villari. Unwin, 2/6 net.

Sociology

- Blount, Godfrey, *For Our Country's Sake*. Fifield, 0/6 net. (A manifesto of "The New Crusade," which has for its object a return to "the Country Life, with the ideal purity of its simplicity, industry, and innocent faiths." Proposals for corporate action in the purchase of land, the establishment of a museum of traditional arts and crafts, a school of handicraft and design, a hospice, a journal, and a church. At the end a detachable "form of allegiance" for those who wish to become Fellows of the Crusade.)

Theology

- Wynne, Canon G. Robert, Archdeacon of Aghadoc, *The Example of His Patience*. S.P.C.K. (Holy Week addresses on the Collect for Palm Sunday.)
Courtney, W. L., *Do We Believe?* Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6. (See Review, page 146.)
Geddes, Patrick, *The World Without and the World Within*. Birmingham: The St. George Press; London: Allen. ("Theology" is not, perhaps, strictly the right heading under which to place Professor Geddes' imaginative, almost mystical, "Sunday Talks" with his children.)
Dickinson, G. Lowe, *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. Brimley Johnson. (Reprinted from the "Independent Review." The author's object is to "maintain that truth is not revealed in any sense of the word 'revelation,' which can be appropriately distinguished from the sense of the word 'science.'")

Periodicals

- "Library World," "New York Times," "Hither and Yonder," "Notes and Queries," "Struggle for America," "Journal of Agricultural Science," "Current Literature," "Critic and Literary World," "Collector's Magazine," "Motorist and Traveller," "New Africa," "The London Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Pictorial Comedy," "Animals' Friend," "New York American," "Dial," "Isis."

Pamphlets

- Warren, General Sir Charles, *The Holy Land*. S.P.C.K.
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Science

Knowledge and Reality

IT would seem self-evident that, before drawing any conclusions from observation and reflection, it is necessary for the philosopher, if not for the man of science, to make most stringent enquiry into the nature and conditions and validity of what he desires to regard as knowledge. Yet it was not until the coming of a great thinker who died scarcely more than a century ago that the fundamental importance of this enquiry was fully recognised. This is by no means to say that Kant was not preceded by many writers, such as Locke, who devoted much thought to the nature of the knowing process: but even to-day there is probably only a very insignificant minority of people prepared to make positive assertions about something—be it only the weather or the fiscal question—that have ever spent a moment in asking in what senses and in what measure any one can be said to know anything. And the term epistemology, which connotes the study of the nature of knowledge, is not, as in logic it should be, the most familiar and the first to be learnt of all the many words with the same termination.

In here attempting, not to recount in brief the doctrines taught by the immortal author of the critical philosophy, but rather to indicate the beliefs of psychology a century after the close of his long and meritorious life, we must begin by admitting that our initial problem is not merely unsolved, but insoluble. In front of me, as I believe, is a table. Few readers outside of Oxford will quarrel with me if I assume, as I do, that this table has—or, at any rate, indicates—a real existence which does not depend for its being upon my perception of it. If, then, I may assume that the external world, as represented by this table, exists by virtue of itself and independently of my mind or any other, we have first to admit that no one has yet begun to offer us the scantiest explanation of the manner in which we can have any knowledge at all of the existence of the table. Such explanations as have been offered are no more than admirably contrived verbal exercises. The prime fact that the Ego can, in some fashion, become aware of the non-Ego must simply be accepted. But it is of the first importance to inquire in precisely what fashion and with precisely what limitations, if any, this knowledge is attained.

Now all men have at one time in their mental development tacitly accepted the theory which we may call unqualified realism; and, in point of fact, it is only the very few who do not accept it without any question from first to last. According to this theory, which any plebiscite in any age or place would approve, things are what they seem—a table is simply a table. There can be no doubt about it. Behold it—a hard, flat, wooden object, supported upon four legs. Room for refinement or argument there is none: no sane man—say Realism and its countless adherents—can possibly dispute the unequivocal evidence of his senses. There can be no use in discussing the nature and conditions of human knowledge in such a connection as this. The man who would dispute that a table is precisely what it appears to be can never have seen a table—or must be moon-struck and outside serious consideration, save as a pathological product.

If this is so, then science, which deals with tables and stars and plants and rocks and other material objects,

is not subject to any necessary limitations. The eye may be short-sighted, but the telescope will remedy that. The sense of touch may be coarse, but the scales will do its weighing for it. We have merely to invent suitable instruments for reinforcing and supplementing our senses—and all may be known if we persevere. As for Reality—well, the capital letter is misplaced: what could more palpably be a solid chunk of Reality than—a table?

Crude realism, however, though it is, always has been, and doubtless will long continue to be, the most widely accepted of all beliefs whatever—answering more closely than any other belief ever did to the famous test of being accepted *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*, always, everywhere and by all—has nevertheless been found out. It is more certainly untenable, the universal plebiscite notwithstanding, than the crassest superstition of the most ignorant age.

The argument is not that no two people see a table in exactly the same way: for that does not exclude the possibility that at least one person may see it—or, at any rate, might be conceived to see it—in the right way: steadily and whole, as Matthew Arnold would say. The argument against crude realism is infinitely more cogent than that. For when, begging the insoluble question as to how it is possible to know at all, we come to ask ourselves what, in point of fact, we actually do know, there can be no doubt about the answer. In feeling and seeing this table I *know* merely the occurrence of changes in myself. It is not merely that a different nervous constitution might give me a very different idea of the table, though it is obvious that the eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing, and that eyes vary. The point is that, no matter what my sensory arrangement be, no matter whether I have a hundred senses for every one I possess now, yet all I *know* is change in my consciousness. As I cannot escape beyond the limits of my consciousness, I can never hope to know more. In order to know the table as it really is, I—or my consciousness—would have to become identified with it, which can never be.

Now, though this doctrine is not exactly of universal acceptance, yet we all employ a couple of terms in which it is implicit. The words phenomenon and phenomenal are perhaps the most consistently abused in language: as they are certainly amongst the most valuable and significant when rightly understood. Of course these words no more mean marvel and marvellous than they mean green cheese or hypochondriacal. A phenomenon is an *appearance*, such as this table or the Pleiades: and science deals with phenomena and their relations. When John Locke proved that we have no innate ideas, he proved that our knowledge can only be of phenomena. But we crave to know Reality: phenomenal knowledge does not satisfy us—we should be poor creatures if it did. And so we have metaphysics, or, as it is now more properly called, *ontology*—the science of Being, the study not of appearances, but of the Reality of which they are the appearances. But this high emprise ordinary folk may leave until such time as, happily, two ontologists understand and agree with each other.

Nevertheless it is plain that though Reality be, strictly speaking, unknowable, yet science, which deals with its appearances, can yet infer from them somewhat of its nature. If, for instance, science can prove, as it has conclusively proved, that all phenomena are inter-related, that in virtue of gravitation, for instance, I cannot push this table without affecting the position of every atom in the universe throughout all coming time; or, as Mr. Francis Thompson says,

"Thou canst not stir a Flower
Without troubling of a star";

then we may surely make the sublime inference that there are not many realities, but one Reality: or, to adapt in the light of modern knowledge the words of the Athanasian Creed, not many incomprehensibles, but One Incomprehensible. C. W. SALEEBY.

Whistler

WITH all the solemnity proper to a High Celebration, a great exhibition has been organised at the New Gallery of the works of Whistler, and the public has been summoned to pay their tribute of genuflexion. The homage is well deserved, for there are few who have not learned the greatness of the artist and the truth of his message. But the sincerity of the worshipper must be the outcome of his own appreciation; it is too late in the day now to be guided only by the injudicious pæans and fanfares of Whistler's dazzled henchmen who, in their ineclectic enthusiasm, have even written up his faults into virtues. As Whistler, in one of his rare serious and confidential moods, said of a certain voluble champion: "When he praises me he lauds only my errors."

Now is the time to see and understand the true Whistler; now when the indiscretions are all but forgotten, when the bitterness has disappeared and has been forgiven. For, with certain exceptions, the chief work of his life has been gathered together, and the pictures are still at their best. For the opinion is strongly entertained by not a few that many of the subtlest of Whistler's pictures, like the subtlest of Turner's, are destined to a short life. The delicate tones, the exquisite gradations, the charming effects obtained by subtle glazes and scumblings, are often as evanescent as the bloom upon a peach, especially when the painting is not solid. Some of Whistler's pictures are already changing, and it is possible that in many cases future generations may wonder, as they stand before canvases on which we of to-day have lavished our warmest praise, what are the outstanding qualities that so stirred us to admiration.

It is this quality of subtlety which places Whistler on his pinnacle. Others before him have shown us much of the taste, the elegance, and the distinction, in different measures, which we see in his canvases; but none in our day allied to these qualities the rarer merit which is the touchstone of his genius. It is not surprising that, when he first declared himself, the eyes of the public, unaccustomed by such refinement and attracted more by the novelty and originality in his works, should have failed to recognise and appreciate. The marvel is not that there were so few to understand, but that there were so many. And to-day we have forgotten, or are on the way to forgetting, what was erratic in the man, what was eccentric and defiant in his pose, and the world is able to judge the work with the seriousness and calmness which the effervescence of the artist and his *entourage* used to render so difficult.

We see him here, in his landscapes, as the sweet singer in colour, and again as the poet-painter of the night. The mere facts of Nature are nothing to him—for Nature to him is bucolic, the Audrey who is to be trained judiciously into a Divinity. That is to say, he ignores the flesh and sees only the spirit and the romance, bathed in light, immersed in atmosphere, or shrouded in caressing darkness. There is in them the delicacy and melody of ineffable colour of which Swinburne speaks, as full of

delight and freshness "as a blossom or a fruit." Could Whistler have painted a landscape as Claude or Turner painted it? Most probably not. With him the essence of his picture was not fact poetically rendered, but the poetry removed as far as possible from fact.

But who cares for such limitations if the result is beautiful? We do not reproach Pieter de Hooch that he could not render the elevated sentiment of humanity like Raphael, or the might and nobility of style like Michael Angelo. But we should blame him if he were guilty of bad drawing, for bad drawing is not a limitation but a defect. Such a defect we sometimes find in Whistler in his figure-work—the result of lack of that training to which he would not submit. But what we might reproach him with is the absence of other qualities essential to figure- and portrait-painting—qualities which, notwithstanding, are not wanting in his masterpieces "An Arrangement in Black and Grey: Portrait of my Mother" and "Arrangement in Green and Gold: Portrait of Thomas Carlyle." There are the qualities of anatomical construction, of sought-for character, and of realised expression. When Whistler said "Why drag in Velasquez?" he was not guilty of the absurdity of vanity which most people still see in his quaint remark; it was really a rebuke, addressed not only to the flattery but to the blindness of his more foolish eulogisers. He knew well enough where his pictures fell short of the mighty Spaniard, and where the comparison was absurd. He knew that he lacked the fine, nervous draughtsmanship of the master, based on a profound knowledge of the human frame. He knew that he could not match, and did not attempt to match, the expression and character and the swift and brilliant brushwork of the First Impressionist. But he also knew that where he did enter into rivalry was in his unerring choice of his palette, in his perfect tones and values and in the exquisite colour. At one period, it is true, he detracted from the effect of these merits by importing black into all his tones as a "universal harmoniser," so as to bring his picture "together." On this account his canvases often look dirty, and the effect is, in consequence, not infrequently unpleasing. But in his portraits he invariably gives us that fine artistic presentment of a character which is so rarely met with in modern work. He always seems to think of his sitter as painter's material rather than as a subject; the sitter is to him not the subject but a means to an end, and that end a pattern, a decorative panel, not the mere imitation of a lady or gentleman. And as he held that a sweetstuff shop was as worthy a subject as the earliest saint or the latest sinner, so he felt that the artistic effect of a human being against an absorbing background was as fine an artistic problem as the unmistakable rendering of the form and features of Mr. Jones or Lady Smith. He therefore commonly failed, or at least did not choose, to render one of the dimensions—that of projection. In fact, he was the decorative artist throughout, who proclaimed himself more brilliantly and convincingly in the peacocks in Mr. Leyland's room than in many a so-called portrait in which the subject was an excuse for an arrangement. Indeed, it is a question whether the

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

wonderful subtlety of the graduated black background in the portrait of "Sarasate" is not a more remarkable and interesting achievement than the figure of the violinist who stands in its shade.

In painting, Whistler covered nearly the whole ground, and his view of art enabled him to cover it well. "It is not necessary that I should be a coal-scuttle painter," he said, "to be able to paint coal-scuttles." Nevertheless, he knew he should not try to draw horses and the like without special study. Had he attempted to do so, had he wished to paint flowers (which he did so exquisitely in the earlier part of his career), the treatment would have been in mass not in line. He was, in fact, a great decorator, and he was right. Where he was mistaken was in his frequent suggestion that all forms of art that were not decoration were wrong.

For there were three Whistlers, in his general art-work as in his etching, and his views became modified with growing years, perhaps, too, with his growing short-sightedness. In his first stage he began with a searching after exactitude. In the second, he became the impressionist. In the third, he sought to unite the two states. In his etching he succeeded in his aim; in his painting he failed to a considerable extent. But his failure was but partial, for although his suggestion does not always realise the form he endeavours to achieve, and although his local colour is often unacceptable and his sense of facial beauty is as defective as a Dutchman's, the general result is fine and harmonious, sometimes bold in its originality, and impresses the spectator with the strong personality of the man. His theory that the work of a good artist "is finished from the beginning" caused him to mistrust himself to carry his work as far as most would think desirable; indeed, in his pastels he would often leave the little essays in a state of incompleteness which would be accepted as completeness at the hands of no one else. They were notes, but usually so charming in their rhythm and colour that they sing "Tra-la-la," as it were, as sweetly and beautifully as "Tra-la-la" has ever been sung before; but not carrying the song to its end.

Still, as we consider the full sum of Whistler's achievement—whether in his portraits we compare him with Velasquez or only with Goya, whether in etching we place him beside Rembrandt or below him—we recognise in him a genius who would doubtless have risen higher still had that prodigious talent permitted him to base himself on education according to rules. He was, above all, a great innovator, who preached the gospel of the eclectic sensuous emotion of art, to the exclusion of all else—and he now lies at Chiswick hard by where Hogarth lived and died and now lies buried too, the first and the latest of the great, courageous innovators of art in England; the first the great Reformer of Leicester Fields, and the other the Prophet from the West.

Drama

Mollentrave on Women at the St. James's

FORM is important, but the need of the English stage at the present moment is not so much form as ideas. We have plenty of dramatists who have mastered the technique of their art, and can "work" or "carpenter" a play to perfection. Unfortunately, as a rule, they have nothing to say that is worth the expenditure of experience and skill they bestow on their production. And, therefore, when we

meet with a playwright who has an idea, it is better to thank him for that than to blame him for expressing it badly.

There can be no question that Mr. Alfred Sutro has expressed his idea badly, for the formal confusion of his play amounts to nothing less than bad work. It is not a comedy; it is not a farce. It is now one and now the other. Or, rather, there is one figure of pure comedy, that of Mollentrave himself, surrounded by the most farcical set of puppets that could well be imagined. Mollentrave lives; he is quite real and a most suggestive conception; all the rest are nothings, put there merely to show off Mollentrave. But had they even less of life and character than Mr. Sutro has given them, and had the incidents of their story been even less probable and comprehensible than they are, the play would have been worth writing and worth seeing for the sake of Mollentrave himself and the idea he suggests.

Every one knows by now that Mr. Mollentrave was the author of a large book "On Women," of whom he had made a lifelong and scientific study. He had gone to work thoroughly, for in the pursuit of his investigations (hale and hearty old amorist that he was!) he had married and buried no less than three wives. And the result of all his researches was this, that there was such a thing as Woman; a being that could be classified, labelled, and pigeon-holed. His large book, which he appeared to know by heart, and quoted on every occasion, as Sir Austin Feverel quoted his *System*, contained a full explanation of this creature called Woman (we cannot help thinking that the title of Mr. Sutro's play would have been more pointed if he had written *Woman* instead of *Women*). It explained her lucidly under every conceivable circumstance; told you exactly what she would do under any given set of conditions, what plan of action you should follow in order to produce certain effects—in fact, explained away all the mystery that ever has enwrapped and ever will enwrap her, and laid the secrets of her nature as bare as a chemist lays the secrets of a combination of elements.

That was Mollentrave's idea of Woman. It is not uncommon in real life, but it rarely persists in any man after the age of twenty-five. Mollentrave had managed to preserve it till sixty, and it was not unnatural that, since he went about proclaiming his knowledge and presenting copies of his treatise to his friends, they should call him in as a kind of doctor for complaints of the heart. Lord Contareen had called him in because he wanted to marry Mollentrave's own daughter, the widowed Lady Claude Derenham. Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P., called him in because, being a hard-working bachelor, he was a little annoyed at having to share his house with a sentimental young female ward and a nephew who had fallen in love with her, and was only too anxious to be rid of both. Mollentrave, the specious, glib physician of the heart, undertakes both cases, and makes a mess of both. It is needless here to follow the succession of failures through which, with all the assurance of a great specialist, he blunders with a suave, even a triumphant, manner and a readiness to take all the credit to himself when anything, by accident, falls out as he predicted. The morning papers have all had a try at explaining Mr. Sutro's most complicated and rather annoying plot, with a measure of success which is ample warning of the danger of the attempt. It is more profitable and amusing to disentangle the idea which Mr. Sutro meant not so much to elucidate or prove as to hint.

We get the first hint of that idea from Lady Claude Derenham. She sees through her father, and knows

perfectly well that he is behind all the twists and turns in the love chase so clumsily and grotesquely performed by Lord Contareen. "Oh, don't practise on me, papa!" she says almost with scorn. She is the one sensible person in the circle of Mollentrave's flabby victims, and it is appropriate that she should be the first to suggest the idea. In effect, she says, dutifully enough: "My father's theories may be true of ninety-nine women out of a hundred—but I think I am the hundredth." You accept the statement, for the moment, of her individually; you are ready to believe that Lady Claude is actually the hundredth, and that the rest are the ninety-nine. It is later, considerably later, after you have been for some time thoroughly amused by single lines and separate scenes and rather wearied by the inequality and complication of the general effect, that the same thought is enounced by another woman in the play, the silly, sentimental little ward of Sir Joseph Balsted, who believes herself in love with her guardian. Her eyes have been opened to the truth, not by any of Mollentrave's elaborate schemes, but by the fact that Sir Joseph in a rage called her to her face a "silly little idiot." She sees that she really loves, not the middle-aged barrister, but the youthful medical student, his nephew; and she says to him, in effect, "It may be all very well for ninety-nine women out of a hundred, but I think I am the hundredth."

And there we have the idea round which the whole play is constructed. Every woman is the hundredth woman. There is no such thing as Woman; there are only women; Lady Claude Derenham is one, Margaret Messilent is another; yet another and a wholly different woman is Edith Farrington, whom Mr. Sutro presented to us earlier in the same evening, superbly played by Miss Edyth Olive in "A Maker of Men." They are all different, and the Mollentraves of life, who try to formulate, to generalise, to arrange and classify, are either humbugs or ignorant of the subject of their science. Generalities, Mr. Sutro would tell us, are dangerous things. Even generalities about Man (and there may very likely be such a thing as Man) are likely to allow too little for personality; generalities about Woman are all in the air. If, in dealing with a woman, you count on your knowledge of other women, you are pretty sure to make mistakes; for in women the personal is everything, and the personal is subject to no laws.

The idea may be considered cynical, but we question if it can fairly be called so, and whether Mr. Sutro intended it to be so. Cynicism there is in plenty in his play; but it takes the form of amusing and flowery remarks from Mollentrave, who is the one person in the play to show complete ignorance of the subject. The women themselves, Lady Claude and little Margaret Messilent, both upset his theories by proving themselves better—possessed of more sense, that is, and character—than he supposed. It was Mollentrave and his scheme that encouraged their folly. Left to themselves they act sensibly and healthily in the end.

Mr. Sutro's play may be commended then, in spite of its manifest faults, because the author has consulted human nature first and the rules of play-writing second. It would have been far more commendable had he consulted both in fairer proportion. Another welcome sign is that his play is amusing. There has been lately some reason to fear that Mr. Sutro was going to mistake the stage for the lecture-platform or the pulpit, and become didactic in the manner of M. Brieux and others of the French theatre. "Mollentrave on Women" removes that fear. It is not as light, as whimsical, as irresponsible as Mr. Barrie would have made it, though

it has something of the same aim; but it contains Mollentrave, and Mollentrave is a creation that fills the stage and the mind. Mr. Eric Lewis played him to perfection. Miss Marion Terry made the most of Lady Claude, and Miss Lettice Fairfax had no trouble in doing what she had to do as Margaret Messilent. No one else had a chance.

Monthly Prize Competition AWARD

VIVIAN GREY

By Benjamin Disraeli.

IT is a truism to say that our estimate of any book depends largely upon its comparison with our preconceived ideas of its author. But in the case of a writer like Disraeli—of a man, that is, who, whether he achieved greater things or not, attained far wider fame in a sphere other than that of literature—it is a truism which must naturally be especially applicable. Almost of necessity one approaches the book with certain opinions, vague or defined, of Disraeli the man and the statesman; and the average reader's impressions will vary just according as his standpoint inclines to the blind hero-worship of the Tory, the qualified admiration of, say, Professor Bryce, or the bitter hostility displayed toward the "Jew adventurer" by men so different as Carlyle and Lord Acton. The curious detachment, for example, shown in Disraeli's judgments on Western ways and manners, traced unquestionably by Mr. Bryce to his Jewish blood, is commonly labelled by his detractors as an ignoble spirit of mockery—the outcome of looking on mankind on a degraded plane. The extreme sentimentalism, too, which was but the reflex of the circles in which the youthful author moved, is put down as cheap affectation, or, worse, as mere satire on sacred things, all the more detestable for its concealed irony.

All this, of course, points to the fact that the main interest of Disraeli's novels, as in the case of other men whose personalities are greater than their works, is a subjective one. In "Vivian Grey," valuable though it be as a picture of certain phases of society, it is the author who most commands our curiosity, and not less so because the actual autobiographical touches are so often uncertain, and so much manipulated. For Disraeli was above all things a *poseur*. He never by any chance takes one entirely into his confidence, and in this first book of his he revels in every opportunity of mystification and effect. The cynicism is without doubt exaggerated; his satire, keen as Voltaire's own, is given rein until it becomes mere burlesque in the description of the Grand Duke of Johannisberger and his bibulous cronies. The hero's boundless ambition—or, at least, his unscrupulous methods of advancing it—which make the first by far the most fascinating portion of the book, are perhaps equally overdrawn—so far, that is, as they are intended to portray qualities in the author himself. They represent pretty accurately the Disraeli his bitterest opponents would have us believe him to be, but which, in the bald outline indicated here, he never became. All of which exaggeration, of course, is due mainly to the author's youth and to the purposes of self-advertisement for which the book was written. The hero's savage cynicism is capriciously dropped after the crisis which drives him from England to adventures of an entirely different kind abroad. The Vivian Grey who fawns on Carabas is by no means the same

individual who at the agonised request of Lady Trevor saves her brother from the aristocratic card-sharpers, and magnanimously forgives the penitent Baron. Each is an incarnate version of one side of Disraeli's character—as complex as any this most complex age has produced. Each may, in some degree, be traced to his youthful adoration of Byron; "wild, melancholy young men" were the rage in the *salons* of the Blessington and Count d'Orsay. The cynicism—Jewish, and of a kind with Heine's, says Mr. Bryce—was fostered by Byronism, while the sentiment was of the latter's *school* altogether. There is one peculiarly Oriental characteristic, however—the love of magnificence and display, and hence of society and its doings in general. Not the fair Madame Carolina's rival, Von Chronicle himself, could have described with more enthusiasm for detail the fancy ball "of the period of Charles V.," which fills so many pages of the last book. It is almost the only trait of which Disraeli himself seems to be unconscious—hence an added charm.

In spite of all apparent lack of cohesion in various divisions of the book, "Vivian Grey" leaves with one a very definite impression. It is expressed, I think, most admirably in the last paragraph of Book I. After a whole chapter of moralising addressed by Grey the elder to his ambitious offspring, touching in airy manner on Education, on Wealth and on Life, he concludes: "For, O my son, the wisest has said, 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent'; then, without a break, 'Let us step into Clarke's, and take an ice!' A touch, surely, which fulfils all Mr. Watts-Dunton's requirements for a piece of Absolute Humour.

J. FRANK HORRABIN.

THE MONTHLY PRIZE COMPETITION will in future be discontinued.

The Bridgewater House Gallery.

ONLY a small proportion of the crowds that flock annually to the exhibition of the Royal Academy ever think of turning aside to visit the smaller collection in the Diploma Gallery, which contains several masterpieces of the first rank. Fewer still are those who have taken advantage of the generous permission of successive owners since the beginning of the nineteenth century to see the treasures of Bridgewater House, not a quarter of a mile away, which among private collections are almost unique.

Bridgewater House has long been famous among the great galleries of the world in virtue of the pictures attributed to Raphael and Titian, which form its most notable possessions. In these days, of course, the fame of Raphael has been somewhat dimmed, and modern criticism has proved conclusively that many of the masterpieces attributed to him for centuries are the work of his hand only in part, if at all. The star of Titian, on the contrary, has been rising steadily all the while, and now occupies a paramount position among our artistic constellations. Thus the inclusion of no less than five pictures attributed to Titian, of which four at least rank high as masterpieces even among Titian's masterpieces, would in itself be enough to make the Bridgewater collection worth a special pilgrimage.

Yet the Titians, though they are the chief glory of Bridgewater House, are not its only claim to

consequence. Most of the great painters of Italy other than the primitives are represented by fine pictures, while the series of works by the Dutch masters is of surpassing variety and excellence. So high is the average of the gallery that two fine portraits by Reynolds, a great sea-piece by Turner, and a charming landscape by Gainsborough—which in any less carefully chosen collection would at once arrest the attention—appear in the Bridgewater House to be no more than a fitting supplement to the magnificent array of paintings by the great Continental masters.

Mr. Lionel Cust, in his introduction to the huge volume just issued by Messrs. Constable, gives an account of the extraordinary succession of accidents owing to which the collection was formed. The story will bear re-telling. The first Duke of Bridgewater was no collector, but chanced when dining with his nephew, then Earl Gower, to see and admire a picture which the latter had picked up for a small sum at a broker's shop that morning. "You must take me," said the Duke, "to that d——d fellow to-morrow." From this small beginning was developed apparently the taste for buying pictures which led to the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery.

This incident was followed by an amazing stroke of good fortune. The well-known "Philippe Egalité," Duc d'Orléans, had inherited the famous Orléans collection, the nucleus of which was the collection of Queen Christina of Sweden. For political and private reasons he was in need of money, and to get it disposed of his Italian and French pictures to a banker at Brussels, who in turn sold them to a M. Laborde. On the outbreak of the Revolution M. Laborde fled to England with his collection. Later he returned to France, was recognised, and fell a victim to the guillotine. His pictures, however, remained in London and, through the agency of Mr. Michael Bryan, the well-known expert, were purchased on behalf of the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, for the sum of £43,000.

Having obtained this splendid collection for such an absurdly small sum, the three noblemen selected a certain proportion of it for themselves and offered the rest for sale by private treaty. The result of this sale was surprising. The pictures which the three noblemen did not think worth keeping fetched the sum of £41,000—that is to say, they acquired their collections for next to nothing. Moreover, this residue contained such paintings as "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastiano del Piombo, the "Rape of Europa," and apparently the "Perseus and Andromeda," by Titian, with many other famous pictures. Such is the story of the foundation of the Bridgewater House Gallery.

The volume published by Messrs. Constable must of necessity appeal to a limited audience, since only a rich man could afford the fifty guineas which it costs. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a magnificent series of plates has ever been published before. The photographs by Mr. Bourke are of an excellence so unusual as to make the study of these reproductions hardly less profitable than seeing their originals. Those who are acquainted with the processes of photography and photogravure will know their disadvantages as well as their advantages. It may be doubted, however, whether the disadvantages have ever before been minimised to the degree that they are minimised in this publication. Time after time one is forcibly struck by the perfect rendering not only of texture, tone and handling, but also by the suggestion of colour which the prints convey, a suggestion especially difficult in the

case of the great Venetians, whose glowing and complex harmonies place their pictures among the most difficult things which the camera has to render.

It is impossible to keep the eye in training without some constant exercise in the presence of good pictures, and among the scholarly and sumptuous works of reference which have been issued it would be hard to name any single one of such consistent and exceptional value. The only cause for regret that the reader may have is the shortness of Mr. Lionel Cust's notes. They are always sound and admirable criticism, but we think most readers of the book would be glad if he had made them two or three times their present length.

C. J. H.

Correspondence

Sound Sleep

SIR,—In your issue of February 4 one of your correspondents says (re "earlids" in Dr. Saleeby's article) that "most of us enjoy but the thin sleep of the semi-invalid," and suggests that normally sound sleep is impervious (more or less) to shocks of sound. But do not most animals sleep so lightly that they are awakened by sounds that we do not hear?

May not the "soundness" of human sleep, then, be part of that sense-degeneracy which is part of the price we have paid for the evolution of certain of our more purely human characteristics.—Yours, &c.

J. W. HOME.

"Religion for all Mankind"

SIR,—If I may venture a question in connection with your notice of a book I have not read, by an author I know only by name (Rev. Charles Voysey), I might arrive at a better understanding of your critic's allusion to the following quotations made by him as "essentially contradictory theses." He says the author "has undertaken to provide a religion for all mankind based upon facts that are never in dispute," his second quotation being as follows: "It is the right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion." Where is the contradiction? Though the "facts" be actually such as are never in dispute, far otherwise, it would already appear, is it held to be likely with the religion based upon them. The first words quoted are perfectly consistent with those that follow, should a man prefer to base his own views on all or any of numberless points that are very much in dispute, and on which he may both claim the "right," and perform the "duty," of thinking for himself.—Yours, &c.

W. L.

Tolstoy's Sevastopol

SIR,—Apropos of the review in your issue of February 4, may I draw attention to a little-known article which, recalling the sensations he had lived through during the siege, Tolstoy wrote many years after the Crimean War was over? It was too strongly worded for the censor, and consequently is not included in any Russian edition of Tolstoy's works. I do not find it in the volume, lately issued, containing Professor Wiener's version of "Sevastopol," nor did I myself know of its existence when my wife and I first translated that work; but it is included in our sixpenny edition of "Sevastopol and other Stories," which appeared in 1903. That, I think, is the only edition of Tolstoy's works in which it has as yet been printed, though it well deserves to be read as a preface or a pendant to the Sevastopol sketches.

Another matter deserving mention is the unfortunate mistake Professor Wiener has made by including passages Tolstoy has repudiated, and which he requested me to omit from our version. "This epic of Sevastopol, of which the Russian nation was the hero, will long leave grand traces in Russia," is one instance of the clap-trap which a Russian editor found it necessary to introduce to mollify the censor, but which it is a great pity to continue to reproduce after Tolstoy has publicly disowned it.—Yours, &c.

AYLMER MAUDE.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

GENEVIVUS, speaking of Hamlet, says: "His conversation with her [Ophelia] is equivocal, and not as Romeo, Bassanio, or even Proteus have spoken with their beloved ones," but he does not draw any conclusion from it. Professor Dowden refers to the passages in question in even stronger terms, "half-ambiguous obscurities," but treats the incident as merely casual. Dr. Conolly, writing from the medical point of view, does not mention it. That indecency is one of the surest symptoms of mental derangement Shakespeare was, of course, well aware; witness Ophelia's songs—it did not need Goethe's injurious suggestion to account for them—certain passages in Lear also, with his wish for an ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination. I shall be glad to know if this note of degeneration has been taken into account in the endeavour to determine Shakespeare's intention in the character of Hamlet.—S.C. (Ealing).

LITERATURE.

HUDIBRISTIC RHYMES.—Are there any examples of "Hudibrastic" rhymes in English verse before the publication of "Hudibras"?—E. J. Ludlow (Edinburgh).

HOLY ASIA.—In the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus the Chorus speaks of "the inhabitants of holy Asia." Why does Æschylus call the land of the barbarians "holy"?—E.S. (Nottingham).

* SAINT CHARLES.—"Saint Charles!" exclaimed Thackeray one day, as he finished reading once more the original of one of Lamb's letters to Bernard Barton. These words are from Canon Alinger's Preface to the Eversley "Elia." Can any reader give the authority for the story?—G.S.R. (Burnley).

* EAGRE—EAGOR.—Dryden, in his "Threnodia Augustalis," speaks of the tide-wave as the "Eagre" ("the Eagre rose in triumph o'er the tide"), and Camden speaks of the bore of the Severn as the "Eagre." Is there any ground for connecting this term with the Anglo-Saxon "Eagor," a word frequently used in *Beowulf* for the sea?—E.H.W.-B. (Hove).

KIPLING'S NORNS.

When the Conchimarion horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies,
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to eternity
All yesterday's modernity: . . .

Kipling, *Files* ("Five Nations").

Does this mean that the newspaper columns (the Norns) fix for all eternity the faded fancies of yesterday? And is it correct to figure the fies, which only register doings, as Norns, who were, I understand, fate-spinners? They made history, not reported it. Are their Conchimarion horns derived from *conch*, meaning "shell"? has the word ever been used before? and is there any authority for it in Norse literature? Lastly, is "reboantic" from the Latin (or English) *re-boo*, meaning to yah-yah mockingly, and antic? And has that word been used before?—John Bland.

DIOTREPHES AND HIS ANAPASTA.—"Married at last! Has Diogenes found his Anapsia?" cried Claude (from Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," Chapter xv.). I presume that in this allusion Diogenes stands for a confirmed misogynist, and Anapsia for a typical charmer, as the name implies: but one would expect Pericles rather than Diogenes in connection with the name of Anapsia. Is there any romance in which Diogenes and Anapsia figure? I can find no light on this point in any works of reference.—K.C.B.

THOMAS MOORE AND BRAHMANISM.—In the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in the song beginning "A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh," the eyes of this "Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss" are described as resembling—

Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

What authority had Moore for this description? In C. F. Volney's "Ruins" a note on Brahmanism cites Chatter Neadirsan as saying: "Brahma has the eyes of the lotus to denote his intelligence; his eyes swim over everything, like the flower of the lotus on the waters." Brahma was certainly recognised by the Vedic poets as the highest cosmical principle, the primary source of the universe, the other members of the Hindu Trinity being Vishnu and Shiva. The existence of other gods is recognised, but in a very different way from that of the trinitarian divinity: the office of the God of Love is held by Kamadeva, also called Ananaka (the bodiless), because, as the myth relates, having once tried by the power of his mischievous arrow to make Shiva fall in love with Parvati whilst he was engaged in devotional practices, the urehin was reduced to ashes by a glance of the angry god. There is a figure of Brahma, four-faced, on a lotus in the cave of Elephantia Isle.—C.R.W.

NOVELISTS.—Speaking of novelists Balsac says: "La nature s'est, de tout temps, permis d'être plus forte qu'eux." Is this merely a variation of the familiar theme, "Truth is stranger than fiction"? Or does Balsac mean that real characters are more vivid than the creations of the novelist's art, as the actual colours of the sky (according to Ruskin) are incomparably brighter than the artificial colours on the painter's palette?—*Student*.

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

HOLD OR CUT BOWSTRINGS.—Whether this phrase was originated in, and intended to mean, "in any event" is not quite clear. It is probable that the word bowstring was used figuratively to mean the bow itself—to cut—i.e. meaning to draw. The bow would therefore, of course, be to shoot, which would mean deliberate action on the bowman's part; and to explain the use of the expression in the quotation given by your correspondent—

Quince. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough! Hold or cut bowstrings.

Shakespeare alludes to this: "He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him" ("Much Ado," III. ii.).—*K.S. (Bristol)*.

MONEY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.—£130 per an. is too low for the poet's prosperous day, when he was reputed to "spend at the rate of £1,000 per annum"; the smaller sum could not include his professional earnings, viz., as property man, dramatist under contract, and actor; very probably his shares in the company were worth £600 as invested capital. In 1597 he bought the "great house" in Stratford, £60 down, and subsequent additions. In the same year he was rated at £5 for his residence in Bishopsgate, then paying 13s. 4d. (a mark). In 1604-5 his tithe rent purchase of £60 per annum cost £440; in 1612-3 he paid £140 for a house in Blackfriars.

Then, £5 x 8 = £40 present currency.

13s. 4d. x 8 = 5 "

£60 x 8 = 480 "

140 x 8 = 1,120 "

440 x 8 = 3,520 "

600 x 8 = 4,800 "

Here we mix capital and income, for the details are merely selected, not fully extended.—*A. Hall*.

WARWICKSHIRE.—In your issue of December 31, 1904, "E. S., Edinburgh," answers "F. T.'s" question as to whether there are sufficient dialectal peculiarities in Shakespeare's plays upon which to base an argument for a Warwickshire origin for said plays. He says "No," and adds that Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, produced 518 words from the plays which he claimed were Warwickshire words, but that not one of them is peculiar to Warwickshire. This proves nothing against Dr. Morgan's assertion that the plays contained Warwickshireisms, nor against his proposition that their presence pointed to a Warwickshirean authorship of the plays, especially as the question Dr. Morgan was discussing was as to whether Shakespeare (a native of Warwickshire, where that dialect was spoken) was the author of the plays, as against (for example) Bacon, who was not a Warwickshire man, whatever else he might have been. Doubtless Warwickshire vocabularies, like all other vocabularies, had origins, and very probably, they were used in other shires besides Warwickshire. "E. S." might as well say that the Italian language was not really Italian because every syllable in it had a Latin origin. Dr. Morgan's "Glossary," by the way, was a *propos* of a study of the puns in the plays, and of his attempt (which seems to me a successful one) to show that these puns depended upon Warwickshire vowel pronunciations, which are unusually arbitrary, for their intelligibility.—*H. McC. (Newmarket)*.

"LADY OF THE STRACHY."—This passage is a problem which has never yet received an entirely satisfactory solution. Hunter has suggested that in the scene between Sir Topas and Malvolio, Shakespeare is ridiculing the exorcisms by the Puritan ministers in the case of a family name Strachy (1596-99), and therefore introduces the word *Strachy* as a hint to the audience of what is to follow. Unlike his contemporaries, Shakespeare is certainly sparing of allusions to the Precians (cf. Ben Jonson), who were one of the staple butts of playhouse wit at this time. Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. Other suggestions are "Strozzi," "Stracci," and "Stratarch."—*F.W.T. (Dudley)*.

LADY OF STRACHY.—See "Strathy," river and parish, Sutherland; *ch* and *th* are convertible, as in Strachan, Strahan, for Strath-aven. This points to a Scottish origin for the anecdote cited in "Twelfth Night," ii. 5; that "the Lady of the Strachy married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe." Now, the notorious James Hay, who became Earl of Carlisle, was in the "Wardrobe" under James I.; he started as a Court favourite, and by royal patronage, married a great heiress and baroness, named Lady Honora Denny, whose father was Earl of Norwich. Here we must postulate a change of designation, just like the substitution of Falstaff for Baron Oldcastle, to avoid censure. There is a family of baronets named Strachey, but their annals supply no explanation of the passage cited from Shakespeare.—*A. Hall*.

"STRACHY."—A word of doubtful form and meaning, occurring only in "the passage quoted," while in earlier editions it is italicised as a title or proper name. It seems possible to have been an historical reference to an incident which occurred in the Twelfth Night revels at Holyrood, where Mary Fleming, maid to Mary Queen of Scots, was chosen Queen of Twelfth Night, 1563.—*Edith Philip*.

LITERATURE.

THE RELAXED BOW.—The following story is told of Æson by Phædrus (III. xiv.): The sage was discovered playing "nuts" with a crowd of children, and consequently incurred the ridicule of a passer-by. Thereupon, by way of rebuke, he placed a relaxed bow in the middle of the road, asking the scoffer to explain the point of the action. The latter was nonplussed, and Æson gave his own explanation. "You will soon break your bow," he said, "if you always keep it taut. So you ought at times to allow your mind recreation, that it may return to you better fitted for thought."—*M.D.*

* BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Darwin was not the first in the field of evolution; there were evolutionists before his time. Not only Browning's "Paracelsus" (1835), but Tennyson's "In Memoriam" (1850), abound in evolutionary terms. Darwin's first book, "The Origin of Species" (1859), gave to evolutionists a definite theory of evolution. See Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley" for further information.—*T.H.A.*

"EOTHEN."—Further replies received from *Harmatopogon*; *C.R.W. (Hornsey)*; *G.S.R. (Burnley)*; *M.S.: S.B. (Malvern)*; *H. D. Barclay*; *D. Davies* (Clapton); and *H.H.F. (Eastbourne)*.

"AN ARMY OF BROWN-BELL MEN."—The brown-bell was a kind of halbert used in the days before foot soldiers carried muskets. The marks and stains of combat were highly valued in medieval times, and no fighter cared to

keep his weapon bright, and thus remove the witness to his skill and prowess. Old ballads make mention of "brown brand," "brown blade," or, like Chaucer, "rusty blade." In Marlowe's "Edward II." (III. ii.) are the lines:

Lo with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targetiers, four hundred strong.

—*S.C. (Hove)*.

WRITER'S "ETYMOLOGICUM MAGNUM."—Only one part of this work appeared, printed at Cambridge, 1800. The author appears to have abandoned the work in favour of another, with the title "Etymologicum Universale," or universal etymological dictionary on a new plan . . . with illustrations drawn from various languages . . . the Celtic dialects, Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, Breton, etc. Vols. I-II. Cambridge University Press, 1811-1822. Quarto.—*John Ballinger*.

KALEWALA.—The story of Aino is only touched upon in this epic, but there is an excellent collection of Finnish legends, translated from the original "Kalewala" by John Martin Crawford, and compiled by J. O. Brown, LL.D., published in 1892 by Kegan Paul & Co.—*M.S. (Bookham)*.

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Darwin's originality does not consist in the theory of evolution, which, in its modern form, found its first exponent in Herbert Spencer, some years before the appearance of "The Origin of Species," but in the precise method by which, according to him, biological evolution was actually brought about. Hints and adumbrations of this method had been put forth from time to time, but A. Russell Wallace alone contests with Darwin priority in the epoch-making discovery, as based upon elaborate research.—*R. Bruce Bonwell*.

BROWNING AND DARWIN.—Evolution was not discovered by Darwin; see "Pioneers of Evolution," from Thales to Huxley, by Edward Clodd; not only Browning's "Paracelsus," but Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which was published nine years before Darwin's "Origin of Species," abounds with evolution.—*T.H.A.*

THE RELAXED BOW.—It is improbable that the originator of the comparison of a relaxed bow with the beneficial effect of mental rest can be found. When bows and arrows were the familiar weapons, every one would know, not that a bow gains strength by being relaxed, but that if it is kept strung up for any length of time both the bow and the string lose some of their tendency to return to their original position and length. The cohesive power of their particles tends to become exhausted; hence the propulsive power, which depends upon this, is lessened. A violinist does not leave his bow "strung up" for a long interval. The obvious parallel that attention becomes weaker if the demand upon it is unduly prolonged must have occurred to thinkers at a very early period.—*S.C. (Hove)*.

LIONS' SKINS.—"We sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto virtue" suggests an allusion to the legend that Hercules, having slain the Nemean lion, wore its hide. Taken with the context, the inspiring idea is that great difficulties overcome are an aid and an incentive to attempt further achievement. In Tennyson's

Men may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things

is a variant of the same idea.—*S.C. (Hove)*.

"LEARNED HEATHEN."—The passage referred to by John Wesley is from the so-called "Longinus" on the Sublime, ix. 9: "Similarly, the legislator of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed and expressed a worthy conception of the might of the Godhead, writes at the very beginning of his Laws: 'God said—' What? 'Let there be light, and there was light; let there be land, and there was land.' The authenticity of the passage has often been doubted, but needlessly. (See pp. 251ff. in Rhys Roberts's edition.)—*Methodist*.

"THE LEARNED HEATHEN" referred to by Wesley was Longinus, who, in his "Treatise on the Sublime," Chapter VII., after quoting some lines from the Iliad exhibiting the majesty of the gods, proceeds (I quote from Birlan's Translation): "Ainsi le législateur des Juifs, qui n'était pas un homme ordinaire, ayant fort bien conçu la grandeur et la puissance de Dieu, l'a exprimée dans tout sa dignité au commencement de ses lois, par ces paroles: Dieu dit: 'Que la lumière se fasse, et la lumière se fit; que la terre se fasse et la terre fut faite.'"—*T.F.J. (Greenock)*.

GENERAL.

* NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.—This phrase undoubtedly had its origin in the "Conscience" Clause, first introduced into the Endowed Schools Act of 1860. In 1863 the Clause was extended for the benefit of Dissenters from the Church, that their children should be exempted from any religious teaching their parents objected to and from attendance at the Established Church. This was an essential provision of the great Education Act of 1870.—*K.S. (Bristol)*.

TIB'S EVE (ST.). NEVER.—St. Tibs is supposed to be a corruption of St. Ubes. There is no such saint in the Calendar; and therefore St. Tib's Eve fell neither before nor after New Year's Day. This phrase is similar to a "week of two Thursdays," "once in a blue moon," and its origin is doubtful.—*K.S. (Bristol)*.

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—The legend runs that when Bishop Remicus built Lincoln Cathedral the devil tried to prevent him, and would have killed him had not the Blessed Virgin Mary sent a mighty rushing wind, which made the devil take refuge in the church, where he remains through fear of the wind. We are told that the devil naturally "looked upon the building of the Cathedral with a sour and malicious countenance. From whence they deduced a proverb to express the ill aspect of envious and malicious men at such good things as they don't like." "He looks as the devil over Lincoln."—"Lincolnshire," p. 1441, 1719.—*R. B. Appleton*.

ST. EULALIA.—The story of St. Eulalia, of Merida, is told by Prudentius. At the time of the publication of the Edict of Diocletian (303 A.D.) Eulalia, a child of twelve, went to the Prefect and reproached him for his persecutions of the Christians. She was immediately seized, and required to make offerings to the idol, with the alternative of being tortured to death. She trod upon the offerings, overthrew the idol, and spat upon the judge. As she was dying under torture a white dove issued from her mouth and flew to heaven. She is buried at Merida, in the province of Badajoz, Spain.—*E.C.E. (Irvington, New York)*.

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Notes

FOR its Sunday evening gatherings The Playgoers' Club has been getting recently a more lively kind of lecturer than it used to be content with, and on Sunday night Mr. Frank Harris delivered an oration that was literary rather than dramatic. His theme was Shakespeare, and with characteristic modesty he declared that to an English audience William was an unknown poet. No one, we are given to infer, except Mr. Frank Harris, had been able to read the poet's life in his works. The deliverance had at least the merit of being extremely interesting, Mr. Harris ingeniously extracting a biography from the works of Shakespeare. For example, the poet's departure from Stratford was described as the result of his matrimonial troubles, and the poem "Venus and Adonis," which he carried in his pocket, as a glorified description of the boredom of a golden youth under the blandishments of an old woman.

MANY passages were cited from the plays for the purpose of showing that William Shakespeare lived a life of spiritual struggle and unrest. He was, so to say, Hamlet all through the piece. The gaiety and lightness of his early plays gradually passed away and left nothing but gloom and blackness behind. It was only by a supreme effort that he plucked up sufficient spirit to write his final comedy, "The Tempest," with its sad and tragic epilogue. The Shakespearean theme of two kings—one of whom was the usurper and in possession, the other the rightful heir—was also given a personal application as though Shakespeare, by divine right king of his contemporaries, had been dethroned in favour of the fashionable poets of the hour. It was an ingenious essay, and whatever might be the opinion of the audience in regard to its soundness, there could be no dispute as to its being thoughtful and suggestive.

CONVOCATION at Oxford has accepted Mr. Alfred Beit's munificent offer of £1,310 a year for seven years for the maintenance of a Professor of Colonial History with appendages in the form of lecturers, prizes, and books. If at the end of the seven years the endowment proves of advantage to the University, Mr. Beit proposes to make it permanent. According to the Provost of Oriel, this is by far the largest gift that has been made to the University for a very long time; and it appears to have had the additional advantage of having been made by a man of business in a business form, which includes not only present certainty, but room for future modification.

THE Bodleian Library is to be congratulated on recovering its lost copy of the first folio Shakespeare. The copy was sent to the Bodleian, as the discussion at the Bibliographical Society this week showed, from the Stationers' Company, under an agreement of 1611, on February 17, 1624. But the Library Catalogue contained only the third edition of 1674. The book, once chained and apparently much read by graduates, disappeared. Thirty years ago it was offered to a large English library for opinion, and some vandal advised that it should be rebound. But the old binding was still in existence, and that, with the chain-marks on it and the threading and arrangement of the leaves, proved the genuineness of the volume.

AN interesting detail is the observation of what plays were most read between 1624 and the Civil Wars. The most worn play was "Romeo and Juliet"; and then, in order, "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "King Henry IV." (Part I.), "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tempest," and "Hamlet." The last clearly did not hold then the position it has won since, while "Julius Cæsar" has dropped behind.

HARVARD College Library has had the good fortune and the enterprise to secure from a German bookseller a copy of a poem, hitherto supposed lost, by Samuel Rowlands. The only thing known about the poem before this discovery was the entry in the Stationers' Register, May 22, 1617: "Master Pauier. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Tauernor and both the wardens, A Poeme, intituled The Bride, written by Samuel Rowlande." The volume is a small quarto, and the poem, which is in Rowlands' favourite six-line stanza, is a discourse and dialogue for and against marriage by a bride and her friends. When the book has been published in facsimile, it will, no doubt, be clear that the poem claims descent from the many Italian works of the same kind which are reflected in much of our Elizabethan and Jacobean literature; notably in "Much Ado about Nothing."

IN consequence of the death of Arnold Glover, the publication of the first two volumes of the edition of the text of Beaumont and Fletcher, upon which he was at work for the syndics at Cambridge University Press, will be somewhat delayed. They will be issued as soon as possible, completed by A. R. Waller, who will be responsible for the remaining volumes of the edition.

WRITING in the "North American Review" Mr. William Roscoe Thayer makes as frank an appeal as we have seen for a return to the old view of history. Twenty years ago the writer who dared to hint that the great man was of any importance in the history of the world would have been held a bad philosopher. Now the pendulum is swinging back. We are all a little tired of the talk of tendencies, movements, and so forth, and the stiff, logical formulæ of the "scientific" historian; and are coming to see once more that the great men are not "negligible quantities," as some phlegmatic person declared of Napoleon, but the real, the vital forces at work on the world.

It is impossible, continues Mr. Thayer, to explain the great men, in Taine's fashion, so easily from the "moment" and the "environment." "The epoch of Romanticism of course produced Romanticists," writes Mr. Thayer; "Keats was so indisputably a product of his time and conditions—have we not every-day proof that the sons of stablemen take to reading 'The Faerie Queene' and classical mythology, and to writing exquisite poetry?" And again: these doctrinaires "pick out certain elements in Dante's time, let us say, and frame them into a machine which could not help making Dante; and then they triumphantly assure us that they have 'accounted for Dante.'" But, were their logic sound, the machine ought to have produced "nothing but Dantes, a whole population of Dantes."

MR. THAYER, therefore, prophesies. "We stand on the threshold of a new era, in which the individual shall be magnified as he never was before." What is the whole story of modern scientific and commercial progress but the story of the glorification of the individual? For the man of birth and position we have substituted, or are substituting, the man of brains and character. The future of biography is assured so far as material goes, for, as Mr. Thayer says, great men will be more frequent than of old; but what of the biographers? To judge from the specimens recently published (and they are many), the prospect is not so bright in that quarter.

It is never fair to judge a man by his after-dinner speeches, particularly when he is the guest of the evening; but Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's remarks at the Authors' Club this week showed both confusion of thought and a little humorous misstatement of fact. It is true, no doubt, that the drama is nowadays too exclusively concerned with Park Lane and Belgravia; but what is true of the drama is not true of modern fiction. More than ever before, our fiction is interested in the middle-classes; and to mention George Eliot and Dickens as examples of better things prevailing in the past is to overlook the fact that, were they living now, they would be far less exceptional in their choice of material than they were then.

WHEN Mr. Jerome indulges in the inevitable sneer of the popular author at the "superior critic" who had accused him of belonging to the middle classes, he clearly misses the point of that critic's remark. The middle classes to which he assigned Mr. Jerome were (if he had any right to the title of superior) not the social but the intellectual middle classes. The critic's quarrel with Mr. Jerome is that, being a man of great ability, he consistently prefers to appeal to a lower order of mind, to the middle-class intellect. And every critic who fails to prove himself "superior" by refusing to be put off

with the second-best or third-best, is simply failing in his duty to literature and to the public, whose taste it is his privilege to aid, however humbly, in purifying.

THE second number of a new monthly magazine, "The Dickensian," which is published for the Dickens Fellowship, contains a notice of "Oliver Twist" that appeared in "The Monthly Review" for January, 1839. It is a piece of very sound criticism. The writer puts his finger gently on a number of weak spots. The tale, he says, consists rather of a succession of sketches than of a cunningly-conceived plot, "or a progressively arresting tale, where each chapter enchains the attention, not only with a sustained, but increasing power." There is too much in it of muscular agony, more of the horrible than the awful and grand.

Boz revels, continues the critic, "while painting low or degraded nature, among objects, which, unless merely subservient to finer and higher elements equally well drawn and finished, never can awaken our nobler sympathies, nor prime and invigorate the wings of these awakened sensibilities." There, and in a good deal more to the same effect, speak the thirties, with their quaint views of the relation of art to morals, and their rigid ideas of what was and was not proper material for the artist.

BUT the article is full of discriminating comment, of a kind that has been too little used by critics of Dickens. On the opposite page, for instance, of the same number, we find Mr. J. W. T. Ley, in an appreciative notice of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's excellent little book on Dickens, finding fault with him, as it seems, for being temperate in opinion, and daring to keep his head in the presence of the idol.

A VERY interesting article in the "Hampstead Annual for 1904-5" concerns Canon Ainger. Ainger was fond of Hampstead, where he had spent much of his childhood, and where he lived from 1876 to 1895. The writer of the article remembers his play, "Midas," which was performed at Carlton Hill in 1851, with Charles Dickens in the cast; and in 1868 Ainger began that long series of Shakespeare readings which won him even more renown among his friends than his literary successes. Each play took two or three evenings, the reading lasting about an hour and a half.

THE flexible beauty of Ainger's voice, his scholarship, and his vivid imagination made these readings a rare pleasure. Passion and grace, innocence and turpitude, the elfin gaiety of Oberon and the broad comedy of Bottom all seem to have come at will to Ainger's tongue. It is a little surprising to those who never heard him read to learn that his finest part of all was—Falstaff!

MR. DAVID NUTT has ceased to issue "The Modern Language Quarterly." The publication is to be split into two parts to meet two divergent streams of opinion in the Modern Language Association. The learned section is still to have its Quarterly under the editorship of Professor Robertson. The members who are schoolmasters—not, it is hoped, an unlearned section—are to have a paper issued eight or nine times a year under the title of "Modern Language Teaching," published by Messrs. Black and edited by Professor Rippmann. Every member of the Association will receive both publications.

MR. JAMES STEAD EDINGTON has left to his native town of North Shields his whole collection of engravings of the British and foreign schools. The Turners are stated to be exceptionally complete; and Cruikshank, Leech, Hogarth, Bewick, and Rowlandson are also well represented.

Bibliographical

THE "Original Letters, &c., of Sir James Falstaff and his Friends," which we reviewed in our issue of February 11, were first published anonymously in 1796 and reissued in 1797, and a reprint was published in 1877, that reprint and the present, too, perhaps, owing their existence rather to the association of the book with Elia than to its inherent value. Another book dealing with the fat knight that might be worth reprinting is "The Life of Sir John Falstaff," by Robert B. Brough (1857-8). This work has not the literary interest of White's "Falstaff Letters," but it has a specially attractive feature in twenty admirable etchings by George Cruikshank, illustrating the life and adventures of Sir John. Originally published in monthly parts, and as a volume on its completion, this work has never been reprinted.

It is announced, I notice, that Professor W. W. Skeat is to follow up his modernised versions of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in the King's Classics, with a modernised "Vision of Piers Plowman." If such works are to be "modernised," Professor Skeat is the man best fitted for the task, for he has for forty years been a student of Piers Plowman; he has already published "Parallel Extracts from Twenty-nine MSS. of Piers Plowman" — Early English Text Society — (1866); "Pierce the Ploughman's Creed" (1867); "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman" — Clarendon Press Series — (1869, sixth edition 1891); and completed his series of "Parallel Texts" in 1886. Professor Skeat's new version will, I believe, be in the old metre; we already have a version of "Langland's Vision of Piers the Plowman" done into modern prose by Miss Kate M. Warren (1895, second edition 1899).

The success of the Temple Classics and the World's Classics seems to have inspired some publishers with a desire to keep on "going one better" in the pleasant game of cheapening good books. Each season sees new series entered upon, and now we are promised three competing series of "classics" at sixpence per volume. The latest announcement at this price is of the Cameo Classics, in which we are to be given cloth-bound books averaging 256 pages apiece, and in which, it seems, no classic is to be included that cannot be brought within the Procrustean compass of a single volume of that size. The new series is apparently to interpret the term "classics" in a wider sense than its competitors, for it is to include works to which some of us would scarcely feel inclined to give that honourable appellation, such as Lytton's "Eugene Aram," Griffin's "Colleen Bawn," and Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter." Earlier series—the Temple Classics, the Thin Paper Classics, and others—maintain their high position by only including works to which the name may fitly be applied. Popular fiction might well be reissued under another series-title. A reader who studies the output of works in these series of reprints cannot but be amazed at the way in which certain works are reissued apparently with but very little regard to the number of editions of them already on the market.

A new edition of Edward FitzGerald's "Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances" has been published during the past week. First published anonymously in 1852, a separate reprint of this was issued by Messrs. Methuen in 1903, and it is also obtainable in a volume of FitzGerald's "Miscellanies," in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series and in Routledge's Universal Library. "I doubt it will be but a losing affair," wrote the author just after the first publication of his little book. Yet little more than half a century after he wrote those words there are four cheap editions of it from which readers may make their choice.

The late General Lewis Wallace, or "Lew" Wallace as he abbreviated himself on his title-pages, in accordance with an American custom, was mainly known in England by one story. "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ" was published just a quarter of a century ago, and in those five and twenty years sixteen firms have published here two dozen issues of the story, representing a huge output. Lew Wallace's first story was hailed in England by the leading critical journals as one of the most powerful historical novels of its day, and it also has appeared in several English editions, though it cannot be said to have vied in popularity with "Ben Hur." The following is a list of his books: "The Fair God; or, the Last of the Tzins: a Tale of the Conquest of Mexico" (1873); "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ" (1880); "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888); "Life of General Benjamin Harrison" (1888); "The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell" (1895); "The Wooing of Malkatoon (a poem) and Commodus (a drama)" (1898).

WALTER JERROLD.

The Decay of Essay-writing.

THE spread of education and the necessity which haunts us to impart what we have acquired have led, and will lead still further, to some startling results. We read of the over-burdened British Museum—how even its appetite for printed matter flags, and the monster pleads that it can swallow no more. This public crisis has long been familiar in private houses. One member of the household is almost officially deputed to stand at the hall door with flaming sword and do battle with the invading armies. Tracts, pamphlets, advertisements, gratuitous copies of magazines, and the literary productions of friends come by post, by van, by messenger—come at all hours of the day and fall in the night, so that the morning breakfast-table is fairly snowed up with them.

This age has painted itself more faithfully than any other in a myriad of clever and conscientious though not supremely great works of fiction; it has tried seriously to liven the faded colours of bygone ages; it has delved industriously with spade and axe in the rubbish-heaps and ruins; and, so far, we can only applaud our use of pen and ink. But if you have a monster like the British public to feed, you will try to tickle its stale palate in new ways; fresh and amusing shapes must be given to the old commodities—for we really have nothing so new to say that it will not fit into one of the familiar forms. So we confine ourselves to no one literary medium; we try to be new by being old; we revive mystery-plays and affect an archaic accent; we deck ourselves in the fine raiment of an embroidered style; we cast off all clothing and disport ourselves nakedly. In short, there is no end to our devices, and at this very moment probably some ingenious youth

is concocting a fresh one which, be it ever so new, will grow stale in its turn. If there are thus an infinite variety of fashions in the external shapes of our wares, there are a certain number—naturally not so many—of wares that are new in substance and in form which we have either invented or very much developed. Perhaps the most significant of these literary inventions is the invention of the personal essay. It is true that it is at least as old as Montaigne, but we may count him the first of the moderns. It has been used with considerable frequency since his day, but its popularity with us is so immense and so peculiar that we are justified in looking upon it as something of our own—typical, characteristic, a sign of the times which will strike the eye of our great-great-grandchildren. Its significance, indeed, lies not so much in the fact that we have attained any brilliant success in essay-writing—no one has approached the essays of Elia—but in the undoubted facility with which we write essays as though this were beyond all others our natural way of speaking. The peculiar form of an essay implies a peculiar substance; you can say in this shape what you cannot with equal fitness say in any other. A very wide definition obviously must be that which will include all the varieties of thought which are suitably enshrined in essays; but perhaps if you say that an essay is essentially egoistical you will not exclude many essays and you will certainly include a portentous number. Almost all essays begin with a capital I—"I think," "I feel"—and when you have said that, it is clear that you are not writing history or philosophy or biography or anything but an essay, which may be brilliant or profound, which may deal with the immortality of the soul, or the rheumatism in your left shoulder, but is primarily an expression of personal opinion.

We are not—there is, alas! no need to prove it—more subject to ideas than our ancestors; we are not, I hope, in the main more egoistical; but there is one thing in which we are more highly skilled than they are; and that is in manual dexterity with a pen. There can be no doubt that it is to the art of penmanship that we owe our present literature of essays. The very great of old—Homer and Æschylus—could dispense with a pen; they were not inspired by sheets of paper and gallons of ink; no fear that their harmonies, passed from lip to lip, should lose their cadence and die. But our essayists write because the gift of writing has been bestowed on them. Had they lacked writing-masters we should have lacked essayists. There are, of course, certain distinguished people who use this medium from genuine inspiration because it best embodies the soul of their thought. But, on the other hand, there is a very large number who make the fatal pause, and the mechanical act of writing is allowed to set the brain in motion which should only be accessible to a higher inspiration.

The essay, then, owes its popularity to the fact that its proper use is to express one's personal peculiarities, so that under the decent veil of print one can indulge one's egoism to the full. You need know nothing of music, art, or literature to have a certain interest in their productions, and the great burden of modern criticism is simply the expression of such individual likes and dislikes—the amiable garrulity of the tea-table—cast into the form of essays. If men and women must write, let them leave the great mysteries of art and literature unassailed; if they told us frankly not of the books that we can all read and the pictures which hang for us all to see, but of that single book to which they alone have the key and of that solitary picture whose

face is shrouded to all but one gaze—if they would write of themselves—such writing would have its own permanent value. The simple words "I was born" have somehow a charm beside which all the splendours of romance and fairy-tale turn to moonshine and tinsel. But though it seems thus easy enough to write of one's self, it is, as we know, a feat but seldom accomplished. Of the multitude of autobiographies that are written, one or two alone are what they pretend to be. Confronted with the terrible spectre of themselves, the bravest are inclined to run away or shade their eyes. And thus, instead of the honest truth which we should all respect, we are given timid side-glances in the shape of essays, which, for the most part, fail in the cardinal virtue of sincerity. And those who do not sacrifice their beliefs to the turn of a phrase or the glitter of paradox think it beneath the dignity of the printed word to say simply what it means; in print they must pretend to an oracular and infallible nature. To say simply "I have a garden, and I will tell you what plants do best in my garden" possibly justifies its egoism; but to say "I have no sons, though I have six daughters, all unmarried, but I will tell you how I should have brought up my sons had I had any" is not interesting, cannot be useful, and is a specimen of the amazing and unclothed egoism for which first the art of penmanship and then the invention of essay-writing are responsible.

VIRGINIA STEPHEN.

The Clouds of Aristophanes

IN a few days the "Clouds" of Aristophanes will be played at Oxford—the first public performance of this play, it is said, before a modern audience.

The announcement sends us to our shelves to look up again our old friend Socrates, suspended in his clothes-basket, "treading the air," as he explains, and feeding his contempt for the gods on a more familiar contemplation of heavenly things. That is probably the picture which is most vividly recalled by any reader of the play, though it is a mere incident and one of no considerable duration. It will probably be the same even when we have seen the play acted, as it is by far the most grotesque touch in the piece. But before we have read more than a few lines, the rest comes back to us. Here is that hoary old sinner Strepsiades, an Athenian country squire, who has somehow been pushed into marrying into the great house of the Alcmaeonidæ, and so has seen his son Pheidippides pampered into a fast young blood who is always getting him into debt. One might feel some sympathy for the old man if it were not that stupidity is the only restraint upon his knavery. He is bent upon finding "a new way to pay old debts," or rather not to pay them at all, and he tries to induce his son to become a pupil in this newfangled school of Sophistry, which stands conveniently next door to his town-house, because he understands that Socrates professes to teach his pupils to make "the worse appear the better reason." Pheidippides is "blowed if he will": he is not going to give up horse-racing to become a "pale student" and the laughing-stock of his horsey "pals." So the old man trots round to the Thinking-School himself, and, after being fooled by the pupil who opens the door with some of the sheer nonsense which Aristophanes evidently enjoyed as much as we may imagine his "gallery" would, he is admitted to the afore-mentioned spectacle of Socrates in the familiar situation of the *deus ex machina*. Socrates

shortly descends and initiates the neophyte in the new religion—natural religion, it may be called, for the deities of this theogony are Air and Ether and Chaos and the Clouds themselves—who accordingly make their appearance.

The entry of the Cloud-chorus is the opportunity for Aristophanes to swing off into the anapaests, trochaics, and choric metres, which he loves, and in which he moves with a marvellous rollicking *abandon*. It is also his first great opportunity for real poetry. In the "Acharnians" and the "Knights" he had given glimpses of it; and more than glimpses of his appreciation of it, in the ease and vividness of his constant parody of poetic diction. But in the chorus of Clouds we get a real foretaste of the supreme triumph of the "Birds," the poet's fancy and eloquence let loose and playing at ease in the midst of the mockery and roaring farce of the comic spirit. Translation can never give the glancing radiance of Greek lyrics; we have not the pellucid metres, the myriad-rippling laughter of the short syllables: but Mr. Godley's dexterity does all that can be done. The Clouds are invoked by Socrates, and Strepsiades in a fright exclaims:

"Wait a minute, let me wrap up tight before the rain begins.
Only think; I left my cap at home behind me, for my sins!"

Socrates continues his invocation, and the Clouds are heard singing in the distance:

"Clouds arise!
Loud resounding Ocean's daughters,
Blown of winds and born of waters,
Floating ever through the skies,
Rise we higher, till we rest
On the mountain leafy-tressed,
From that beacon-height espying
Holy earth before us lying,
Watered mead and fruitful hill,
Stream divine and murmuring rill,
Seas whose boisterous billows roar
Ever on the sounding shore.
Now that Ether's tireless eye
Flashes forth in brilliancy,
Let our bright eternal form
Doff its veil of rain and storm:
Earth is fair before our eyes—
Clouds arise!"

In the scene which follows, fine descriptive phrases and poetic epithets, which Aristophanes always has at call from his inexhaustible memory of other men's poetry, are jumbled up with the absurdest jests of Strepsiades as he receives his first lesson in natural philosophy. Similarly in the Parabasis the Clouds display a supreme indifference to the atheism of their convener and invoke the orthodox deities, Zeus, Poseidon, Phœbus and Artemis, Athena, Dionysus, along with the new god, "their father, the name of awe, holiest Ether, the life-giver to all": and mingle with this the usual political satire and appeal for the favour of the audience and for the dramatic prize. In the acting edition this latter part, which really comes first and forms the Parabasis proper, is cut; it could scarcely be made intelligible except to scholars, and even for them it is a well-known stone of stumbling. It contains, however, the interesting statement that the author considered the "Clouds" the cleverest of his comedies up to that date—a remark due to the fact that on its first presentation it was not successful; that it does not depend upon the grotesque and low buffoonery of the typical comedy, but on its own original ideas and its style. "Low comedy" is, no doubt, a relative term. There is some in the "Clouds" too low for modern representation;

but, compared with most of Aristophanes' own plays, the "Clouds" is rather quiet. The poet is supposed to have burnt his fingers a little with the flaming scurrility of his attack upon Cleon in the "Knights"; but such differences as these are between the two plays may safely be referred to difference of subject. Ridicule of sophistical subtleties is bound to take a somewhat intellectual tone; and, indeed, a good deal of the jesting in the "Clouds" would have been caviare to almost any popular audience except at Athens—where, in point of fact, it was clearly less relished than the broader humour of the "Acharnians" and the "Knights."

Well, that curious institution, the Parabasis, has done what it must do—withdraw our attention from the course of the play. Not that this matters much in the Old Comedy, in which plot was never of much account. In the "Clouds" the action is resumed in a second lesson given to Strepsiades, this time in pedantic quibbling, with which Socrates tries to inoculate the old man by means of flea-bites—scope, of course, for a good deal of comic business. Strepsiades, however, is a hopeless dunce, and has, after all, to induce Pheidippides to take his place as a pupil. "You'll be sorry for it some day," says the son, who is then left on the stage to listen to the famous dispute between the Just and the Unjust Arguments. What he is to do during this long altercation must tax the ingenuity of the actor or manager: unlike Dionysus in the otherwise very similar scene in the "Frogs," Pheidippides has not a word to say while the two Arguments spout their long lines. As far as the rest of us are concerned, however, the wit and the satire, the human nature, the national feeling, even the moral fervour, and the one touch of poetry, where the healthy young Athenian is pictured enjoying his manly exercises under the olives of the garden of Academus, carrying with him the breath of fresh flowers, of quivering poplars, and of a careless life,

"Happy in the joy of springtime, when the flowers are
born again,
And the elm-tree gently whispers secrets to the list'ning
plane":—

all this makes the episode of the Just and Unjust Arguments, at any rate to the reader, the cream of the whole play. It is followed by some short and funny fooling between Strepsiades and a couple of creditors, fat Pasion and fop Amynias; and then vengeance swiftly overtakes the old rascal, who comes running in unmercifully beaten by his son. Pheidippides has proved so apt a pupil that he can not only beat his father, but justify the proceeding too. This brings the old man to his senses, and the play is carried to a sudden conclusion by his attacking the Thinking-School with fire and hatchet, climbing on to the roof, hacking it to pieces, and mocking poor Socrates, who is apparently consumed in the conflagration.

We shut up the book, with what result? Probably with the resolve, if we have leisure, to look up another of these plays to-morrow evening. The "Wasps" comes next in the book. We remember there is some good fooling in that, too, a mock trial, and so forth. But both that and the "Peace," which follows, are something of the nature of an anti-climax after the "Clouds"; and the chances are that we travel on to the "Birds" before we give ourselves up again to this master of laughter and language and rhythm. But, stay! If we are going to see the "Clouds" next week, perhaps we shall do wisely not to read the "Birds" beforehand, for the "Clouds," though it was "the cleverest of my comedies" up to its own date, is not as the "Birds" nor even as the "Frogs."

Reviews

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF R. S. HAWKER

By C. E. Byles. (Lane, 21s. net.)

A MAN fascinates and interests his fellow-men not so much by the intellectual achievements of his genius as by the genius which finds its vent in the expression of personality. He attracts by the mystery which covers the springs of his actions or idiosyncrasies. The character that lies plainly mapped out before us never stirs the imagination. Mysterious explanations, perplexed questionings and guessings and probings feed the curiosity of human nature and deepen the fascination of the unknown. It is the undiscovered country that is everything. Pull down the veil and the wonder and glamour go. In love it is the love that recedes and baffles through a lifetime that keeps its charm—the love that retires into the inner temple and dreads the full light of reason and familiarity. It is noticeable that there are some men of genius whose personal attraction is very slight. Bacon was greater than Sidney, but the enthusiasm and imagination that Sidney awakens have never concerned themselves with Bacon. People will devour every atom about R. L. Stevenson, but how many will dig into the personal records of Herbert Spencer? The fact that the latter was a philosopher and appealed less to the romantic-loving public is not the solution. Sir Thomas Browne, from under the dust of centuries, still has an entity that fascinates. In the same way we could take the arm of Montaigne, but would stand apart and admire Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam passing by. So we can perhaps say, without further dissertation, that a man is attractive and glorious to his fellow-men because of some potent fire which informs his personality and actions and is fed from sources we can only wonder at and guess. The Reverend R. S. Hawker has left behind him no literary remains which point to the possession of any extraordinary genius, and yet a baffling and beautiful soul leads us to examine every record and study every poem for a key. There is such a thing as an intelligent and profitable curiosity, and to indulge it in this case is surely permissible. In "The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker" just published we turn page after page and only manage to catch the flying skirts of the Vicar. He barricades himself behind the fortifications of some mediæval walled town, he buries himself beneath the long Atlantic rollers, he shuts his ears with the shout of their upheaval, he almost closes his eyes to aught but the splendour and wonder of their invasion. A visionary, a poet, a humourist, a priest, Hawker, Mr. Byles well says, might be termed our last Christian in the sense that St. Francis of Assisi, for example, understood Christianity. His love of fighting was perhaps the only quality in which he differed from the gentlest of the saints. There are still some who believe that modern science is a tool the devil has put into the hands of sinners, but Hawker's certainty of that is only equalled by his belief in witchcraft, charms, pixies, mermaids, evil eyes, the immediate answer of prayers, the damnable of dissent, and much else allied to these. But he made his parish of Morwenstow. He rescued and tended the shipwrecked, he consoled the wicked, he spent his income on charity, and his devotion allowed him to fall into lifelong monetary embarrassments. He was a very wild, naughty boy, and, as a youth, full of practical jokes and uncomfortable animal spirits. An incident, out of many similar in his boyhood, displays his "fun." "He tukt the ball o' twine

out o' the cordwainer's shop and wounded up the whole town in twine, so as people passin' along was pitched on their noses without zactly knowin' why. Then dressin' up in seaweed and not much else and settin' on a rock down to Bude in the moonlight and combing his hair and zingin' till all the town went out to see un: they thought it was a merrymaid sure enough. An' ther he set an' zinged every night till a varmer tukt a gun an' tried to shut un." By a natural sequence the perpetrator of this prank and many others followed up his eccentric reputation by marrying, while an undergraduate at Oxford, a lady who was forty-one. That was in 1823, when Hawker was a month short of twenty. However, it was a very congenial marriage, and Hawker was broken-hearted when his wife died at Morwenstow in 1863. In 1834 he was ordained to the parish of Morwenstow, a lonely Cornish hamlet thirty miles from anywhere. Indeed, Hawker was only on a railway once or twice in his life, and from that we may draw some conclusions as to the mental condition resulting from his physical isolation. Hawker came among a primitive community at Morwenstow—primitive in two senses, for smugglers and wreckers were not yet extinguished. Stern, bigoted Churchman, superstitious and pious as an early saint, Hawker proves in his descriptions of his village and its inhabitants that he possessed, if ever a man did, the dual personality. Here is one of his sketches, full of sympathy and humour and a wide humanity: "Poor old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name! That light, active, half-stooping form, bent as though he had a brace of kegs upon his shoulders still, those thin, grey, rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of threescore years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the coastguard. He was the last of the smugglers. He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years; throughout which time all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them, as sheath to steel." When Hawker took him as "parson's man" he tried to point out occasionally that his former vocation was hardly desirable. The old man used to concede, "Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live—drink all night and idle abed all day, cussing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying, and always prepared to shet the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin." That and many other appreciations make us thankful to Hawker for saving us these records of the past.

If Hawker made Morwenstow, Morwenstow both developed and narrowed his character. He imbibed the superstitions, witness the extraordinary cures and charms he so trustfully inscribed in his notebook. He adopted the native practice of making certain curious movements with his fingers if he met any one who possessed an "evil eye." He saw visions, and there is often in his mental state, in his biblical atmosphere, and peculiar hallucinations, much that just falls short of the inspired madness of William Blake. He was a violent controversialist, and always believed Heaven fought on his side, that unseen witnesses and powers declared for him. It is no spirit of to-day in the English

or Roman Church that we hear speaking. "Not long ago, on St. Lucy's Day, I desired to understand why Her eyes on a dish in her hand are always shown in the old frescoes. They were never pulled out, nor are the Fathers able to explain the origin of this representation. It was breathed into my mind that in Syracuse, as in Corinth, 'to pluck out the eyes for a friend' signifies to give the best and dearest thing we have. . . . I give you this instance because it could not have come to me from Books." When he speaks of the "young Men in white garments" who came to him we hear Blake, and then he writes: "I remember once I was earnest to be told in what manner and way The Great Change was wrought in chancels when The Mighty One descends. Deep in Thought I saw, not with eyes, but with my whole body, a grave, calm, noble form in white. He said or breathed this phrase, 'Ephphatha is good, but Amen is better still.'" It is necessary to touch on this side of Hawker to appreciate the strange mixture of elements that gave such colour and force to all he did; but the letter from which the foregoing quotation is taken also displays another Hawker who fought with the wild beasts of Morwenstow with delight. "The clergy around me—the wretched heretics, the spawn of that miscreant John Wesley—the rich and potent landlords—all these have assailed me, and I have scourged and beaten them all continually." It is impossible not to notice that the Cornish spirit he so stirringly sang in "Shall Trelawney die?" that song which took in so many good judges, was certainly very strong in its author.

Hawker's judgment in literary matters and in regard to some of his contemporaries is not to be depended on. One judgment on Gladstone is worth noting in regard to that statesman's eloquence: "It appears to my ear always like an incontinent flow of words which slip over the mind like so much verbal slush full of sound and echo but signifying little. I don't know one phrase of his utterance that has ever become a proverb in the English language or a catchword to embody and recall a great thought. . . . The flesh and skin of a speech is there, but there is neither blood nor bones." Hawker has defined certain qualities of Gladstone's mind, and the vital difference between him and his great rival is unconsciously formulated. Hawker once met Tennyson, and he leaves a memorable description:

"I found my guest, at his entrance, a tall, swarthy, Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword. I at once found myself with no common mind. All poetry, in particular, he seemed to use like household words; and, as chance led to the mention of Homer's picture of night, he gave at once a rendering simple and fine. 'When the Sky is broken up and the myriad Stars roll down, and the Shepherd's heart is glad . . . Seated on the brow of the cliff, with Dundagel full in sight, he revealed to me the purpose of his journey to the West. He is about to conceive a poem—the hero King Arthur, the scenery in part the vanished Land of Lyonesse, between the mainland and the Scilly Isles. Much converse then and there befel of Arthur and his Queen, his wound at Camlan, and his prophesied return. Legends were exchanged, books noted down and references given, *quae hic perscribere longum*. We talked about the times—old prophecies and new events. He gave me anecdotes of Guizot and his friends whom he intimately knows, of Hallam and the London scribes. He said he had nowhere a settled home, but wandered all the year. In early life he went through Spain with Torrejos, to incite the Revolution; 'and I remember,' he said, 'one day that Torrejos said to me, with one of the softest, sweetest smiles I ever saw, "As soon as we succeed I mean to cut the throats of all the clergy."' I questioned him

about his mode of composition in this so wandering life. He said he usually made about ten lines every day, multitudes of which were never written down, and so were lost for ever. . . . I lent him books and MSS. about King Arthur, which he carried off and which I perhaps shall never see again. . . . He demanded a pipe, and produced a package of very common shag. By great good luck my sexton had about him his own short black dudheen, which accordingly the minstrel filled and fired. . . . The Bard is a handsome well-formed man and tall, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman—black, long elflocks all round his face, mid which his eyes not only shine, but glare. His garments loose and full, such as Bard beseems, and over all a large dark Spanish cloak. He speaks the languages, both old and new, and has manifestly a most bibliothec memory. His voice is very deep, tuneful and slow—an organ, not a breath. His temper, which I tried, seemed very calm—his spirits very low."

Of Hawker's own poems, his fragment of the "San Graal" is worthy to be compared with Tennyson's treatment of the subject, and his ballads earned the praise of Sir Walter Scott. The "vanished vase of Heaven" was a dear theme with Hawker. His mediæval mind, his unfaltering faith, give truth and reality to a tale which would appeal to Tennyson as a beautiful fairy-tale. In all Hawker's verse we feel the rough, strenuous Cornish life, the unending rhythm of the waves on a stormy coast, the pains and perils of those who live by the sea. In his blue jersey, his long waders, he was a real fisher of men, a shepherd to his flock, a friend, a comforter, a guide.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL SIR JAMES BROWNE ("BUSTER BROWNE")

By General J. J. Macleod Innes, R.E., V.C. (Murray, 18s. net.)

AN experienced *littérateur* like General Macleod Innes, whose two good books on the Mutiny and monograph on Sir Henry Lawrence in the "Rulers of India" series were very creditable performances, should not have neglected to scrutinise the proof of his title-page. The failure to observe the grades in the rank of general officer is a very trivial matter, but it is surely a positive inaccuracy to describe the subject of this biography as a K.C.B., his proper designation being, as on the tablet in Rochester Cathedral, Major-General Sir James Browne, R.E., K.C.S.I., C.B. Another slip, for which one fears that General Macleod Innes must be held entirely responsible, is the confused coupling of Sir James Browne's name with the Chitral Expedition. Any one would infer from the reference on page 281 that much of the actual preparation for that campaign devolved upon Browne as Quartermaster-General, the fact being, as General Innes himself recalls elsewhere, that the expedition was not despatched until Browne had been three years dissociated from military duty. Apart from this rather muddled allusion General Innes has produced a very worthy record of his distinguished brother-officer—one which incidentally affords scope for his own wide knowledge of Indian affairs, of engineering science, and of the military history of India. With an eye for effect he is not lacking, any more than the cheery "Buster" was, in the saving gift of humour. He is certainly to be thanked for reproducing, as an authentic case of Indian false witness, the story of the suit "in which one party produced deeds—pure forgeries—to authenticate his claim, and lo! the other party (having got scent of it) produced at once in response complete receipts—equally pure forgeries—for the sum involved."

"Buster Browne's" title to a detailed biographical memoir rests largely on his many-sidedness. He was

a worker who left a real mark upon the records of the army, the political administration, and the material development of India. There will probably always be some who think that he was at his very best as an engineer. As Q.M.G. he was useful, but certainly not so brilliant as Roberts or Macgregor. As Governor-General's Agent in Baluchistan he consolidated and extended the work of his great predecessor, but he could hardly be termed the equal of that Frontier kinglet, Sandeman. As an engineer, on the other hand, he was one of the most extraordinarily strenuous and stimulating chiefs who have ever carried a gigantic enterprise, such as the Hurnai Railway undoubtedly was, to a triumphant conclusion in the teeth of physical and administrative obstacles.

As a soldier or soldier-political Browne took part in the Mahsud Waziri Expedition of 1860, the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863-64, the Afghan War, and the Egyptian Expedition of 1882. One of his most famous achievements was his astonishing "capture" of Khelat-i-Ghilzai at the head of an escort of eighteen sowars—a success partly due to the frontier illusion that he was identical with a certain notorious Englishman who had become a Mullah. The strange story of Browne's "double" and some interesting details of his various campaigns will be found pleasantly included in General Innes' book. The memoir, which is suitably illustrated, terminates with an impressive filial tribute to Sir James' deep religious convictions and parental kindness. It is interesting to learn, by the way, that the title "Buster" was inherited from an elder brother, afterwards killed in the Mutiny, who had been called "Buster" at Addiscombe, where he was noted for his strength and prowess at football. James, following him, displayed the same qualities, and was given the same nickname with the prefix "Young." To most he remained "Buster Browne" to the day he died in harness at Quetta in 1896, and the friendly appellation, quaintly significant of his buoyant, vigorous nature, will always cling to him wherever the man and his work are held in posthumous recollection.

There were times when the Royal Engineer officer was imperfectly understood, and it was a common belief that his talents were chiefly devoted to "a-digging up of holes, and a-sticking in of poles, and a-building of barracks for the soldiery." Sir James Browne was one of many—Chesney, Gerald Graham, Bindon Blood, Nicholson, and Kitchener have been others—whose careers have served to destroy this foolish misconception.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART

By Bliss Carman. (Murray, 5s.)

"It is only the man behind the book that makes the book worth reading. The book is the living image of the man. That is why real books have a power over us. It is the individuality that counts." And "the man behind the book," Mr. Carman warns us, in the essay so entitled, "is not easy to discover," even with the aid of a photograph, an autograph, a confession that he dislikes high collars and stuffiness, and enjoys plain living, high thinking and the poems of Richard Hovey in a house named "Moonshine" among purple hills, where seventy couples performed, on a memorable occasion, "the ceremonious Rite of the Cake."

We should not have wanted to discover "the man behind the book" any more than the man in the moon had not Mr. Carman expressly warned the critic that this was the first of his duties: this, and "to understand him with sympathy, intelligence and respect." It would have facilitated the critic's task if Mr. Carman

had prefixed to his volume not only a photograph, an autograph and a rhapsody on his *villeggiatura*, but a brief autobiography on the lines of that which every graduate of a German university has to append to his doctor's thesis: "Natus sum A.B. in oppido Z. die . . . anno h.h. . . . Pio et grato veneror animo patrem C., matrem D. e gente E. Fidei addictus sum evangelicæ. Litterarum elementis imbutus sum Berolini, ubi frequentavi gymnasium quod appellatur 'Königliches Wilhelms-Gymnasium,'" and so forth. But this would have made it too easy for the critic "to discover the man behind the book." As it is, he contents himself with recording the discovery that humour is no marked characteristic of the author, and that the celebrated Cake-walk is the sole lapse from high seriousness admitted by Mr. Carman till he accuses himself in the concluding chapter of "a touch of the madness of the March hare." "Curiosity is the fundamental passion of the mind, and to satisfy curiosity with knowledge is one of the three great sources of happiness. At the same time it is forbidden to know everything. At least, this is so for the time being, whatever may be permitted to human investigation in some future age." It is forbidden; we submit, and if we are cut off from one of the three great sources of happiness, we will endeavour to make the best of the other two (whatever they may be) and envy posterity its fuller light.

Though baffled thus, and confessed incompetent when judged by the high standard set for critics, we have read the book and found much of it agreeable. There are thirty-seven short essays in it, on many topics, each embodying some morsel of a not very profound philosophy. Mr. Carman likes things in threes: there are three sources of knowledge, as we have seen, and there are body, mind and spirit, and the three vital forces of these, which have to be correlated. His ideal in every department of life—in education, in conduct, in art, in criticism—is "poise," the balance of three forces, the nice adjustment of the claims of muscle, intellect and soul. *Mens sana in corpore sano* partly expresses his ideal, but the statement savours too much of dualism to be adequate. He is an advocate of physical culture and the study of health as a condition of happiness and progress. The Art which gives its title to the book is art in no narrow sense, but it includes literature and conduct, the whole art of living. The morality of the essays is unexceptionable; their religion, as shown in "A Christmas Reverie," is tinged with agnosticism. The style, apart from some Americanisms, is refined, but somewhat monotonous and languid. We are reminded less of the vagaries of the hare than of the uninspired perseverance of the tortoise. Mr. Carman has hardly written one of the real books which have a power over us.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Volume VIII. Leon—Moravia. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

The general scope of this volume is approximately indicated by its sub-title, "A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the earliest times to the present day." It is however, not merely a Jewish Encyclopædia, but is also to a great extent a Dictionary of Jewish National Biography, dealing, at varying lengths, with all Jews who have ever exhibited the slightest pretensions to eminence. Gentiles, moreover, such as Lessing, Mirabeau, or M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who have come into contact with Jewish problems either in politics or in literature, find also a place in the volume, though in the case of lesser-known names a slight confusion is

sometimes occasioned by the omission to state at the beginning of each article whether its subject is a Jew or a Gentile. Owing to the wide ground covered, the list of contributors is necessarily cosmopolitan, including men of American, English, German, Hungarian, French and Italian nationality. This cosmopolitanism, however, in itself a good thing, has its attendant evil when, as occasionally happens, an article written originally in some foreign tongue is defectively translated, and the reader is confronted with phrases so obviously foreign as "material condition" and "not original with him."

Of the longer articles by far the most interesting is that on London, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who traces the history of the Jewish community from the massacre of 1189 and the expulsion of 1290 down to the "restoration" of the small trading community of the *Sephardim* in the seventeenth century and the subsequent immigration into England of the *Askenazim*, or Spanish and Portuguese Jews, who eventually wrested from their brethren the hegemony of the community. In view of the present prominence of the alien question, it is interesting to see from Mr. Jacobs' statistics that in 1883 the Anglicised outnumbered the foreign element by 26,000 to 21,000, while in 1902 the tables were completely turned and the "native element" was outnumbered by the East-End element by 150,000 to 100,000.

With regard to the more important of the other articles, which include such subjects as the Mishnah, the Midrash, Marriage, the Liturgy, Professor Margoliouth has broken almost entirely fresh ground in his admirable essay on Manuscripts, which is accompanied by some excellent facsimile reproductions. The article on Literature is also interesting, but we would wish that the writer had not confined his attention to works written in the Hebrew and Yiddish languages, and had seen his way to treating collectively of works written by Jews in Gentile tongues; it would surely have proved instructive to have marked those characteristics which are common to Jewish authors writing in the most varied languages, and to have tested the truth of Mr. Bryce's theory that the Jewish literary genius manifests itself to best advantage in the departments of sarcasm and epigram.

In the department of biography the editors have perhaps laid themselves open to the charge of too wide a catholicity. We think, however, that their general principle is sound, and that the inclusion in the volume of men like Samuel Lewis, the money-lender, and Daniel Mendoza, the pugilist, who both held the highest position in their respective professions, is perfectly justifiable. On the other hand, many minor celebrities of quite subsidiary importance are considered worthy of articles, with the result that the space allotted to men of the first rank suffers by way of compensation. The treatment of Karl Marx, for instance, is most inadequate. A bare outline of his life is given, but there is no attempt to estimate either the influence or the validity of his doctrines.

The volume possesses upwards of three hundred illustrations, and, in spite of some minor defects, should prove a valuable work of reference to all interested in Jewish history.

THE BIRTH OF PARISVAL

By R. C. Trevelyan. (London: Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.) THIS may be described as a lyrical-dramatic fragment or interlude (since the subject is not complete), the theme of which is drawn from those Graal romances which furnished Wagner's great music-drama. It has the disadvantage that the theme is too unreal, too remote

from all associations, historic or mythological, too unlocalised by any conceivable period, for ready appeal to the emotions. The whole burthen of emotion and interest falls upon the force of the poetry itself; and the more power, therefore, is exacted from the poet if he be to move us. Of course, a theme thus remote and abstracted would have its advantage, if the poet worked on the lines of Maeterlinck's shadowy mysteries. But Mr. Trevelyan attempts no such effect. He aims, apparently, at a somewhat Greek dignity of dramatic passion. There are suggestions of "Samson Agonistes," with a more modern intimacy of emotion. The writer's task is to make us feel the dread and impressiveness of a curse denounced by a power so ill-defined, so unfamiliar to our imagination, as the Graal and its vague priesthood or priestly knighthood; and to move us by the sorrows and interior struggles of the dim figures affected by that curse.

Under the immense and direct power of Wagner's music a similar feat was possible. To achieve it by poetry alone would require the gift of genius. Here Mr. Trevelyan falls short. He has ambition, he has artistic sense and certain original artistic aims in regard to technique. He essays certain novel and rather daring effects of unrhymed lyric metre, which to our thinking do not quite come off. In the one irregular rhymed lyric he attempts this is particularly plain; the result is broken and uncouth where it is meant to haunt and charm. Yet the idea is evident, and deserves praise at least as an endeavour to break fresh ground. Similarly, Mr. Trevelyan has poetic feeling and a measure of accomplishment. But his resources are not equal to the ambitious demands of poetic passion and imagination which he makes upon them. A certain way he goes; but his conception places on him too great a strain; and the final result is inadequate. He is lucid and he is dignified; but his faculty of imaginative execution does not correspond with his faculty of imaginative design. With less ambition he might conceivably do somewhat. As it is, we cannot judge him successful.

DREAM OF PROVENCE: ORGEAS AND MIRADON TO NANCY

By Frederick Wedmore. (Isbister, 1s. net each.) MR. WEDMORE has done well to reprint these two pieces, and to reprint them in this form. The slim little books, with their plain covers of delicate green and their beautiful rich paper, with deckled edges, promise good things, *bonnes bouches*, and the promise is not broken. Mr. Wedmore is not a robust writer, but he has at least the strength to disregard the critical clamour of the multitude, and to treat the possible accusation of "preciosity" with serene neglect. Words to him are beautiful things, which in combination can produce new beauties not inherent in themselves, beauties that cannot be measured nor analysed, can hardly be accounted for, because they have a strange and sudden separate existence of their own, independent of the words of which they are composed. As well try to explain the principle of life by the chemical elements of an organism, as a piece of beautiful art by the matter of which it is composed. Modern criticism is too apt to blame in our writers of prose what it demands of our painters. When it catches an author deliberately and unashamedly making the most beautiful thing he can out of his materials it likes to cry "I see you!" It cried so at Pater; it has cried so, if we are not mistaken, at Mr. Wedmore, who, were he so unwise as to reply at all, would probably answer, "Come, then, and, if you can, find out how I do it!"

Mr. Wedmore's glass is small, but he drinks in it. And these two little books, detached though they are from the literary development of the times, exotics both of southern origin, eminently un-English in their lucidity, their scrupulous nicety, their conscious and deliberate beauty, tempt us to dwell on them at length, because they are exquisite specimens of genuine *belles lettres*, of literature as an art. "Each year gained upon the last in bewitching merriment and the charm of an occasional and fitting gravity." *The charm of an occasional and fitting gravity.* "Her gay heart, that under her glistening eyes danced in its joy of living." "Or had some slim figure of Silenus put finger on lip in that enclosed place, wherein for long, amidst the wayward greenery, no step of man had stirred?" "Its shifting pattern of cool gold." We could multiply examples, for nearly every sentence not so much contains, as is, an instance of the same exquisite (we use the word in its original sense) expression. Each is beautiful and delightful in itself—vastly more beautiful and delightful in its application to a larger theme. The "Dream of Provence," from which we have chosen these quotations, tells of a girl who died and a father who believed that she would return on the ninth day after death. All the South is in it, and all the simple poetry of faith and devotion in the soul of the man whom we leave, in the reverent reticence of the close, waiting, at sunset on that ninth day—waiting. "To Nancy" is a letter from an old and famous painter to a young girl on the music-hall stage. It is modern enough: we know well the order of mind which will call it—and probably has called it, on its earlier appearance in "The Savoy"—decadent. That order of mind can only be pitied. "To Nancy" is a perfectly sweet and healthy thing; and the contrast between the man for whom life has no more success to offer and the brilliant budding girl of sixteen, whose unspoiled charm and freshness lie sweet on these pages, is used by Mr. Wedmore with consummate skill.

It is only human to rejoice a little at catching Mr. Wedmore tripping. We have detected two "blank verses," one in each little book. And at times, it must be admitted, he lays out his sentences with a thought too much decorous solemnity, losing his own note in an effort to catch that of a fuller voice.

THE YELLOW WAR

By "O." (Blackwood, 6s.)

From the reader's standpoint a single letter of the alphabet is an unsatisfactory pseudonym; almost indecent in its brevity, it stands, in the case of the author of "The Yellow War," defying with an air of surprise any attempt at inquisitiveness. Nor is there much internal evidence to afford any clue to the identity of "O," except that he was a person who had unusual facilities for getting about in the neighbourhood of the operations in the Far East. At Chinampo in April, at Tokio in July, at Yinkow in September, and so on—it is permissible to guess at the secret but not to reveal it. Most of the sketches which are contained in this book have already appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," but they gain by being republished, for, although there is no connecting link to join them together, they form a series of word pictures of the war. It is not a gruesome book full of realistic details of wounds and other untidy things which are best kept behind the scenes, nor is it a profound study in psychology like the "Red Badge of Courage," but it is a book which gives an excellent idea of the actors in the war. One of the longest tales in the book, for instance, entitled "The path in the East is

strange," gives in a new way some idea of the Japanese character. It tells of a Japanese man who is discovered in various circumstances, at a diplomatic *soirée*, as a Cambridge undergraduate, as a barber at Tientsin, and finally at the war. It is an allegory to show the persistence of the national character and the willingness of the individual to serve the State. Incidentally in the story there is a little bit of pedantry about University candidates for the army and education in general (nothing, thank Heaven, about compulsory Greek!), which recalls a trick displayed in "On the heels of De Wet," by "The Intelligence Officer."

SCANDINAVIA: A POLITICAL HISTORY OF DENMARK, NORWAY AND SWEDEN

By R. Nisbet Bain. (Cambridge Historical Series, 7s. 6d.)

SWEDEN: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS INDUSTRY

Edited by Gustav Sundbärg. (Stockholm.)

To begin in the natural order, that is to say with the future, Sweden, or, one may say, the Scandinavian Peninsula, is probably, along with Switzerland, destined to become one of the great industrial countries of Europe. For as the importance of coal in manufacture must, as time goes on, inevitably decrease along with the output of coal, and the importance of water as a generator of electricity increase, these three countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—will one day find themselves very much in the advantageous position which Britain, Belgium, and North-West Germany, with their great supplies of fuel, hold at this moment. The too lucky United States may be beyond these fluctuations. For we know how the *nil-admirans* Yankee said, when challenged to appreciate Vesuvius in eruption ("At all events, you've not got a burning mountain in the States"), "No, but we've got a waterfall that could put it out in ten minutes." And Sweden is in a specially advantageous position on account of her great resources in iron, for the "whole complex," as Mr. Gustav Sundbärg puts it—that is the total iron ore deposit of Sweden—"can be regarded as the thickest and richest among the iron ores of the world." If only in the "present dispensation" the Swedes are restrained from cutting down their forests in order to smelt this same iron ore; for without doubt their use of charcoal instead of coal in that process gives a superior quality even to the pig iron of Sweden, which is already almost half steel.

Thus the future may see how history goes on its cyclic way. There is something specially recurrent in the history of the Scandinavian folk, which we may follow in perhaps as clear an outline as possible through the pages of Mr. Bain's book. That Scandinavian history should ever be presented as a single picture is not to be hoped: the mutual jealousies of the three Scandinavian folk—Norsemens, Swedes, and Danes—having always kept them far from union. Now one of the three peoples, now another—it is, of course, generally the Danes—gains the hegemony in Scandinavia. But its leadership rarely endures beyond one reign. Denmark was pre-eminent under Canute, pre-eminent again four and a half centuries later, under Christian III. In the interval it is rather the Norse kings that attract our attention. But after the time of Christian II. of Denmark begins the rise of Sweden under Gustavus Vasa, he whom Voltaire so mistakenly speaks of as having been drawn from among the peasants of Dalecarlia to become the ruler of Sweden. As a fact, Vasa belonged to the most distinguished of the Swedish nobility: he was a near relation to Sten Sture, the patriot, who for many years threw off Christian's yoke, and to Sten's

wife, the not less heroic Christina Gyllenstjerne. There have been many "stars" in the firmament of Swedish history—Oxenstjerna, Avelstjerna, Rosenstjerna; but this Christina is the brightest of them all. Gustavus Vasa's fame has been obscured by that of his more renowned grandson, the hero of the Thirty Years' War. But it is interesting to remember that before the outbreak of that war, before what is known as the Catholic Reaction, the second act of the Reformation drama, the allied Protestant Princes of Europe had begun to look to Scandinavia for support. Christian II., indeed, though he was probably indifferent to Catholicism himself, and did, in fact, translate Luther's Bible into Danish, always as a politician plumped for the Catholic interest, which might among high potentates of those days count for what the "gentlemanly interest" was with Mr. Pecksniff; he allied himself with the German Emperor and the Pope. But Christian III. took the part of the Protestant Princes of Germany. Reformation, like spring, came slowly in these climes; but in this Danish King and in the Vasa family of Sweden it found its doughtiest champions. Then after the days of Gustavus Adolphus the interest which Scandinavia has in the eyes of Europe generally flickers out and dies. The meteorlike passage of Charles XII. is the last glow of a dying fire. All this is well told by Mr. Nisbet Bain, as clearly and consecutively as is consistent with two difficulties: first, that, as we have said, the history is in itself constantly broken up; the nations behave themselves like protozoa seen through a microscope; they unite, separate, break out into two, into three, re-unite to two, to one, then separate again unceasingly. And the second difficulty is that the nature of books such as the Cambridge Modern Histories, which are half school books, half for the general reader, precludes the sort of selection and concentration which a writer would make use of if he were engaged with a more individual and personal kind of work. Sometimes Mr. Bain "slings the *bât*" a little out of order, as where in one passage he seems to use "humanist" as if it were synonymous with humane man; elsewhere he talks of a man "retroceding" a province (by a confusion between *cêdo* and *cêdo*). When he employs *protagonist* as if it meant exactly the same as *promachos* he is only repeating an almost universal modern habit, which is not, however, countenanced by classical usage. These small defects do not take from the value of this Scandinavian history, the most comprehensive that has yet been written.

The statistical account of Sweden, which is edited by Mr. Gustav Sundbârg, is a voluminous work of over 1,100 pages, dealing with *quidquid agunt homines* and all that nature produces in the land in question. It has been rather late in appearing in its English dress; the French edition was published at the time of the Exhibition of 1900. Unless we forget, a very interesting work of the same sort on Norway or on Norway and Sweden, not so extensive in plan but beautifully got up, was issued by the Norse or Norse and Swedish Commissioners at the French Exhibition of 1889. That, it is to be presumed, suggested the present more official and much fuller account of Sweden. The business merely of translating the book into English must have been laborious enough. Naturally the translation leaves somewhat to be desired here and there. On the first page of his preface Mr. Sundbârg tells how the editorship came to be left "into my hands." Mr. Sundbârg has, of course, many collaborators. Beginning with the physical geography of Sweden, we pass through a rapid sketch of its history and its constitution and administration, then to its intellectual and moral culture (educa-

tion, science, art, literature, and so forth), on to, in the second part, the occupations and industries of the land. If one may make a criticism it is that where so much compression was necessary the historical part in certain sections might best have been omitted. As only eleven pages were to be devoted to Swedish literature, we would rather have heard more of the living producers—Rydberg, Strindberg, Selma Lagerlöf, for instance—and have let the dead past bury its dead.

ALBERT DURER

By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE announcement of a study by an artist of an artist, of a mystic by a poet, leads one to expect much, and those who read Mr. T. Sturge Moore's "Albert Durer," knowing, before they open its pages, that here they need not look for an orderly biography, but rather an original study, will not be disappointed. We learn from the preface that the work is an attempt at "an appreciation of this great artist in relation to general ideas," and the result is a very stimulating essay, with sufficient fact, date, and specific criticism attached, as is helpful to that study, but no more. The book is admirably illustrated, the half-tone reproductions especially being excellently printed. The fine portrait of Michael Wolgemut (pp. 224-5), for instance, gives an approximate idea of the life and vigour of the original—praise which cannot often be bestowed on process reproductions of oil-paintings. The four metal engravings are less successful, and this, we imagine, is not so much due to the process or to the printer as to the error of selecting for plate reproduction designs which do not benefit by that method. The "Melancholia," for example, would have had its essential qualities far more clearly shown in a copper plate than "Pilate Washing his Hands," "Saint Antony," or "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate": as a process-block it is grey, uninspiring and ineffective. But the presence of the four plates in the volume is we learn, due to the kindness of the Durer Society, and it is sorry work to complain of added gifts. As an illustrated record of Durer's work, the book is a welcome supplement to the little volume by Lina Eckenstein, issued by the same publishers a year or two ago, though it will not replace that as an admirable and business-like summary of the artist's life and work. It must be admitted, first and foremost, that the volume is concerned with Mr. T. Sturge Moore's outlook on life and the arts; the author has not lost himself in his subject—it is possible he cannot, or does not wish to do so—and, consequently, the reader is constantly being led off into digressions, interesting enough in themselves, bearing on them the "stamp exclusive and professional" of the writer of "The Rout of the Amazons," "Pan's Prophecy" and "The Gazelles," wholly delightful, in fact, to admirers of Mr. T. Sturge Moore, among whom the present writer classes himself, but irritating to the last degree in the study of another craftsman's work, in a book to which one turns for interpretative criticism and for a clear, plain, lucid essay, the capacity for the writing of which seems to be the birthright of the French race solely. More than any book we have read of recent years, the present volume reminds us of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," in its "leaping from rock up to rock," with now and again the "cool silver shock of the plunge in a pool's living water," the flash of a disappearing garment the only guide for struggling followers. Readers of "The Centaur's Booty" will not have any difficulty in recognising the author of the following characteristic passage. We doubt whether any uninitiated admirer of Durer has ever connected

the boyhood and the manhood in quite the same way. We quote it at length, as it shows better than any words of ours, better than almost any other passage in the volume, the kind of fresh light the Durer student will obtain in this book, and the prism through which, in Mr. T. Sturge Moore's hands, it is alone, apparently, permitted to come to him:

"We shall, I think, often do well, when considering the superb ostentation of Durer's workmanship, with its superabundance of curve and flourish, its delight in its ease and grace, to think of those young men among his ancestors who made their living from horses on the wind-swept plains of Hungary. The perfect control which it is the delight of lads brought up and developing under such conditions to obtain over the galloping steed is similar to the control which it gratified Durer to perfect over the dashing stroke of pen or brush, which, however swift and impulsive, is yet brought round and performs to a nicety a predetermined evolution. . . . And first, this life, with its free sweeping horizon, and the swallow-like curves of its gallops for the sake of galloping, or those which the long lashes of its whips trace in deploying, and which remind us of the lithe tendrils in which terminate Durer's ornamental flourishes; this life in which the eye is trained to watch the lasso, as with well-calculated address it swirls out and drops over the frightened head of an unbroken colt—this life is first pent up in a little goldsmith's shop, in a country even to-day famous for the beauty and originality of its peasant jewellery: and here it is trained to follow and answer the desire of the bright dark eyes of girls in love; in love, where love and the beauty that inspires it are the gifts of nature most guarded and most honoured, from which are expected the utmost that is conceived of delicacy in delight by a virile and healthy race."

In a second edition, which, we trust, will not be long in forthcoming, the conscientious reader would be saved a jar here and there if the author revised his numerous quotations from the Bible, and saw that they more nearly accorded with the text than, for example, do the well-known phrases on page 74; this at the risk of being accused as a payer of the tithe of mint and anise and cummin. The legend under the picture facing page 230 might be corrected, and readers have just cause of complaint in not being furnished with references to the abridged extracts Mr. T. Sturge Moore makes from Sir W. M. Conway's excellent but far too little-known "Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer."

PORT ARTHUR: THREE MONTHS WITH THE BESIEGERS

By Frederic Villiers. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

A MODERN CAMPAIGN, OR WAR AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FAR EAST

By D. Fraser, Special Correspondent to "The Times." (Methuen, 6s. net.)

It seems as though the remark attributed to Sir William Howard Russell, to the effect that he was present at the birth of newspaper war correspondence and had been permitted to live long enough to stand by its deathbed, will ultimately achieve more or less general acceptance. In both these volumes the identical and obviously inevitable fault, which arises from a cramped field of vision, is very strongly marked. Mr. Villiers' impressions of what he was permitted to see of the operations of the Third Japanese Army before Port Arthur under General Nogi form a series of word-pictures which, although at times they are somewhat disjointed, make interesting reading, and this, too, despite the irritating and frequently recurring fact that unimportant and somewhat egotistical information about the writer and his field companions is unnecessarily obtruded upon the attention of the reader.

The story of the efforts of "The Times" to serve its readers with information from the widespread seat of war by means of wireless telegraphy as an adjunct or ancillary to the cable services has already been well told by Captain Lionel James, who had charge of the arrangements. Captain James, "the Man Behind" of Mr. Fraser's book, had the author for his colleague, and Mr. Fraser it was who, under very trying and difficult circumstances, succeeded in equipping the land station of "The Times" wireless system on the Shantung Promontory. Thence he proceeded with the Japanese Field Armies, and for some months witnessed a good deal of the severe fighting carried on by the gallant Kuroki and his valorous troops.

Mr. Villiers has called his book a "Diurnal of Occurrents," an unlovely description against which it is somewhat surprising that his artistic taste did not rebel. Some of his entries are redolent of the charm and freshness of the ready writer who with a facile pen records thoughts or impressions as they are made or occur. Others are spoiled from having been laboriously touched-up and elaborated, and as presented smell strongly of the "midnight oil." The author did not by any means for the first time set foot in Manchuria in August last. Ten years earlier he had been present when Port Arthur was wrested from the Chinese. Much had happened in those ten years. Mr. Villiers thus describes the impression he formed of Port Arthur when it burst upon his view from Ho-o-shan, the highest peak of the range of surrounding hills:

" . . . Spread out in my immediate front lies the whole panorama of Port Arthur and its outlying defences, a ten-mile stretch from sea to sea. The scene at first is one of almost bewildering beauty, seemingly the fairest and gentlest of landscapes, composed of verdant hills and golden valleys, rich with ripening corn and millet. Hamlets nestle in the folds of the yellow fields, stately willows dapple the silver streams with the cobalt blue of the ocean. But for the dull grey battleships of Togo's blockading squadron, lying in grim rigid lines on the horizon, the scene suggests peace and plenty rather than the pinch of hunger and cruel war."

That picture must be contrasted with those of the night-fighting rounding Port Arthur, the colour of which was, Mr. Villiers asserts, "what Whistler would have revelled in." For the "old campaigning days," when "both armies usually ceased hostilities at some period between sundown and sunrise," the author has some regret. Mr. Villiers did not wait to witness the entry of the Japanese soldiers into the fallen fortress. He appears to have got on well with everybody, and has placed it upon record that he never left any army in the field with greater regret, nor had he ever been treated with more consideration and kindness than by the Third Imperial Army of Japan.

Mr. Villiers and Mr. Fraser are at one in testifying to the skill and bravery of the Japanese troops. Mr. Fraser's account of the battle of the Yalu is as admirable as any that has been written, and certainly the best thing in the volume. The word-picture of the Japanese advance to the attack following the artillery "preparation" is extremely interesting and vivid. The battle of the Yalu will long be remembered in the history of warfare as the first scientific general engagement ever fought between Oriental and Occidental, the result of which is all the more remarkable inasmuch as the Oriental had but just emerged from mediævalism. Incidentally one learns from Mr. Fraser's pages something of the enormous cost of campaign correspondence to newspapers.

Fiction

A STORY OF THE STAGE

By C. Ranger Gull. (F. V. White, 6s.) It is the end of the summer term and near midnight at Oxford. Trinity lies under moonlight, and in Basil Marriott's rooms incipient Bar and incipient Church, in the persons of Johnny Thompson and Pat Dundas, are at sorrowful grips with incipient Stage, as represented by their host and dearest crony. To Dundas, the budding barrister, keen and scornful, the idea that a man of refinement with a decent degree and a small independence should propose to go "blue-chinning about the country with all sorts of riff-raff" is obviously preposterous; while to "the Johnner," grave, sincere, and fluid, who looks upon "the body as the Temple of the Holy Spirit," it seems "at least rash and ill-advised to paint and bedizen it and make it a show for money." But with Marriott, forced to explain himself, Art is spelt with a very large A, and acting is the branch of Art that calls him. He has shone, too, in the O.U.D.S. Mr. Herbert Storm, highest and most finished of actors, has seen and approved his "Orlando," and has offered (not only himself, but possibly his sister, who shares his views) a small part in one of his touring companies. And really his friends are absurdly prejudiced, and fail to fathom his enthusiasms. And so good-bye to Oxford. There you have the prelude to a tale the actual trend of which is, after all, comparatively insignificant. There still lingers about it some trace of those literal greatnesses which Mr. Gull thrust upon readers of "The Serf." The "great, grey fan of latest night" is made to close. Shops in the morning open "like great gleaming flowers." Fountains (from a different category of similes) fall "like juice of diamonds" in Trafalgar Square, and eclecticism quite deserts him when he presents his heroine with that "flower-like face" which has become the property of so many others. These are quite unnecessary defects of certain vigorous and unusual capacities for observation and presentment. From Morley's to the clever little luncheon-party at the Storms' in Half Moon Street, hence by way of commissionaires into *les coulisses* of London mimeland, and so with "The Sportsman" B Company into the provinces, you may follow Basil step by step under the guidance of one who has read and thought and seen something for himself. There are shrewd and sharply-cut sketches of incident and character in plenty by the way. With regard to the stage itself, which is seen from many points of view, we think that he justifies his motto from Montaigne that "I speak truth, not my belly-full, but as much as I dare." He certainly dares too much, however, in continuing his old and justly decried practice of paraphrasing, if not caricaturing, well-known personalities. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Miss Vivien Storm, together with Mr. Augustus Storm, delicately persuasive of public opinion over the signature of "Gus," are not very hard to place. Mr. Ranger Gull has certainly enough talent to refrain from such adventitious aids. He has the knack of hitting many nails upon the head. As to the length of the nails and as to how hard he hits them, there are, no doubt, differences of opinion.

JEANNIE JEMIMA JONES

The Adventures of a Runaway Girl on a Desert Island. By the "Blunderland" Cartoonist. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.) The incidents that precede the running-away of Jeannie Jemima Jones justify the "hated grown-ups'" opinion that she was a very naughty girl, one who could have no reasonable expectation of being loved. Once started upon her adventures—which are undertaken in boy's clothes—she becomes an amusing little person with a happy gift for "inventing a dodge" to get herself out of every kind of scrape and danger. Few boys cast upon a desert island have met with such amazing experiences as Jeannie Jemima encountered, and none of them have shown more ingenuity and resource in such a variety of original situations and incidents. There is "no false note of conventionality" either in the life on the island or in the telling of the story, Jeannie Jemima's locutions, speaking generally, being much more

expressive than correct. That, however, is a circumstance that will not count against the young lady's narrative in the estimation of the schoolroom; but whether it will be equally agreeable to parents and governesses is another matter. Many of Jeannie Jemima's dodges are likely to excite the sincerest form of admiration, in which case the family comfort will suffer. It is also necessary to observe that her views of domestic government have an anarchist tendency. "Oh! my goodness! how grown-ups do get on your nerves!" "If you don't watch them they will get you into trouble as sure as a gun." "No; I couldn't stand living at home any more," and other observations to this effect may suggest to the home authorities the desirability of adopting the methods of the Russian press censor before admitting Jeannie Jemima Jones into the schoolroom. There may be some difference of opinion, too, as to the merit of the illustrations, of which there are a hundred, in the earlier styles of the slate-and-pencil period. Though they have no pretensions to grace, drawings of this *genre* are often very funny either by accident or design. And so some of these might have been, but for the lack of distinction between the grotesque and exaggerated ugliness. Not that they all have that fault, and we can quite understand that where they do not frighten they will charm.

CUT LAURELS

By M. Hamilton. (Heinemann, 6s.) It is always refreshing to read novels which deal with the frailty of a man and the supreme nobility of a woman. An appeal is made to the chivalry latent in every one, so that we can sympathise even with the man's infirmity, recognising what scope it gives the heroine for the display of her true greatness; we see the meaning of evil, the necessary foil to good, and incidentally one view (and a useful one) of mere man's place in the universe. But in "Cut Laurels" this appeal is made almost too clamorously to gain the response which we long to give. Katherine Hamilton has been separated for eighteen years from her husband, who has been taken prisoner by the Arabs. They meet again at Cairo. She has been working and saving money all these years, as a dressmaker in Belfast, with her daughter Phyllis, born a few months after his departure. He returns, bringing with him an Arab woman and his two children, and asks his wife who her beautiful young companion is, not remembering he has a daughter. She forgives him that and everything else; in the end she wins back his love and they start life together afresh, Phyllis having married a rich lord in season. Miss Hamilton is not at her best in this book. She excels in her treatment of Irish peasant life and of children, about whom she writes with sympathy and humour. Umballah, the little Arab boy, is as charming as Pipette, the French child in her "Beyond the Boundary," and we wish there were more of him and less of the noble wife, whose devotion and difficulties are a little wearisome and unconvincing, resting as they do on the initial improbability of an eighteen years' complete disappearance.

THE ROOT

By Orme Agnus. (Ward, Lock, 6s.) Mr. Orme Agnus has done memorable work in the past, notably "Sarah Tuldon" and "Jane Oxber," tales of village life that are inimitable in their way; and in this, the latest novel from his pen, he more than maintains his reputation. There are other painters of life in our small English villages besides Mr. Orme Agnus who perhaps give us more startling and unusual plots, more thrilling details; but we know of no other writer who touches so sympathetically and tenderly the village tragedy which to the casual onlooker is commonplace, or has such a keen insight into the mind of the tiller of the soil. Mr. Orme Agnus has humour, too—fresh, clean, wholesome humour that is like a breath of the revivifying country air that sweeps over the village he depicts. In "The Root" the author sets forth to show the effect that money, the love of which is the root of all evil, may have on the bucolic character. Bereaved of his wife at the age of seventy-two and with the workhouse looming near, old Uncle Ezra, by a great stroke of cunning, leads his relations to believe that he has a large sum of money "up to Darchester Bank."

They are amazed; but their cupidity gets the better of their commonsense and causes them to accept his statement. Gossip busies herself with Ezra's banking account until it is surmised to be at least a thousand pounds or more. Then the struggle for the money begins, in the course of which tragedy is born. It is a powerful story, powerfully told. Sometimes the humour is more sardonic than playful, and occasionally Mr. Agnus succumbs to the temptation to moralise. There are several delightful character studies in the book, notably Miss Kildy, the tender-hearted spinster, Rupert, the crippled boy whose one desire is "to go to Lunnion to a great doctor to make these laigs straight," and old Ezra himself, with his shrewdness and cynicism. The story is told with great simplicity and directness, and is not overburdened with dialect. It bears the impress of truth in every line.

HEIRS OF REUBEN

By Chris Healy. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) Once upon a time a clever magazine editor invented the "complete" story. Now "complete" stories differ from "short" stories in many other particulars, but especially in this, that completeness is the one quality which they essentially lack. Designed originally (before the days of the unspeakable "synopsis of foregoing chapters") for the convenience of busy people with a preference for episodic serials capable of being taken up anywhere, they resemble beads strung carelessly upon a thread, and though there may be pearls among them they are not easy to find. If they lack art, however, "complete" stories are invariably modest, for whereas your short story, good, bad, or indifferent, is ever ready to proclaim itself as such, the one ambition of your typical complete story seems to be to conceal itself as deftly and quickly as possible in "a book." We dare affirm that every man Jack of Mr. Chris Healy's "Heirs of Reuben" originally appeared "complete." Now each takes his place in a gallery of "rogues, wastrels, and broken men," under the convenient shelter of an inert chapter heading. And, indeed, as failure after failure tells the tale of the ups and downs which have led him to the squalor of an East End lodging-house, one becomes increasingly convinced that the sooner he is lost in the crowd again the better. We have rarely met with a more sordid collection of experiences. "Then I went to the devil," or "In the meanwhile I drink—drink—drink" is the burden of most of these "yarns." But was there no man among them all able to stand squarely up to his fate, in spite of the policeman ever ready round the corner and the benefactors who so persistently died? Stories and characters alike are clever enough for anything. "The Law and the Gospel," again, has a kind of nauseating pathos; while in "The Voice of the Open Road" at least we breathe comparatively fresh air. But in spite of all the skilful handling of the device which brings Johnson of the "Evening Hustler" into the midst of this crew and keeps the murderer who is to supply his "scoop" lurking, as it were, in the shadow of each reckless recital, we hope that Mr. Healy himself is "only a temporary 'ere." He can do better work than this.

STOLEN WATERS

By "Lucas Cleeve." (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) The Rev. Herbert Manners, well-born, rich, handsome, learned, eloquent, comes to the country town of Dillingham as its vicar or rector—Mrs. Kingscote seems on the whole to prefer the humbler title—and Dillingham congratulates itself. Alas! Mr. Manners has an imagination which, in Mrs. Kingscote's fascinating phrase, "had of late years been clouded by the haziness which came of a recurrent condition of imperfect sobriety"; or, in plain English, he was a drunkard within the meaning of the Act. You would think that there would be indications of his vice in his face at any rate. Nothing of the sort. His own mother, who comes to stay with him, merely accuses him of getting too puffy, too fat; and yet he is so far gone that a few months afterwards he has a bad attack of *délirium tremens*, through which he is nursed by Martha Parsons. Martha, who is the daughter of the Baptist minister, has been seduced by the Squire's son, and when her child dies she returns to Dillingham to the pretty cottage left her by her old father.

Between this woman and the vicar is a secret tie in the fact that each has a sin; a shame to bear, but hers has been openly acknowledged, while that of the man is hidden. Through scenes told in language of extraordinary gorgeousness, enlivened by much unconscious bathos and quotations from the Thirty-nine Articles, the story moves on to the inevitable open confession of Mr. Manners from his own pulpit. Unfortunately, Mrs. Kingscote is not a Nathaniel Hawthorne. The vicar has carefully made himself drunk enough to convince his congregation, yet not too drunk to explain his hypocrisy, to confess even that he has taken the bottles of Communion wine from the church. The Bishop is there, leaning, so Mrs. Kingscote tells us, with a vague suggestion of gymnastics, "his head on his muslin-trousered arm." The scene, which should have been conceived on the high note of tragedy, is merely unpleasant or farcical, according to the reader's mood. The figure of Martha, the woman purified by suffering, is impressive; and the society of the country town is described with some humour. But Mrs. Kingscote must learn to write English, and even to spell. "The adventure of life stood and beckoned in the darkness, and told of an illuminated vagabondage on the high-road of delight," is a perfectly fair specimen of her style. Often as she uses the word "coruscating," never once does she spell it right; and, unless she is the victim of the printer, she writes "principal" for "principle" and "tustle" for "tussle." The whole book leaves an impression of voluble haste, of having been shovelled together against time.

Short Notices

THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN

By Okakura-Kakura. (John Murray, 5s.) The English globe-trotter visiting Japan has discoursed to us of pretty toys and dancing girls and paper lanterns. We picture the Japanese gentleman arranging cherry-blossoms in vases, and when his honour demands it committing suicide with much dignity. Of his religion and his politics we have known little. His success in war has been demonstrated lately, and the West has been quite ready to take the credit. Mr. Okakura-Kakura hardly touches on the lighter side of his national life, and that in itself makes his book interesting. He tells us of the great political movements that have stirred his country, of the military despotism under which it slept for centuries, and of the great rebellion that abolished the Shoguns and gave back power to the Mikado. He writes in English, so his book is presumably addressed to the English public, and for this purpose his style is too allusive. He talks of Neo-Confucianism, Zen doctrines, and Oyomians as if he politely expected the average Englishman to know something about them. His history too hardly takes the ignorance of his readers into sufficient account. It is as if you button-holed the first Japanese you met and spoke to him of Martin Luther and the death of Charles I. But he gives you a picture of a warlike and devoted Japan, whose present greatness is not a mushroom growth, but built on the solid foundations of national character. He has something to say about the White Disaster as compared with the bogie of the Yellow Peril, and he denies the purely imitative character of Japanese progress. In one respect he is unjust to the West, or at any rate to England. He says that we preach the superiority of our "art." We may be a stupid nation, but surely none of us are stupid enough to do that.

Books Received

Biography and Memoirs

- Byles, C. E., *The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker*. Lane, 21/0 net. (See Review, page 168.)
 Innes, General J. J. Macleod, R.E., V.C., *Life and Times of General Sir James Browne ("Buster Browne")*. Murray, 18/0 net. (See Review, page 169.)
 Laughlin, Clara E., *Stories of Authors' Loves*. Iabister, 6/0.
 Wright, *The Poets Laureate of England*. Jarrold, 1/6. (The story of the Laureates from the earliest times told for "young people." Wordsworth and Tennyson are dealt with at greater length than the rest, and there is a discriminating chapter on the present holder of the office.)
 Wilde, Oscar, *De Profundis*. Methuen, 5/0 net. (A long letter, written from prison, setting out the changes in the author's view of life, his

new understanding of the meaning and use of sorrow, and his plans for the future. Edited, with a preface, by Mr. Robert Ross.)

Classics

Stewart, J. A., *The Myths of Plato*. Macmillan, 14/0 net.

Economics

Strangeland, Charles Emil, Ph.D., *Pre-Malthusian Doctrines of Population*. New York: The Columbia University Press; London: P. S. King & Son, 10/0 net. (A re-statement, as far as possible in the various authors' own words, of the theories and doctrines advanced prior to the publication of Malthus's "Essay" in 1798, with special reference to Economics. The theories include Greek and Roman, Oriental, Primitive Christian and Medieval, and all important modern views.)

Folklore

Fison, Lorimer, *Tales from Old Fiji*. The De la More Press, 7/6 net.

History and Archaeology

The Antiquary, Vol. XL., 1904. Elliot Stock.
Okey, Thomas, *The Story of Venice*. Dent, 4/6 net. (A new volume of the "Medieval Towns Series." Illustrated with six good reproductions of famous pictures, and some charming pen drawings by Nelly Erichsen.)

Law

Martin, William, *The English Patent System*. Dent, 1/0 net. (One of "The Temple Primers." An attempt to exhibit the English patent system as a whole, and free from unnecessary industrial and legal technicality.)

Military

Lads' Drill Association. *Annual Report*.

Miscellaneous

Clarke, A. L., *Manual of Practical Indexing*. Library Supply Co., 5/0 net.
Swan, Helena, *Christian Names*. Routledge, 1/0 net. ("Miniature Reference Library." The origin and meaning of all really common Christian names.)

Burn, John Henry, *Children's Answers—Shrewd, Witty, Nonsensical, and Pathetic*. Treherne, 2/0 net. (The collection of a quarter of a century. Some are capital; some feeble; but Mr. Burn wisely decided to include "chestnuts" rather than let his readers miss any good things that might be unknown to them.)

Natural History

Ward, John J., *Peeps into Nature's Ways*. Isbister, 7/6 net.

Poetry

Loveman, Robert, *Songs from a Georgia Garden and Echoes from the Gates of Silence*. Lippincott, 5/0. (Vivid and musical little lyrics by an American writer, sometimes lacking in distinction, but seldom in thought or passion.)

O'Sullivan, Seumas, *The Twilight People*. Dublin: Whalley & Co.; London: Bullen, 2/0 net. (Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan's verses have considerable charm. He belongs, clearly, to the young Irish school, and there is a haunting sadness and sweetness about most of his varied and often mystical lyrics.)

Reprints and New Editions

Wheatley, Henry B., *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*. Vols. V. and VI. Bell, 5/0 net each.

Fitzgerald, Edward, *Polonius*. The De la More Press, 1/0 net.

Palgrave, Francis Turner, *The Golden Treasury*. Routledge, 1/0 net.

Morris, Sir Lewis, *Poema*. Routledge, 1/0 net.

Crockett, S. R., *The Stickit Minister*. Unwin, 1/0 net.

Gorky, Maxim, *Three of Them*. Unwin, 1/0 net.

Wedmore, Frederick, *Dream of Provence and To Nancy*. Isbister, 1/0 net each. (See Review, page 171.)

Science

Geikie, Sir Archibald, *Landscape in History and other Essays*. Macmillan, 8/6 net.

Stocker, R. Dimadale, *Soul-Culture*. Fowler & Wells, 1/0 net. (I. Life's Inequalities: their Cause and Cure (Past); II. The Mystery of Being: the Remedy of "Yoga" (Present); III. The Predictive Art: the Rationale of Fortune-Telling (Future).)

Anderson, K. T., *Mind-Concentration and how to Practise it*. Fowler & Wells, 0/6 net. (Short and simple mental gymnastics for the increase of will-power and concentration of thought.)

Sport

Hodgson, W. Earle, *Trout Fishing*. Black, 7/6 net.

Theology

Thompson, the Rev. W. Halliday, LL.D., *Professor Huxley and Religion*. Allenson, 2/6 net. (Lectures delivered in Gresham College to a popular audience. The author's main question is "whether the application of the method of investigation and proof, illustrated by Huxley himself, to the problem of the origin of the universe, justifies . . . Agnosticism; or whether the hypothesis of a Personal Being, with attributes akin to those of man, is logically sounder and more reasonable.")

Periodicals

The Hampstead Annual, 1904-5. Edited by Greville E. Matheson and Sydney C. Mayle. Sydney C. Mayle, 2/6 net. (The new volume of this handsome annual contains recollections of Canon Ainger in his Hampstead days, and contributions from well-known writers like Beatrice Harraden, Grace Rhys, A. M. Buckton, and others. It is fully and excellently illustrated.) "New York Times Saturday Review," "Book News," "Atlantic Monthly," "T. P.'s Weekly," "University Correspondent," "University Record," "Dragon," "Good Health," "Cosmopolitan," "To-day," "Review of Reviews," "Nature," "Humanitarian Era," "Royal Magazine," "Isis," "Pall Mall," "Ulula," "Nottingham Library Bulletin," "Men and Women of India" (the first number of an illustrated monthly record of life and work in India, Rutoragur, Bombay, R1), "North American Review," "Publishers' Circular," "Twentieth Century Home," "Rand Ratepayers' Review," "Parsi."

Pamphlets

Skrine, F. H., *British-Grown Tea and Taxation: a Plea for a Free Breakfast Table*. Sidders.

Copping, A. E., *Pictures of Poverty, being Studies of Distress in West Ham*. Brorup, R. P., *The Struggle for America*. Fitzgerald, G. A., U.S.A., 25c.

Catalogues

Old English Pottery and Porcelain. Sotheby.
Books and Manuscripts. Sotheby.

Foreign

Educational

Cagnat, R., *Cours d'Epigraphie Latine*. (Supplement to the third edition.) Paris: Fontemoing.

Fiction

Andro, L., *Die Augen des Hieronymus*. Berlin: Frans Lederman.

Literary

le Breton, André, *Balzac, l'Homme et l'Œuvre*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3f.50.

Scartazzini, Dr. G. A., *Enciclopedia Dantesca*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 8 lire.
Passerini, G. L., and Massi, C., *Un decennio di Bibliografia Dantesca*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 12 lire.
Panzini, Alfredo, *Dizionario Moderno. Supplemento ai Dizionari Italiani*. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, 6.50 lire.

Poetry

Bortoluzzi, Pio, *Le Versioni da Orasio. Serie Metrica*. Verona: Fratelli Drucker.

Reprints

La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Milan: Hoepli.

Science

The Fear of Death

By the fear of death I mean in the first place to indicate neither "the dread of something after death," nor the love of life; but the fear which has given rise to such a term as "death-agony."

It is apparently believed that the act of dying is a painful one, attended with a cup of mortal bitterness such as can be drained by no man twice: Death is the King of Terrors. It may be profitable to examine this belief and thereafter to consider certain of its concomitants.

In the first place I would have the reader take the word of one who has witnessed many and various deaths that the term "death-agony" does not correspond to any fact. Without concerning ourselves with the classification of the pathologists, who speak of death by coma, by asphyxia, by syncope and so forth, we may make the broad statement that the immediate cause of death, in all but very exceptional cases, such as accident, is the poisoning of the nervous centres by carbonic acid, which accumulates in the blood owing to the failure of the arrangements for its removal. This gas, let us mark, is an *anæsthetic*, and has indeed been employed as such, both locally and otherwise. This property of carbonic acid may be termed, without any philosophic criticism of the assumptions implied in the words, "a merciful provision of Nature." Normal death, if the phrase be permitted, is a painless occurrence, usually preceded by gradual loss of consciousness entailing no more suffering than going to sleep. The accumulation of this merciful gas often induces muscular contractions or spasms, which are preceded by loss of consciousness, but which may have suggested to uncritical observers that their moribund subject was in "agony." It is not merely that the pain of death is trifling as compared with the physical pain of a scald: it is non-existent. To this general assertion there are, of course, exceptions, as in the case of the agonising death by strychnine poisoning, in which the mind is clear to the last.

But before dismissing the simple question of physical pain, we may note the existence of a delusion lately exhibited in the public press, which referred to the Grand Duke Sergius driving to his doom, as "the unhappy man." The inference is that he was about to meet an undesirable, not to say "horrible" death. In point of fact, the last moments of his consciousness were in all probability as happy as those of such a man could be. Numerous and well-devised psychological experiments, supported by the testimony of thousands of cases in battle and elsewhere, have conclusively proved that in death by bullet or bomb the possibility of consciousness is annihilated before the consciousness either of pain or of imminent disaster can be aroused. The interval of time necessary to develop the feeling of pain is appreciable and measurable. The entry of a directly lethal bullet into the brain causes death in a shorter period than avails for any alteration of consciousness. Death in this form assumes its least painful shape. Obviously I speak of only one point of view. I do not refer to the need for preparation implied in the Churchman's petition to be delivered from "sudden death."

There remains for consideration a much more difficult question—the moral fear of death. It is, of course, obvious that this can exist only in a self-conscious being. It is only for those who can look before and after that the King has terrors.

Here I may perhaps be forgiven for reference to two recent works of art. At the recent Leeds Festival we heard Dr. Walford Davies' new cantata "Everyman," which is shortly to be produced in London. For my present purpose, and without pretence to be anything more than an amateur, I would compare this cantata with Elgar's inspired setting of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius": and of the five renderings I have heard of the latter, and the three tenors to whom I have listened, I will choose those in which the part of Gerontius was taken by Mr. Gervase Elwes. In both works the theme is death, the protagonist a dying man. In the cantata there is illustrated not the fear of death but the love of life which entails an unwillingness to die. This love of life might well be considered at length: but it is totally distinct from the fear of death. Of this I know no demonstration so poignant as Mr. Elwes' rendering of Elgar's setting of Newman's horrible poem. The Cardinal's conception of the ghastly visions of the dying man, when reinforced by the power of composer and executant, is an overwhelming and—save that Mr. Elwes is mortal—must surely be a perdurable and final illustration of the influence of certain religious beliefs upon the minds of those who accept them. Here, indeed, in the death of a pious and fortified believer, and not in that of an "unfortunate Grand Duke," is the veritable death-agony. No brilliantly-lit hall, no well-fed crowd, nor even the starched shirt-front of Mr. Elwes, can alleviate for me the horrors of what Cardinal Newman may be presumed to have regarded as the orthodox death-bed.

Beside this death of Gerontius, which I should like to hope is but the morbid imagining of an abnormal mind, without counterpart in human experience, the most fabulous tales of the horrors of the "infidel death-bed" seem anæmic and trivial. Indeed, they are mythical *ex hypothesi*, for only the believer in future retribution can fear to die, much though he may love to live or may sorrow for his loved ones' bereavement.

The fear of death, then, may thus be briefly analysed. In so far as it is a physical fear, it is baseless: the only peaceful and painless part of a fatal illness may be its termination.

In so far as it is a moral fear, it is conditioned by the mental power of anticipation. It follows that there is no horror in the contemplation of the countless millions of deaths that preceded the advent of man upon the earth, or those of the lower animals to-day. The death of a rose or a kitten may be sad, but neither is horrible.

Nor is it horrible "to cease upon the midnight with no pain." The fear of death, as death, is due only when it is believed that thereafter may or must be unhappiness—whether conditioned by the worm that dieth not, or by eternal alienation from the Deity.

I conclude that the fear of death is in full decline. The genius of that most illustrious priest Copernicus, nearly four centuries ago, dealt it a terrible blow, by destroying the geography of the Dantean Inferno. Since he made it impossible to believe that hell is a place, it must be concluded that it is a state. But meanwhile the unwithstood and unwithstandable development of "humanity" in human thinking has led to the displacement of the old belief by that of the Persian poet, "He's a good fellow, and all will be well."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Art

The Painter-Etchers—The Etchings of Maxime Lalanne

THE special feature of this year's exhibition is the group of etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints by the President, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, which are hung in three rows with a view to instruction, but also with admirable decorative effect. They are *hors concours* in every sense, for years have elapsed since the last of them was done, and their author has long been recognised as one of the greatest etchers of the nineteenth century. The dry-points include "Windmill Hill (No. 1)," "The Tank, Cintra," and "The Little Boat-House"; with the exception of "Sunset in Ireland," which is not exhibited, it would be hard to name more beautiful specimens of the President's work in this medium, and they illustrate its use with great variety. The value of dry-point as an addition to etching is exemplified by "Combe Bottom" and "On the Test." "Egham Lock" in pure etching may be compared with the same subject in pure mezzotint, and etching as a preparation for mezzotint is seen in No. 169, a proof of "Harlech" with etched outline washed with sepia to show what the effect would be if the plate were completed by the addition of a mezzotint ground. A number of such tinted etchings were included in a large exhibition of Sir Seymour Haden's work at Messrs. Colnaghi's gallery a few years ago, and the effect was sometimes so beautiful that it is surprising that etchers are not more often tempted to make such experiments. Sir Charles Holroyd has sometimes done so with success, and there is an old and laudable precedent in the work of Hercules Seghers. The President made a notable effort, a year or two back, to encourage the use of pure mezzotint for original work by exhibiting some rare examples of Turner. His own mezzotint landscapes in the lowest row this year are extremely beautiful; that may be said even of "The Test at Long Parish," an experiment on zinc, pronounced by the artist himself to be a failure, but it will be universally allowed in the case of "Salmon Pool on the Spey," a brilliant achievement in the rendering of atmospheric effect and the surface of water which even the best of the younger mezzotint engravers, such as Mr. Waterson, are far from rivalling. The most accomplished of them all, Mr. Short, uses mezzotint mainly for the reproduction of pictures, and this year he exhibits nothing.

Another of the veterans, Professor Legros, sends some of the latest numbers of his series, "Triomphe de la Mort," with a beautiful frontispiece. The uprooted tree makes a curious straight line half-way across the composition, but its position is fully explained by the boulders, hurled down by an avalanche, between which its trunk is jammed. Mr. Heseltine and Sir J. C. Robinson contribute landscapes in their characteristic and very different styles; the latter has a technique all his own, and his suggestions of vapour dispersing and penetrated by shafts of light are so beautiful as to deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. Sir Charles Holroyd exhibits "Nymphs by the Sea," the best etching of figures in the room; portraits of Professor Legros and Mr. Leonard Courtney, the first a fine example of pure line, the second rather marred by stippling; two pleasing Medway landscapes, and several Lake-country subjects, of which "Kidsty Pike" is the finest, though none are comparable to the large plates etched on a former visit to Borrowdale and the neigh-

bouring hills. Mr. Brangwyn makes a fine display with three large, massive studies of light and shade, "The Storm," "A Turkish Cemetery," and an immense plate of the scaffolding that surrounds the new buildings of South Kensington Museum. Mr. East does somewhat similar work in pure landscape, and one of the new Associates, Mr. Sydney Lee, may be counted an adherent of the same school, aiming at vigour and broad decorative effect. Very different from this, and, indeed, from anything else ever exhibited by this Society, is the work of two young recruits, the brothers Edward and Maurice Detmold; this, again, is nothing if not decorative; but it is Oriental in its inspiration. The plumage of birds, delicately etched in extreme detail, is the motive of most of the plates exhibited by these two artists; they are not always so successful with other textures, the skin of "Prometheus" for example; the "Dragon" is not so satisfactory a creation as the "Phoenix"; but perhaps their most excellent plate is the smallest and slightest, a "Long-Eared Bat," etched with wonderful lightness and certainty of touch. It is difficult for the uninitiated to guess how a plate so harmonious in finish can be the work of more than one artist; but it is signed by both brothers, whereas the other etchings already mentioned are catalogued as the work either of Mr. Edward or Mr. Maurice Detmold singly.

One of the most charming things in the exhibition is Colonel Goff's study of Italian pines at Viareggio bending under the stress of a gale. Admirable, too, and full of the magic of Italy, is "A Florentine Villa," though both here and in "The Old Road to Fiesole" the dark tint left on the plate makes the effect needlessly sombre. Dr. Evershed has been fascinated by the arches that span narrow alleys in the old towns of the Italian Riviera. "Pulteney Bridge, Bath" is the best thing Mr. Hedley Fitton has exhibited; his "Rialto" is drawn from an unusual point of view, already discovered by a well-known contemporary etcher; and the comparison inevitably suggested is not to the advantage of Mr. Fitton. Mr. Spence continues the entertaining illustrations to "Fox's Journal," in which he most excels. Fox, in one of these, meets Cromwell at Hampton Court. "And as he rode at the head of his *Lifeguard*," the quotation runs, "I saw and felt a *Waft* (or *Apparition*) of *Death* go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a *dead man*": a weird subject which Mr. Spence has turned to good account.

Only a few of the notable things have been mentioned, but the experienced visitor will discover for himself, among much that is insignificant, many compositions of merit in the quieter work of Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Synge, Mr. Wright, Miss Sloane, and Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch. Three members who had not exhibited recently—Mr. Laing, Mr. Gascoyne, and Mr. Bryden—have returned this year, but we miss Mr. Hugh Fisher, who was largely represented in the last exhibition. Large and over-elaborate etchings are, happily, fewer than usual; the work of Mr. Lawrence Phillips, for example, gains much by the limitation imposed by the choice of a smaller plate. The contributions of the foreign members

may be accused of sameness. M. Chahine is the most versatile, but he is not so well represented here as in the recent International Exhibition. M. Helleu's portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough will be much admired.

Lalanne, a native of Bordeaux who died in 1886, wrote one of the best practical treatises on the art of etching, and was himself an accomplished etcher. It would be exaggeration to call him a great artist; he lacked the unique gift, the touch of genius, which raises Méryon, Millet, and Legros to a place apart. But just as in literature the command of a clear and accurate style is the common inheritance of educated Frenchmen, so in the graphic arts good taste and a high degree of technical proficiency are shared by many French etchers of the second half of the nineteenth century who never rose to the highest rank. Among these skilful and tasteful etchers of landscape and architecture, Lalanne is eminent, and such an exhibition as Mr. Gutekunst has arranged, the most complete ever held, will certainly add to his reputation. The etchings exhibited, partly on the walls and partly in portfolios, are entirely from the artist's own collection and of the choicest quality, many subjects being represented by a series of states or trial proofs. The catalogue will be of permanent value as the most complete list of Lalanne's work that has been compiled; it follows the order of Beraldi, and adds a number of undescribed subjects at the end.

The general level of Lalanne's work is excellent, but he did not produce a masterpiece. He is at his best in coast scenes, views on the Seine, and subjects from the old streets of Paris, Rouen, and Amsterdam. A search through the portfolios will be rewarded by the discovery of many charming trifles, tiny landscapes, delicate etchings of a hare, and a sketch of the ever-fascinating Zaandam windmills. In addition to his original work, Lalanne occasionally reproduced pictures; and his renderings of Barbizon landscapes are especially good. The large "Coucher de Soleil" and "Clair de Lune" (after Daubigny), and "Mantes la Jolie" (after Corot), of which Mr. Gutekunst has acquired an interesting series of trial proofs, rank high as reproductive etchings. It is a matter of regret, in some ways, that so fine a collection of an etcher's whole work should be broken up; but the opportunity will be welcomed by collectors who wish to enrich their own portfolios. The exhibition closes on March 4.

C. D.

Drama

The Personality of the Actor

THOSE of us who, notwithstanding every disillusion, persist in regarding the drama—not, of course, the hebdomadal drama, but the ideal drama which has been and is yet to be—as a branch of literature are perhaps often tempted to be unjust to the players. Even more than unambitious playwrights and phlegmatic audiences, they appear to be the standing obstacle to the recognition of tragedy as anything more than sensational incident, or of comedy as anything more than the crackling of thorns under the pot. Of course, from their own point of view, the thing is intelligible enough. The actor, in his kind and degree, even though it be not a very exalted kind and degree, is an artist, and his aim, like that of every other artist, is self-expression. In the social relation, self-expression comes to mean the projection of the artist's personality

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over the personalities of others. To bring souls into captivity; to herd them like sheep to the sound of his own piping; that is his art. Precisely similar is the aim of the dramatist; only that, while the personality of the dramatist finds its expression in the inwardness of the play, in the ultimate emotions it evokes and the ultimate ideas it shadows forth, the personality of the actor finds its expression in its immediate and external elements, in the shades of manner and the intonations of voice, in the grace or eccentricity of gesture and outward behaviour. It is obvious that collision may easily occur between the will that is steadily compelling the attention of the spectator to the central meaning and the will that is steadily alluring it to the polished and decorated surface. In a reasonable and normal organisation of the drama, the difficulty is naturally met by making the author, the greater and more creative artist, supreme, and reducing the actors to the position of his puppets, pulled by strings at his pleasure, to take the part designed for them in the shadow-dance which bodies forth his dominant conception. He is the maker; they are the interpreters. And, in fact, the greatest actors have, in the long run, been those who have realised this for themselves, and have renounced direct self-expression to attain to the more subtle self-expression which comes by faithful and patient following of the tracks and windings of master-minds. Unfortunately, renunciation implies genius, and genius is rare; and the organisation of the modern English drama is neither reasonable nor normal. For this there are, of course, economic reasons. The theatre-going public takes a good deal of interest in acting, and very little interest indeed in literature. What it takes an interest in it is prepared to pay for, with the result that, while successful actors can very well afford to employ a playwright, hardly any playwrights are in a position to employ a troop of actors. In such circumstances employment for the playwright inevitably means that, whatever else he does or does not do with his play, he at any rate affords opportunities of self-expression for the masters by whom his work was commissioned. That is why plays are neither right comedies nor right tragedies, but are written round this or that personality, and achieve such fame as a hundred nights can give before they are thrown upon the dust-heap, by providing Her with a fresh excuse for picturesque poses and modish drapery and Him with yet another entertaining character-part in his inimitable vein.

Time, however, has its revenges, and the irony of the gods is satisfied when some such play, in which literature has been flouted for a price, is plucked by a rash hand from its oblivion and promoted to a place of perilous honour amongst its author's works. Brought away from the friendly footlights, with the glamour of mimicry no longer upon it, it resembles nothing so much as yonder enamelled dowager when the cruel light of dawn begins to steal through the parted curtains of the ball-room. Eminent names will yield examples. Here, now, is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. There have been worse playwrights and playwrights who have realised less and cared less for the conditions and ideals of their art. I might quote passages from the preface to Mr. Jones' "Saints and Sinners," written in 1891, which show the very clearest perception of the nature of that antagonism between the author and the actor to which I have referred, and of the weaknesses in dramatic writing for which that antagonism is responsible. "The Manœuvres of Jane" was produced by Mr. Jones at the Haymarket Theatre in 1898, and has

now, in its turn, come to be printed. It has no preface by Mr. Jones in vindication of the ideals of dramatic literature. It has not even, like some other of Mr. Jones' works, an introductory essay by Mr. William Archer, calling attention to the place which it occupies in the dramatic renaissance of the nineteenth century. Nor has it any observations by Mr. A. B. Walkley. The play as I recall it was vastly entertaining. Miss Winifred Emery as the impulsive and headstrong Jane Nangle, Miss Gertrude Kingston as the cattish Constantia Gage, Miss Beatrice Ferrar as Pamela Beechinor, the marplot, were all funniness itself. I was convulsed with laughter when Mr. Cyril Maude, as Lord Bapchild, stood there with his affianced but unwelcome bride, plucking his new straw hat to pieces and twisting his feet in an agony of nervous indecision. But now that I read the thing in cold print, the humour of it seems to have evaporated entirely. I cannot raise a smile, and can only marvel that I should ever have been able to tolerate the triviality of the intrigue, the sketchiness of the characters, and the hopeless want of distinction in the dialogue. Was I hypnotised by Mr. Cyril Maude and his talented colleagues, since without them the whole piece seems to collapse like a pricked bladder? On second thoughts, I do not know why I should marvel so much after all. The actor's personality is a very real thing, and if entertainment is what you are after, you are just as likely to be entertained by it as by the personality of a dramatist. Only it expresses itself, not through dialogue, but through gesture and intonation and facial contortions; and when these are left out, as in a book they obviously must be, since the fullest stage directions cannot hold them, the dialogue which they have accompanied may prove inadequate by itself to constitute literature. Even so I am afraid it is with "The Manœuvres of Jane." E. K. CHAMBERS.

On Piano Music

AT Herr von Dohnányi's first pianoforte recital of this year several points, apart from the music and the player, struck me as significant. That the Æolian Hall is about half the size of the late St. James' Hall; that it was just sufficiently filled not to allow any great expanse of empty seats to be visible in any one place; that the programme frankly began with the most interesting item of the concert; that this fact did not induce the audience to come more punctually than usual; that the programme frankly ended with one of the most highly sensational and ear-tickling effusions which Liszt ever penned for the piano, but that even this obvious bait did not induce many of the audience to stay to the end.

When the music began, one realised again, what London audiences have had frequent opportunity of realising in former years, that Dohnányi is not only, like so many other brilliant young pianists, possessed of a splendid technique, but that he plays the great F Minor Sonata with the conviction of a genuine Brahms lover. Perhaps he has not quite fathomed the depths of the first movement; there was vigour and energy without the commanding force which belongs to the first subject; but, on the whole, his interpretation was so clear as to bring out the beauties of each movement in a way that compelled attention. The Andante and Intermezzo were particularly appealing; the Scherzo carried one away by its exuberant spirit.

Between each movement the audience trickled in, and when the Sonata and the two Beethoven pieces which followed were over, they began to gently trickle out again.

Why? one is inclined to ask impatiently. Why this half-hearted attitude? What more can they want than such music played in such a manner?

One is almost forced to the conclusion that people do not want to hear piano music at concerts nowadays, when two such extremes as Brahms and Liszt are included in one programme, and the audience comes in after the one and goes out before the other.

A glance at the history of the piano may throw some light on the situation. It must be remembered that the piano came into existence with the development of formal music; that is to say, both the instrument and the art of playing it are exactly coeval with the sonatas of Beethoven. His first sonata was written for an instrument differing but little from the harpsichord; his thirty-second was written for the piano, practically as we know it.

It is always a difficult matter to distinguish cause and effect in such cases; the genius of the composer seeking more and more far-reaching musical phrases improves the technique of the pianist, and the improved technique calls for fresh inventive power on the part of the instrument-maker. Again, as instruments improve and the technique of the player becomes more perfect, the composer is set free to indulge in a wider range of musical ideas. So the various departments of art react upon one another and develop concurrently.

In the case of Beethoven, the great need laid upon him was to develop the most marvellous form which music has yet taken—that of the sonata.

In saying this, one need not lose sight of the enormous means of expression underlying the form; but, nevertheless, in Beethoven these are controlled by formal necessities. The piano was ready to hand as a convenient vehicle for working out formal problems. As long as the minds of his audience were mainly occupied with the beauties of structure and balance, the lack of colour, even the grave limitations in means of expression, which the piano at first possessed, were comparatively immaterial.

It was, then, as a means of hearing sonatas that the piano first attained popularity; but it was only natural that, when it had achieved its position, its usefulness should be tested for every sort of musical utterance. The romantic school, of which Schumann was the apostle, claimed it as their own, and used it as a means both to devise new forms and to convey the more direct expression at which they aimed.

In certain of these directions they found it particularly successful. The piano works of Schumann, which we now love most, are the short lyrical pieces—the “Kreisleriana,” “Davidsbündler,” “Novelletten,” and the “Carnival” pieces; those of Chopin are undoubtedly the “Preludes” and “Nocturnes.” Where they failed was in their attempts at larger forms. Their so-called sonatas had not, as Beethoven’s had, that perfect symmetry of outline which the piano is so perfectly adequate to express; instead, they sought for a richness and variety of colour for which the piano was inadequate.

Short forms of descriptive music, not attempting to force the capacities of the instrument to extremes, proved to be not only possible but even delightful: amongst such are Schumann’s “Kinderszenen” and “Faschingswanck.” But when an elaborate programme was set up, it could only be illustrated by violent contrasts of light and shade in place of colour, brilliant passages of scale

and arpeggio, grotesque harmonies and distorted melodies. The result became a lurid sensation, vulgar in the extreme, like the startling headlines of cheap journalism or the most excessive vagaries of the impressionist school of painting.

The composer who most attained this undesirable result was Liszt, four examples of whose work Herr von Dohnányi played at his recital. The piece with which he ended was a most striking instance of what I have described—his “Venezia e Napoli” Tarantella.

There has appeared one man able to gather up the great expressive results of the romantic movement and weld them together into a great sonata form, in the person of Brahms. He, like the late G. F. Watts in painting, stands apart from his contemporaries—a great modern classic. We cannot classify him, nor explain away his position; he is unique.

The F minor sonata, from which we started, contains the formal beauty of Beethoven, the poetic depth of Schumann, and something which neither of these had, and which is purely and only Brahms.

But what is the bearing of all this upon the question of the present apathy towards public performances of piano music? It is, I think, this: we are still engaged in probing the possibilities of direct musical expression rather than of form. The wave of “programme” is still sweeping over us; we have not yet quite made up our minds how far it is possible to express definite external ideas in music. For this particular kind of development the piano has been proved unsuitable; it must belong chiefly to the realm of so-called “absolute” music.

The more graphic scenery and rich colouring of the orchestra lends itself more naturally to such treatment, and, consequently, it is in orchestral music that the movement is at present going on and progress is being made. Not that it is by any means impossible that the thirst for realistic expression of extraneous ideas should lead to gross vulgarity and mistreatment of the orchestra, as of the piano. Experience has shown us many such results, and it is not necessary to point to instances, but even the unsuccessful experiments have led to widening the resources of the art in melody and harmony and so increasing its powers of expression.

Meantime, piano music is necessarily rather at a standstill. The lyric pieces of the romantic school still hold a high place in the hearts of the music-loving public, and there is always to be found an inner circle of worshippers at the shrines of the great classics. But the main body of the people are drawn to concerts mainly by that which is progressive; they may not understand wherein the progress lies or whither it tends, but the spirit is in them to see or to hear some new thing, so at present they crowd to orchestral concerts.

Let honest-hearted pianists continue to play their Brahms and their Beethoven, notwithstanding. We are always better for it, and shall progress the more surely for keeping a firm whole upon our classical music. Let them not be led to compete for the public ear by thundering the startling sensations of Liszt and his school at audiences who gradually slip away between the movements. No; such competition is worse than useless. In the first place, it is doomed to ill-success, for those who need such excitement can find it more satisfactorily than in piano music; and, secondly, it only tends to confuse the taste of those attentive ones who come to listen to the art of a great performer.

It is probable that we have another great formal period in music still before us, that, when all these

resources have been fully developed, men will occupy themselves in using them to build up another great scheme of form, which will as far outreach sonata form as that outreached the contrapuntal forms of Handel and Bach. Whether the piano will have a part to play in this great work it would be impossible to predict, but it is probable that composers, sated with the sensuous effects of orchestral colouring, will set themselves to study once more at the keyboard; and it is certain that when that composer who has found in piano music a new message arrives, the public will not be slow to give him their attention, and a piano recital will once more draw a crowded audience.

H. C. COLLES.

The Consolations of Verse

Nor long ago the Jeremiah of a monthly magazine foretold the ultimate ruin of the United States because of the alleged fact that a materialised worship of the dollar is the consuming idolatry which is engrossing masculine energy there. The things of the spirit are neglected; and there are those who are resolved "to live by bread alone." But to the most materialistic must come at times a feeling that without "the light that never was" man's place would be one of ghastly sadness, dull fact, dull plodding business, worthless ambition, material pleasure, a stark and bare world unlit by a single glimmer of the imaginative light that glorifies it. Of course, all men are poets: though some are not aware of it, and many would scoff at the thought, as at an insult, connecting poets with dreamers and imbeciles, who do not look facts in the face; whereas they are only seers who behold more than the fact—and other facts—and are able to express what they have seen: only men who have lived and felt intensely and are able to express what they have felt. For poetry is the deepest utterance of life—of life's joy, of life's agony; and the time that has been most living in the nation's history has produced the greatest poets. Life and poetry are not separable. "By thine own tears thy song shall tears beget, O singer," is an incontrovertible truth, a test by which all poetry lives or dies; moreover the greatest quality in life is sincerity, and sincerity is the only soil from which a poem can grow to lasting beauty.

But many men pass through their days without a thought for poetry—with hardly a thought for beauty—many, but not so many as one sometimes imagines. Verse is but one ray from the large sun of beauty that lights the world, so bounteous is nature, the mother of life and of poetry, its manifestation; for nature would have all her children poets. Though the wren does not sing so sweetly as the thrush, or the blackbird as the nightingale and the starling is a rascal imitator of the songs of others; but the rook has his caw, the grouse his chuckle, and even the sparrow his incessant chirp. Some men could not face life without the aid of poetry, and now the word is clipped down to its trimmest meaning, and these thoughts strayed through the mind by way of excuse for enthusiasm, because the lover of poetry thinks in his heart that he to whom poetry means nothing has much to learn in life; and so his enthusiasm, which needs no apology, comes perilously near to conceit, for which no apology avails. Experience tends to show him that there is no petty nuisance in the play of circumstance, no great joy in life, and no great trouble, which poetry cannot smooth away or heighten, or make tolerable by investing the joy or the anguish with the beauty that lies in the depth of every human emotion. Take an instance how it lifts him from petti-

ness. He comes back tired with reality after riding on a slow tram or underground in metropolitan despair, and can see nothing but the crowd and the dirt and the weariness of life; then he turns to the splendid unreality of Spenser and paces with Artegall, knight of justice, and Talus, his page of iron mould, down the green glades of Faerieland, delivering lovely ladies from their cruel tyrants, slaying the Paynim, grappling with the "cursed cruell Sarrazin," or leaving all care for meaning, reads on, allured by the cadence of the verse, soothed and sustained by its sheer music, and the book droops in his hand and his mind gains a wider outlook and other lines come to him.

"Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;"

and gradually the heart opens like a flower before the flooding light of Beauty and the conviction, that had faltered, becomes strong again and the whole soul echoes the great cry of Keats—

"... In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

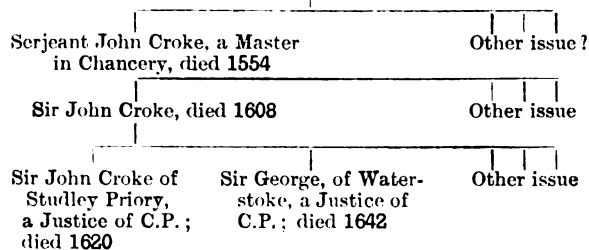
And the material side, which is only half, and the less important half, of life, gives place to the spiritual, which is life's true reality. "From link to link it circulates the soul of the world." Shelley was no mere dreamer when he finished that wonderful outburst of his in defence of poetry, written with the fire of inspiration in every sentence, with the words "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." He uttered common sense, but common sense impassioned. Hard facts pave life's way like cobble-stones in a market town, but there's a starlit sky above our heads it is good to remember, for the memory and the sight of it do not weaken but rather strengthen us to press on our way with fresh bravery—"Back and breast as either should be." Well, well, the point of a wet pebble caught by the sunshine sparkles like a diamond. There is consolation in the thought, though the pebble is unconscious and silent.

Correspondence

Richard Croke

SIR,—In a recent notice of Erasmus you make reference to a "ready writer" as Richard Croke, an accomplished Greek scholar of that time. On turning to the "Dictionary of National Biography" for details, I find that his origin is treated as matter of doubt. He has stated that he was early impoverished by a family dispute which deprived him of his rightful inheritance, so he claimed to have come of a good origin, and he was described in the Leipsic records as *equestris ordinis*—i.e., of knightly origin; other writers have connected him with the ancient race of Blound *alias* Croke of Oxfordshire and Bucks. Turning, then, to my *collectanea* I find this abstract pedigree:—

Richard Croke of Easington Manor, Chilton.



Our Richard was probably named after his grandfather, supposed, as above; and, as he survived till 1558, he was

contemporary with three knights [*equestris ordinis*]; this is a positive claim of relationship. He entered King's College, Cambridge, from Eton, in 1502, was of Christ Church, Oxford; D.D. in 1524, and died as Rector of Long Buckley, Northants, leaving a brother named Robert, also a beneficed clergyman.

I take it that a lad proceeding from Eton to a university would be of gentle blood, unless disqualified as "plebeian."
—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

"Religion for all Mankind"

SIR,—Your correspondent's complaint against the reviewer of this book is just; but those who, like myself, have read the work in question with thoughtful care have graver reason still to protest against the tone of half-contempt, half-indifference which marks the notice that appeared two weeks ago in your columns.

I have no personal interest whatever in "puffing" Mr. Voysey's book; nevertheless, as one not unacquainted with the apologetic literature of natural religion and to some extent conversant with the specious sophistries of the Agnostic and Atheistical schools, I can very heartily recommend to your impartial readers this modest but excellent little treatise on the elements of the Theistic Faith. It is an admirably clear, candid and persuasive statement of the grounds of rational belief; dealing, too, in a masterly way with the problem of the existence of Pain, Death and Sin in a world created and governed by a loving God.

Also—and this is indeed refreshing nowadays, when obscurantism is so prevalent—Mr. Voysey thinks clearly enough to dispense alike with the wretched jargon of the metaphysical cliques and the fog and haze of mysticism, magic, secrecy and esotericism. He writes with luminous common-sense: men of average intelligence can understand him.—Yours, &c. G. E. BIDDLE.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

* "HENRY FIFT."—In the first folio of Shakespeare, which was published in 1623, the title "Henry Fift," instead of "Henry Fifth," appeared. The Old English originals ended in "fa" and "ta," but the "fa" class finally swallowed up the "ta" class. When was this change finally established, and is "Henry Fift" the last survival of the old "ta" class?—I.L.D. (Hove).

LITERATURE.

ST. JOHNSTONE'S TIPPIT.—In "Old Mortality" Cuddie says to his mother: "It will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippit about my haune." We may compare with this the expression "Tyburn tippet" = a halter. What is the origin of the phrase "a Saint Johnstone's tippit"?—L. D. Dordall (Hove).

AUTHOR WANTED.—"Man will doch Rhodos sehen bevor man taust." Who said this, and on what occasion?—J.M.M.G.

MIXED METAPHORS.—Is there any representative collection of these? There seem to be many interesting examples worth perpetuating—e.g. Milton's "Sight so deform what heart of rock could long Dry-eyed behold?" ("Par. Lost," xi.)

I once heard the following from a speaker: "You wish to free these black sheep from their chains with a stroke of the pen." Perhaps your correspondents could supply others.—D. Davies.

GENERAL.

* DOTHBOYS HALL AND OTHER SCHOOLS.—The other day I came across a pamphlet entitled "The Baron of Grogswig Papers," which appears to be a defence of Shaw's school (Dotheboys Hall, of Dickens). The pamphlet also refers to another school at Bowes, kept by a man named Clarkson, and it is alleged that Richard Cobden was educated at this school. Will some reader inform me who the author of the pamphlet was, and corroborate, if possible, the statement regarding Cobden?—D.F. (South Shields).

F. AND H., OF OATLANDS.—In the "Greville Memoirs" Mr. Greville states that in December, 1835, Lord Melbourne told him that he had been down to Oatlands to consult F. and H. about Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and to ascertain if he could properly make him a Bishop, but they did not encourage him. Who resided at Oatlands, where Lord Melbourne went, and who were "F. and H.," who probably prevented the broadest Churchman of his time being promoted to the Episcopal Bench?—Thomas Jones (Oldham).

"M" AND "N" TEMP. EDWARD VI.—I have a reprint of the second Prayer-book of Edward VI. I notice amongst other peculiarities of the quaint spelling of the period that the letters "m" and "n" are frequently omitted from words, and a hyphen or dash placed over the preceding letter, thus *Jerusalē, mē, Abrahā, judgmēt*. I should be glad of an explanation of this.—Thomas Jones (Oldham).

BRIGHTON.—Can any reader say in what book or paper the name Brighton first appears, instead of the old name Brighthelmston?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

"GALLEYFOIST" AND "BULLION."—In Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" (II. ii.) the following words, spoken of a fop, occur: "You shall see him in the morning in the Galleyfoist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo." "Quirpo" means a state of undress (Spanish *cuerpo*), but what explanation is there of "Galleyfoist" and "Bullion"?—K.E.K. (Oxford).

Answers

LITERATURE.

EAGRE—EAGOR.—Some commentators connect these words, but, according to Murray, the etymology of *eagre* is unknown, the conjecture which derives it from *eagor* being untenable, since an O.E. *g* would have become *y* in Modern English. It seems evident from the sense that *higre* (*higra*, William of Malmesbury) is identical with *eagre*, though it is difficult to account for this phonologically. *Higre* is said to be identical with the Bavarian *higl*, *hidl*, the name applied to the rising of underground water level, resulting in floods, called *hidl-waters*. Since the spontaneous swelling or rising of water is a characteristic common to both phenomena, it has been suggested that the origin of both may be traced to the N. Frisian *hieen*, to rise or swell as water.—J.G.M. (Brighton).

* KIPLING'S NORNS.—The Scandinavian Norns were symbolical of Past, Present, and Future, and as such may be supposed to register, as well as to spin, the designs of fate. Undoubtedly *Conchimarion* is derived from *Conch*, a spirally formed shell, but the adjective-ending *-marian* is so far original. The tritons are represented blowing conchs, or, as we should say, trumpet-shaped shells; but the trumpet is an imitation of the conch. Derivatives of the word *conch* are fairly frequent, but Kipling's particular instance combines happily a sense of derision with the meaning "conchomio." *Reboant* is a compound of *reboant*=reverberant, from Greek *rodos* to shout. Possibly our vulgarism "to boo" comes from the same root. Mrs. Browning uses the form *reboant* (in her "Translations from the Greek"), but Kipling's variant introduces a touch of the ridiculous.—S.C.

"HOLY ASIA."—In "Prometheus Bound" Æschylus is not writing a drama of contemporary life, and has no remembrance of Asia as a "barbarian" or "foreign" land while he celebrates the great myth which had its origin there. Greek legend held that the continent was so named after Asia, the mother of Atlas and Prometheus; and at least it was the cradle of the race who treasured most profoundly their glorious mythic past.—S.C.

ROSEMARY.—The origin of the saying "Where rosemary flourishes mistress is master" was probably in the old idea that "rosemary" or "ros-marinus" (sea-dew) was "useful in love-making." The husband very much in love would allow his wife to rule him.—G. A. Jamieson (Cheltenham).

ROSEMARY.—"Where rosemary flourishes mistress is master." This saying is similar to one given by Timbs: "Where rosemary grows there woman reigns." This olden belief is thus explained in the "British Apollo" (fourth ed.), Vol. III., 1740: "Rosemary is held an extraordinary thing to fortify the brain, strengthen the nerve, and recover lost speech, and since woman governs through the power of her tongue, it is no wonder she takes care to cherish that herb . . . in case of a failure."—K.S. (Bristol).

AN ARMY OF "BROWNEBILL" MEN.—The "brown-bill" was formerly used as an offensive weapon (similar to the halberd) by the English foot soldiers in the reign of Charles II., called *broon* from its being generally kept rusty, thus distinguished from the *black-bill*, which was painted black. The brown-bill men were therefore akin to the "halberdiers."—K.S. (Bristol).

"RECALL" AND "RECAL."—Mr. Newall seems to found his general principle upon one-sided instances. There is one obvious difference between (1) annul, rebel, expel, control, extol, excel, instil, distil, propel, enthal, appal, fulfil, (2) recall, befall, refill, unroll, enwall, forestall, forestall, unspell. The latter are naturally associated in our minds with familiar simple words; to save a letter would be to break a tie; hence the general tendency to economy is counteracted. Of the former even "fulfil" has strayed too far, in respect of meaning, from "fill" to be influenced by its spelling. We have "enrol" side by side with "enroll"; the former is due, perhaps, to the influence of *enroller*. As for the Elizabethan "recall," mistaken etymology—in reference to *kalais*—may be suspected. Is it not probable, by the way, that the unfamiliar spelling of Mr. Newall's own name is due to the influence of those familiar words "all" and "wall"?—B.M.G.

"LAVENGRO."—In Browne's "Religio Medici" I find the following passage: "To speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown."—C. Fox Smith (Bolton).

"LAVENGRO."—The sin against the Holy Ghost committed by Peter, the Welsh preacher, is given in Chapter lxxv. of "Lavengro": "I murmured out words of horror—words not to be repeated—and in this manner I committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." Compare with Mark iii. 29; Luke xii. 10. The sin is not denial of non-existence, but blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.—T.H.A.

"LAVENGRO."—The sin against the Holy Ghost committed by Peter, the Welsh preacher, is stated in "Lavengro," Chapter lxxv.: "Awakening in the night, I determined that nothing should prevent my committing the

sin. Arising from my bed, I went out upon the wooden gallery; and having stood for a few moments looking at the stars, with which the heavens were thickly strewn, I laid myself down, and, supporting my face with my hands, I murmured out words of horror—words not to be repeated—and in this manner I committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." Compare his father's conversation with one of his neighbours, in the same chapter, with Mark iii. 29, Luke xii. 10.—T.H.A.

NATURE'S SIMILES.—An example of the use of a manufactured article to supply a figure for Nature is found in Scott's poem "Rokeby," iv. 2:

The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.—F.G.F.

LONG AND SHORT "O."—M. (Carlisle) inquires why the "o" in progress and process is sounded short. I am surprised to hear that it is so sounded. I always sound it long myself, and I am under the impression that I generally hear other people do the same. I have no doubt that the "o" ought to be long.—H. B. Foyster (Hastings).

A SOUL.—There does not seem to me to be any obscurity, either in grammar or construction, in this quotation. Paraphrased it would run thus: "I count myself to be happy in nothing so much as in [the possession of] a soul, which remembers my good friends." The omission of "the possession of" is common enough. Cp. "She is happy in . . . a dutiful son, obeying her in everything." This is exactly the same construction, and it would present no difficulties.—K.K. (Belfast).

A SOUL.—It is not easy to see any difficulty in the lines quoted. Perhaps their meaning may be made more plain by this paraphrase: "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in [the possession of] a soul, which remembers my good friends."—G.C.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTLAND.—No records exist which directly prove that Shakespeare visited Scotland, but as King James VI. of Scotland had granted to the company of players who visited Scotland in 1601 a royal licence to perform "stage plays," and had renewed the licence in 1603, when he ascended the British throne, to the same company of players, which consisted of "Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage," and others, it is inferred when this company visited Aberdeen in 1601 that Shakespeare was among them. In the Burgh Records of Aberdeen it is recorded on October 9, 1601, that the Provost, Bailies, and Council ordained the sum of 32 merks to be given to the "King's servandis presentlie in this burght, quha plays, comedies, and staige playes, be reasonn thay ar recommendit be his majesties speciall letter, and hee played sum of thair comedies in this burght, and ordains the said sowme to be payit." And then on October 26, 1601, amongst a number of noblemen and Frenchmen, the honour of the freedom of the Burgh was duly conferred on "Lawrence Fletcher comediane to his Majestie."—D. R. Clark (Glasgow).

STELLA'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Other allusions in the famous "Journal to Stella" may throw some light on this subject. On April 28, 1711, the Dean writes: "Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible; I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible." November 3, 1711: "Ah, Stella, faith, you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that." (Stella or Dingley—perhaps both—had evidently compared him with the "unfortunate steward.") July 17, 1712: "Ppt. (Stella) shall have a great Bible. I have put it down in my memorandum (memorandum) just now." Although Dingley has been described by Roscoe as "a woman of narrow income and limited understanding" ("Life and Works of Jonathan Swift," H. G. Bohn, 1853, p. xxiii), it is possible that her knowledge of the Bible was greater than Stella's. The Dean knew the value of the Bible as "literature," and doubtless wished Stella to know it also. That would seem to be the object of his teasing remarks in Letter XXVII.—George Goodburn (Homerton).

GENERAL.

TIB'S EVE.—There was a St. Tibba, temp. Penda, King of Mercia (615-626); she was commemorated on March 6, conjointly with, but subordinate to, two female relatives; but "Tib" is a low-caste corruption of Elizabeth, and is used freely for the female cat. Shakespeare has the term "tibe-rush."—Pertinax.

JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—The origin of this custom is that in ancient times judges were not allowed to wear gloves on the bench; to give a judge a pair of gloves therefore symbolised that he need not come to the bench.—M. Maclean Dobrée.

UPWARDS OF.—This term, as applied to a certain sum—say, £2,000—according to Webster and other authorities means more than that amount; certainly not less, rather above than below. "Chambers's Cyclopaedia," however, speaks of "upward of, or upwards of, as about the sum named."—K.S. (Bristol).

KILLIGREWS OF FALMOUTH.—In 1663 Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilt, and opened by Thomas Killigrew, the second son of Sir Robert Killigrew, of Hanworth, Middlesex, who had two other sons, William and Henry, these two being dramatic authors of some repute. Thomas, sometimes called the "wit," became page to Charles I., wrote nine plays, but excelled more in conversation than writing. William, the eldest son, was made Governor of Falmouth and Pendennis Castle. The Killigrews of Ardwinick, near Falmouth, were known in the fifteenth century. The Middlesex family of that name were possibly connected with the Cornishmen.—K.S. (Bristol).

* **POOLAR.**—"Poolar," being coupled with "robber," seems to mean "dishonest." Can it be connected with "pool," the money played for in certain games, and mean one who secures the pool by cheating or unfair play? Afterwards it would be applied to dishonest persons in general in the same manner as "cozener," "jockey," &c. "Pooler" would be derived directly from the "pool" of liquid in the vat.—G. A. Jamieson (Cheltenham).

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—Many years ago the present writer was looking at the west-front of Lincoln Cathedral, in company with a relation (himself a native of that city), and well remembers his attention being drawn to a grotesque carving there, and the remark, "There, my boy, is the devil looking over Lincoln." Interesting allusions to this saying may be found in "Notes and Queries," Fifth Series, Vol. V., June 24, 1876; Seventh Series, Vol. XII., October 24, 1891; "The Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. I., September 15, 1731; and Fuller's "Worthies." A footnote on page 161 of "The History of Lincoln," published by John Saunders, 1834, has the following: "An alto-relievo over the niche adjoining the entrance to the north aisle is less rude in execution . . . yet in design and treatment is pre-eminently barbarous, being a reproduction of several human figures hurried by demons to the place of everlasting torment, a subject, one would suppose, better suited to the celebrated gate of Dante than the entrance to a Christian Church" (Wild's "Lincoln," p. 17).—George Goodburn (Homerton).

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—The allusion in this phrase is to a grotesque gargoye, representing his satanic majesty, which projects from the south porch of Lincoln Cathedral. As the cathedral stands on a fairly high hill, the figure seems to be looking down on the city at its foot. The phrase occurs either in Thos. Fuller's "Church History," 1656, or in the same writer's "Worthies of England," 1662.—Jessie Douglas Montgomery (Exeter).

[Replies also received from F.H.W.B. (Hove); M. Tupman; Richard Smith (Bolton); A.W.G. (Oxford); L.L. (Lincoln); M.S.; S.T.J.; and E. T. Quinn (Dublin).]

GUBBINS'S.—One of your correspondents asked for the meaning of this term a short time since. I find Webster describes them as a half-savage race in Devonshire, but cannot trace how they came to be called by this name, nor the true meaning of it.—K.S. (Bristol).

BRICK.—"A regular brick," a jolly good fellow (compare *τετραγωνος ανθρωπος* "square," and "foursquare to all the winds that blew"). "A fellow like nobody else, and, in fine, a brick" (George Eliot, "Daniel Deronda," Book ii. Chap. 16); "He's a dear little brick" (Thackeray).—M. Maclean Dobrée.

"A BRICK."—The origin of this phrase and the story in reply thereto in THE ACADEMY of January 21—the reference to which is incorrect—is from Plutarch's "Life of Lycurgus." In reply to the question whether they should enclose Sparta with walls, Lycurgus replied: "That city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick."—T.H.A.

THE JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—This custom appears to have its origin in the limitations as to the use of gloves which prevailed in ancient times. The glove, as the symbol of the hand, was accepted as a pledge of good faith; gloves might not be worn in the presence of royalty, nor by persons officiating in a court of law. The former, because undignified purity of intention was supposed to be shown by the bare head and uncovered hands; the latter, because the administration of justice with openness and integrity was implied. Hence the presentation of a pair of white gloves on the occasions when there are no criminal cases signified that the judge was free to vacate the bench and assume the conditions of ordinary life.—S.C. (Hove).

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—Most historians are agreed on this point, that it was on the Isle of Athelney, or "Ethelengay," Isle of Nobles, where King Alfred took refuge after his retreat from his villa at Chippenham, A.D. 876, which was seized by Guthrum, the Danish King. Here Alfred hid from his enemies, and founded an abbey, A.D. 888. Many relics have been found. One, known as King Alfred's Jewel, now at Oxford, was found in the Isle of Athelney. In a herdsman's cottage, not being recognised as the king in disguise, he let the cakes burn before the cottage fire, and an old Somersetshire rhyme runs—

Carn thee mind the keaks, man, and doosen see em burn!
I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough az soon as teez thee turn!
—K.S. (Bristol).

ALFRED AND THE CAKES.—The adventure of the cakes certainly took place, if at all, on the Island of Athelney in Somersetshire. Here Alfred hid for quite a year in 878, and ten years later built a Benedictine Abbey in gratitude for his escape. The story of the cakes is given with detail, and the surroundings carefully described, by Asser, Alfred's personal friend; and it also occurs in the Saxon life of St. Neot, written before the Conquest, and in other early MSS.—B.C.H.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.—The germ of the tradition in question may perhaps be found in the "Athenae Oxonienses" of Antony Wood, who was born in Oxford in 1632. He does not allude to any relationship between the two poets, but records that Shakespeare, in his journeys between Stratford and London, was wont to stay at the Crown Inn at Oxford, kept by John Davenant, whose wife "was a very beautiful woman of a good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this William." The best-known form of the story is that given by Oldys, the antiquary, who relates the jest made by a citizen of Oxford on the fact that Shakespeare was Davenant's godfather, and adds: "This story Mr. Pope told me . . . and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority." We know that Betterton was industrious in collecting facts and anecdotes about Shakespeare's life, and visited Warwickshire for the purpose. The story was commonly accepted during Davenant's lifetime, for his contemporary, John Aubrey, notes that he was wont, when in a good humour, to hint at some connection between Shakespeare and himself, "and seemed contented enough to be thought his son."—G.C.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The ascription of authorship to an Earl of Oxford who died in 1724 needs confirmation; we are not told that the Earl ever claimed it personally, the report being repeated at second-hand. De Foe has left some colour thereto by stating that he had received the MS. from another party, but that was necessary in a personal narrative which he could not have acted himself; and it was part of his mystifications, having written many personal narratives as works of imagination; look, for instance, at his vivid description of the Great Plague of London, 1664-5, while he was an infant born in 1663! Then he assumed the name of Dreinecourt to palm off an unsuccessful book on "Death." He wrote politically *pro* and *con*, taking money from both parties. The original authority, a Lord Sunderland, died in 1722; the book appeared first in 1719, and in the interval this Reverend Mr. Holloway often heard the claim from Lord Sunderland, and from him only at "second-hand"; now there was an interval of two years—1722 to 1724—during which he could have tested the report by application to Lord Oxford. But nothing came of it till 1759, a whole generation of time having elapsed.—A. Hall.

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."—In many Lincoln shops may be seen plaster figures of a quaint little demon, the stone original of which is to be found over the "Angel Choir" in the Minster. The story connected with it runs somewhat as follows. The wind and the devil, being good friends, were out on a jaunt together, and came to Lincoln Minster. The Evil One went in to hear the music, while the wind promised to wait outside—and there he still waits, for the devil was so enraptured by the singing that he sat listening until at last he stiffened into stone. If any one doubts this story let him climb up to the cathedral and hear for himself how the wind howls round it.—A.H. (Sheffield).

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Notes

THERE is never an important proposal made in the England of to-day that does not give rise to discussion, and the movement to provide a Shakespeare memorial is no exception to this rule. A number of eminent men conceived the idea of forming some kind of Shakespeare institute with a library, a museum, lecture-rooms and the other apparatus with which use has made us familiar. But immediately an opposition was started, and a number of men, at least equally eminent with the proposers, objected, first, that a new Shakespeare museum could only be "a rubbish heap of trivialities"; second, that a Shakespeare library must be hopelessly inferior to that in the British Museum; third, that accommodation exists on every hand for all the lecturing that can be desired and for much that is of doubtful utility.

THE disinterested and indifferent reader will probably be inclined to weigh the one set of authorities against the other and perhaps he will not deem it altogether insignificant that the meeting which was to give a send-off to the movement was held in the Mansion House at the invitation of no less a person than the Lord Mayor. Thus it has, at least, the authority of the City magnates. The Lord Mayor was backed up by Lord Reay, Lord Avebury, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Sir Harry Johnson, Sir Lewis Morris of Penbryn, Dr. Furnivall, the Chief Rabbi, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Professor Israel Gollancz and other representatives of that admirable class of society which colours business with a tincture of letters. On the other hand, the signatories to the objection were for the most part of the family of scribes. They included Mr. Barrie, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Gilbert Murray and Mr. Aldis Wright, Mr. Walkley and Sir Frederick Pollock. It is no wonder that with such a division of talent before it "The Times" on the morning after the meeting maintained a judicious silence; unless, indeed, an indication of the Editor's opinion is the insertion, after the report, of a letter from the Editor of "Punch," telling the would-be memorialists to "look round at the specimens we already possess and—beware."

BUT the question is not one to be decided by the weight of names. It resolves itself really into a matter of taste and common-sense. If a memorial worthy of the fame of Shakespeare could be devised, there is not one of us but would willingly lend a hand towards carrying it through. But for three hundred years his fame has survived and grown without any such aid and it seems

somewhat late in the day now to set up what appears to be, as far as we can gather from the description of it, a sort of glorified mechanics' institute to his memory. Nor do we think that the supporters of the idea did their cause much good by describing the ideal scheme as that of a great Shakespeare Temple which should be erected in London to do for humane learning what Burlington House did for natural science. If it be necessary to erect another university, by all means let it be done, but this business of appointing general and local committees, and working up a memorial on the plan adopted at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, will never commend itself, to the literary intellect at any rate.

Two well-known writers have died during the past week. Sir Wemyss Reid had the qualities rather of a good journalist than an author of enduring repute; but his life of his friend W. E. Forster remains an invaluable book of reference to students of mid-Victorian politics, and his monograph on Charlotte Brontë was a sound piece of work. To judge Mr. Guy Boothby's work by the canons of literature would be to submit it to a test which the author never pretended to challenge. Mr. Boothby, a man of exuberant vitality, found story-writing not only easy and pleasant, but a rapid means of providing for the hobbies of a country gentleman. No doubt he felt that vicarious adventure was better than none at all; but the vein of invention which, in the days of "Dr. Nikola," promised to be rich, had been worked out some time before his early death.

A FRIEND of Stevenson and of Henley, a translator of Shakespeare and a contributor to English reviews, M. Marcel Schwob, who died on Sunday last of pneumonia, was better known in England than most French men of letters. Quite recently a young English novelist, Mr. Arnold Bennett, has dedicated his "Tales of the Five Towns" to M. Schwob, his "literary godfather in France." It was a common love of Villon that drew M. Schwob and Stevenson together. The French critic's article on Stevenson in the "New Review," just ten years ago, was widely read, and since then the publication of the Stevenson letters has shown how much each admired and was interested in the other. With Henley M. Schwob shared a love of slang, which was, indeed, the chief study of the author of the "Jargon des Coquillards" and part author of the "Etude sur l'Argot Français," and his knowledge of all kinds of obscure dialects and phrases was wide and exact. He will be remembered as the author of the version of "Hamlet"

which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt played in this country and her own, and had recently finished a translation of "Macbeth." M. Schwob was only thirty-seven, and by his death the Société de Linguistique de Paris loses a distinguished member, and English literature a keen and appreciative student.

M. SCHWOB was equally well up in ancient and modern English literature. "Spicilège," a book of miscellaneous papers, which he published in 1896, contains, besides an article on Stevenson, a very pleasant little chat about Mr. George Meredith, whom he visited at Dorking. He knew his Defoe too, and translated "Moll Flanders." It is now an open secret (the book, indeed, is now catalogued under his name) that he was the "Loyson-Bridet" who wrote the very satirical *traité de journalisme* called "Mœurs de Diurnales," some two years ago. The book was pretty widely read in England, and the French Press, it is hardly necessary to say, took the joke in the spirit in which it was meant.

We are interested to see that Messrs. Methuen & Co. advertise the appearance of a new edition of the poems of Keats. It will be of peculiar value, as certain MSS. of the poet have lately been discovered, notably an early MS. of "Hyperion." This has been published quite recently by the Clarendon Press in a beautiful but necessarily costly facsimile, under the editorship of Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt, who is also editing the complete poetical works, which will be of immense interest to all lovers of Keats who have been unable to obtain the facsimile. "For we are, as it were, admitted to the poet's confidence; we are at his side as he reviews his rougher work, and share some of his excitement as passages of haunting beauty evolve from a form in which they had failed to express to the full the force of his imaginative conception." We quote from the editor's introduction to the Autograph MS.

It is exciting to think what treasures are hidden away in the cupboards of old libraries and may any moment come to light; we cannot refrain from quoting (from the same source) the history of this latest discovery: "The MS. seems to have been given by Keats to Leigh Hunt, and after his death in 1859 Thornton Hunt presented it to Miss Bird, the sister of Dr. George Bird, a distinguished physician who had been both the medical adviser and intimate friend of his father. Miss Bird learnt only quite recently that the MS. was in the handwriting of Keats, and immediately gave the Trustees of the British Museum the opportunity of purchasing it for the nation." If every cupboard and secret drawer in the kingdom were turned out by experts, what priceless things might not be forthcoming!

THE new Treaty of Commerce between Russia and Germany indirectly raises the question of International Copyright. Russia engages, within three years, to "open *pour-porlers* with a view to the conclusion of a Convention for the reciprocal protection of the rights of authors"; and some facts published in a French paper show that the matter is one in which the Empire of the Tsar badly needs to be brought into line with other civilised communities. Of nine novels published in Russia, only three are Russian, the rest being translated—chiefly from the French. Of 2,800 plays produced at Russian theatres in 1904 only 500 were Russian. The German repertory supplied 218, and the balance came from France. The only theatre in Russia which

ever pays anything to a foreign author is the Michael Theatre at St. Petersburg; and the honorarium in which its munificence expresses itself is only calculated at the modest rate of 32s. an act.

THE question "What is an 8vo?" has just been raised in the Westminster County Court. The facts of the case are rather interesting. In one of the trade papers a librarian advertised for Johnson's "British Poisonous Plants" and in reply received a report from the plaintiffs, a firm of booksellers, offering an 8vo edition for six shillings. The book was ordered, but on reaching the purchaser it was discovered to be not a real 8vo, as the term is understood among book-buyers and booksellers, but a crown 8vo, measuring $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 5 inches. The book was therefore returned and hence the reason for the action. However, the Judge refused to see the difference between an 8vo and a crown 8vo, and gave judgment for the plaintiffs. It would seem, therefore, that in the eye of the law the word 8vo has not a fixed and definite meaning.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER for the greater part of his life lived so much outside official patronage that it gives one an odd feeling to find the Board of Education taking him under its wing. It does not seem quite in the nature of things that from South Kensington should come a little pamphlet entitled "J. A. McNeill Whistler, Etchings, &c., in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum. With a bibliography." The last mentioned is quite a curiosity. It contains "The Times" report of the libel action, Whistler v. Ruskin, and the leading article which followed on the succeeding day, letters in reference to the case and cuttings from various weekly and daily publications. Thus, when one goes to study the etchings, lithographs, and wood-engravings of the great painter—which any one can do on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, free, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.—it is pleasant to know that the mind can at the same time be refreshed with a re-perusal of the newspapers in which he at one time cut such a prominent figure.

THE Treasury has revealed a sense of humour in the conditions of its proposed grant for a Welsh National Museum and Library. The grant is dependent upon "sufficient local support being forthcoming." That amounts to putting the privilege up to auction, and instantly Carnarvon, Cardiff, Swansea, and Aberystwith are bidding against each other in honourable rivalry, while the Committee of the Privy Council sit waiting to see who makes the highest bid. Carnarvon offers its historic and beautiful castle—no bad bid; the other three are generous in offers of sites, building grants and rates. The results should be worthy of Wales and the Treasury's stroke of humour, which will have answered well if only the generous rivalry now aroused does not degenerate, when the choice has been made, into jealousy.

MR. J. P. MORGAN has bought the manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for four thousand dollars. No particulars are to hand yet, but we should like to know whether this is the actual "copy" that went to the printer of "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1858, or some full-dress transcript made by the little doctor for his own use. His handwriting, an example of which we remember to have seen reproduced somewhere, was very fine, neat and sloping, and, for a physician's hand, easily legible. But his prescriptions, if any are still in existence, might tell another story.

THE controversy that is being carried on in one of the daily papers about a man being too old at forty is really somewhat idle, in spite of anything it can claim from having been originated by Dr. Osler. Ernest Renan held an exactly contrary opinion—namely, that no man had any business whatever to write until he was forty. And if we look at the history of authorship we seem to find that each had his or her own time to begin. Jane Austen wrote “Pride and Prejudice” before she was much out of her teens, while Fielding did not embark on “Joseph Andrews” until he was over forty. Dickens began as a youth, Scott did not write novels until middle age. It is a matter of temperament, purely and simply, and while we think the probabilities are against any one committing a masterpiece, to use My Uncle Toby’s fine phrase, ere he come to his majority, it would not by any means be wise to bid him wait until the autumn of his life before dipping his pen seriously in the ink.

SIR CHARLES ELIOT, whose authorship of the important work on the Near East, “Turkey in Europe,” by “Odysseus,” is now an open secret, has produced in “The East Africa Protectorate,” to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold on March 8, a very complete and interesting account of the country of which he recently resigned the Commissionership. The book contains a wealth of valuable and authoritative information on British East Africa, its problems and its prospects, and is illustrated with a number of exceptional photographs and two maps.

WHILE Cambridge has been celebrating the year of jubilee of its A.D.C., the Oxford O.U.D.S. has produced “The Clouds” of Aristophanes, which we discussed in our last number. It was Cambridge that began trying Aristophanes on modern audiences with “The Birds”; since then “The Wasps” at Cambridge and “The Frogs” and now “The Clouds” at Oxford have proved that Aristophanes is a genuine classic; that he has, that is, the power of amusing or interesting all ages, our own, his own, and the age of Molière, who borrowed freely from “The Clouds” for his “Bourgeois Gentilhomme.” The performance at Oxford has been a complete success. Mr. A. D. Godley, who combines a sense of humour with the necessary scholarship, has acted as stage-manager with the happiest results, and the acting of Mr. C. W. Mercer as Strepsiades, Mr. E. L. Scott as Socrates, and, indeed, of all concerned, brought out the delicious and still perfectly fresh fun of the thing to the full. Sir Hubert Parry’s genius for the comic in music, which was delightfully obvious in the performance of “The Frogs” twelve years ago, has only ripened with time, and his score for “The Clouds” will rank as a masterpiece among musical *jeux d’esprit*.

Bibliographical

EDMUND WALLER was born three hundred years ago, on March 3, 1605; he enjoyed considerable repute as a poet during the mid-part of the seventeenth century, and—judging by the many reissues of his works—his writings continued to command some measure of popularity throughout the eighteenth century. Seeing the nature of those writings, and the poetical temper of the nineteenth century, it is not surprising that there was a falling off of interest during the past hundred years. Yet in various collected editions of the poets Waller’s works found their place in 1806

(Park), 1810 (Chalmers), 1822, 1854 (Bell), 1857 (Gillilan), and 1893 (Muses’ Library, re-issued 1905). In addition his “Select Poems” were issued in 1819 and “Songs and Verses selected from the Works of Edmund Waller” as recently as 1902. He is also sufficiently represented in the principal anthologies, so that no reader desirous of making his acquaintance by way of celebrating his tercentenary need have any difficulty over doing so. Waller is best remembered by two or three lyrics, by two or three witty retorts, and, perhaps, by one familiar quotation:

“The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made.”

It is announced that we are to have a new edition—prepared by Mr. Charles Whibley—of Disraeli’s “Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography,” a work which was very favourably received on its first appearance in 1852; and of which an eighth edition was published in 1872. Bentinck was more widely known to his immediate contemporaries as a prominent figure on the Turf than as a notable politician, which accounts for the subtitle of Disraeli’s work. At the time of writing this biography Disraeli was greatly embarrassed by old debts and, according to Froude, that embarrassment was considerably lessened by his receiving “a large sum from a private hand for his ‘Life of Lord George Bentinck.’”

I notice that one of the popular series of “classics” is to give us a reprint of Dodd’s “Beauties of Shakespeare,” a work with which those who already know their Shakespeare can have but little sympathy, yet one which must have served as introduction for thousands of readers to the complete series of plays. Is it not recorded that it was through Dodd’s “Beauties” that Goethe first acquired a knowledge of Shakespeare? It is to be feared, however, that many people read the “beauties” of an author as a substitute for rather than as introduction to that author’s works, and that Charles Lamb’s gibe was justified: “You have seen Beauties of Shakespeare? so have many people who never saw beauties in Shakespeare.” Any way, Dodd appears to have an increasing popularity. The “Beauties of Shakespeare” were first published in 1752—twenty-five years before his execution for forgery—and reprinted in 1757 and 1780. Belonging to the first half of the nineteenth century, I know of five, and to the second half eleven reprints of the book; the latest having been issued in 1893.

Robert Greene, the author of the “Groat’s-worth of Wit” and stigmatiser of Shakespeare as “the only Shakespeare in a country,” has not been altogether neglected by modern editors and reprinters, but there should nevertheless be a ready welcome for the complete edition of his plays and poems, which Mr. Churton Collins has in hand. The late Dr. Grosart, it is true, edited “The Life and Complete Works of Robert Greene” (1881-86); but that was in the limited editions of the Huth Library. Other reprints during recent years have been limited to separate works. In 1887 the late Henry Morley added “Pandosto: or the Triumph of Time” to the “Winter’s Tale” in Cassell’s National Library; in 1889 there was a reprint of the “Groat’s-worth of Wit,” in 1892 the “Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,” edited by Professor A. W. Ward, was added to the Clarendon Press series; and in 1898 Dr. Grosart edited “The Tragical Reign of Selimus” in the Temple Dramatists. Dr. Grosart also compiled in his little Elizabethan Library a volume of selections from Greene under the punning title of “Green Pastures” (1894) and the same scholar discussed the subject “Was Robert Greene substantially the author of ‘Titus Andronicus’?” (1896).

WALTER JERROLD.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre

To recall the life of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre is like turning over the pages of some old illustrated book full of delicate, formal French drawings—innumerable little vignettes of romantic tropical landscapes; of smiling ladies and gallant adventurers with epaulettes; of raging tempests; and gardens; and shipwrecks; and scenes of family affection; and garlands and love knots; and hundreds, thousands of the most complicated Moral Emblems. For whether we read of him in one of his many biographies, or consult his own copious and most admirable letters, it is impossible not to be struck with the definite, anecdotic, *pictorial* quality of all Bernardin's experience. He is like our own Pepys of the Diary in that respect: whatever he is doing we can always see him at it. Eagerness about everything which struck him as either noble or curious or beautiful; the sense of entertainment; a lively interest in life; an ardent preoccupation with his temporary environment, were gifts which lasted him for seventy-seven years. He tasted many of the joys of the artist, and all the pangs and raptures of the sentimentalist—and like all sentimentalists he had a very sensitive perception of what was due to him from others.

He was a native of Havre, in Normandy. His family was without pretension: an excellent example of the provincial French family of the upper middle class; but it is characteristic of Bernardin that he clung, all his life long, and with that smiling and impassioned obstinacy which was so much a part of him, to the very doubtful legend of his descent from the famous Eustache de Saint-Pierre of Calais. For a time, indeed, he tried to claim and use the arms and title of *chevalier*; and got into trouble for doing so; and mightily indignant he was at the officious friend who rescued him from his difficulties by demonstrating the absurdity of his pretension, instead of recognising that here again he was merely striking that romantic attitude before the facts of existence which was to be his consolation for nearly three-quarters of a century; to feed his genius, and help him to produce one masterpiece.

He was born, then, on January 19, 1737, and we soon catch glimpses of him, the quaintest of small French figures, "loving all animals," consciously and virtuously "compassionate to his playmates," but finding his chief solace in building a hut among the honeysuckles and the beehives of his father's garden, in order that he might lead "the life of an Anchorite," far from the temptations of Havre. It was here that he read "Robinson Crusoe," and so, speedily, found his vocation. For, not to the boy Heine, reading of Don Quixote under the whispering German lindens in the old Hof garden at Bonn, did there come, through that same medium of an immortal story-book, a more imperative revelation of the inner meanings of life. From the hour he discovered "Robinson Crusoe" Bernardin de Saint-Pierre realised what was, to him, the ideal and purpose of existence. And it is significant that he never forgot his ideal; never wearied of it; never lost his first rapturous belief in the merit of islands as a panacea for all human perplexities. Forty, fifty years later, he was still beguiling and thrilling all the sentimentalists of France with a scheme for leading the Moral Life upon a "desert island" in the Seine, where, under blossoming tropical trees (induced to blossom, apparently, from the highest motives) a burial-ground "for the Benevolent" was to adjoin a banqueting hall "for the Marriage Festivities

of the Virtuous Poor," and those "Fathers of Families who had inadvertently run into debt" were to sit "in absolute Security" and contemplate "an artificial Meadow." All this to the accompaniment of flutes, and without detriment to the sacred companionship "of the Muses." All this "near Paris" and some ten years, or less, before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

In his earliest years, however, the Fortunate Isles of his dreaming, though equally moral in their chosen inhabitants, were by no means so easy to get at. With the amazing good faith of the born romantic, and with a curious touch too of the practicality of the artist, Bernardin had no sooner finished some rather desultory mathematical studies than he made a futile attempt to enter the corps of engineers, considering that in that direction lay his best chance of realising his secret *arrière-pensée* of becoming "a half mythological coloniser; a sort of second Orpheus or Amphion." For, notwithstanding Jean-Jacques and all the Rights of Man, it was ever Bernardin's burning desire "to wear the King's uniform." He succeeded in so far that, in 1760, he was actually present, though on a somewhat dubious and uncomfortable footing, during a short campaign in Germany. He appears to have quarrelled on this occasion with all his superior officers; and, when he subsequently set sail for Malta—his first Island!—he found no better luck. Seeing no prospect of quick advancement in France, it occurred to him to place his services and his schemes for the betterment of mankind at the service of the Empress Catherine of Russia. He was then about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; so exceedingly handsome, of such engaging manners and with such a radiant genius for friendship, that the account of his long journey northward, through Holland, and Lubeck, and Poland, sounds like the story of the progress of an impecunious fairy prince. In Poland especially (where he lingered for a couple of years or more) his life becomes more "illustrated" than ever. We see him at Warsaw, the irresistible lover of a beautiful Polish princess, returning home from his feasts and balls in the early morning, to dream (he says) "only of Arcady." We see him "as Achilles" in a tragedy, where all the other players are princes and princesses, "the daughters and nieces of kings." But he has only a little room of his own amongst all these splendours; "a small place for which he pays five ducats"; and after all there must be a certain lack of islands, deserted or otherwise, in Poland. Presently we find our Bernardin in St. Petersburg, with an ardent project for a moral and humanitarian colony on the shores of the Caspian Sea which probably amused, though it failed to convince, the great Catherine.

By this time he was twenty-eight years of age. He had no profession; no private means of his own; no reasonable prospect of any sort of advancement. When he returns to France (in 1766) it is chiefly with the vague hope of obtaining some lucrative post from the King's ministers. Bernardin was always full of these hopes: for ever compiling petitions to men in power, and fervently expecting that miracle which shines before the eyes of the improvident. It was almost by accident, apparently, in the intervals of waiting upon great men's leisure, that Bernardin, who was then living in the little house of a *curé* in a Parisian suburb, began to think of writing as a means of livelihood. His first effort was, naturally enough, a volume of his travels; and the moment it was begun behold! his imagination was afire. In a trice his old dreams of bettering the human race are all awake with a shout. He has plans for regenerating, revising, re-edifying the entire universe. "I have

invented a system to account for the movement of the Earth" (he writes) "so daring, so new, and so probable that I dare confide it to no one." And it was in the lively midst of such preoccupations that the Government appointment came which sent him, as a civil engineer, to the island of Mauritius. He was then thirty-one years of age, and it is one of the curious facts in the history of imaginative literature that twenty years were to pass before his experiences and emotions of that journey took shape in a simple little story of immortal beauty and significance. Bernardin was past fifty when he wrote "Paul et Virginie." In the interval he had published a "Voyage à l'Ile de France"—a book as thick and overgrown as a jungle, and as full of unexpected blossoms—he had made the acquaintance of some of the literary men of Paris; he had friends among the Encyclopedists; he had a close friend and comrade in Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One of Bernardin's chief pleasures at that time was to go botanising with Jean-Jacques among the lanes and waste places of the Parisian *banlieue*. He was so poor that if he were asked out to dinner he was obliged to walk, "even though it be five leagues." He lived in a garret, high up, overlooking Paris, and still he spent half his days imploring every possible and impossible personage for assistance—but always, be it observed, with a punctilio. It is said that when the King granted him at last a small pension, Bernardin refused to receive it because the communication had reached him through a subordinate. Unknown, disappointed, baffled at every turn, nothing could rob this incorrigible dreamer of his Dream. In his own eyes he was always, and only, beginning. "*Enfin j'ai cherché de l'eau dans mon puits,*" he writes at over fifty. And this time he had found his "Paul et Virginie."

The enthusiasm which this simplest of little masterpieces awoke in the public can only be compared with the popular excitement awakened by "Clarissa." In a few weeks Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found himself the most distinguished literary man of his day. Everyone was reading him: from the Queen, Marie Antoinette, to the little sewing-girl in her attic, there was not a woman in France but wept floods of enchanted tears over the fate of the two island lovers. Everything had come to Bernardin at the same moment: glory, applause, a fortune, and the unbounded admiration of his greatest contemporaries. When Napoleon met him, he is reported to have said: "Monsieur Bernardin, you should give us a new 'Paul et Virginie' every six months." At fifty-five his own publisher's daughter insisted upon marrying the celebrated writer; and after her death, another girl of seventeen, Mademoiselle Désirée de Pelleporc, felt herself honoured to become the bride of this hero of sixty-three. This was a particularly happy marriage. "I am an old tree," he writes somewhere, "but I bear green young branches." And we find him addressing his young wife as "my Delight, my Month of May."

He died the year before Waterloo, in 1814, leaving behind him some seven or eight lengthy works besides a collection of letters which may be classed with those of Cowper. He was the first of modern writers to feel the charm and call of alien countries; he was the first romantic explorer: the first to seek for sentiment in landscape: the first to fall under the spell of "that distance where lives joy." And his influence has been incalculable. Chateaubriand, Alfred de Musset, Leconte de Lisle, Fromentin—"cet homme qui aimait passionnément le bleu"—and in our own day Pierre Loti, are only a few out of the long and splendid line of his spiritual children. Despite all his senti-

mentalities, his intricate moralities, his weaknesses, his palpable affectations, his bankrupt Fathers, and his islands, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre remains one of the great writers: an Innovator: a genius: one of the world's Torchbearers. For he wrote one small immortal book—a book to be classed with the story of Daphnis and Chloé. A thing all compact with youth and beauty and tenderness. A book as simple as a flower—and with the impeccable perfection of a flower.

Matthew Arnold

LOOKED at from one point of view, Matthew Arnold's request, that he should not be made the subject of a formal biography, takes on a spice of malicious humour. Was he conscious, when he uttered it, that he might thus perhaps stave off the evil day which sooner or later overtakes every distinguished man—his day of judgment, his final summing up? For there is little doubt that Arnold was, from time to time, gravely concerned about what posterity would think of him. Glancing through his works generally we find him, while he sits in judgment upon others and sets people in their places, dwelling insistently on words like "fame," "glory," "reputation," "posterity," and their real meaning for literature. Especially in his letters does he reveal a wholesome consciousness, quite the reverse of morbid, that the same judgment which he measured out so freely to others would one day inevitably be meted out to him.

Yet, although he will have been dead just seventeen years on April 15, and although he had ceased to produce really important work for some years before his death, it cannot even at this late date be said that he is finally judged. The process of literary disintegration which got to work so quickly on reputations greater than his, like those of Carlyle and Ruskin, has not yet had any appreciable effect upon him. The way in which that process works he has himself described in the essay on Joubert:

"The tastes and ideas of one generation are not those of the next. The next generation in its turn arrives—first its sharpshooters, its quick-witted audacious light troops; then the elephantine main body. The imposing array of its predecessors it confidently assails, riddles it with bullets, passes over its body. It goes hard then with many once popular reputations, with many authorities once oracular. . . . As Lord Macaulay's own generation dies out, as a new generation arises, without those ideas and tendencies of its predecessor which Lord Macaulay so deeply shared and so happily satisfied, will he give the same pleasure? And if he cease to give that, has he enough light in him to make him last? . . ."

This was written in 1864, five years after Macaulay's death. Even then the reputation of Macaulay, so great in its day, was beginning to suffer by the disenchanting process here described. Macaulay has long since been definitely judged; his books either stand on our shelves, stripped of much of their original glory and just for what they are, or have been removed from them altogether. Carlyle, who died in 1881, and Ruskin, gone as recently as 1900, have also suffered, all too quickly for their admirers, in a similarly definite way. Matthew Arnold, after seventeen years, still eludes his critics, friends, and enemies alike. He even eludes that most dangerous of critics, the friendly enemy. The most eager literary sportsman, the keenest hunter-down of inflated reputations, has, however grudgingly, to admit

that he stands; that the only really serious punishment up to the present administered to him has been the gentle and inevitable one which time itself inflicts. His books are rapidly falling out of copyright; he has been published in an *édition de luxe*—last solemn rite that attends the falling-in of the literary monopoly; he has been made the subject of copious bibliographies (from which we learn how much, alas! of his stray work has never been reprinted at all); and he has been for some years now coming out—as he himself would have been glad to know—in quite inexpensive editions. Most of these things are not signs of decay but rather of a more vigorous life. He stands. But for what precisely does he stand? We might—for all the answer we have got from his critics—summon from the shades a vision of his amiable countenance, mocking but urbane—"the affable archangel"—cheerfully bidding us proceed once more to the solution as best we may.

In the first place the whole body of his reprinted works, as collected in the fifteen volumes recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, is extraordinarily various, embraces so much as regards mere subject-matter: poetry, literary criticism, religion, education, and sociology. In the second place—and this is where the main difficulty comes in—it is, as regards its spirit, full of perplexing contradictions and paradoxes. You perhaps admire the poet who unlocks his heart in verses touched with who can say how much of delicate melancholy, religious and philosophic gentleness, resignation, and calm? But you turn to the essays "On Translating Homer" and are amazed to find a terrible and remorseless critic, annihilating to his adversary in the reply. As a hater of fussy people, you perhaps agree that nothing can be more delectable than the cheerful, killing banter he administered to doctors of sociology and would-be reformers of mankind? But it is distinctly disconcerting when you find elsewhere the same cheerful *insouciant* style doing yeoman service against your own religion and the doctors of your established church. Or you are yourself a reformer, cherishing "Literature and Dogma" as a fighting masterpiece? What can you make of this man's weak and washy poetry, or of his studies in obscure and exiguous temperaments like the De Guérins? You are a Liberal?—he attacks your want of fairness, clearness, balance: and praises Tories. You are a Tory?—he dines with you, shoots with you, fishes in your trout streams, and then shamelessly satirises the whole barbarous constitution of the society of which you are an important pillar. Last, you insist upon admiring absolutely and without fear of contradiction that wonderful style, compact of simplicity, rapidity, balance, cheerfulness, gaiety, wit. Greatest wonder of all—the author of it was no careless free-liver, as one might imagine, but a mere hard-driven school-inspector, whose official life was a perpetual round of inconspicuous and unremunerative drudgery!

How to resolve this elusive personality into its elements; how to fix and make its meaning plain so that the student, coming after, should make no mistake about it—that is the task which many persons since his death have essayed in vain. In the face of it, his request that he should not be made the subject of a "formal biography" takes on a new and amusing aspect, only this time the humour is distinctly sardonic. At least four excellently-accomplished literary men have offered us informal biographies (not to speak of the hosts of authors who have given us minor studies). Professor Saintsbury gave one to the world in 1899; Mr. Herbert Paul published one in 1902; Mr. G. W. E. Russell and Mr. W. H. Dawson both published a "Life" last year. Of these the best-

reasoned, though not the most readable, was Mr. Dawson's. If a definite judicial summing-up of Matthew Arnold's work were to be done, it would be difficult to choose a more able man for the work than any one of these writers, all of whom have especial weight and authority in speaking for him. Yet that each book has been more or less of a failure stands almost confessed by the rapidity with which these "lives" have followed each other. High as may be the praise which a reader of them will be ready to give to their ability and literary excellence, he is obliged to confess that the subject of them still resists all these attempts to resolve, fix, and explain him. Commenting upon these books came then the brilliant essay, recently published in the "Quarterly Review," by the President of Magdalen College, Oxford. No one has more right to speak for Matthew Arnold than Mr. Warren. And what does he accomplish in the way of summing-up? The essay had a curious and unexpected effect upon at least one pleased reader of it. He could not agree with Mr. Warren that the full and formal biography of Matthew Arnold was now almost within hailing distance. He could not agree that Matthew Arnold's poetry had suffered by reason of his ignorance of physical science, by reason of the "Origin of Species" having left no effect upon it, as it left its effect on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Nor could he agree that Matthew Arnold as a poet was in about the same class "with Collins." That least of all. Further, he almost despaired when he read the categorical statement that Matthew Arnold accomplished least by his religious writing, something more by his political, most by his educational work—unless "educational" were taken to mean his complete general effect. And that, in literary criticism, Matthew Arnold was more of an artist than a scholar, made him wonder if the essays on Homer had ever been written. To none of these things, in fact, could he give a moment's assent. But of one delightful result of reading Mr. Warren's article he fully and freely acknowledges the benefit.

Most of Matthew Arnold's critics and biographers have striven to pin him down—as vainly as Mr. Warren here and there throughout his essay tries to pin him down—to a definite body of doctrines, to assess his various "values," as if the important thing were to lay him out, stark and stiff, as representative of this, that, or the other point of view in the different departments of his literary activity. Mr. Warren, by virtue of his intimate knowledge of his subject, coupled with his own abounding brilliancy, accomplishes—strange to say—exactly the opposite result! The final effect of his essay on one reader of it was to set free once more that wonderful elusive spirit and personality which others had vainly striven to bind with chains; to send him back not to the biographies of Arnold and the criticisms of his work, but to Arnold himself once more in all his fifteen volumes, gladly to find renewal and refreshment in the light and happiness which they afford. After seventeen years it is something in a man that he can still do this: that, after so long a time his work still remains un-"classified" and unassailed: nay, that his very personality has not even yet been entombed nor its influence forgotten. Mr. Warren's essay should be an object lesson to every one ambitious of entombing Matthew Arnold in that terrible "formal biography," if the figure which he has drawn for us is all that can be accomplished even by the President of Magdalen. "In that amiable figure we seem to see the fulfilment of Arnold's 'Resurgam'—the aspiring soul of Arnold himself, in freedom and effective at last."

Reviews

LANDSCAPE IN HISTORY

By Sir Archibald Geikie. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

THERE are few subjects of more speculative interest than the connection which exists between man and his physical surroundings. We have on one side the somewhat arrogant desire of the human spirit to exist of itself and to soar beyond any environment; on the other, the knowledge that the human animal tied over to the earth still longs for rest. Man has been somewhere defined as a vegetable with powers of locomotion, and in that respect his position is analogous to that of the creatures which run or fly or swim. They may not be, like the tree or flower, "fast rooted to the fruitful soil," but their power of movement is circumscribed and to some extent illusory. Every creature seems to be bound by invisible bonds to its own habitat. The birds, that might appear to have illimitable space for their country, in all but a very few instances choose a particular haunt and seldom depart far from it. It is not extraordinary in fact to find a species of bird like the St. Kilda wren, which is confined to one small island, and those which make long journeys are like balls at the end of an indiarubber string flying out of one spot and returning to it. The swallow, which one day is hawking about the Pyramids feeling the mating instinct, fares across the sea, not to any vague and ill-defined region, but to the few inches of territory which it has been accustomed to use for its nest. Even fish in their migrations, as far as we have learned, keep the appointed path and return to it again and again. Thus it would appear certain that the lower animal life is dominated by physical conformation, and with all his superiority man has not been enfranchised from the working of this law of nature. Roughly speaking we know that he is what climate and surroundings make him. In the hottest portions of the world we find him black and unintellectual; in the temperate regions fair of complexion and energetic in mind and body; in the extremely cold regions he deteriorates as much as in the extremely hot, though in a different direction, and it would therefore be madness to argue that man can rise above his physical surroundings. In the book before us Sir Archibald Geikie is dealing with a small department of a great subject. The volume is composed of independent essays, but so far as they have a general purpose it is to show that the intellectual development of mankind in Great Britain has been to a large extent dependent on geological formation. Even history has been affected by it, because man in his restless desire for improvement has utterly changed the aspect of the country in many districts, and events of national and almost world-wide import have been decided by accidents of landscape. The most striking example adduced by the writer is the Battle of Bannockburn, which for a long time decided the positions to be held relatively by Scotland and England. There are very patriotic Scotsmen who attribute to Robert Bruce and the army he led powers that were almost supernatural. They, according to this theory, thought of hearth and home and king and country, and summoning all their energy fought as men never fought before. Sir Archibald Geikie as a man of science gives a less heroic but more cogent reason:

"The true explanation of the difficulty seems to me to be supplied by some almost casual references in Barbour's account of the operations. He makes Bruce, in addressing his followers, allude to the advantage they would gain should the enemy attempt to pass by the

morass beneath them. The poet further narrates how the carse—that is, the low flat land on the left—was dotted with pools of water; how the English, in order to effect a passage, broke down houses and tried to bridge over these pools with doors, windows and thatch from the cottage roofs; and how, with the assistance of their compatriots in Stirling Castle, they were so far successful that Clifford's troop of horse and, possibly, some more of the English army, got safely over to the hard ground beyond. We thus learn that Bruce's famous device of the 'pots' was only an extension of the kind of defence that nature had already provided for him. The ground on his left, now so dry and richly cultivated, was then covered with impassable bogs and sheets of water; and the huge army of Edward was consequently compelled to crowd its attack into the narrow space between these bogs and the higher ground on Bruce's right."

It is no doubt true that the arable land around the field of Bannockburn was then no better than a morass sprinkled with pools and ditches. Analogous changes to this have taken place in other parts of the island. The great fen that stretched from Ely to the shores of the Wash of old, bred a particular type of fenmen who occupied a position unique among their countrymen. But the drainage of the fens, just as it has produced an important change in the flora and fauna of the district, has also altered the nature of its human inhabitants. In the time of Hereward the Wake they held their own distinctive place. In our own day it would be difficult to distinguish them from the inhabitants of any other part of rural England. Apart from these accidental changes it seems beyond question that physical environment has to a large extent moulded the character and even the appearance of men. If we go to the mountainous districts of Wales, Scotland, or Ireland we shall always find men with a kind of wild poetry in them mingled with a certain melancholy of disposition which has come to be regarded as the characteristic of the Celt. Probably romance has flung a halo that was not quite deserved over the Highlander. Sir Archibald Geikie very properly takes Ossian as a typical example of Highland poetry, speaking without prejudice as to the authenticity of Macpherson's discovery. Whether the following fragment be authentic or not, it embodies the genius of the mountain race:

"Morna, most lovely among women,
Why by thyself in the circle of stones,
In the hollow of the rock on the hill alone?
Rivers are sounding around thee;
The aged tree is moaning in the wind;
Turmoil is on yonder loch;
Clouds darken round the tops of Cairns;
Thyself art like snow on the hill—
Thy waving hair, like mist of Cromla,
Curling upward on the Ben,
'Neath gleaming of the sun from the west;
Thy soft bosom, like the white rock
On bank of Brano of white streams."

And it is very hard indeed to distinguish between very fine poetry and the description of the gentle wind which

"Chases round and round
The hoary beard of thistle old,
Dark-moving over grassy mounds."

But if we move down to the plains we find quite a different type of genius prevailing. Even Burns, who lived so close to the mountains, was not Highland in the true sense of the term. The following passage does not

differ essentially from that of Wordsworth's picture of the poet who "murmurs by the running brooks a music sweeter than their own." The verse of Burns has a quality that belongs to the Lowlander:

"The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang."

This quality might be described as that of dream or meditation. It is most strongly developed in our greatest poets, Shakespeare, for instance, who was for ever looking before and after; Wordsworth, whose finest poems might be called meditations; Tennyson, Milton, Chaucer, all whom we hold great in the annals of poetry developed this Anglo-Saxon dreaminess which distinguishes our literature from every other in the world. It may seem almost materialistic to trace it to geological formation, but surely there was truth in the contention so often urged by Carlyle, that the natural and the supernatural are one, and in working out the connection between what we call mind and its highest development and the matter which is the rose-mesh that holds it we are really endeavouring to explain and lay bare part of the divine harmony which grows with every attempt to elucidate it. Sir Archibald Geikie in those thoughtful essays has done something towards elucidating the dependence of man's intellectual achievement on his physical environment.

MATILDA, COUNTESS OF TUSCANY.

By Mrs. Mary E. Huddy. (Long, 12s. net.)

Mrs. Huddy does not write history in the grand style. Dealing with a period which calls for Gibbon's pomp and Gibbon's perception of the ironies, she treats it in the tone of a sentimental novelist turning out stories to be read in girls' schools. The effect is not so much impressive as "bizarre." An early-Victorian heroine—a model and pattern of the early-Victorian virtues—appears to be parading, and looking good, among the shameless iniquities of the Dark Ages, and is made to figure as a protagonist in a drama with which her connection, though considerable, was subsidiary. One is reminded, from time to time, of the hero of the old song who had nothing to say of his association with one of the great events in the world's history except that he "was there all the while at the battle of the Nile." For, in the drama which Mrs. Huddy relates, the rôle of the "great Countess"—whose greatness is generally admitted, though Mrs. Huddy hardly proves it—was, at many stages, no more than that of a sympathetic spectator. The real hero of the book is the monk Hildebrand, who became Pope Gregory VII. Its real theme is the struggle for the emancipation of the Papacy from the control of the Holy Roman Empire, and the bringing of Henry IV. to Canossa. Matilda Countess of Tuscany was on the Pope's side throughout that struggle. She "was there all the while" in one useful capacity or another. But it is not her personality that dominates the scene. The attempt to make it do so, and to depict her at the same time as a sort of early-Victorian heroine, only results in throwing the whole picture out of proportion, and investing the whole narrative with an air of unreality. The pity is the greater because the story was so well worth telling.

The period—the eleventh century of our era—was indeed a wicked one: so wicked that it is much more profitable to study than to denounce it. Christianity and licentiousness walked hand in hand, and simony was

the besetting sin. There was open traffic not only in benefices but in episcopal Sees. The State cajoled, bullied, and exploited the Church. The Emperors set up their creatures as anti-Popes, and licensed their followers to plunder pilgrims on their way to Rome. On the other hand, there were certain holy men in Benedictine monasteries, and some of the holy men were also strong men. In their view, if there was any exploiting to be done, the Church must exploit the State. Theocracy must be supreme, and not a mere pendant and instrument of autocracy. They were not, according to our modern notions, very scrupulous as to the means to be employed to gain their end. They regarded the chair of Saint Peter as something worth fighting for. They persuaded Matilda of Tuscany to marry a husband whom she disliked, and with whom she never lived, because there was a chance that a fresh army might thus be enlisted in the service of the Church. But they were, on the whole, better men than their enemies. Though they confused the cause of religion with the claims of the Roman Church to paramountcy, they were, at any rate, reformers of abuses within that Church, and consequently command our sympathies.

Hildebrand was the greatest of them. He was the son of a carpenter, and of precocious talent. The monks discovered this and undertook to educate him. From Rome he passed to France, to the convent of Cluny. A Pope took him for his chaplain, and he controlled the election of four successive Pontiffs. He became a missionary, and, in the course of a great evangelical journey through France, not only denounced the prevalent simony, but also crushed the heresy of Berengarius, which denied the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Ultimately his own turn for the highest preferment came. He was preaching the funeral sermon at Pope Alexander's death, and, overcome by his emotions, he broke down and wept. "Suddenly the stillness of the crowd was broken by a voice saying, 'Hildebrand for Pope! Hildebrand for Pope! Saint Peter has chosen him,'" and this informal election was confirmed by the College of Cardinals. He took the name of Gregory VII., and almost immediately the great duel began. The new German monarch was a notorious evil liver, especially addicted to simoniacal practices. "We will," said Gregory, "send to him some wise person who will give him wholesome advice, and exhort him to return to his duty." He did so, and sent Legate after Legate, calling upon Henry "to give satisfactory explanations concerning the disorders of his clergy," threatening excommunication as the alternative. Henry's reply was to connive at the kidnapping of the Pontiff by a noble named Cenci, who locked him up in the Castle of Saint Angelo. The Roman populace rose and fetched him out, and then he launched his excommunication. Henry rejoined by calling upon the Pope to renounce the throne of Saint Peter, and sending to Rome an ambassador, who thus addressed the panic-stricken clergy: "My brethren, I have to announce to you that you must present yourselves before the King at the approaching feast of Pentecost to receive a Pope from his appointment, as this one is now known to be not a Pope but a devouring wolf." The listeners were so wroth that they would have slain the ambassador where he stood had not the Pope intervened to save him. And then the Pope summoned Henry to his presence to ask his pardon. "If the sun should go down on the 23rd of February, 1077, and he were not forgiven, his crown was to be transferred to another." And Henry, with whom things had been faring badly in his own realm, humbled himself and came.

Truly it was a memorable journey. The season was

winter, and in the heart of a winter of unexampled severity Henry crossed the great Saint Bernard Pass:

"Again and again were this miserable party in danger of being buried in the snow; again and again they had to toil up precipices as slippery as glass, where one false step would have plunged them into a yawning abyss. Sometimes a solid wall of ice rose up before them, and the guides with their hatchets cut steps for their feet. When the men had reached the summit the Queen and her child were tied up in hides and dragged to the top with ropes, and let down in a similar manner over the other side. Some of the attendants lost their lives in this dreadful route, and others lost their limbs from excessive cold. . . . It is impossible to conceive the sufferings which the travellers, especially the women and child, endured during their transit. The wonder is that they ever survived the horrors of an expedition so terrible and so useless."

After the horrors, however, the humiliation was to follow. The Pontiff went as far as Tuscany to meet the King, and awaited him in Matilda's Castle of Canossa. His followers were detained in the outer court, while he was admitted to the inner enclosure, where he divested himself of the emblems of his rank, not only placing his crown on the earth, but laying aside his ordinary dress, and assuming a white woollen garb: and there he stood, humbly attending the Pontiff's pleasure.

"The shades of night fell softly over the castle and its wakeful inmates, and the pale moon looked down upon the figure of the King maintaining his lonely watch, his eyes fixed upon the window of the apartment within which the Pontiff also kept solitary vigil. . . . Every hour he expected a summons or message from Gregory, and every hour he was doomed to disappointment. To his expectant ears every unwonted stir within the limits from which he was excluded heralded his release from his intolerable position. His hopes, raised again and again by approaching footsteps, were again and again dashed to the ground, as the sounds retreated and died away in the distance behind the gates. For three days did he remain in isolation, with no other companions than his own reflections. He refused food, and fasted from morning till night."

Not until the expiration of the third day was Henry admitted to the precincts of the castle. "Pardon me, Father, pardon me," he then cried, casting himself on the ground, with arms outstretched; and Gregory was moved to tears. "It is enough, it is enough," he said, and raised the monarch from his lowly posture, promising that the ban should be withdrawn if he would mend his ways.

That is the Canossa story, which is now the weapon of all journalists who debate ecclesiastical affairs. What one thinks of it depends upon the point of view from which one approaches it. To some it signalises the emancipation of the Church from the trammels of secular control; to others the rivetting of the chains of the Church upon the body politic. On the whole, perhaps, the calm historical view of the occurrence is the one which it is most profitable to take. Then we shall see in it merely an illustration of a strange state of things which has passed away, and is not likely to recur—a conflict between claims which still, indeed, collide, but are no longer pushed so far by either party to the collision; a striking monument of the extreme position alike of the Erastians and the ecclesiastics. It certainly is not for the sake of any inferences that she draws from it that Mrs. Huddy's narrative is valuable. She is equally lacking in the historic and the philosophic sense. The possession of either gift would have prevented her from making Matilda of Tuscany the central figure of

such a story. But she has strung a good many interesting facts together, and done something towards popularising a period of history with which the general reader is not too well acquainted. The few pictures which she gives are good, but the omission to provide an index is a fault which calls for censure.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE

Chronologically arranged and Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. IX.—XII. (Clarendon Press.)

THE late Sir Leslie Stephen explained Horace Walpole's femininity and dilettantism by the fact that he could not mix among the two-bottle men. "When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea-tables and small talk." This is what Walpole did, yet tea-tables and small talk did not save him from gout. Not that the popular association of gout with wine-bibbing deserves much endorsement. The uncertainties of the law are not more splendid than those of a complaint whose literary interest is as old as Lucian. Some men are born to gout, others thrust it upon themselves. Horace Walpole was born to it. At twenty-five he knew it as his own familiar enemy. But it never was wholly his enemy. It became an instrument of his communicativeness and wit, and it offered him, at a cheap rate, the flattery of recurrent martyrdom. There is an old book, which he might have read, called "The Honours of the Gout, plainly demonstrating that the Gout is one of the greatest Blessings that can befall Mortal Man." At the age of fifty-two he wrote to the Countess of Upper Ossory: "It reconciles me to the gout that it has no occasion for James's powders. There is a little dignity, too, in it that consoles me; an insignificant man that grows old wants something to give him importance; and with my meagre figure, what with it being a little respectable, and what with it being a little comical, I find the gout does not at all succeed ill with me."

The gout, in short, made Walpole a dowager among the dowagers, and he was not unwilling to pay the price. The remedies he tried interested him, and he made them interesting to others. Principally, he took the prescription of Dr. Cadogan, which so puzzled Boswell—good humour. Hannah More testifies to his patience. To her he wrote: "Since all my fingers are useless, and that I have only six hairs left, I am not very much grieved at not being able to comb my head." Gradually, the gout became the rallying place of his favourite infirmities and his precocious senilities. In what precise year he took upon himself the honours of old age it would be difficult, without exhaustive research, to say. Often in turning his letters backwards you find him growing older. It was perhaps in his forty-ninth year that he began sedulously to ape Methuselah. He then wrote: "I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits and its pleasures." This letter is numbered 1038 in Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition. But the 2135th letter in the same edition is as full of the world, and four volumes are still needed to complete the sixteen promised in this budget of worldliness. At forty-eight Horace settles down to be "a gay shadow." His gout and age give him a battery of elegant, unruffling appeal. The new Opposition has stabbed the liberty of the press, and, as for politics, in renouncing them he feels "the sort of pleasure that Christian heroes did formerly in abstaining from their virgin brides and embracing the life of hermits." But to write this gives him a pain in his wrist; travelling, he thinks, is the only medicine for his "shattered frame." At fifty-three, with a quarter of a

century to live, his plan is "to pass away calmly," amusing himself with the rising generation, but taking care not to bore them or be bored by them. One of his notions of passing away calmly is to gibe at Gibbon to his face. It is to Mason that he writes:—

"You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense; I gave it, but alas! with too much sincerity. I added: 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry *you* should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan history. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have the patience to read it.' He coloured; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, 'It had never been put together before'—*so well*, he meant to add—but gulped it."

The vivacity and malice of this are pretty good for a man who had long protested that he was "done with the world," was "old and indifferent" and was grateful if such as he were "excused for being out of their coffins." Sometimes it seems as if with Walpole a parade of his infirmities was the equivalent of ceremony and deference. Writing to the Earl Stafford, he concludes by a series of suave self-oblitative statements: he does not pretend to send his lordship news, for he hears not a little, nor inquires. As for private news, he has outlived his friends (he is sixty-six) and has no more curiosity about the next generation "than about the twentieth century." He cannot wait on his Lordship, for he walks no better than a tortoise, and makes a conscience of not incommoding people. His hands and feet are lame, and he is altogether "antiquated and insipid," and he is his Lordship's most devoted humble servant.

It is very noticeable how as Walpole grows old—and he does grow old at Nature's pace—he appears to be a little uneasy lest his letters will be taken too much as the work of a gentleman-gazetteer. As he realised their prodigious volume and continuity, he may well have feared that in the Niagara of his own topics his individuality might fade on the eye and be lost on the ear. He must have known that there was something a little inhuman in his easy brilliance of report and comment, maintained for sixty years. The gout did, at least, proclaim him a man and a sufferer. It linked his personality to the most accepted and recurrent of topics, the weather. And we, for whom Walpole's weather has no interest, must admit that the gout makes him more pictorial. But it does not greatly advance him in our sympathies. No man wrote so much, or so agreeably; for so little love. He is everything but lovable; perhaps the feeling he evokes may be expressed in a bull: you do not love him, yet you love him too well to ask why?

A GARDEN OF PLEASANT FLOWERS

From John Parkinson. Chosen and arrayed by Alfred Hyatt.

MR. HYATT has made an exceptional collection. Parkinson's first chapter deals with "the ordering of the garden of pleasure," its graceful knots, arbours, walks and squares and the English as well as "Outlandish" flowers that have to adorn them. His descriptions of the flowers are all delicately exact and loving, and we are loth to believe that even

"White privet dies withouten pitying"

when in his charge, for he is always a little more—the little more that means so much more—than a herbalist or botanist. His knowledge of gardening is evidently a pride and delight. He is so true to nature that his language is beautiful, for it reveals the correctness of his vision which never is obscured by poetic fallacies about flowers. Unfortunately, to the common garden-lover many of his flowers are unknown. We would give something to meet that Persian Flower *de luce* "of a pale blew russetish colour," or the Sultan's flower lately obtained from Constantinople, "where the great Turke as we call him, saw it abroad, liked it, and wore it himself," whose circling leaves are of "a fine delayed purple or blush colour." The artist's pencil was surely the gift of John Parkinson. The white lupine he says is "of a very bleake blew tending to white." Perhaps the white Lilly Convally (lily of the valley) affected him to a small degree as the daffodils did Wordsworth, for he finishes his picture of it as having "a very strong sweet sent and comfortable for the memory and senses." He is most generous in the flowers that he would steal from field and woodland for his pleasant garden. He leaves the honeysuckle in the hedge "to serve their senses that travell by it, or have no garden." The primroses and cowslips, however, have been transplanted into gardens "to be nourished for the delight of their lovers." We feel rather pained when he banishes the fairest of June's roses thus: "being wilde and of no beautie or smell we leave to their wilde habitations." One would think from this that crags and cliffs and lonely moors were the home of those beauties of "flaunting summer." His realism in the descriptions of the various roses is noticeable. The damask rose is "neyther heady nor too strong, not stuffing or unpleasant sweet, as many other flowers"; of the York and Lancaster rose he ascribes the stripes to the fact that "nature listeth to play with varieties." His accounts, of course, throw an unfamiliar light on London, strange to us and pathetic also if we pine for the days when the "country green" was not barricaded out. He has to be "very tender" with the double yellow rose in London which was brought by Master Nicholas Lete from Constantinople. It perished with him, and then another merchant, Master John de Franqueville, managed to make it thrive. Those who walk down Mitcham Lane to-day will look sadly and vainly for the Trefoile Ladies smocks which flourished there. Master Cole, in his garden at Highgate, kept his bay Cherry tree from the bitterness of the winter weather "by casting a blanket over the toppe thereof."

Parkinson has many references to ancient writers and their opinions, and is really very learned. Galen, Pliny, Dioscorides, Cortusus, Camerarius and Theophrastus—much learned and unknown to the ordinary student. In regard to potions of herbs and flowers recommended by them he says: "This delicate age of ours, which is not pleased with any thing almost, be it meat or medicine, that is not pleasant to the palate, doth wholly refuse these almost, and therefore cannot be partaker of the benefit of them." So much for "this present age" in all time! Surely he of all writers, ancient and modern, is most grateful for all that ministers to mind and body diseased, all that gladdens the heart and induces simple piety. The wine made from pears, perry, inspires him to "admire the goodnesse of God, that hath given such facility to so wilde fruits, altogether thought useless, to become usefull, and apply the benefit thereof both to the comfort of our soules and bodies." He seems to address himself largely to gentlewomen. In his day it was part of a lady's education to know how to use every plant of the garden. Snailles, or Barbary buttons, he calls

"pretty toys for gentlewomen." Sweet Johns, the speckled kind, are termed "by our English gentlewomen London pride." Argycome, or Indian cotton-weed, has also been "called by our English gentlewomen, Live long and Life everlasting." It will be noticed that Parkinson is very particular in his sense of colour and of the words he uses to convey colours that are so often beyond the reach of words. Of cornflowers he says: "Some are wholly blew, or white, or blush, or of a sad, or light, purple, or of a light or dead red, or of an overworne purple colour." He is always afraid of becoming tedious in his descriptions, or of repeating what he is sure everyone knows. We may give a few plants which are surely as necessary to-day as three hundred years ago for the gardens of those who are "curious," or who aspire to "any curiosity." Gentians we name first, for a flower that can cure "the violence of a mad dogges tooth" is not to be disregarded. Rose Bay is a remedy against the poison of serpents, especially if rue be added to it. Of the virtues of rosemary "you might bee as well tyred in the reading as I in the writing, if I should set down all that might be said of it." Arbor vitæ, the tree of life, is recommended for divers. The leaves, chewed in the morning, fasting, help to cure shortness of breath. Others beside divers may benefit by this. The uses of lavender we are at least not unacquainted with, but it is not known that the dried flowers "comfort and dry up the moisture of a cold braine." Basil procures a cheerful and merry heart. Balm is an "excellent help to comfort the heart, as the very smell may induce any so to beleve." A few leaves of burnet put in a cup of claret "is accounted a helpe to make the heart merrie." And so on. The cures for diseases, accidents, &c., we read indifferently, but we bestow wistful and longing thoughts on the ingredients which will combine to produce that joy which seems so mockingly near us as we read the simple words "a merrie heart." We fear that the flowers to which he so lovingly ascribes so much benefit must be dismissed by his own words: "The chief and onely use thereof is to be an ornament for the gardens of the curious lovers of these delights, and to be worne of them abroad, which for the gallant beauty of many of them, deserveth their courteous entertainment, among many other the like pleasures." Among his gentle flowers in his old garden grown full of pleasant thoughts we leave John Parkinson; "the judicious and courteous I onely respect, let Momus bite his lips, and eate his heart, and so Farewell."

WHITEFIELD'S JOURNALS:

To which are prefixed his "Short Account" and "Further Account." Edited by William Wale. (Drane, 3s. 6d. net.) A FAMILIARITY with Wesley's journals is essential, it has been said, to a complete understanding of eighteenth-century England. Those of George Whitefield, his fellow-preacher, have now been reprinted after the lapse of a century and a half, and it is natural to ask what is the cause of their protracted eclipse. The reason is soon discovered: Whitefield's journals are the mirror of a man, and not of an age. They throw little light upon his times, though much upon his personality: and, weighty as that personality was, extensive as was its influence, it depended so largely on the voice, gestures, and amazing energy of its owner, that when these emanations were stilled in death there remained indeed the record of a remarkable career, but the magnetic power which had moved and melted hosts of listeners had to be taken on trust. Whitefield's contemporaries were doubtless almost as eager to read his journals as they were to hear his sermons; but in succeeding generations there has not been much call for either.

The psychological thirst of our own age is, however, insatiable. We never weary of seeking to fathom the mental processes of famous individuals, be they saints or criminals. This reprint, therefore, issued at a moment when Revivalism is in the air, will probably attract many curious readers, beside those who are in sympathy with Whitefield's particular interpretation of Christianity. What manner of man is it that these journals reveal? A man absolutely single-hearted and self-denying, willing to die for his convictions, and living only to disseminate them; an apostolic man, who braved perils upon land and sea with a Pauline constancy; a man whose tireless activity must wring praise even from modern Laodiceans. To borrow the phraseology which he affected, Whitefield fell upon the self-satisfaction of the eighteenth century with the sword of the Spirit, and smote the godless and the indifferent hip and thigh. Whether he preached in London churches, or to Kingswood colliers, to Georgian colonists, or to negroes, thousands flocked to hear him, and hundreds professed themselves converted. The crew of the "Whitaker" and the soldiers at Gibraltar alike heard him gladly. On his second visit to Bristol "multitudes came on foot," he writes, "and many in coaches a mile without the city, to meet me; and almost all saluted and blessed me as I went along the street." Similar scenes were everywhere enacted; and his preaching was attended by those ecstatic and hysterical demonstrations on the part of his auditors which are among the usual incidents of revivalism.

No doubt the extreme youth of the preacher had something to do with his success. Whitefield was admitted to Holy Orders when only twenty-one years of age. Born at Gloucester in 1714, the son of a hotel-keeper, he was educated at the Crypt Grammar School in that city, whence he passed as a servitor to Pembroke College, Oxford, where Samuel Johnson had sojourned a few years before. At Oxford his religious leanings attracted him to the Wesleys, and he became a Methodist. The term had only recently been coined, and it is instructive to remember that it signified one who lived his life by method, and that the chief practices which earned for Wesley and his friends the ridicule of their coevals were weekly attendance at the Holy Communion, fasting, visiting the prisoners in Oxford Gaol, and meeting for devotional purposes. During his residence at Oxford Whitefield was often very miserable, oppressed with the sense of sin and with bodily weakness; but, once ordained, he felt his burdens lighter. He undertook clerical work in Georgia, but before sailing preached a series of sermons which made him immediately famous. Henceforth his life was wholly filled by his ministerial labours in the United Kingdom and in America. The least monotonous part of his narrative is that in which he describes his first voyage to America and his return journey. During the latter he underwent great privations, and came near shipwreck.

The character of his religion left no room for secular diversions, and he waged war against cudgelling, wrestling, dancing, and the wearing of jewels, as well as against notorious sins. His natural austerity may be seen in his forcing upon its knees, and then striking, a child of four, who knew, but refused to repeat, the Lord's Prayer. "He then said his prayer as well as could be expected, and I gave him some figs as a reward." Whitefield's action is in keeping with his assent at Oxford to the theory of one who declared that "every gownsman's name is legion." His religion inevitably had its harsh side. On the other hand, while his first object was the saving of souls from eternal wrath, he was conspicuously

humane and liberal to the poor and suffering. In Georgia he did an excellent work in rescuing orphan children from ignorance and destitution.

To be schismatic was no part of his intention. "What infinite mischief have needless divisions occasioned in the Christian Church!" he writes. "'Divide et impera' is the Devil's motto." He did not take to preaching in the fields until the use of the churches was denied him. The orthodox Bishops and comfortable clergy of the day were made uneasy by his enthusiasm; he seemed to them to trouble Israel. We may think what we will of his methods; but the eighteenth century needed a White-field, whatever be the wants of our own.

Fiction

MRS. GALER'S BUSINESS

By W. Pett-Ridge. (Methuen, 6s.) It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Pett-Ridge's name upon the cover of a new volume, for it is an assurance that we shall find within a sound, wholesome story informed with strong human interest, skilful, humorous and kindly. He understands as few writers have done the life of the dwellers in mean streets, their temptations, limitations and substantially good qualities; he finds the gold where other seekers discover only the dross, and he has the rare gift of describing vulgar scenes and people without vulgarity: nowhere is he guilty of an objectionable or a deliberately ugly picture. All these admirable points are noticeable in the present tale, which, as a whole, is up to the mark of "Mord Em'ly" and "Erb." The chapters are not equally good, however; while there is not a line too much about the Galer household, there are pages concerning other characters that border on tediousness. The chorus of matrons upon their neighbours' shortcomings is too shrill and insistent, and at least one of their tea-and-scandal parties might have been omitted with advantage. So, also, might a few of the intrusions of the sentimental Miss Jeffrey. As for Mrs. Galer herself, her courage and sunny temper, her charity towards all the world—a man nor critic can find fault in her. One grateful reader at least must avow that she is the sweetest-hearted, most delightful woman he has come across for a long time, either in fiction or out of it.

TO WINDWARD

The Story of a Stormy Course. By Henry C. Rowland. (David Nutt, 6s.) This is a very good story, and it has a real man for hero. Amos Knapp is a tall grim New Englander of good birth but no money, who has consequently had to shift for himself. His native gift for construction has made him a capital shipwright, and we first meet him, clad in the cap and gown of an M.D., *summa cum laude*, and waving his diploma, as he directs the stepping of a schooner's mainmast. For his ambition has long been medicine; and American undergraduates frequently "get there," as they call it, by paths strange to those noblest of their species on the Isis and the Cam. Thanks to Dr. Couteau, a great surgeon, who takes a fancy to him, Knapp is fairly launched in New York, but not before he has served as captain of a yacht, and has set the leg of a young lady on board who had broken it in a gale. She is Amos' "fate," but is unfortunately engaged to a brilliant young literary man of no moral principle. However, it all comes right in the end. Old Couteau is excellently drawn. Here is one of his stories; he is talking of the Sandringham-Smythes. "A gang of parvenues; money sticking out all over until you can't rest. Give you about twenty forks, then take half of them away again. That's all right, only they ought to keep on and take away the other half and bring a trough. I had them to dinner not long ago, and just for fun had my man Peter lay out a cartilage knife by every plate for the entrée. Well, sir, the next dinner they gave, they had the nearest thing they could get to those cartilage knives for the entrée. Morris, the laparotomy man, was there, and he almost had a fit. Looked to see them serve an autopsy knife with the canvas-back."

THE HOUSE OF MERRILEES

By Archibald Marshall. (Alston Rivers, 6s.) Mr. Marshall has conceived a sufficiently ingenious plot for his novel of mystery; but he does not succeed in gripping the attention and holding it from the start to the gasp of satisfied excitement at the finish. He does not weave the web of mystery closely and more closely so that the most trivial occurrence sends a shudder through the reader and a cat stepping across the lawn makes him creep. There are long chapters that are homely which make the sensational incidents seem impossible; and they, in their turn, by reaction, cause the homely pages to seem dull. And so two quite good things are spoiled. Of the two elements the sensational is so much the better that we are chiefly disappointed at the loss of the thrill, and in our disappointment our hearts go out in sympathy to the young man in Grimm's fairy tale who went about whispering, "Ah, if I could but shiver!" for the desire for that sensation is roused and not satisfied. We are the more annoyed because our sympathies are unnecessarily turned away from George Greenfield as a man, from the moment when he takes his people round Cambridge, the morning he is playing for the 'Varsity eleven against a famous county, and strolls in after a "buck" lunch in his own rooms to take his place on the field. And George Greenfield is not the villain, he is the hero. Surely the author of "Peter Binney" can write a cleverer book than this.

Short Notices

PEEPS INTO NATURE'S WAYS

By J. J. Ward. (Isbister, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Ward has peeped into Nature's ways with an observant eye, a sympathetic soul, adequate knowledge of natural history, an admirable skill in taking photographs and micro-photographs, and a happy knack of knowing the right objects on which to employ those means of reproduction. As a consequence he has given us a book of which the pedant may say that it has popularity as a flagrant vice, but for which many a busy man, woman and child, who have not the time to be pedants or to appreciate the pedant's labours, will be very grateful. Nature study is so much the fashion of the day that the book makes its appearance very aptly. It is no discredit to Mr. Ward's letterpress to say that it is mainly useful here in the description of his admirable micro-photographs, that is to say photographs of tiny objects microscopically enlarged and so presented in a dimension easy to be seen and comprehended. Thus a gnat is shown sufficiently magnified by four diameters, the eggs of a flea and various details of the gnat and of the flea very much more largely. The habits of the ant lion, of some of the sphinx moths, of the lappet moth, of the fly-eating plants, are among some of the many objects of interest in the illustrations. "The teeth of a snail," "the digestive organs of a pitcher plant," are titles that give some idea of the subjects, which number in all over a hundred and fifty. And always Mr. Ward's letterpress adequately indicates the points of interest and the purpose of the wonderful organic mechanisms which his enlargements of the small things reveal. It is a book that deserves a place in the library of every amateur of Nature's ways, and few will be so versed in them that some of Mr. Ward's "peeps" will not show something new.

TROUT FISHING

By W. Earl Hodgson. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Earl Hodgson's book on "Trout Fishing" is pleasant reading, but its title is a little misleading. The novice who is allured by the name into the notion that the book will teach him the arcana of the art will rise to the fly in vain. The book consists really of some gossip sketches and a little pleasant debate on the standard questions with regard to fishing the wet fly. Have trout a colour-sense? (In this regard the author answers, in our opinion, rightly, and in contradiction to Sir Herbert Maxwell—"Yes.") Is dyed or undyed gut the least conspicuous? Here he gives his verdict in favour of undyed—a conclusion in which we are not so

confidently agreed. The effect on the fish of the light, the temperature, and the wind are all discussed; and there is a little anecdotal flavour introduced in one or two chapters. It is all of lake and stream fishing. Mr. Hodgson does not seem to be at all an amateur of the dry fly fishing. Far the most valuable feature of the book, from the angler's point of view, is the collection of coloured pictures of flies at the commencement. They are excellently painted and excellently reproduced—quite works of art, and true to the scientific uses of the angler also. But here, again, the dry flies are not touched. They all are flies of the stream, of the broken water, and of the lake. The writing is very agreeable, as Mr. Hodgson knows how to make it, but we cannot go with him in one or two attacks that he essays on the dry fly method, arguing that flies are taken below the water, half drowned, rather than on the surface. On the broken streams—yes, perhaps; but on the Hampshire chalk streams how many are taken under water in comparison with those sucked down from the surface? A very small percentage.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vols. V. and VI. (Bell, 5s. each.)

Two more volumes only remain yet to come of this admirable and handy reprint, for we regret to note that the publishers do not intend to include the volume of Pepysiana, a decision which we hold to be a mistake. As we read again this extraordinary record of a somewhat ordinary life, we cannot help noticing that, minute and intimate as are the details and revelations that Pepys gives us, the portrait as a whole is indistinct. A diary can never quite replace a biography, any more than a photograph can eclipse a portrait by a painter of insight; which is a truism, but is too often forgotten. So much so that it is often said and written that Pepys has left us a complete picture of himself, which is not the case; he has shown himself as he saw himself; to complete the portrait we must know what others saw in him. The Diary is a profound revelation of the height to which self-conceit and the depth to which self-out-of-conceit—if we may coin a word—can attain in one and the same person. To the lover of London and the ways of the town it is, of course, a sheer delight, and to read it in this edition adds to our pride in English scholarship.

Reprints and New Editions

Although Crockett's *THE STICKIT MINISTER* is so popular and has already had such a large sale, there are no doubt many who will find a spare shilling for Mr. Fisher Unwin's new edition. Those who dislike paper-covered novels—which so soon are soiled and ragged—and can afford to pay something more than sixpence and less than four and sixpence will probably avail themselves of this admirable shilling edition of well-known novels. No one need hesitate to buy "The Stickit Minister," for it is a neat, pleasant reprint that will not fall to pieces with much handling or spoil good eyesight by bad print. This series is characterised by great tastefulness throughout. Mr. Crockett has written many books since "The Stickit Minister," but he has written nothing better worth a place on our bookshelves. It is one of those books, too, that can be picked up and enjoyed at any time.—In strong contrast to it is Maxim Gorky's *THREE OF THEM*, in the same edition. Where Crockett depicts tenderly and sympathetically the poverty of the Scots country, Maxim Gorky gives savagely brutal accounts of the squalid poverty of Russia. The recent rumours and paragraphs respecting M. Gorky will no doubt awake fresh interest in his writings, and "Three of Them" may come in for its share. Gorky depicts life as he sees it, but he is at heart a pessimist, just as Crockett is an optimist. There is a much larger public for "The Stickit Minister" than for "Three of Them," with its painful realism. An essayist recently said that all great writers are optimists; but perhaps it would be as reasonable to ask a man under sentence of life

imprisonment to be cheerful and hopeful as to expect such things in Russia.—It is almost startling to receive Palgrave's *THE GOLDEN TREASURY* with the imprint of Messrs. Routledge (New Universal Library, 1s. net). The type is as good as ever, but I do not like meeting my old book friends in strange dresses, and the only favourable comparison to be made between this and the well-known editions of Messrs. Macmillan is in the matter of price. By the way, I wonder has the question of copyright in selections ever been tested; for, if the pieces selected are out of copyright, I do not see why every publisher is not at liberty to reprint them, avoiding, of course, notes and introductions provided by the selector.—In the same series, also, comes an authorised selection of the *POEMS BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS*. It is a good many years now since the "Songs of Two Worlds" and "The Epic of Hades" achieved popularity, but I venture to doubt whether Morris' poems have foundations sufficiently deep in thought and sentiment to attain lasting fame.—A nicely bound, very well printed new edition is published of R. L. Stevenson's *EDINBURGH* (Seeley). There is no need to speak of its merits, though it is, of course, a slight and modern picture of Edinburgh written with the imaginative charm of the author. The deep black history of Edinburgh is only touched on, but the book is pleasant and much appreciated, and such a serviceable edition will be welcomed.—*DON QUIXOTE* is naturally to the front just now. He appears in two volumes (George Bell), in the translation of Peter Anthony Motteux, with the memoir and notes of John Gibson Lockhart. They are in a light and pretty form.—Two new volumes in the miniature edition of Shakespeare have arrived, with introductions and footnotes by W. J. Craig (Methuen). They are so small that we opened them with misgivings about the print. However, they turned out clear and pleasant, quite wonderful in such a featherweight.—Wilkie Collins is always popular. Those who followed breathlessly the pursuit of "The Moonstone" will be pleased to have *NO NAME* (Collins) so handsomely enshrined, with eight illustrations and the softest red back.

Books Received

Art

Hayden, Arthur, *Chats on Old Furniture*. Unwin, 5/0 net.
Macfall, Haldane, Whistler: *Butterfly, Waap, Wit, Master of the Arts, Enigma*. Foulis, 0/6 net. (No. 1 of the "Spirits of the Age" series.)
Moore, H. L., *Analysis of Drawing, Painting, and Composing*. 12/6. (Published by the author.)

Biography and Memoirs

Huddy, Mary E., *Matilda, Countess of Tuscany*. Long, 12/0 net. (See Review, page 194.)
Serjeant, Philip W., *The Courtships of Catherine the Great*. 10/6 net.
Atkinson, C. M., *Jeremy Bentham: his Life and Work*. Methuen, 5/0 net.
Anderson-Morhead, A. E. M., *A Pioneer and Founder: Reminiscences of Robert Gray, D.D., First Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa*. With Preface by the Right Rev. Allan B. Webb, D.D., Dean of Salisbury. Skeffington, 5/0 net. (Miss Anderson-Morhead worked with Bishop Gray from 1868 onwards, and her volume will be of interest to many to whom the larger "Life of Bishop Gray," by his son, Canon Gray, is inaccessible.)

Drama

The Trojan Women of Euripides. Translated into English rhyming verse, with explanatory notes, by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. Allen, 2/0 net.

Educational

Molière, *Les Femmes Savantes*. Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. Blackie's Little French Classics, 0/10.
Guizot, *La Révolution en Angleterre*. Edited by W. G. Hartog, B.A. Blackie's Little French Classics.
Gautier, Théophile, *Voyage en Espagne*. Oxford Modern French Series, Clarendon Press, 2/6.
Wallis, James, *Asia*. (Round the World.) Jack, 1/6. Crook, Charles W., Weston, W. H., and Mingard, W. Vere, *The British Isles*. (Round the World.) Jack, 1/4. Bailey, C. W., *Africa*. (Round the World.) Jack, 1/6.
Hayward, Charles F., *Our Island's Story. Step One: Simple Stories Simply Told*. (Jack Concentric Histories.) Jack, 1/0.
The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book III. Edited by A. C. Liddell, M.A. Blackie's Illustrated Greek Series, 2/0.
Tennyson, *The Princess*. With Introduction and Notes by Ethel Fry, M.A. Blackie, 0/8.
Wakefield, H. Rowland, *Lessons on Living*. A reading-book in physiology and hygiene. Blackie's Science Readers, 1/6.
Scott, E. H., and Jones, Frank, *A Second Latin Course*. Blackie, 2/6.

Fiction

Gorky, Maxim, *Creatures that once were Men*. Translated from the Russian by J. K. M. Shirazi. With Introductory by G. K. Chesterton. Alston Rivers, 1/6 net.
Doyle, A. Conan, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. Newnes, 6/0.
Stevenson, Philip L., *A Gendarme of the King*. Hurst & Blackett, 6/0.
Chambers, Robert W., *In Search of the Unknown*. Constable, 6/0.
Funshon, E. R., *Constance West*. Lane, 6/0.

- Marshall, Archibald, *The House of Merrilees*. Alston Rivers, 6/0. (See Review, page 198.)
- Swift, Benjamin, *Gossip*. Duckworth, 6/0.
- Twain, Mark, *A Dog's Tale*. Harper, 2/0. (A reprint of a story first published in 1904. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.)
- The Mirror of Kong Ho. Chapman & Hall, 6/0.
- Dixon, Thomas, jun., *The Clansman*. Heinemann, 6/0.
- Ridge, W. Pett, Mrs. *Galer's Business*. Methuen, 6/0. (See Review, page 198.)
- Williamson, Mrs. C. N., *The Castle of the Shadows*. Methuen, 6/0. (The heir to the Castle, which lies between Mentone and Ventimiglia, had been convicted of murder, and was imprisoned in Noumea, New Caledonia. How an American heiress and her friends rescued him, and the wicked Marchese, who was responsible for his imprisonment, died. Sensational and melodramatic.)
- Magnus, Leonard Arthur, *A Japanese Utopia*. Routledge, 1/0. (A dream of society and polity as carried on in "The Land of Pe-oh," "Ko-dran," and other islands off the coast of Corea, described by Banosi, a Japanese seaman.)
- Hill, Headon, *The One Who Saw*. Cassell, 6/0. (The villain changes two phials on a doctor's shelf, and when a patient is poisoned, tries to terrify the doctor's daughter into marrying him. He is foiled.)
- Barr, Robert, *The Tempestuous Petticoat*. Methuen, 6/0. (The Emperor of Korea in love with the daughter of a Chicago millionaire who is yachting in the East with his secretary, late of the Diplomatic Service.)
- Gladys, Evelyn, *Thoughts of a Fool*. Rosenthal.
- Boothby, Guy, *A Crime of the Under Seas*. Ward, Lock, 5/0. (Contains ten stories, the first being considerably the longest.)
- Tytler, Sarah, *His Reverence the Rector*. Long, 6/0. (A quiet and well-written story of life in an old-fashioned county family, with some sensible talk on social and political matters.)
- Cameron, Mrs. Lovett, *Rosamond Grant*. Long, 6/0.
- Methley, Alice, *The Identity of Jane*. Long, 6/0. (Jane is an heiress, and her real name is Jocelyne; but she has many experiences in the nineteen years that elapse between her discovery in the Australian bush and the establishment of her identity.)
- Griffith, George, *The World Masters*. Long, 0/6.
- Norris, H. L., *Rice Papers*. Longmans, 6/0.
- Myers, Albert Cook (edited by), *Hannah Logan's Courtship*. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach, \$2. ("A True Narrative: the Wooing of the Daughter of James Logan, Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania, and divers other matters, as related in the diary of her lover, the Honorable John Smith, Assemblyman of Pennsylvania and King's Councillor of New Jersey, 1736-1752." Profusely and well illustrated with portraits, reproductions of MSS., &c., of interest to American archaeologists.)
- Keays, H. A. Mitchell, *It was a Boy*. Arrowsmith, 3/6. (The birth of a son to the Reverend Douglas and Mrs. Bell, of somewhere in the United States, and how, as he grew to boyhood, he caused the reconciliation of rich Mrs. Bradney and her daughter, who had married a poor man. Mild, but amusing.)
- Jones, Constance Evan, *Caprice*. Nisbet, 6/0. ("A Study in Emotions." Mr. Charteris is run over by a cab just when his jealousy of his wife is at its height. Mrs. Charteris's emotions ultimately land her in a pond—by accident, although she went there intending to commit suicide.)
- Hauff's Tales. Translated by Sybil Thesiger, with illustrations by Dorothy Morris. Finch, 6/0.
- Bryant, M., *The Adventures of Louis Dural*. Brown, Langham, 6/0.
- Vorst, Marie Van, *Amanda of the Mill*. Heinemann, 6/0.

History and Archaeology

- McKechnie, William Sharp, *Magna Carta*. Maclehose, 14/0 net. (Mr. McKechnie claims that his work is the first attempt to comment upon *Magna Carta* in the light of modern research. Coke's and Thomson's works being now "hopelessly out of date.") Historical Introduction, Text, Translation, and full Commentary.)
- Duignan, W. H., *Worcestershire Place Names*. Frowde, 6/0. (Mr. Duignan's book on Staffordshire place names is already well known. An immense amount of study, especially of Saxon chronicles, goes to the making of these notes, which are most interesting from an historical and philological point of view.)
- Purchas, Samuel, B.D., *Hakluytus Posthumus*. Vols. I. and II. MacLehose, 12/6 net.
- Knox, George William, *Imperial Japan: the Country and its People*. Newnes, 7/6 net.

Logic

- Wolf, A., *The Essential Import of Categorical Predication: Studies in Logic*. Cambridge University Press. (Amplified from a dissertation for which the Special Board for Moral Science of Cambridge University awarded the author a Certificate of Research, certifying the work to be "of distinction as an original contribution to learning." Dedicated to "My Teacher, Professor James Sully.")

Literary

- Perry, Bliss, *The Amateur Spirit*. Gay & Bird, 6/0 net. (Essays by an American author.)
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Science

The Place of Imagination

THE process of verbal degeneration, so undesirably familiar, is illustrated in the common use of the word amateur, which to many of us signifies rather an incompetent than a lover. Your average man of science—who is simply an average man, of science—uses the term in polite vilification: the assumption being that no one who has not enjoyed his special advantages can possibly produce anything worthy

of his consideration. The average priest, or official of any kind in all times and places, is of the same way of thinking: and so is the young doctor who is above taking a hint from a nurse with fifty times his experience. The professional's scorn of the amateur, in religion or billiards or anything else, is, of course, simply an expression of the universal egoist principle.

Nevertheless, to take the instance of science alone, the amateur has always played a greater part than the professional who, like most professionals of all orders, is not literally an amateur to boot. Notably has this been the case in astronomy, as the names of Olbers, the discoverer of the first asteroid, William and Caroline Herschel, and the late Dr. Isaac Roberts suffice to attest. Discipline and training, priceless though they often are, can no more make a man love truth than love a given woman: the real Lover or Amator of either is born and not made.

These reflections, doubtless sufficiently trite—yet, like other trite truths, the most salient and ignored—are suggested by a modest little volume, "Terrestrial Magnetism," which has just been written by Mr. F. A. Black of Inverness. Its production must have entailed an enormous amount of disinterested labour: for the author has not merely had an idea, but has taken the trouble to work it out: and the nature of his subject has ensured that the task was no easy one.

It is not proposed here to pay Mr. Black the poor compliment of accepting or rejecting his theory out-of-hand. That sort of criticism, in any sphere, is as easy as it is arrogant and vain. Nor is it proposed to fix upon certain lacunæ and discrepancies in the argument, so as to suggest the great superiority of a volume on this subject by the critic, had he inclined to write one. On the contrary, we may endeavour to indicate the problem and Mr. Black's proposed solution of it.

As every one knows, a needle of suitable material will always tend to lie in a certain direction: and those who think that words are explanations—like Molière's physician, who explained the hypnotic power of opium on the score of its *vis dormitiva*—will be content to refer this phenomenon to the "fact" that the needle is a magnet: as the woman who, asked her reason for a certain course, says "Because—." But a moment's consideration will show that the magnetic needle depends for its behaviour upon a magnetic quality of the earth, and no one has yet explained what this quality really is. Furthermore, though we all know that the earth is a huge magnet, no one knows why it is so: and though the facts of magnetic "dip" and so forth have been exhaustively described, no one has hitherto explained their causation.

Here Mr. Black intervenes with a theory which has the merits of simplicity and what I may perhaps be forgiven for calling a certain beauty.

It has long been known that the occurrence of disturbances in the atmosphere of the sun—such as the astronomers are preparing to study during the three and a half feverish minutes of the total eclipse in August next—coincides with disturbances of the magnetic needle. Is there a storm in the sun? The compass at your watch-chain thrills thereto. The movements of the compass-needle indicate changes in the magnetic state of the earth its master: and the question is why a crop of sun-spots should alter the magnetic state of the earth? Now it is well known that if a wire be coiled around and along a bar of soft iron, and an electric current be passed along the coil, the iron core is magnetised: and such electro-magnets are, of course, the most powerful known. They are used for a thousand purposes, as, for instance,

the extraction of a needle from the eyeball, with a safety and facility which no surgeon can emulate. Now Mr. Black's thesis is that the earth is precisely such an electro-magnet, produced in precisely analogous fashion.

We have long passed the stage when men thought that the sun merely sent us heat and light. We know that the rays which affect our cutaneous and optic nerves are not a tithe of those which the sun emits: and, indeed, light itself, according to the received theory, is only one variety of electro-magnetic disturbance. We are, indeed, in constant receipt of electric currents from the sun. But as the earth revolves around the source of all her life and nearly all her activity, she rotates: and it needs but little thought to see—Mr. Black having first seen it for us—that this rotatory journey of the earth around a source of electricity, reproduces the conditions of a magnetisable bar around which wire conveying an electric current is coiled. Mr. Black believes that the earth is a magnet because, as it rotates on its journey round the sun, it is practically coiled round with a spiral electric current, just like the soft iron core of an ordinary electro-magnet. The known facts of the earth's rotation, of sun-spot storms, of the aurora borealis, and of the earth's magnetic poles, appear to bear out Mr. Black's contention. Right or wrong, it is as pleasant an hypothesis as we have met for some time: and on the Baconian opinion that truth is more easily extracted from error than from confusion, we are free to congratulate Mr. Black without further inquiry.

But we have yet to name the consideration which perhaps alone justifies one in discussing the outlines of so complex and technical a subject as this in THE ACADEMY. I claim for Mr. Black that his theory is a typical instance of the scientific use of the imagination. This is a quality which no man will deny to that which he admires: I have heard it claimed, on the score of his technique, for a contemporary portrait-painter and gourmet whom no gleam of it has ever visited. But as imagination is the crowning and also the one essential glory of the creative forms of art, so it is the prerogative of the higher order of scientist. There are to-day thousands of men at work upon scientific problems whose fidelity and industry are beyond all praise: but to whom more has been denied. They have been called the hodmen of science: but I conceive of them rather as the makers than as the layers of the bricks. But whilst their labours are of the utmost value, since it is no more possible to frame a theory or doctrine or divine a law without facts than to build without materials, it is the architect of science whom chiefly we admire. A mere mass of unco-ordinated data bears to the same data seen in the light of a true theory, the relation of a heap of stones to a Gothic minster. It is imagination that makes the architect: but the possession of this faculty is not all. Any one can imagine an orchestral or tonal combination, but the result may not be euphony or harmony. Any one can liken the setting sun to a red-blooded insect squashed against a wall: but the result is not true poetry. Any one can frame a scientific theory, but some are true and some false: or a novel kind of building, yet not all will withstand the wind. In art and science alike the imagination, soar it never so boldly, is ultimately judged by an unalterable criterion against which all imaginings are vain, and that is Truth: which was before our time and will be hereafter. And as Truth is a whole, of which no fragment is inconsistent, even infinitesimally, with any other, so scientific and artistic truth are neither antithetic, as the foolish aver, nor parallel, but finally identical: all forms of imagination, whether the poet's

dream or the student's hypothesis, being thus ultimately subject to the same august tribunal.

C. W. SALEEBY.

A Triplet of Plays

THREE plays in one afternoon is rather a large order, but this was the bill of fare offered at the Vedrenne-Barker Matinée on Tuesday last, though each play might, perhaps, be more properly described as a scene only. The first one "The Pot of Broth," by W. B. Yeats, was extremely slight in construction. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of three people, John Coneely, Sibby Coneely and a tramp, who among them represented, by pantomime, a story which probably had an origin in folk-lore, although it has become frightfully hackneyed by figuring so frequently and prominently in the humorous columns of the provincial papers. The story is a very simple tale. An Irish beggar, who is very hungry and very hard up, entering a cottage whose mistress has the reputation of being a miser, hits upon an ingenious device for obtaining a meal. He has in his pocket a stone, originally picked up to be thrown at a yelping dog, and it suddenly dawns upon him that he might try to pass it off as possessing the magical properties of being able to turn water into broth, or even potheen at a pinch. Adroitly enough he persuades the woman that it possesses this magical power, and with much ceremony places the pot on the fire. By stealing a piece of ham, cajoling the woman out of herbs and condiments, and finally inducing her to drop a chicken into the hot water, he succeeds in making a pot full of broth to the wonder and admiration of the simple peasant woman. She begs the stone from him and he bestows it on her as a present, only accepting the whisky-bottle as a token of goodwill. and the curtain drops on her ecstatic face as, with the stone at the bottom of the pot, she sits down by the fire-side to await the coming of the broth. The thing is a trifle, light as air, and is enlivened by one or two good songs, and not badly played by Mr. George F. Tully, Miss Amy Lamborn, Mr. Robert Pateman.

The second piece, "In the Hospital," raises a very serious question. It is translated by Christopher Horne from the German of Arthur Schnitzler and is the most loathsome piece of realism which the present writer has ever witnessed on any stage. The scene is a ward in hospital where an old man is dying and is an unconscionable long time about it. To the actor who played the part, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, must be accorded whatever credit is due for having studied the facial expressions, the contortions, the cough and the agony of a man whose mind is in a state of dissolution as well as his body. His fitting companion is a young lad with a hacking cough, who also has only a few days to live and is ignorant of his fate. If the word indecency is not to be exclusively devoted to one kind of outrage, it certainly applies to this scene. At all events the limbs, against whose exhibition the puritanical members of the County Council have taken such exception, are healthy and natural, but to bring people together to watch a representation of the grim fifth act which closes each of our lives is not only indecent, but utterly repugnant to our notions of humanity, and we were more than surprised that a crowded audience, which was supposed to consist of some of the most select and cultivated people of London, applauded such a performance. After this morbid and gruesome exhibition Mr. Bernard Shaw's travesty of his

own "Candida" came like a gleam of sunlight. The poet whom he has introduced into it is certainly a most impossible personage, a darling boy, as somebody calls him, who at eighteen indites the most sorrowful ballads to the eyebrow of his mistress, a married woman, of course, and yet, when occasion serves, shows that he can "scrap" like a professional pugilist, and is very willing to reduce the husband to complacency by what Friar Tuck called "the carnal weapon." But it would be unjust to Mr. Bernard Shaw to allow the impression to go abroad that this was the best of his jokes. He is really playing with two of his favourite postulates. His Charlotte of West Kensington, otherwise Mrs. Bumpus, when she finds that her young lover means thumping her Teddy immediately shakes off the show of infatuation which she had for him and is concerned only to keep the peace. She belongs, in fact, to the suburban type which Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the serious intervals of his buffoonery, loves to scarify. And he has worked up quite a delightful husband also. Mr. Bumpus is a something in the City with a rasping voice and the manners and feelings of a commercial traveller. Far from being angry with the young poet, he is rather proud of having a wife whom they all run after, and only approaches a state of serious quarrel when the poet declares that the relations between him and Mrs. Bumpus have been cold. This he considers to be a downright insult and it does actually lead to a brief bout at fisticuffs in which, as far as we could see, neither has any advantage. So, as is the way of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is all very fine fooling, witty and clever and bright to any extent, yet such a thing as would become an utter weariness after two or three representations. And why? The answer, we think, is a simple one. In himself are all the resources of the author. He is witty and clever without the shadow of a doubt. His gift for smart sayings and amusing paradox is unmistakable. So alas! is also his absolute and utter ignorance of human nature and his complete inability to portray a man as an authentic living, breathing, laughing, sorrowing human creature. The most delightful of skittles, Mr. Bernard Shaw, but not the real game.

Art

Fantin-Latour

THE latest exhibition of French painting held in London attracted visitors by thousands and aroused in some of them a sincere, in others a feigned, enthusiasm. It aroused antagonism also, and that not only among the prejudiced who acquiesce gladly in routine and give impressionism a bad name before they understand what it means. Whatever may be said of the quality of the show, it can hardly be denied that in quantity the Grafton Galleries were too liberally furnished. There was no repose for the eye as it travelled along the walls from yard to yard of paint, separated only by gilt frames and never by the interval of dull, unobtrusive background which was urgently needed as a foil to the brightness of the pictures. How much greater would the half have been than the whole! Half a dozen Monets would have gladdened the eye sufficiently with sunshine, in those dark days of February, in the space where a dozen, set end to end, dazzled it too much and left it weary.

Any one who shares this opinion may be recommended to visit, in search of a more restful experience, Messrs. Obach's gallery, in which forty-five pictures, by Fantin-Latour, with few exceptions small, are hung on the line

with decent intervals. With one unimportant exception the exhibition fairly represents all sides of the artist's work. There are none of the famous portrait groups in which Fantin painted himself and his literary and artistic associates. Few of these have been seen in London, but they made a great impression at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. One picture of this class, the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards, has recently been added to the National Gallery. There are single portraits, however, at Messrs. Obach's and two of them are beautiful examples of Fantin's early style, the portrait of his sister, and a charming head of a girl (No. 26), of the year 1870. The larger portraits are much less satisfactory in colour.

The paintings of flowers and still life are far more numerous, and are so carefully chosen as to show Fantin's art at its best. It is generally agreed that in his later years his sense of colour declined and he no longer left the same beautiful surface of paint as in his pictures of the 'sixties and 'seventies. The flower-pieces here are, with few exceptions, of the earlier time. The "Bunch of Autumn Flowers," of 1864 (No. 25), shows a wonderful power of toning down hues which, in less discreet hands, might be hard to reconcile, without any sacrifice of truth. The "Yellow Roses," "Hollyhocks," and "White Peonies," offer a simpler problem as regards colour; but the beautiful texture of their petals and leaves has never been surpassed in flower-painting. Two little pieces of still life in the first room, "Apples on a Plate" and "Cup and Saucer," are worthy of Chardin, whom Fantin resembles in his mastery over white.

In his treatment of allegory and myth Fantin was less uniformly successful, and he rarely achieved in oil-painting the success which he rarely missed when he attempted such subjects in black-and-white. His lithographs, inspired by the music of Wagner, Schumann, and Berlioz, show him at his best, and it is easy to forgive some faults of drawing for the sake of those shimmering trees, rich shadows, and quivering wings, that atmosphere of dreamland. Fantin, as a lithographer, was a great master of technique and a poet withal. The "Tentation de St.-Antoine" and large "Manfred et Astarte" (No. 64) should be noticed as especially beautiful impressions among the thirty shown on the present occasion. The exhibition also includes, as a loan from Mr. Edwin Edwards, the rare etching, "Un Morceau de Schumann," which seems to have been Fantin's only experiment with a copper-plate.

C. D.

Auguste Rodin

AMAN of intensely individual personality and truly unique genius, August Rodin has perhaps been subjected to a greater variety of criticism than any other master of modern times. It would, indeed, appear almost impossible to approach the much-discussed subject of the great French sculptor's work from an original point of view or to say anything on it that has not already been said again and again. Yet this task has been successfully achieved by M. Camille Mauclair in the interesting study first published in Paris and well translated into English by Clementina Black (Duckworths). M. Mauclair is well known to be one of the ablest living European critics, the author of many an incisive essay in which he has proved himself to be thoroughly in touch with the latest phases of the development of modern art, and able to judge of them

from within as well as from without and in every case, as in his remarkable "Idées Vivantes," to go to the very root of the matter.

In his brief preface to what will rank as a classic of art criticism, M. Mauclair clearly defines his present aim. "It seems to me," he says, "that after having told the reader all that he ought to know about a man, a critic should then try to make a closer and deeper study of him; come into contact with his soul, form an original judgment of him and, in short, pass from the iconographic or biographic side of his work to the artistic and psychological. I have tried, therefore," he adds, "to begin where my fellow-workers have left off and to say exactly what they do not appear to have said."

In the opinion of M. Mauclair, there is no need at this late day to eulogise the sculptures of Rodin; for, in spite of the prolongation of his early struggles, the result of the slow recognition of his exceptional genius, his fame was fully established many years ago. Everyone now knows that his work is great, but few are able to define in what that greatness consists, and it is here that the critic breaks comparatively new ground; comparatively only, however, for, as he himself generously admits, several predecessors have shown no little acumen in their judgment of the idiosyncrasies that set Rodin apart from all his contemporaries. Mademoiselle Judith Cladel, for instance, in her delightful volume of personal recollections that deserves to be more widely known than it is, brings the personality of the master vividly before her readers, reproducing with rare skill the very atmosphere of his studies; and the painter, Eugène Carrière, considered by some few the greatest living interpreter of motherhood and childhood, who is a true kindred spirit and close friend of Rodin, has defined the characteristics of his work in a Preface to the Exhibition held in Paris in 1900, in language that seems almost to throb with intensity. "Rodin's art," he says, "comes from the earth and returns to it, like those giant blocks which mark deserts and in the heroic grandeur of which man recognises himself. The transmission of thought by art, like the transmission of life, is the work of passion and of love. Passion," he continues, "whose obedient servant Rodin is"—and here he places his finger upon the very essence of the truth—"makes him discover the laws that serve to express it"; and he concludes with the suggestive words: "his desire of humanity links him to the eternal laws of nature."

In the opinion of M. Mauclair, Eugène Carrière is the one master who has any real affinity with Rodin, and not the least original portion of his book is that in which he analyses the likeness between them. The painter, he says, reduces his art to essentials, to the main lines and the deliberate amplification of surfaces. Thus his figures, bathed in shadow, are akin to Rodin's statues, while the latter, bathed with dewy light, seem to be pictures by Carrière, a comparison the truth of which will be recognised by all who have seen the "Sick Child," and the group of the artist's own wife and children, in which the figures seem to be part of the atmosphere from which they emerge, so entirely is all line eliminated.

Passing rapidly over the main facts of Rodin's early life and education, which are now familiar to everyone, M. Mauclair proceeds to analyse with masterly hand the distinctive qualities of his chief works, fine reproductions of many of which supplement his text. He relates anew the remarkable incident that redounds so little to the credit of the Salon Jury of 1877, and, though it at first seemed likely to have fatal results for Rodin, was really the initial step in his successful career. Encouraged by the acceptance in 1876 of his "Man with

the broken nose," a marble figure full of virile force and expression, Rodin submitted in 1877 an essay in bronze, the now world-famous "Age of Brass," and, to his indignant surprise, he presently received an intimation that he was accused of having sent a cast from life as an original work. Too dismayed to recognise what was in reality an extraordinary testimony to his powers, the young sculptor indignantly protested, declaring that a Belgian soldier had posed for him and sending photographs of his model to prove that he was speaking the truth. It was all in vain, the accusation was repeated; and though three sculptors, Desbois, Fagel, and Lefèvre, whose names deserve to be remembered, espoused Rodin's cause, the jury retained their attitude of hostility. The "Age of Brass" was, however, bought by the Fine Arts Society, but Rodin, proudly sensitive, withdrew for a time from any attempt to justify himself, and it was not until 1880, after the exhibition of the virile St. John the Baptist, that the tide turned in his favour. Struck with the genius displayed in the interpretation of the Hebrew prophet, the sculptor Boucher commissioned its author to execute a group of children for him, and, anxious to find out how he obtained his results, watched him at work. To his astonishment Rodin composed the work in a few hours, and as soon as it was completed Boucher rushed off to spread the news amongst his friends, declaring that the man who could do what he had seen could certainly also have created the Man of Brass. The victory for Rodin was absolutely complete and from that time forward, says M. Maclair, Rodin was what he is to-day; he had emerged once for all from obscurity: he knew his path, his method, his field of thought, and his work from the "Age of Brass" to the "Balzac" is a visible development of the hidden period during which he had by unknown persistent labour been ripening his individuality. In the opinion of this astute critic, and also, it would seem, of Rodin himself, later productions are the outcome of a new theory shadowed forth in the "Balzac" and perfected in the "Thinker": the final results of which are possibly not even yet fully manifest.

To the earlier of the two periods of Rodin's art development belongs the exquisite "Eve," one of its author's most beautiful creations, in which he has realised, with painful and haunting intensity, all the anguish of the future mother mourning over the cruel fate she has brought upon her unborn children. With it may be classed the less beautiful but equally impressive "Ugolino and his Children," whilst the "Burghers of Calais," and the "Gate of Hell," especially the latter, may be quoted as typical examples of Rodin's inexhaustible imagination and unrivalled facility in giving expression to his ideas. The "Gate of Hell," originally a Government commission for a gate with designs in high relief intended for the "Musée des Arts Décoratifs," has already been worked upon at intervals for more than twenty years; the various groups reflect the ever-growing technical skill of their creator, and would seem to have served as a kind of safety-valve for his overflowing energies during the intervals of repose between his other undertakings.

To the "Thinker," intended to form the culminating portion of the "Gate of Hell," with the fine group of

the Shades below it, and to the "Balzac," in which the note of transition is struck, M. Maclair devotes, as is fitting, considerable space, passing on from them to describe what he defines as Rodin's line of advance, quoting largely from the master's own words and revealing some of his inmost thoughts on many subjects such as the true use of symbolism and the right attitude of the modern artist to the antique.

Of the works produced since the "Balzac" M. Maclair has not much to say, possibly because he feels as all true judges must, that the end is not yet. He contents himself with defining, in a few masterly sentences, deeply penetrated with the truest appreciation, the exact position at the present moment of the man whom he claims to be the greatest living French artist, and one of the most complex and powerful movers of thought in modern art, whose psychological and tragic genius conquers the admiration even of those who oppose his material execution. He does not, he adds, "found a school, but he influences the soul of a generation."

Symphonia Domestica

A GREAT change has passed over the much talked of "almighty critic." The fact is that he is in reality no longer the strong man, able to kill the struggling composer at a single blow. He knows it, but he does not wish the public to know it. He dare not aim a blow at the new comer lest his weapon be broken in his hand, his adversary pass on unscathed, and his weakness be known to all. Nearly a hundred years have passed since this was the fate of his predecessors, who, in vain, aimed their darts at a certain symphony in C minor by a young and revolutionary composer, and the rebuff, which those who fought against Wagner suffered, is still alive in his memory. So, for the most part, the critic comes to the conclusion that it is well to agree with his adversary quickly, and this he does to such good purpose that there is now little fear that an aspiring composer will meet with any check from conservative and pedantic criticism. Nay rather, the more viciously the composer shows his teeth, and the wilder his frenzied gesticulations, the more likely is he to meet with a polite reception and gentle handling from the critic. This state of things is scarcely more healthy than the former one, and the critic who merely swims with the stream of public opinion is no more useful, and certainly cuts a poorer figure, than he who formerly struggled to no purpose against it. It is the critic's duty to say what he thinks, even at the risk of being ultimately found to be in the wrong, and it is from this point of view that I think it worth while to record the scattered impressions derived from a first hearing of Herr Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica."

Not only was the first English performance on Saturday a first hearing, as far as I was concerned, but I did not even glance at the elaborately prepared analytical programme until after the concert, and although I had a score in front of me during the performance, I had no opportunity of reading it beforehand. So I came to it with an entirely unprepared mind, unless the vague rumours of the baby having its bath at seven p.m., and again at seven a.m., be counted as preparation! The result was that the music seemed to me to be an extraordinary patchwork of passages so simple as to be almost obvious, and others so complex as to be well nigh unintelligible. Further, a suspicion was aroused that the much spoken of novelty of Strauss is after all rather a mannerism than a spontaneous expression of feeling.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

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That novelty consists chiefly of hitherto unheard of combinations of notes, the result of a wild independence of part writing which can hardly be called counterpoint. Still the method is akin to that by which all widening of harmonic resource has been achieved, the contrapuntal method, and we all welcome such experiments, even if they sometimes strike so crudely on the ear as to make one hold tightly to the arms of one's chair and wait anxiously for the moment of relief. That moment always comes sooner or later, and generally does so in the form of a fragment of simple melody, often beautiful, but sometimes too simple by contrast. It is this violence of contrast which makes me suspect the new harmonies to be affected rather than genuine. There seems to be no logical sequence of ideas leading from the statement of the composer's simple themes to their complex presentment, but rather he toys with such themes until in danger of becoming commonplace, when suddenly he plunges into the wildest vagaries of what even his admirers describe as "freakishness," and again, as I have said, relieves the situation by a return to simplicity at the moment when the most attentive listener is at the point of being baffled. The audience is alternately insulted and patronised.

From the formal point of view there is very little on which to comment. The outline scheme of the "*Symphonia Domestica*" is quite unoriginal. There is an introduction which merely states the principal themes to be dealt with, and three movements, labelled conventionally "*Scherzo*," "*Adagio*," and "*Finale*," follow, in which these themes, and many other subsidiary ones, are dealt with. In choosing such a scheme Strauss deliberately courts comparison with the classics. Either he must show himself a fulfiller of the law or else his work be written down a failure. He leaves himself no loophole for escape. It is as though he were pulled in two diametrically opposed directions by two influences. On the one hand considerations of "programme," backed up by his own "freakishness," lead him into the illogical method of procedure I have spoken of; on the other, the scheme of form which he sets himself, supported by a deep-rooted sense of the need for definite construction, prompts him towards the one formal feature of his work which is most apparent—that is, the feeling for tonality. Throughout the whole work he is careful to establish the tonality at certain fixed points by long passages of dominant and tonic harmonies, a device which looks almost childlike in its simplicity amongst so much ill-arranged complexity, but is extraordinarily powerful as a means of summing up the situation and replacing vagueness and uncertainty by a feeling of order and arrangement. Yet no single device can be strong enough to act as a substitute for the sense of balance which must permeate the whole of an artistic work in order to fulfil the fundamental laws of form. This sense of balance, I am inclined to think, Strauss lacks, or, if he has it, it has been overshadowed by other considerations. Add to these points that throughout the work there are moments of great beauty of tone and some lovely orchestral colouring, and that the whole is knit together by an exhilarating feeling of physical energy, and my first impressions may be said to be fairly represented.

It is impossible, however, not to say a word with regard to the "programme," although at the time I tried to follow the composer's directions, and to listen to it as abstract music. But what does he mean by supplying us with a number of trivial incidents which at once provoke a smile and give his adversaries a chance for the exercise of cheap sarcasm and small wit, and, worst of all, so entirely distract the attention of the unlearned

listener that he cannot, if he would, listen to the work simply as music? The writer of the analytical notes says with regard to the "child theme": "The music irresistibly suggests something of broader import than the commonplace happenings of an ordinary day." Surely this is the only rational explanation of the whole work. If we are really intended to hear the clock strike, and the baby struggle as it is plunged into a bath too cold for it, to listen to the fatuous remarks of the uncles and aunts and the discussions of the parents, the whole work is a piece of gross buffoonery unworthy of any serious consideration. But the sensible, one is inclined to say the charitable, explanation is that the details of his daily life have suggested to the composer certain deeper thoughts which he wishes to give to the world, and for these the natural medium to him is music. By a fatal mistake which bids fair to ruin his intention he has not seen that to explain to his audience the nature of the incidents which prompted the thoughts, is to place those incidents as a well nigh insuperable barrier between his thoughts expressed in music and those to whom he wishes to convey them. Whether he has expressed his thoughts sufficiently well in music to convey the impression he intended is doubtful; all the shortcomings of form and construction militate against it, and only a perfectly composed piece could do so. In some moments, though, he has certainly succeeded. One of the simplest instances is the opening of the whole work. Listening to it without any knowledge of the programme, one was almost oppressed by a certain sense of vague and disturbed thought, finding its ultimate solution in clear and vigorous action, expressed in an exhilarating arpeggio figure in the key of E. Referring afterwards to the programme I read that this was the "husband theme," first meditative, then "sulky," a phrase "which always suggests the unwelcome intrusion of everyday troubles upon the composer's train of thoughts," and finally that "he soon shakes off his annoyance," &c. Now it is evident that the impression created is not only nothing bettered by such an explanation, but is actually narrowed down in its application. The circumstances which gave rise to the composer's thought, if known to me, hinder, if they do not entirely destroy, my thought, by supplying me with a substitute for it. The majority of unlearned listeners to music are only too ready to accept anything which saves them the trouble of thinking, and the "programme" becomes to the public what the crib is to the schoolboy, a method of translating which gives them no insight into the real mind of the author or composer. If for nothing else, we have cause to be thankful to Strauss for this, that by a process of *reductio ad absurdum* he has shown us the hopelessly illogical position of a composer who, while claiming that his music is to be regarded as abstract music, supplies his audience with a programme which makes it almost impossible for them so to regard it. For my own part I believe that we have much besides to thank him for; that the "*Symphonia Domestica*" shows us more clearly than any earlier work both the good and the evil that are in him and his teaching. We must hear it many times to learn all we can from it. Probably Mr. Wood, who so successfully carried through the bold enterprise of producing it in England, will not be slow to repeat it. This first performance adds one more item to the large debt which London music lovers already owe to him and to the Queen's Hall orchestra. That England no longer deserves the reproach of being behind the times in music was sufficiently shown by Dr. Mackenzie's lecture on Dvorak a few weeks ago, and no one has done more to keep us up to date than Mr. Wood. H. C. COLLES.

The Nameless in Literature

"THE iniquity of oblivion blindly scattered her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, and to any one who has studied the annals of literature, however cursorily, it is an oft-recurring reflection how completely oblivion has swallowed the names and doings of many whose thoughts and words still delight the world.

It is a significant fact that in the beginning of literary history the personal element is absolutely wanting. Concerning the authorship of the Vedic hymns, the poems (so called) of Homer and Hesiod, the Nibelungenlied, the *chansons de gestes*, not only do we know nothing, but we know that nothing ever can be known. Modern research has not succeeded in bringing to light a single fact concerning the author of any of the great epics, while it has thrown discredit upon a thousand theories which were once held by all. Nothing has been done to dispel the gloom.

The darkness is, indeed, so complete that the mind is scarcely tempted to speculate upon what it conceals. There is a mystery more stimulating, a more homely pathos about those slighter pieces which circumstances have preserved to us, yet preserved solitary and nameless; pieces whose surpassing excellence proclaim the hand of the master, but of what master none can tell. The mystery of these poems is enhanced by the very fact of their smallness and isolation; for the question inevitably presents itself: Why so much and no more; surely the poet who wrote this must have written much beside, and if so, why do we know nothing of it?

Of Latin poems of this kind the most notable is the celebrated "Pervigilium Veneris," with its haunting refrain:

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet."
 "Let those love now who never loved before,
 Let those who always loved now love the more."

There is nothing quite so beautiful in all Latin poetry, nothing, at least, so beautiful of its kind; yet it is written in a metre and in a kind of Latin which differ from all other poetry that has come down to us, and we are indebted for its preservation to the ignorance of a scribe who mistook it for the work of Catullus.

In French literature there is, among a hundred other anonymous gems, that exquisite Provençal aubade, so wonderfully paraphrased by Swinburne in his "Poems and Ballads" under the title of "In an Orchard":

"En un vergier, sotz fuelha d'albespi,
 Tenc la dompna son amic costa si,
 Tro la Gayta crida que l'alba vi.
 Oy Dieus! oy Dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!"

Our own literature is peculiarly rich in anonymous poetry. The ballads of "The Nutbrown Maid," "Chevy Chase," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Burd Helen," to name but a few, are justly considered among the glories of our literature; whilst for a sparkling lyric, full of the joy of life, it would be difficult to match the mid-thirteenth century "Cuckoo Song," so neatly parodied by the Wise Youth in "Richard Feverel," or the rushing melody of:

"Over the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves,
 Under floods that are deepest
 Which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out his way . . ."

There are, in fact, some literatures of which it could be safely affirmed that an anthology of the anonymous poetry would make a finer show than the work of any single poet. Nor need we look far for the explanation of these facts. The reason why so much of the best poetry has come down to us nameless is undoubtedly that, in earlier times, the idea of literary proprietorship did not exist. As no child cares a jot who wrote the book he is reading, so the public demanded no more of the poet or dramatist than that his work should be good. The bard sang not to make himself but others famous. Even at the present day, in backward states such as Montenegro, the great doings of the race are committed to poetry which becomes the common property of the nation; and the name of the hero lives while the name of the poet perishes. This is the epic period, which in other countries produced the Homeric poems, the "Chanson de Roland," "Gudrun," and many other masterpieces. With the advance of civilisation the sense of literary proprietorship begins to develop; the personality of the author becomes more prominent, yet only in the case of the greatest authors, and even then with no great definiteness; the boundary line between one poet's work and that of another is not strongly defined in the mind of the public; hence scholars are unable to decide whether an anonymous poem is to be attributed to Chaucer, to Villon, to Wolfram von Eschenbach. It is to this intermediate period that most of our own anonymous poetry belongs.

The feeling, then, of literary proprietorship is by no means coeval with the rise of a literature; the idea is evolved very slowly. We are now in a period remarkable for the prominence of the author and the literary name. Whether this development is an advantage to literature on the whole may be gravely questioned. When a work of art was cast upon the waters to sink or swim upon its own merits, none but the best work was likely to survive. In ancient times the public argued "This work is good, therefore it must have been written by Homer"; now the public argues, "This work was written by X.Y.Z., therefore it must be good." The former, if an error, is a harmless one; the latter, if an error, a noxious one. For how often does it happen that by the time a writer has made himself a name and gained a secure market, the quality of his work has begun to decline? At first he had to write his best to compete against the prejudice in favour of men of made reputation; now that he has entered the ranks of the successful, he is often past his prime; yet it is now that the public reads him most readily.

In the past, oblivion has swallowed many great names "without distinction to merit of perpetuity"; now, if it were not that posterity is the sanest of critics, the danger would be that much good work would be forgotten, whilst much that is worthless were allowed to live on.

JOHN RIVERS.

Ingenuity Run Mad

HERR HEINRICH, the author of "Die Namen Hamlettragödie" (Leipzig: Haberland. 2.50m.), is a very ingenious person. He devotes ninety pages of fairly close type to demonstrating his belief that all the characters in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" were intended to be representations of the various sides of the temperament of the Prince of Denmark. And this he does by tracing the names of the characters to their source. His book makes amusing reading, whether his views be accepted or no. The name "Hamlet" itself he traces to a most original source. In Belle-

forest's novel as in the "Historia Danica" of Saxo Grammaticus, the name is given as Amleth. In the only existing edition of the English translation of the novel it is spelled both Hamblet and Hamlet, and this Herr Heinrich considers to be due to the translation being the work of two persons. But he considers also that Shakespeare's play is older than the English translation of the book, and that the name Hamlet was in those days common enough. The name of Shakespeare's son, born in 1585, Hamnet, is only a variant. And further, he sets forth that Hamlet was derived from the old English "hamelian," to halt, to be lame (*cf.* to hamble, and hamble-shanked), and that the name therefore is intended to be symbolical of the halting, the indecisive side of Hamlet's character.

Claudius, again, it is noteworthy, has the same meaning, the limping one, and is marked out as being the only Latin name in the cast. Gertrude is traced back by Herr Heinrich through the Geruthe of Belleforest to the "gery" Venus of Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," and he makes the name mean "the inconstant." Polonius, he considers, stands for Hamlet's lack of youth, his premature ageing, if one may phrase it so. Horatio stands for the philosophical and sceptical sides of Hamlet's character, Laertes (through "leo," and "heart") for his bravery, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern for craftiness and lack of will-power, and Osric (through the Latin "os" = mouth and German "reich" = full of) the love of self-communing. But his gem is his derivation of Ophelia from (1) Mephistopheles, or (2) ofal (*cf.* "a good kissing carrion"). We have numerous instances in Shakespeare of his poor opinion of woman as man's helpmate. But even granting that he depicts in Ophelia the womanish side of Hamlet's character, it is hardly probable that he could have made so ingenious use of a name which had but lately become known through Marlowe's "Faustus," and which was then far from being so universally used as it is now to indicate the Prince of the Powers of Darkness. Herr Heinrich must not, in fact, be taken too seriously as a Shakespearean commentator. For he revives the ancient myth, of which we had thought long since to have heard the last, that in the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, Darnley, and Bothwell, we have the germ of the tragedy of "Hamlet," with James I. as the Prince. To support his contention, Herr Heinrich finds it necessary to make Shakespeare a wholesale punster and anagrammatist, and a very deep one at that. He finds in the lines "For thou dost know, O Damon dear, this realm dismantled was of Jove himself; and now reigns here a very, very pajock," a subtle reference to Jacob—*i.e.* James, which he considers quite conclusive—since not only is "pajock" a comprehensible anagram for Jacob, but, forsooth, it is a Scotch word! Apart from the fact that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" a century before Jacobites came into public notice, and that therefore Jacob as a synonym for James was only known to the cultured few, Herr Heinrich appears also to have been misled by the earlier reference "Drink of this potion is thy union here," which he takes to refer to the union of the English and Scottish crowns in 1603. But in the authorised version of 1604 we have onyx for union, and "union" only occurs in the pirated edition of 1603, which was probably taken down by a shorthand writer of the day during a performance, and which abounds in errors both of spelling and actual words.

As an example of ingenuity and painstaking research in quest of nothingness (we have in mind the German word "kleinigkeiten") Herr Heinrich's book is not to be passed over.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions.

SHAKESPEARE.

* **WARWICKSHIRE.**—*H. McC.* contends that because there are no peculiarly Warwickshire words in the Shakespeare plays this does not disprove their Shakespearean authorship. Nobody would ever maintain this position, but surely the use of words not confined to Warwickshire, but found in the dialect of many other counties, can scarcely be cited in favour of that authorship. The "English Dialect Dictionary," now completed, proves this conclusively, although Mr. George Morley, in his "Shakespeare's Greenwood," held that certain words in the plays were peculiarly Warwickshire, in a certain sense, such as *fend, blench, cade, mother, othergates, colly, lace, dony, faggot, hussey, call, ballet, and bolter*. These words, with exactly a similar meaning, are found in use in many other English counties, and even Scottish counties as far north as Orkney and Shetland; "lace," with its supposed peculiar Shakespearean signification, in twenty-three counties other than Warwickshire. It is rather strange that while St. Albans, from which Bacon took his title, is mentioned twenty-three times in the plays, Stratford-on-the-Avon is not once introduced, with Warwickshire named just three times. It cannot be decided if Wincot is Wilmeccote or the Woncot of "Henry VI.," which, according to the context, must have been in Gloucestershire, where Shallow resided, with Visor as his tenant. Few can identify the Forest of Arden, with its purely foreign cast of characters and its possession of a lion and serpent, with the forest of the same name in Warwickshire.—*E.S.* (Edinburgh).

MONARCH OF THE NORTH.—In the first part of "Henry VI." V. iii., La Pucelle is made to call up familiar fiends in the words—

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north, &c.

Can any one tell me why the devil—for I suppose it is he to whom allusion is made—should be known as the "Monarch of the North"? Or is it true, as I believe I once heard, that in the Middle Ages there were held to be four devils from the four quarters of the globe, and under them an entire aristocracy of devilhood? Is there any book in which these are enumerated? *B.C.H.*

ELDER.—Is there a popularly received legend that Judas hanged himself on an elder tree? It was evidently current in Shakespeare's time, for in "Love's Labour's Lost" V. ii. there occurs the passage:

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd. Judas was hanged on an elder.

And in "Cymbeline" IV. ii. the elder is used as a symbol of grief:

Arr. And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

The elder does not seem to be mentioned in the Bible. Was it indigenous to Palestine?—*L.G.M.* (Brighton).

LITERATURE.

JOHN PARKINSON.—Can any reader say if there is a book setting forth the life of the author of "Paradisus in Sole"? Parkinson tells us in his "Theatrum Botanicum" that his garden in Long Acre was "well stored with rarities." The "D.N.B." says that he died August 1650, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—*H.H.*

"BRITTON HALL."—Can any reader give me any information about a poem called "Britton Hall," describing the absence of a man from his wife for twenty years? When he returns, his wife is on the point of marrying another man.—*J. C. Langton* (Bradford).

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Can any one give me the author and title of a poem in which it is said that the Pilgrim Fathers

First fell upon their knees,
And then upon the Aborigines?—*A.W.*

"SPLENDIDIS LONGUM VALEDICO NUGIS."—Mr. Quiller Couch, in the "Oxford Book of Verse," places this quotation above Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet, "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust." I am told that the short *o* in *valedico* shows it is from some late Latin author. Can any one trace the quotation for me?—*E. W. Hendy* (Wilmalaw).

ELIU LORO.—What is the meaning of the refrain *Eliu loru* in the page's song in "Marmion" ("Where shall the lover rest?")? Is it Gaelic? If so, perhaps it would be questioning too nicely to ask how the English Constance of Beverley came to be acquainted with it.—*A.W.*

* **SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CAMPBELL.**—Can any one refer me to author, book, and passage where I may find the following? "If novelists and poets were schoolboys, Sir Walter Scott's mistakes would keep him always at the bottom of his class, while Campbell would be expelled for inveterate cribbing."—*N.S.* (Morpeh).

CUMBER.—I have never seen an explanation of the word "cumber," in Scott's *Coronach* ("Lady of the Lake"):

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

It does not seem like Scott to have arbitrarily coined a form of "chamber" to rhyme with "slumber." Does the word occur elsewhere?—A.W.

ENGRAVING.—In Thomas Bewick's "History of British Birds," published by Longmans in 1832, Vol. I. (Land Birds), page 124, is a curious steel-plate engraving (a tail-piece), consisting of (1) an elopement on horseback, and (2) a hawthorn leaf, apparently superimposed on (1). This is no mere case of double printing, as one cannot see (1) through the white spaces in (2). Can any reader of THE ACADEMY explain the teleology of this curiosity?—John Osbourne.

AUTHOR WANTED.—"Give me twenty-four hours of health [youth?] and I will make the pomp of Emperors seem ridiculous." I believe that it is attributable to Emerson, but a search has so far failed to trace it.—J.C. (Liverpool).

AUTHOR WANTED.—It is more than fifty years ago that I read in some book, of no great value in itself, the following German stanzas, of which I should very much like to know the author:

Wer Furcht vor keinem hegt, Furcht keinem auch erregt,
Sieht den furchtbaren Tod von keiner Furcht erwegt.
Wer keine Lust verstört, wen keine Lust bethört,
Erlangt die höchste Lust, wo alle Lust aufhört.
Wem hoch und niedrig gleich, gleichviel ist hart und weich,
Gleichgültig reich und arm, der ist in Armuth reich.
Wer Lieb mit Lieb umfasst, und Selbst den Hass nicht hasst
Der ist zu Hause dort, hier auf der Welt ein Gast.—J.G. (Pinner).

AUTHOR WANTED.—The following passage, which seems to be a favourite with Bishop Gore, I have been unable to trace:

Never did any public misery
Rise of itself; God's plagues are grounded still
On common stains of our humanity.
And to the flame that ruineth mankind
Man gives the matter—or at least gives wind.—A.S.L.

"TWO WORDS OF FRENCH."—In Scott's "Waverley" (Chap. xx.) "the Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley that the Baron had shot this old man's son, in a fray near Tully-Veolan, about seven years before." Surely the comprehensiveness of no language (French included) is such as to express all this meaning "in two words"; perhaps "two" should be "a few," but what "two words" had Sir Walter in his mind when he wrote it?—C.R.W.

SOCIOLOGY.—May I ask whether the word "sociology," which is associated with the late Mr. Herbert Spenser, was invented by him? It is badly formed, being partly Latin and partly Greek, though I admit that it is difficult to suggest a substitute. I do not know whether Mr. Spenser was a classical scholar; I imagine he was not.—H. B. Foyster (Hastings).

GENERAL.

"SERENDIBITY."—I have waited to see whether any one would contest the explanation of "Serendibity" (such is the form in which I have always heard the word) given in THE ACADEMY a few weeks ago. An old friend, now deceased, frequently used it to signify, not the collector's luck, but the happy intuition which enables some people, in giving presents, to divine what will be most acceptable to their friends. This lady, too, attributed the word to Horace Walpole, but derived it from a story about a prince of Serendib (the name will be familiar from the "Arabian Nights"), who gave to his departing guests precisely what each one most wished for.—A.W.

MUFFI.—Why is an officer in private clothes said to be in *muffi*? Is there any connection between this word and the name of the Mahomedan doctor of law? If so, one might suppose that the term originated in some way among our soldiers in India. In "The Newcomes" Thackeray says: "He has no muffi-coat, except one sent him out by Messrs. Stultz to India in the year 1821."—L.G.M. (Brighton).

"THE SPORT OF KINGS."—Can any one tell me who it was who so described war? I have an idea that it is a French quotation, and was used by a medieval French King, but I am unable to verify this.—H.F.H. (Maznyo, Upper Burma).

ENGLAND'S FIRST FOREIGN TREATY.—In Green's "History" it is said that the first foreign treaty between England and any other country was between Offa, of Mercia, and Charlemagne, about 794, which secured protection for English merchants and pilgrims who were going to Rome. I have seen other treaties mentioned as being the first earlier than this. Which, then, was "the first foreign treaty" between England and any other country?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE

"A SOUL REMEMBERING."—"Richard II." II. ii. Percy offers his service, "raw and young, which elder clay shall ripen." Bolingbroke accepts, and as a reward declares that he rejoices that he is not ungrateful; he is happy that he has "a soul remembering his good friends."—Edward T. Quinn.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.—There were very slight and groundless reasons for the story: merely that Shakespeare often, when passing through Oxford, stopped at the Crown Inn, where Sir W. Davenant was born, and from his known or rumoured admiration for his hostess, there sprang this scandalous tale.—M. Maclean Dobrée.

LITERATURE.

* KIPLING NORNS. Kipling took his "Conchimarian horns" and "reboantic Norns" from the eccentric American writer, Chivers. The refrain of "The Poet's Vocation," in Chivers's volume called "Conchs of Ruby," runs, if I remember rightly:

In the music of the morns,
Blown through the Conchimarian horns,
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
To the Genius of Eternity
Crying, Come to me! Come to me!

It is quoted in Bayard Taylor's "Divisions of the Echo Club," where Kipling probably made acquaintance with it. As for Kipling's exact meaning—well, one might as well ask for a prose paraphrase of Browning's "June will consider" or his "If 'twere proper, Scirocco should vanish in black from the skies."—H. Davey (Brighton).
[Replies also from A.B. (Tonbridge) and J.F.S.]

DICKENS'S POEMS.—"The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens," collected and edited, with bibliographical notes, by F. G. Kitton. London: Chapman & Hall, 1903.—Edith Philip.

EAGER—EAGOR.—There seems little doubt that this word (also written *akar*, *agar*, &c.) is from *agir*=ocean (Icel.), meaning the bore in a river, the commotion and high wave produced by the influx of the water of the ocean into the mouth of a river at the flow of the tide. An old poet, in commending the skill of mariners in judging of the signs of the weather, says:

Wel knowe they the reume yf it aryse,
An akar is it clept, I understonde,
Whose myght there may no shippe or wynd wythatand.
This reume in th' ocean of propre kynde
Wyt oute wynde hathe his commotioun;
The maryneer thereof may not be blynde,
But when and where in every regioun
It regnethe, he moste haue inspeccion,
For in viage it may bothe hate and tary,
And vnayised thereof, al mys cary.
Knighthode and Batayle, Cott. MS.—M. Maclean Dobrée.

GENERAL.

* "GALLEYFOIST" AND "BULLION."—The first is an obsolete word, meaning a State barge, especially that of the Lord Mayor. It occurs in a passage in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman" IV. ii., where the context makes the meaning less obscure: "When the Galley-foist is a-floate to Westminster!" *Foist* is itself an obsolete substantive, denoting a light galley. *Bullion*, or *bullion-hose* in full, was a name given to trunk-hose that were puffed out at the upper part in several folds. The word probably owes its origin to Lat. *bulia*, a bubble.—L.G.M. (Brighton).

"HOLY ASIA."—The term "holy" might well be applied to Asia Minor, so deeply interesting from its religious and classical associations; *The Seven Churches*, with Galatia, to which St. Paul addressed an Epistle; and Cappadocia, so frequently mentioned in the New Testament, were within its limits. Asia also includes the Holy Lands of the New Testament—during the lifetime of our Lord—besides the four holy cities of the Jews, Tiberias being one, as described in the Jewish Talmud.—K.S. (Bristol).

THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN.—Scott alludes to a famous gargoyle outside Lincoln Cathedral. It is known as the Devil on the Witch's Back, looking over Lincoln; and the Devil is represented as a little furry animal with a human, placid, and rather ecclesiastical face; while the witch is a winking old woman, with her tongue hanging out. This is not to be confounded with the famous "Imp of Lincoln," which is inside the Cathedral.—B.C.H.

BROWNEBILL MEN.—A billman was a foot soldier of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, armed with a kind of halbert. Grose describes the weapon thus: "The black—or, as it was sometimes called, the brown—bill was a kind of halbert, the cutting part hooked like a woodman's bill, from the back of which projected a spike, and another from the head." In the Imperial Dictionary it is described as "an ancient military weapon, consisting of a broad hook-shaped blade, having a short pike at the back and another at the summit; attached to this was a long handle. It was used by the English infantry, especially in defending themselves against cavalry, down to the fifteenth century, and by civic guards or watchmen to the end of the seventeenth." In "Much Ado About Nothing" Dogberry says to the watchman: "Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care your bills be not stolen."—Henry Scannell (Lewisham).

BEAN-FEASTS.—The origin of bean feasts is of much greater antiquity than the ways-goose. The bean-feast was a Druidic institution, and the probable forerunner of the harvest festival of our own day. The custom is mentioned by Taliesin, a Welshman and "Chief of the Bards" in the sixth century, and by Rhys, another Cymric chieftain. The custom survives in almost pure form in the "Carling Sunday" of the North of England. On that day, the second Sunday before Easter, almost every housewife prepares a huge dish of "carlings," or dried peas. Formerly (and within the writer's own time) dried peas were a common dish at the now obsolete "corn-suppers," which were, I think, a very near approach to the ancient bean-feast. This is further supported by the fact that in the New England States, where so many old English customs are still kept up, "corn-feasts" and "bean-feasts" are common institutions.—R.S. (Sunderland).

ST. BRENDAN.—St. Brendan was born 483, at Armagh, co. Kerry. He is patron saint of Ardfer and Clonfert; also of the Island of Bute. Many churches were dedicated to him in the Islands of Mull, St. Kilda's, at Eassey, Forfarshire, other parts of Scotland, and at Branspeth, Durham. He went to Wales to the Monastery of Llancarvan, Glamorganshire. Served there or in Brittany under St. Gildas. Had for disciple St. Fursey, whose life is given by Bede and whose "vision of hell" gave much material to Dante for the "Divina Commedia." St. Brendan's "Voyage" was known all over Europe. In the eleventh century it was translated from the Irish or Latin into English, French, German, Flemish, Spanish, Italian. In the "Paradise of Birds" he found the catiff choir of angels, who said to him: "We are of the ruin caused by the old enemy, yet not by sinning nor by full consent have we fallen." I translate from Latin.—Edward T. Quinn.

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MAR 23 1905

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No. 1714

MARCH 11, 1905

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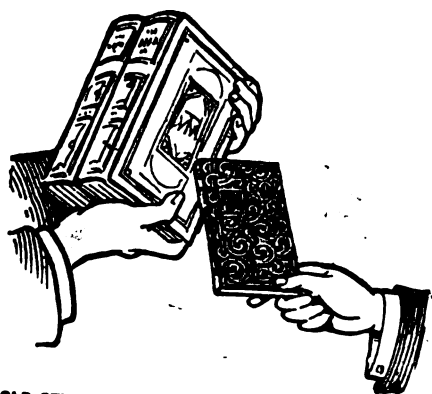
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THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE of the most interesting topics of the hour is the revival of the first-class weekly newspaper. It is a fact very difficult to explain that in the 'sixties and 'seventies weekly journalism was better than ever it has been since. Perhaps this was due in some measure to the splendour of the old *Saturday Review*. The unthinking may perhaps take its greatness as merely legendary, but those who have been at the pains to make themselves familiar with the old files know well that there is no exaggeration. The paper was not only brilliant, it was most able. Yet Douglas Cook, who edited it, was not distinguished in the way that many journalists of to-day are. He was not himself in any sense a writer, and his command over language was chiefly shown by the volubility of the oaths with which he would address a contributor. Yet somehow he got the right men into the right place, and produced a Review which has had no equal in the history of literature. The causes for its decay are clear enough to those who have studied the history of English journalism.

The pendulum is ever swinging backward and forward, and a great change came over public taste in the early 'eighties when the influence of American journalism began to make itself felt. It found expression chiefly in a revolt from the somewhat formal and stately language that had been in fashion, and writers began to try how they could be most vivid and pictorial, bringing to their aid slang and colloquial expressions that had not hitherto been considered dignified. Like every other movement this had something right and a great deal that was wrong in it. The new journalist, carrying things to an extreme, began to set the old laws at defiance and write with a licence that his elders had not permitted themselves. But the disease produced or is producing its own cure. For some time past the public has given unmistakable signs of being surfeited with the cheap appeals made to its weakness, and at the present moment there is a decided revival of interest in the higher class journalism, witness the friendly and honourable rivalry between our contemporaries, the *Saturday Review* and the *Outlook*, a rivalry that promises to be a benefit not only to these journals themselves, but to the general public whose attention will be once more directed to a more serious kind of writing than that to which they have been accustomed.

It would perhaps be arrogant in any one writer to lay his hand on a certain weakness and say that this is the reason why the better-class journalism has decayed. Still, one of the changes may be pointed out without offence. In the reviews published when English journalism was at its very best, the work was all impersonal and the use of the capital I was forbidden. It was an innovation to introduce signed articles, and not only introduce signed articles, but

encourage the writers of them to be as personal and egotistical as was possible. No doubt the journalists themselves try to dignify their work by calling it impressionism, but it is impressionism run mad. Now that a serious attempt is being made to resuscitate the glories of the best class of English newspaper, it will probably be discovered that herein lay the great error. Let any one take an essay written in the old style with intentness on the subject and not on the writer and compare it with one of the compositions common now in almost every newspaper wherein liver plays as large a part as individuality, and the decay will be apparent.

Cambridge University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science (*honoris causa*) on Dr. Edward Burnett Tylor, Professor of Anthropology at Oxford. No one has done more than Professor Tylor to advance the study of anthropology and animism in England. His first researches were into the customs and history of Mexico, on which he published a work when he was only twenty-seven. Six years later came the "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," and in 1871 he published his most famous work, "Primitive Culture." All subsequent explorers in the field of animism, said Dr. Sandys, the Public Orator at Cambridge, had been influenced by Professor Tylor's investigations. He may almost be said, indeed, to have created the science.

In June next the town of Sherborne in Dorset, will hold a "pageant" in celebration of the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the bishopric, town and school. It was in 705 that Ina, King of the West-Saxons, divided off a portion of the diocese of Winchester, and sent St. Aldhelm to "Scirburne" as first Bishop. Sherborne remained a see for three hundred and seventy years, when the bishopric was removed to Old Sarum. The school, which is now well known as a public school, is one of the many in England which reckon Edward VI. as their founder, the truth being that Edward only replaced under improved conditions the means of education that his father had destroyed in the destruction of the religious orders.

The pageant (full particulars of which can be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries of the Sherborne Pageant, the Parade, Sherborne) will include many scenes from the long history of the town, including the arrival of Alfred the Great at Sherborne School, and a tableau of Sir Walter Raleigh at Sherborne. It was to Sherborne, it will be remembered, that Raleigh retired on being released from the Tower after his intrigue (or secret marriage) with Elizabeth Throckmorton; and here he built Sherborne Lodge, or Sherborne Castle, as it is sometimes called, in the grounds of the old castle, which dates from the reign of Henry I.

On March 27 Messrs. Sotheby will sell by auction the library of the late Mr. John Scott, C.B., of Halkhill, Largs, Ayrshire. It includes an imperfect first folio of Shakespeare, and—more important still—a book said to have been presented by the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare. The book is a black letter small 4to of 1550: "Carion (John) Thre Bokes of Chronicles gathreed wyth great diligence of the beste Authours that have written in Hebrue Greke or Latine. . . . to thys year 1550"; and the catalogue adds: "The title bears the signatures Wm. Shakespeare and Southampton; the reverse of title a note indicating that the book was presented to Wm. Shakespeare by the Earl of Southampton. Another note signed W. S. is on reverse of fol. lxxxiii; on a blank leaf before the table is a long note signed Wm. Shakespeare." If these notes and signatures are genuine, the book is one of the most exciting finds of recent years.

Associations seem never so vivid as when they are on the point of being broken up. Now that half Southampton Row is revealing itself transformed out of all recognition

by County Council subways, and the assimilation of the other half is only a question of time, the lover of Thackeray treads all that grey and stately quarter with keenly regretful interest. It was round the corner into Southampton Row, of course, that Amelia Sedley used to step out from the house in Russell Square to "buy a ribbon, followed by Black Sambo with an enormous cane," and the name of the place recurs often in those chapters of "Vanity Fair." On the whole, however, it is noticeable how much more closely it is possible to-day to revisit the homes and haunts in London of Thackeray's characters than Dickens'. The cause of the difference is to be found in the contrasting strata of society from which the two novelists mainly drew their characters. Dickens' characters lived in those queer rookeries, corners, and alleys which were the first to feel the hand of the municipal reformer, with his attendant band of housebreakers. But Thackeray's figures dwelt in surroundings of ease and comfort, if not of fashion and luxury, and their homes bid fair to stand for many a year yet, though they have, many of them, experienced a long and gradual decline from their palmy days of two or three generations ago.

The London Topographical Society will hold a *Conversazione* at Drapers' Hall, Throgmorton Street, on Thursday, March 16. The President of the Society, Lord Rosebery, will be present.

The copyright of "The Writers' Year Book" having been purchased by A. and C. Black, the next edition will be published by them on December 1, in their series of reference books.

People passing through St. James's Park, still in process of transformation, are little likely to associate it with a literary celebration of last week. But Edmund Waller, the poet, the tercentenary of whose birth was more or less ignored on the third of this month, was inspired in his day with a congratulatory poem of about seventy couplets, "On St. James's Park, as lately improved by His Majesty," and nothing could more emphatically mark the changes from those days of the second Charles to these of the seventh Edward than a comparison of the literary expressions which welcomed the seventeenth-century improvements in St. James's Park and those which welcome the twentieth-century alterations. Then the park was a "Paradise," the sheet of water was at once a "sea" and a "river," while in it there was

"A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky."

The park Waller finally used to point a moral, and closed his poem—after glancing at Westminster Abbey, the House of Commons, and so on—by apostrophising Charles the Second as

"A Prince, on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
Reform these nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before."

The London County Council has devised a pretty scheme for naming the vessels of its new fleet of "penny steamers" after distinguished men whose lives or works were in any way connected with the Thames from the time of King Alfred to that of William Morris. Among the proposed list of names there are many men of letters, beginning in point of time with Chaucer and including Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, Pepys, Gibbon, and Carlyle. The connection of these men with the Thames is often of the slightest—they may have lived near it for a while, or referred to it in their works—but the plan is nevertheless one that will no doubt meet with general approval. It is

rather surprising to find that the fleet of steamers is not, apparently, to include a "Charles Dickens," seeing how unforgettably we have some gruesome aspects of the olden Thames drawn at the opening of "Our Mutual Friend." We miss also an "Edmund Spenser." The poet of the "Faerie Queen" deserved honouring in this connection, if only for the persistent refrain of his "Prothalamion"—

Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my Song."

Then, too, there is Denham who gave us a familiar quotation when he described the River Thames—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Michael Drayton, who duly honoured the river in his "Polyolbion," is another writer who may be claimed. Indeed a list of the worthies who can be associated with the Thames would soon outnumber the Council's requirements in the matter of steamers.

The papers on the "Work of Herbert Spencer," which Dr. Saleeby contributed to the ACADEMY last summer and autumn, are being used by him as preliminary sketches for a volume on Evolution regarded as the master thought of all speculation and the guiding hypothesis in all research at the beginning of the present century. Dr. Saleeby is especially devoting himself to a consideration of the new discoveries in physics and astronomy, in comparative mythology and ethics, which have been illuminated by and in turn have illuminated the theory of Universal and Ordered Change, since the publication, just fifty years ago, of the initial volume in which Herbert Spencer approached the study of mind as no constant quantity but a dynamic product of "æonian evolution." It is hoped that the book may be ready for publication here and in America in the autumn. It will form a companion volume to the "Cycle of Life," a series of essays reprinted from these pages.

Much indignation has been expressed in France on account of the compulsory retirement, at the age of seventy-eight, of M. Leopold Delisle from the chief librarianship at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Librarians, and those who use libraries, all over the world, know M. Delisle, and to English bibliophiles he is especially well-known on account of a smart piece of detective work which he once carried through in this country. A certain Count Libri had, in the reign of Louis-Philippe, been made Inspector-General of French Public Libraries, and had stolen rare books and precious manuscripts right and left. His principal abstractions were from the Bibliothèque Nationale, and M. Delisle was allotted the task of tracing, and if possible recovering, the lost treasures. He followed the trail like a sleuth-hound, and found that the plunder had been sold in England: half of it to the British Museum and the remainder to Lord Ashburnham.

Then M. Delisle entered upon negotiations for the restitution of the booty. The British Museum Trustees, anticipating the *entente cordiale*, promised to give up, without compensation, any stolen goods, if M. Delisle could clearly demonstrate that they were French property. This was not easy, since all the labels and secret marks had been carefully effaced by the thief; but M. Delisle, with the friendly assistance of the Museum librarians, overcame the difficulty, and carried off his treasures in triumph. Lord Ashburnham's heirs were more difficult to deal with. M. Delisle, they said, might have any of the books, if he liked to pay for them. And if not, not. The French Government refused to vote the money, and M. Delisle had to devise a means of raising it. He did this by selling to the German Emperor an old manuscript collection of German songs, which was of relatively small value to the French Library, but which the Emperor was particularly anxious to present to that great collector of such curiosities, the Grand Duke of Baden.

A Committee has been formed to save from destruction what remains of the house at Rouen in which Flaubert wrote "*Madame Bovary*" and "*L'Education Sentimentale*." The house itself in fact has been pulled down, and a factory stands on the site on which the novelist denounced the *bourgeoisie*; but there remains a sort of summer-house on the banks of the Seine in which he used to work. He used to walk up and down on the path by the river, searching for his "inevitable" adjectives; and his gigantic figure, enveloped in an ulster of somewhat loud pattern, excited the remark of his neighbours. Mothers, it is said, used to frighten their children, by threatening them that, if they were not good, they should be sent "chez M. Gustave," or "chez M. Flau"; but his literary renown was respected in the most unlikely quarters. There exists somewhere a copy of "*Madame Bovary*" in which is written the surprising dedication: "Presented to Made-moiselle So-and-So with the respectful compliments of the author's valet."

French tastes in periodical literature are showing the same tendency as those in costume. English influence is, of course, very marked in such a paper as the *Matin*, and is certainly not less so in the new "encyclopaedic" magazine which has just appeared under the odd title *Je Sais Tout*. The editor, M. Pierre Lafitte, is decidedly a publisher "nouveau style." He has a respectable little budget of four periodicals now well established. In *Je Sais Tout* the make-up of some of the popular English magazines has been somewhat closely followed, but the final result is individual and French. Parisians, by the way, seem to be particularly fond of an abundance of tiny and curious pictures of a semi-scientific nature.

M. Lafitte has succeeded in persuading a score of men and women of letters to unveil the secrets of their work-rooms. For those who like these confessions of method, here are a few of the most interesting. M. Anatole France wakes at five or six in the morning and works in bed. He has a peculiar habit of sticking down on his original MS. little pieces of paper bearing his corrections. M. François Coppée writes his poems with the speed of the lightning and his stories with that of the snail. As for M. Paul Hervieu, he paces up and down amid piles of books and papers, sounding and resounding his phrases in an undertone. M. Paul Bourget has also the passion for a multitude of documents, and is always making searches when not writing. And the brothers Margueritte work assiduously, their father's sword hanging above their desk; so perfect is their collaboration that when a work is complete neither brother can determine his own precise part in it.

On February 24 the remains of D. L. Michalovski, a Russian who made English poets and dramatists familiar to his countrymen, were laid in their last resting-place. He was seventy-eight years of age at his death, and was a native of St. Petersburg. His literary activity was long and intense. The *Sofremeniiki* printed his translation of Byron's "*Mazeppa*" in 1857, and his "*Outlines of the Latest Italian Literature*" in 1859; besides a series of translations from Byron and other foreign poets in the sixties. Again between 1868 and 1880 he contributed to the *Otets Sapiskach* some translations from Longfellow, Tennyson, many German authors, and others. Many Russian periodicals were indebted to his pen for original poetical works. His greatest contribution to Russian literature was the translation of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, *King Richard II.*, *King Henry V.*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. He also edited an edition of the complete works of Shakespeare. Many historical and social romances were translated into Russian by him; some of them anonymously. He did not do so much as an original poet as a translator. But amongst the best of his original works was the "Three Tombs."

It is announced from Paris that Captain Klado is on the point of publishing a book entitled "*The Russian Navy in the Russo-Japanese War*." The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who appears to have seen some part of the work before publication, quotes certain extracts which justify him in remarking that it "does not shine from the point of view of good taste or moral elevation."

LITERATURE

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

WITH all her popularity and despite her many splendid gifts Mrs. Humphry Ward has not succeeded so far in establishing herself as a novelist for novelists, a writer's writer. The more fastidious judges of literature held that the venture which first brought her to the front was more in the nature of a treat than a work of art, and that since then she has followed somewhat too closely in the steps of George Eliot, who lacked only one quality to be a great authoress. Needless to say that quality was style. It is, however, to Mrs. Humphry Ward's credit that there is no going backward in her art. The latest of her novels is perhaps the most promising attempt she has yet made to overleap the barriers by which she has hitherto been surrounded. In conception "*The Marriage of William Ashe*" is almost French and might easily have come from the Abbé Prévost or the elder Dumas. It is mainly the study of a young girl of somewhat doubtful birth, badly educated in a French convent, endowed with beauty but also the possessor of a temperament which is bound to spell misfortune. A very fair idea of this young lady may be gleaned from the account of her first appearance when she arrived late for dinner:

"'Certainly not, she has had ample time,' said Lady Grosville, and rang the bell beside her.

"Suddenly there was a whirlwind of noise in the hall, the angry barking of a small dog, the sound of a girl's voice laughing and scolding, the swish of silk skirts. A scandalised butler, obeying Lady Grosville's summons, threw the door open, and in burst Lady Kitty.

"'Oh! I'm so sorry,' said the newcomer in a tone of despair. 'But I couldn't leave him upstairs, Aunt Lina! He'd eaten one of my shoes, and begun upon the other. And Julie's afraid of him. He bit her last week. May he sit on my knee? I know I can keep him quiet!'

"Every conversation in the library stopped. Twenty amazed persons turned to look. They beheld a slim girl in white at the far end of the large room struggling with a grey terrier puppy which she held under her left arm, and turning appealing eyes towards Lady Grosville. The dog half frightened, half fierce, was barking furiously. Lady Kitty's voice could hardly be heard through the din, and she was crimson with the effort to control her charge. Her lips laughed, her eyes implored. And to add to the effect of the apparition, a marked strangeness of dress was at once perceived by all the English eyes turned upon her. Lady Kitty was robed in the extreme of French fashion, which at that moment was a fashion of flounces; she was much décolletée; and her fair abundant hair, carried to a great height and arranged with a certain calculated wildness around her small face, was surmounted by a large scarlet butterfly which shone defiantly against the dark background of books.

The setting in which Mrs. Humphry Ward places this young lady is typical of her methods. Her people, with the exception of a journalist or two, are all in the highest rank of society, indeed the majority have titles, and the only attempt made to represent those belonging to other grades is that of a somewhat tearful maid, who is limned slightly yet tenderly. But the political interest centres round no less a person than a Prime Minister, who is an entirely imaginary person called Lord Parham, and this indeed is somewhat absurd. From the references made to such men as William Morris and Burne-Jones and to the fact that one of the ladies has taken up the æsthetic craze very violently, we can practically give a date to the story.

and know that, if history were adhered to, Mr. Gladstone would be Premier or at least Leader of the Opposition. But we do not regard the volume as an attempt to deal with real personages under fictitious names. Lord Parham is no travesty of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield, and Lady Parham was certainly never evolved out of Mrs. Gladstone nor out of Lady Beaconsfield. William Ashe himself is a rising statesman, who is passing on from office to office with a clear prospect before him of attaining the highest honour which the State can bestow. He is not only clever but rich and well-born, and the world seems to lie before him like an oyster which there would be no difficulty in opening. But he falls in love with Lady Kitty, and almost deliberately ruins his life. She is the most irresponsible of creatures, guided by nothing save wayward instinct; warm-hearted and true in her own way, but entirely lacking in any principles of conduct that would keep her on a straight path. After a year or so of married life she seems to lose command of her will and begins to act in such a manner as to get herself talked about. One example will illustrate the sort of conduct we refer to. The heir to a European monarchy had been recently visiting London, and his melancholy and apathy piqued her vanity:

"Kitty failed to meet him in society; certain invitations that for once she coveted did not arrive; and in a fit of pique she declared that she would make acquaintance with him in her own way. On a certain occasion, when the princeling was at the play, his attention was drawn to a small and dazzling creature in a box opposite his own. Presently however, there was a commotion in this box. The dazzling creature had fainted; and rumour sent round the name of Lady Kitty Ashe. The Prince despatched an equerry to make inquiries, and the inquiries were repeated that evening in Hill Street. Recovery was prompt, and the Prince let it be known that he wished to meet the lady. Invitations from high quarters descended upon Kitty; she bore herself with an engaging carelessness, and the melancholy youth was soon spending far more pains upon her than he had yet been known to spend upon any other English beauties presented to him. Ashe and Kitty's friends laughed; the old General in charge of the princeling took alarm. And presently Kitty's audacities, alack, carried away her discretion; she began moreover to boast of her ruse."

Such conduct was not calculated to further the political ambitions of her husband, yet this incident was only the prelude of another. A certain Geoffrey Cliffe, a poet, cynic, demagogue, man of letters, journalist, with a past behind him in which he had played no praiseworthy part towards women, moves in and out of the book, a disagreeable figure to which Mrs. Humphry Ward has not been able to give much actuality. However by dint of intellectual and other charm he fascinates the girl, and although Kitty remains at heart true to her husband, her adventures with Cliffe were of a kind that would have estranged most men. But Ashe had made up his mind to all this before marrying her, and had resolved to be husband and lover first, statesman afterwards. She is imprudent again and again, and in his very forgiveness there is cause for estrangement. It is a very true touch to show, as Mrs. Humphry Ward does, that an erring sinner never feels very kindly towards one who from a sense of duty, be it derived from where it may, is always ready to extend forgiveness before it is asked.

Probably if the old Adam within him had asserted himself the young wife would have been happier. But all goes on from bad to worse until the curtain falls in ruin and tragedy. We may leave our readers to find out the details of the story for themselves. It is one of the best that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written, the chief fault of it being the wearisome middle. The story starts brightly and well with Kitty's first appearance in London, and the manly and fine love-making of William Ashe. Then for many chapters it is a revel of uninteresting intrigue in which there is little plot and less character. The work is not organically built up, and though the interest revives towards the end we still feel that the book is imperfect. One can well understand that it would have been twice as good if Mrs. Humphry Ward possessed the saving gift of humour, but she takes many things in life and particularly her own sex much too seriously. To read some passages one would think that the destinies of empires were really in the hands of the political women in London, whereas the truth is that women are but

butterflies playing on the outside of politics. They only make-believe in order to please their husbands, lovers and friends. How can they be a real force without any means of rendering themselves effective? They have no votes, no representatives of their own sex. No doubt offices may and often are filled through petticoat influence, but the man who makes a reputation in the country stands clear and independent of the cliques and salons. In the relations between husband and wife too, Mrs. Humphry Ward shows at the same moment genius and ignorance. Her study of the girl is acute and in every way excellent. She has laid bare the feminine mind with a precision that is almost scientific, but its counterpart, the masculine spirit, is beyond her. William Ashe is not more of a man than are the trousered old maids who stalk through the novels of George Eliot.

CLAVERHOUSE

John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee 1648-1689.
By C. SANFORD TERRY. (Cons.able, 12s. 6d. net.)

JOHN GRAHAM of Claverhouse has suffered in his reputation, as all must suffer who pass into legend before they have found their own proper place in history. The bugbear of eloquent Whigs, he has been represented as a monster of wanton cruelty, who slaughtered the peaceable, God-fearing Covenanters for no better reason than the vain lust of blood. When Wodrow and Walker, Peden and Defoe had done their worst, then Macaulay took up the tale, and in the careless temper, which loves prejudice better than truth, did his best to blacken the character of a brave soldier and a great gentleman. But it is not the Whigs alone who are to blame. Sir Walter Scott himself, whose "Bonnie Dundee" will keep the name of Claverhouse alive for ever, has done the hero a profound injustice. "This remarkable person," says he, "united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow subjects." We regret the more that Sir Walter should have thus mistaken the character and devotion of Claverhouse; for, had his judgment not been warped by tradition, he would have left us a splendid portrait of one who lived for duty and who died for his King. Modern historians, however, have means of discovering the truth which were denied to their predecessors, and by this time Claverhouse is well on the road towards rehabilitation. Of the many writers who have helped him on his journey, none has served him more faithfully than Professor Terry, whose biography is not only well arranged and well written, but is based upon an exhaustive study of original authorities.

The eldest son of a distinguished house, John Graham was born in 1648, and, after receiving such education as the University of St. Andrew's had to give, "travelled into France for his improvement," and then took service as a volunteer under the French King. He next followed the profession of arms in Holland, and, if rumour may be trusted, saved the life of William of Orange at Seneffe. But France and Holland were alike but a preparation for his career at home, which began when, in 1678, he received the captaincy of a troop of horse in Scotland. Henceforth for many a year it was his duty to free his country from rebellion, a duty none the less reputable because it had not the glamour of foreign service. The south-west of Scotland was savagely disaffected to the Government. A rising had been planned with care and forethought. Arms had been collected with a greater zeal even than bibles, and the field-conventicles were nothing but camps hostile to King and country. To suppress rebellion is not the most brilliant task for an ambitious soldier, but Claverhouse, always obedient to his superior officers, did what he was told with energy and devotion. If he had been the miracle of brutality which he is represented, he must needs have exceeded his orders. But, as Professor Terry points out, he was so careful to obey that Linlithgow found his

scruples frivolous. "I must acknowledge," said he, "that till now in any service I have been in, I never inquired further in the laws than the orders of my superior officers." Nor was it his business now to go beyond his commission. The Covenanters were rebels, whom the law was determined to suppress. The fact that they were bound together by the ties of religion did not mitigate the purpose of their revolution. They denied the King and flouted the Government; their hope was to establish an *imperium in imperio*, which could do naught else than perpetuate strife and hatred. "Political necessity," said Professor Terry, "was the root of religious intolerance in the seventeenth century in Scotland as in England," and until we realise that truth we shall be unable to do common justice to the cause which Claverhouse was bidden to espouse. Moreover, our ancestors did not make war with their gloves on. The barbarities which they committed were characteristic of their age, and to ask the fighters of the seventeenth century to conform to our modern standard of humanity is to be guilty of hopeless confusion. The King's men were cruel, no doubt; but they encountered a cruel foe. The Covenanters, in their pious camps, kept gallows always ready, in case they should catch a Royalist, and they even took a pride in the brutalities which they committed. But, like all rebels, they objected to retaliation. They fondly hoped that they could make omelettes without breaking eggs, and their champions have claimed for them this supernatural privilege. In the eyes of certain historians, they were always right, their opponents always wrong, and the chief difficulty of Macaulay and others is to reconcile the miscreant Monmouth, who fought at Bothwell Bridge, with the ever-glorious hero who denounced James II. as a parricide and unfurled the flag of revolt in the West.

At the same time, Claverhouse, in obeying orders, did no violence to his own religious convictions. He also was a religious man, and a devout Episcopalian. The Covenanters attributed it to him as a grave sin that he did not share the vices of the age. He was so deeply sunk, said they, in cruelty and blood, that the minor debaucheries had no charm for him. The reason, of course, is absurd, the truth being that he was an honourable gentleman of a clean life and lofty ideals. Accordingly to uproot rebellion appeared to him a plain duty and a sacred trust. What could he do better than serve his King at the risk of his own life? And so well armed were the Covenanters, that he was more than once in danger. At Drumclog he rode headlong from defeat, and wrote to Linlithgow in a characteristic despatch: "This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion." The battle of Bothwell Bridge, as Sir Walter has pointed out, was not without an element of comedy. Even before the face of the enemy one faction had no other ambition than to purge the camp of Erastians. Now one preacher claimed that he alone should be heard; now another insisted that the gospel was upon no other tongue than his. But the enthusiasts could not understand that military skill and united counsels were necessary for victory, and so courted defeat by their misplaced zeal. However, such were the rebels, that for ten years Claverhouse pursued and punished, and when we remember that many of them were more active with the tongue and the pen than with the sword, it is not astonishing that they have brought innumerable charges against him. The worst of these Professor Terry has examined with admirable judgment, and he has no difficulty in clearing Claverhouse's character from an undeserved reproach. In brief, the story of his murders is a story of falsehood, and "Bloody Clavers" is but the puppet of a lying legend.

From the moment that James II. found refuge in flight, Claverhouse played a different, and a more romantic part upon the stage of history. If at the very moment of ruin his King made him a Viscount, he returned the favour with a whole-hearted devotion. As to William, he treated him with an honourable outspokenness. He asked what security he might expect if he should go and live in Scotland without owning his government. But

he never owned that government, and was free unto the end to fight for him whom he still regarded as his rightful King. When the Convention declared him a fugitive and a rebel, his course was clear, and the small remnant of life that was left him he freely gave to glory and fidelity. His raid across Scotland was a brilliant feat of arms, which has not yet been surpassed, and it is not strange that the story of the raising of the clans still stirs the enthusiasm of loyal Scots. But his supreme effort was made at Killiecrankie, and there he won victory and death. Sure of the justice of his course, sure of the loyalty of his men, he looked forward to a splendid triumph. "All the world will be with us, blessed be God," he wrote in his last letter, and had not death interposed, the prophecy might have been verified. Mackay, defeated, fled through the night, fearing that Dundee was pursuing him. But Dundee himself had fallen at the last volley of Mackay's own regiment. When the battle was over, he was found dying on the field. "How goes the day?" he asked. "Well for the king, but I'm sorry for your lordship," was the reply. "'Tis the less matter for me," he answered, "seeing the day goes well for my master." Thus he died, and, despite the detraction of hostile historians, thus he still lives, breathing, whenever his name is mentioned, the spirit of lofty heroism and of ancient romance.

TRAGEDY

Shakespearean Tragedy: Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth. By A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE world ought to be very thankful that the spoken words of Professor Bradley were not suffered to die on the unperpetuating echoes of a University lecture-room, but that his studies of Shakespearean tragedy have been committed by him to the commemorative medium of print.

Here will be found the work of no dissector, nor of the curator of a Shakespearean museum. Professor Bradley is not one to wrest the text to suit a preconceived theory of his own, nor is it an ambition of his to tell us how many arm-chairs there were in Shakespeare's library at Stratford-on-Avon, nor in what attitude he used to sit in them when composing a drama. But what he does help us to comprehend is the attitude of Shakespeare's mind when writing such and such a passage, and he shows the relations which this passage bears to others, and to the play as a whole. This is the kind of Shakespearean lore which is of true interest—this is the real editing of Shakespeare—the editing of his mind.

Professor Bradley's book is popular in aim. He desires to propagate a familiarity with Shakespeare's work, and to convey a correct general view of each play, as well as an insight into the co-ordination of its parts. Yet it does not deserve the title, "Shakespeare without tears," and still less "Shakespeare with groans and sweat"; it is not on the one hand elementary, nor, on the other, is it laborious, German, dry. But hear the author himself on his aim:

"Our one object will be what . . . may be called dramatic appreciation—to increase our understanding and enjoyment of these works as dramas, to learn to apprehend the action and some of the personages of each with a somewhat greater truth and intensity, so that they may assume in our imaginations a shape a little less unlike the shape they wore in the imagination of their creator."

—in short, to hold as 'twere the magnifying-glass up to the Shakespearean nature. This is the kind of book that all lovers of Shakespeare, erudite and unscholarly alike, stand in need of and will receive. This is the type of work which will convert the large body of the apathetic to the worship of Shakespeare, which except a man keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall (from a literary point of view) perish everlastingly.

That which chiefly tends to render Professor Bradley's book an essentially popular one is the method of criticism

employed. Every question, every controversy, theory, view, or supposition which arises, he subjects to the same test. His divining-rod is in every case guided solely by an appeal to the written words. This is the sound bed-rock of his criticism, and it is surprising how comparatively simple each difficulty is likely to become when a collation of relevant passages is made and reasoned upon. It is even more surprising to note how many theories have been airily advanced with a more or less marked indifference to the text. Whether the author is reasoning on the question of Hamlet's sanity, or on the question whether the Ghost was a ghost or an hallucination, or on Hamlet's foul words with Ophelia, in every case he proves his point by an appeal to the text, and shows the position of his adversary to be impossible by a resort to the same tribunal. It is another merit of the book that every question is submitted to common-sense argumentation, which, tempered as it must necessarily be with the spirit of sympathetic appreciation, yet is never superseded by the pedantry or enthusiastic rhapsody that often takes the place of reasoning in modern criticism.

The arrangement of the book is admirable. The first two lectures include what is common to all the four tragedies discussed, and the subsequent ones treat of the four plays severally in order. The second lecture is an interesting and illuminating disquisition on dramatic construction; but the first lecture, perhaps the least good in the book, is suspiciously like a sop thrown to the "Dons." It consists in a generalisation with regard to the *substance* of Shakespearean tragedy in the abstract, a subject which would never occupy the attention of any one except a professional academic critic. And indeed it is not a matter of great importance, even for such an one, that the "tragic fact" should be accurately defined. For the lay reader, at all events, it is quite enough that he recognises, in *Hamlet* or *King Lear*, a play which fully answers to the vague general conception he may have formed as to the meaning of the word tragic; and, moreover, he is inclined to resent the dogmatic laying down of hard and fast lines within which the tragic conception must necessarily be contained. An apposite illustration is furnished by the lecturer himself when he points out most acutely and truly how *King Lear* and *Othello* are distinguished for pathos, while *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are more truly tragical: and yet who will pretend to say which of the four is the most tragic piece of work? The truth is that the "tragic fact" cannot be reduced to a definition, and there is no difference between tragic pathos and pathetic tragedy.

The larger the theme Professor Bradley is engaged upon the better and more admirable is his work. He is particularly good in his introduction to *Macbeth*, when he describes the deep brooding blackness of the atmosphere within which the action of the play is cast, and in his analysis of the dramatic devices by means of which such an effect is procured. He draws attention to the number of scenes that take place in the darkness of night or in some dark spot. The murders of Duncan and of Banquo, and the sleep-walking scene are enacted in the blackness of night. The Witches are found dancing on the thick air of a storm, or receive Macbeth in the darksome cavern of the "black and midnight hags." Even the phraseology itself helps to add sombreness to the general murkiness of the play. Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come palled in the dunest smoke of hell, and even in her sleep it is of the *darkness* of hell, not of hell itself, that she expresses her fear. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his *black* desires may be concealed, and numerous other instances are adduced to procure the general effect of black tragedy. Professor Bradley is not equally happy where he goes on to establish a parallel picture of colour beside the one of blackness already drawn. To support this new and somewhat incompatible thesis he cites the lightning in the storm, the gleam of the dagger in the air, the torches borne in different scenes by different people, the taper carried in the sleep-walking scene, the flame under the Witches' cauldron, and above all, says he, the colour is the colour

of blood. All of which one is inclined to regard as mere fancifulness, into which Professor Bradley is but rarely betrayed, and as weakening the force of his previous remarks on the real dominant atmosphere of the play.

In his biggest undertaking, however, the hand of a consummate workman is observable. In diagnosing the character of Hamlet, the author has made himself more explicit than would have seemed possible in a matter of such complexity and controversy. He clears the ground by declaring that he will confine his attention to sane views of Hamlet's character. He refuses to argue with the kind of person who asserts that Hamlet was a clever and wicked youth who wished to oust his innocent uncle, and so accused his mother of adultery and of being accessory before the fact to his father's murder, and who accordingly "faked" a ghost. This theory is comparable only to Gilbert's *Rozencrantz and Guildenstern* which puts forward a passion for soliloquising on the part of Hamlet as the explanation of his inaction, or to the theory that Hamlet's soliloquies were addressed to an Irish confidant, who is another Horatio and who does not appear: "Now could I do it, Pat," with a capital P. Proceeding in a logical and convincing manner, all the theories of Hamlet's character are disposed of, and generally on the score of their incompleteness. First, the theory that Hamlet is prevented from executing his purpose by the force of external hindrances; secondly, the conscience theory; thirdly, the sentimental view of an effeminate Hamlet as enunciated by Goethe—"a most lovely, pure, and moral nature, without the strength and nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away"; and fourthly, the Schlegel-Coleridge theory, which accounts for Hamlet's dilatoriness by reference to his habit of intellectual reflection and introspection.

It is impossible in a few words to give a complete summary of Hamlet's character, but Professor Bradley's elucidation proceeds somewhat on these lines. Hamlet's nature is dominated by three chief influences. First, Hamlet is not mad, but is oppressed with an abnormal melancholy which paralyses action, and of which his reflective habit is more a symptom than a cause. This melancholy is the first fact portrayed in the play, and it is made clear that the cause of it is the overwhelming shock which Hamlet has sustained in becoming acquainted with his mother's unfaithfulness. The second ingredient in his nature is his refined and acute sensibility which magnifies the enormity of this unfaithfulness in mankind, and especially in womankind, including even Ophelia. The third factor in Hamlet's nature is the intellectual genius by which he sees every side of any particular question so clearly that action of any kind is impossible. When we observe Hamlet's many-sidedness—the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword—as the chief feature of the play, it is only natural that the true index is to be found in a combination of a few leading characteristics, rather than in a single, isolated, dominant quality of mind, which almost inevitably must result in a partial view of the character of Shakespeare's greatest creation. It is this very tendency to generalise that has hitherto led critics into taking a *partial* view.

The time and space devoted to the analysis of Hamlet's nature one feels is well spent, and yet one cannot help regretting that the minor characters had, in consequence, to be disposed of so summarily. Ophelia, Gertrude and the King, whose character is second only to Hamlet's in interest, are the only ones touched upon at all. The author holds a brief for Ophelia—a piece of heterodoxy which every one must welcome. He is a crown-prosecutor in arraigning Queen Gertrude, to whom he applies such epithets as weak, sensual, luxurious. He charges her with what might be called a moral inertness, and he accuses her of adultery. As to the King, he recognises the nobility of his bearing, but he construes his character in the ugliest light, which interpretation, in the opinion of most people, would subtract somewhat from the interest of the play.

Interesting as Professor Bradley is upon the larger questions, he does not therefore disdain to use the microscope on the *minutiae* of the dramas. He does not profess to discuss matters of textual criticism or to go into questions of style, diction or versification, and yet often he cannot choose but pause over the many beauties which otherwise might be overlooked,

"To find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know,"

as Rossetti says. For instance he draws attention to a certain trick of verbal repetition, continually affected by Hamlet, which even a careful reader might fail to notice. One is rather prone to think mere accident is accountable for this; but Professor Bradley asserts that the trick attains to the dimensions of a habit in Hamlet, and that it is a mannerism peculiar to him. Here are instances: This from the first soliloquy.

"O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world,
Fie on't! Ah, Fie."

And again:

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio,
Wormwood, wormwood."

And even more characteristic are:

- (1) "HORATIO. It would have much amazed you.
"HAMLET. *Very like, very like. Stayed it long?*"
- (2) "POLONIUS. What do you read, my lord?
"HAMLET. *Words, words, words.*"
- (3) "POLONIUS. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave.
"HAMLET. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, *except my life, except my life, except my life.*"
- (4) "OPHELIA. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
"HAMLET. I humbly thank you *well, well, well.*"

Though we may not agree that this is deliberate on the part of the author, yet we are bound to concede to Professor Bradley that there is food here for interesting discussion, and it may be that the playwright desired to give the actor scope for the exercise of his art in differentiating the emphasis and inflection on each repetition of the same words.

R. Y. TYRRELL

A NEW NOVEL BY ANATOLE FRANCE

Sur la Pierre Blanche. Par ANATOLE FRANCE. (Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

In a world beyond the reach of change and motion there would be no time, but things would persist in a perpetual *nunc stans*. Most of us who are prone to a habit of reverie waste many an hour in imagining a sphere so lofty that thence we might discover present, past, and future displayed in simultaneous grandeur. In one of his recent books ("Histoire Comique"), M. France assures us that this little globe of ours (which, after all, is just as high in the heavens as any other) may be the theatre of that magnificent survey. As we sit on the lawn after dinner, for instance, we may watch a star a-twinkle just beyond the tender pointing spire of the poplar in the hedge; the pale beam caresses the moist and gummy leaves. They make a part of our present. And yet a hundred years may separate the leaf and the ray. Yon light fell from yonder star before the oldest of us was born; the tree is in its future as the star is in our past.

For when we speak of the future we merely mean something which a turn in the road prevents us from seeing as yet; it is there, and has been there long enough, and we shall come up to it in time. Like most stargazers (who, looking on the moving skies, have noted how every transit

is the result of previous motions), M. France is a disciple of Necessity. He holds, with Hobbes, that if a shot sparrow fall to the ground it is because (the solar system being what it is) shot and sparrow were bound to clash at a given point. He is a fatalist; or, if you like it better, he is a determinist philosopher; or (to play a third variation on the same air) he is a classic poet.

A man of his temperament likes nothing better than to examine the causes of things and to deduce their consequences. As a rule he is a man of science, but he may be (like M. France) the most delicious and wilful of artists. In that case he will not revel in invention, but will prefer to explain rather than to create. There is indeed much of the critic and something of the historian in our novelist. So much for the intellectual side of him. Endow this delicate and scrupulous observer with an extraordinary sense of beauty; an irony ever more in the thought than in the expression; something of the grossness of goat-footed Pan; and the mettle of a militant apostle—and we have M. France, whom the nations delight to honour, but whom they might quite conceivably have summoned in the police-courts (like Socrates) or shot to death on a barricade—had things been just a little otherwise.

There is something of all these qualities in the book before us. It is a midsummer night's dream in which past, present, and future meet, illuminating one vexed question: how so to frame a society that every one in it shall give what he best can give, and get what he most requires. We have called the book a novel, but it is in fact a platonic dialogue, hardly less brilliant and no less serious than those which Renan composed in the Park at Versailles, while the Commune lit a line of bonfires on the horizon towards Paris. Neither emotions, nor actions, nor even the study of character divert the philosopher's attention from his theme. He imagines a little group of contemporaries—himself (Nicole Langelier), a worthy stupid Nationalist (M. Goubin), with three or four other dilettanti—to whom the Cav. Giacomo Boni explains the recent excavations in the Forum at Rome, where they are assembled. They converse on philosophy and current politics; one of the party reads a tale about a Roman proconsul; another relates a personal experience of his own in the distant future; and that is all.

Were history but a series of fortuitous episodes, we would leave it to the picturesque historian, but we all know that it repeats itself, and an experiment that stands the test of repetition is always interesting. In history, as elsewhere, similar causes produce similar effects (so that, for instance, Petersburg in 1905 reproduces Paris in 1789). The delicacies of their difference are the zest of the game, and the lesson of their likeness the use of it. M. France has given us both the zest and the lesson in his imaginary portrait of the Proconsul Gallion, Lucan's uncle, Seneca's brother. He shows us a man whose elegant mediocrity, humane sensibility and love of natural history recall the Farmers-General and *grands seigneurs* of the reign of Louis XVI. After all, what is more probable? If there be only a given number of elements in the universe, in the process of ages they must recombine in the old patterns, like the figures in a kaleidoscope. The Proconsul Gallion may very likely have resembled Dupin de Franceuil or the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, in real life as well as in the imagination of M. France. French readers know the name of Gallion because they have read their Renan, and English ones because of chapter xviii. of the Acts of the Apostles. Gallion was the magistrate who heard the case between St. Paul and the Rabbi of Corinth; like Pilate, he washed his hands of it. In M. France's story, when he was called to judge this little local affair, which he thought supremely unimportant, Gallion was discussing with his cultured friends the probable future of religion in Rome. At that moment he came in contact with the little bleary-eyed, quarrelsome Jewish tentmaker, who spoke such bad Greek. But no thrill ran through him. After all, Rousseau appeared no more portentous to the amicable and liberal Dupin de Franceuil.

Gallion and his friends naturally ignored St. Paul; they hesitated between the cultus of Hercules and the worship of Orpheus. Were they wholly in the wrong? Most ages and races have had two religions, in fact if not in name; there are those who have deified Suffering, who have gone down with their god into the abyss of the under-world, whose praying hands have been raised there towards some beloved departed spirit, some Eurydice lingering in the shade; and there are those who adore Strength, whose magnanimous Hercules does not even pretend to be divine and yet does battle with death, succours rather than consoles, brings back to her hearth the wife and mother given up for lost, and goes on his way rejoicing. *transiens bene faciendo*. The reasonable Gallion would find to-day many to join him in the cult of Hercules.

Monsieur France would fain be wiser than Gallion, whose mediocrity amuses him, and to whom he seems to say (like Flaubert's Saint Antoine to the Catableps) "Ta stupidité m'attire." He, too, converses with his personages on the future, not only of religion but of society. But it is difficult to be wise before the event. M. France knows his authors, and cites with ease Sir Thomas More and Daniel Halévy, William Morris and Mr. Wells. To him, as to the moderns among them, the characteristic of Europe in the future will be a general urban exodus. There shall be no more towns. It is evident that already, in Belgium, special trains take the workmen from the hamlets to the mines and factories, and restore them to their country homes at night; while Emile Vanderveldt has dreamed of great palaces of industry built by the watersides in the bottoms of green valleys, each solitary in its country place, with the farm buildings clustering round. But it is probable that by the twenty-second century we shall have passed through this phase and come out somewhere quite different—who knows where? Perhaps a chemical synthesis will have dispensed with food: we shall live on a little air and a few grains of carbon, as the ancient Persians dreamed, telling of an age when mankind, happy and regenerate, should need no aliment and cast no shadow. Perhaps new resources will have utterly changed the conditions of life. There are forces in the universe which may possibly act on matter by means which we cannot as yet conceive, and which we must apprehend by other ways than those which our reason or our senses afford us. Gallion, therefore, there are things in heaven and earth undreamed of in your philosophy! And, as you left the Villa Said, to carry your predictions to the printers, perhaps, Monsieur France, you brushed against some haggard youth, in no wise remarkable as yet, whose genius may transform the world we live in more utterly than the inspiration of Paul was to change the ancient face of Rome. There is no harm done by hoping, and we exclaim with old Montaigne: "O la courageuse faculté que l'espérance, qui, en un subject mortel, va usurpant l'infinité, l'immensité, l'éternité! . . . Nature nous a là donné un plaisant jouet!"

MARY DUCLAUX.

THE TROJAN WOMEN

The Trojan Women of Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse with Explanatory Notes by GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D. (George Allen, 2s. net.)

ONE may confidently say that, regarded as a play, this is a work of genius, and that the author is a scholar of the first rank and a poet of no mean order. Not a beauty in the very beautiful play of Euripides is missed or slurred or spoiled. We will not say that there are not here and there omissions of a thought in the original, but never of a really beautiful or outstanding thought. Dr. Murray has managed his rhymed couplets throughout with amazing skill, so as never to produce that effect of meanness or triviality which usually besets rhymed couplets, especially in dialogue. But it is not in man to translate a whole play in rhyme without ever inserting or omitting something in the interests of the rhyme. For instance, in v. 20 (we give the numbers of the

lines in the Greek play, as there is no numeration in the English) "and decay" is *metri gratia*; so are "not a frown," 71; "the garnered East," 477; "as a cup of death," 893; and how can *ἀνδομαρα*, 1187, mean "the pattering welcomes of thy feet"? On the other hand, in 565 a thought in the Greek (not a very striking one) is omitted, and in the italicised words a new thought is interpolated:

"And in the wedded rooms of sleep,
Lo, the desolate dark alone,
And headless things, men stumbled on,"

a graphic touch, and quite in the spirit of the passage, but not to be found in the Greek. Again, a few lines further on, "her wave-born breast," can hardly be accepted as a rendering of *εἰσαία μαρτῶν*, whatever may be the meaning of that very obscure, yet somehow fascinating, phrase.

This is the reason why we would venture to say that Dr. Murray's work is better as a play than as a translation, though in many ways admirable even in the latter capacity. It is full of fine expressions which are also faithful renderings, e.g. (27):

"All God's spirit there
Is sick and turns from worship";

"Kindred and long companionship withal
Most high Athena, are things magical"—(51, 52):

Again, *κηρήν* (192) is "a winter-frozen bee" not "a drone," which spoils the application to the aged Queen.

To take longer passages, the speech of Andromache in which she apostrophises her dead husband (660-671) is both literal and spirited:

"One night.
One night—aye, men have said it, maketh tame
A woman in a man's arms. . . . O shame, shame!
What woman's lips can so forswear her dead,
And give strange kisses in another's bed?
Why, not a dumb beast, not a colt will run
In the yoke untroubled, when her mate is gone—
A thing not in God's image, dull, unmoved
Of reason. O my Hector! best beloved,
That, being mine, wast all in all to me,
My prince, my wise one, O my majesty
Of valiance! No man's touch had ever come
Near me when thou from out my father's home
Didst lead me and make me thine."

And this passage in the wail of Hecuba over Astyanax is faithful to the Greek and full of tenderness (1178-1187):

"Ye tender arms, the same dear mould have ye
As his; how from the shoulder loose ye drop
And weak! And dear proud lips, so full of hope
And closed for ever! What false words ye said
At daybreak, when he crept into my bed,
Called me kind names and promised, 'Grandmother,
When thou art dead I will cut close my hair,
And lead out all the captains to ride by
Thy tomb.' Why didst thou cheat me so? 'Tis I,
Old, homeless, childless, that for thee must shed
Cold tears, so young, so miserably dead."

Here, too, is a very literal lyric and one full of dash, the first *strophe* of the finest choral ode in the play (794-806):

"In Salamis, filled with the foaming
Of billows and murmur of bees,
Old Telamon stayed from his roaming
Long ago, on a throne of the seas;
Looking out on the hills olive-laden
Enchanted, where first from the earth
The grey-gleaming fruit of the Maiden
Athena had birth;

"A soft grey crown for a city
Beloved, a City of Light:
Yet he rested not there, nor had pity,
But went he forth in his might,
Where Heracles wandered, the lonely
Bow-bearer, and lent him his hands
For the wrecking of one land only,
Of Ilion, Ilion only,
Most hated of lands!"

On the whole, it would perhaps have been better if Dr. Murray had followed the example of Mr. Way, and used blank verse save in the lyrical parts. A comparison of his

version with Mr. Way's will show that the latter comes much nearer to the Greek in the non-lyrical portions of the drama, but not so near in the lyrical. We will not sit in judgment on the rival versions beyond saying that Mr. Way's is more of a translation and Dr. Murray's more of a poem, while both renderings are liberally endowed with both qualities.

The Trojan Women is, perhaps, as regards construction, the weakest of the extant Greek tragedies. It has little plot and little or no relief or variety. It is, in the fine words of Tennyson,

"A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

The date of the play was the eventful year 415 B.C., which was the beginning of the downfall of Athens. The year before, while Euripides was composing the tragedy, witnessed the atrocious butchery and enslavement of the Melians by Athens. Dr. Murray sees in the play a reflexion of a time which for thinking people must have been full of pity and foreboding. He calls the play "the crying of one of the great wrongs of the world wrought into music." It is "an intense study of one great situation . . . four figures clearly lit and heroic, the others in varying grades of characterisation, nameless and barely articulate, merely half-heard voices of an eternal sorrow." The notes are full of original observations on mythology and subtle analysis of the *dramatis personæ*.

WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS

William Bodham Donne and his Friends. Edited by CATHERINE B. JOHNSON. With 16 illustrations. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

THE more vividly a natural genius for friendship in an individual is felt by contemporaries, the more difficult it is to present in such a way as to be realised by posterity. It resembles in fact the art of interpretation as applied to music and the drama. The achievements of the great singer or player can only obtain a secondary sort of immortality. They must be taken by those who come after on trust, on evidence of the effect produced at the time, as when Donne says of Jenny Lind, "I would be of no religion that interdicted me from hearing such a divine creature." William Bodham Donne, though a scholar and critic of taste, judgment, and humour, is yet remembered before all else for his incomparable gift for friendship, and in the present collection of letters Mrs. Johnson, his granddaughter, has succeeded, so far as it was possible to succeed, in portraying his personal fascination, which indeed she compares with that of his cousin, the poet Cowper.

The Donnes were probably not descended from the famous Dean of St. Paul's, though Cowper, whose mother was a Donne, believed they were. W. B. Donne was born in 1807, the only child of a Norwich doctor, who, it is said, might have sat to Bulwer-Lytton for the portrait of old Mr. Caxton, even to his tame duck. Both Donne's parents were clever people, and it is most interesting to note the literary associations which began to surround him from his earliest years. At Bury Grammar School he boards with the father of Arabella and Louisa Shore, and he reads with Williams, the friend of Charles Lamb. At Cambridge he is a member of the Apostles' Club together with Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Monckton Milnes, Spedding, Trench, John Sterling, J. M. Kemble, and Charles Buller, whom Mr. Leonard Courtney recently celebrated in a speech which was a perfect model of graceful appreciation. Afterwards Donne is elected to the Sterling Club. His life was uneventful. He married a cousin, who bore him six children, but she was always delicate, and died in 1843. He was fairly happy as a small country gentleman in Norfolk, writing for *Fraser*, the *Edinburgh*, and similar good publications, combined with what was almost hack-work for

publishers. In 1852 he was elected Librarian of the London Library, living in the old house in St. James's Square and busying himself immediately with the catalogue, as to which Mrs. Johnson quotes some interesting figures from *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. He also acted as deputy to Kemble as Examiner of Plays, and on Kemble's death in 1857 was appointed to succeed him, when he gave up the London Library. Queen Victoria, who had a high opinion of him, employed him to manage theatrical performances at Windsor, and allowed him to edit the "Correspondence of George III. with Lord North," which revealed the causes of the American War of Independence. It is pathetic to record that Donne also compiled, at the command of the widowed Queen, a "Register of the Burials of the Prince Consorts." He resigned his examinership in 1874, and died in 1882.

The truth is that Donne's friends were really more remarkable than Donne himself, and most remarkable of all was Edward FitzGerald. His correspondence, unlike some of the other letters, is here published for the first time, and it gives an altogether delightful picture of "Old Fitz." Donne calls him "Diogenes without his dirt." He confesses to so much ease as to make it a question whether, since he cannot find, he should not create for himself some salutary trouble, and consults me if he should marry, or open a Banker's Book. I advise him, however, to let well alone." Fitz did marry, long afterwards, a daughter of the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, another of Donne's cronies. Fitz employs Donne in 1868 to tell Quaritch his views about a new edition of "Omar"—"the whole thing is not worth two letters or two conversations about." Fitz wanted his profit after fifty copies had been sold, but the sale would be slow—"I believe my ghost will have to call upon B. Q. for a reckoning." We have glimpses of Fitz playing the organ in a village church, boating in Norfolk wherries, and slandering a respectable firm of lawyers named White and Barrett by calling them "Bite and Worrit." He likes Carlyle "because he pulls one the opposite side to which all the world are pulling one"; he revels in Trollope's "Phineas Redux" and "Is he Popenjoy?" but he cannot stand Browning, there agreeing with Donne; Newman's "Apologia" he thinks very honest and with some very fine things in it. Here is a fertile passage:

"The Prime Minister's 'Sybil' I found heavy and—strange thing for him—ditto Lord Lytton: so I fastened on 'Bleak House' and thanked God for it and Dickens! Then I bought at the Railway Stall 'Elsie Venner' by O. W. Holmes; very well worth reading, absurd as the motive is, and disproportionate as the Narrative. Holmes is I think a Man of Genius. I believe I never could read Hawthorne's Stories. Ste. Beuve has given me a desire to try 'Gil Blas' once again; which I never could get on with: an odd thing to myself. This time I will begin in the middle and so back if I get to the end."

These must serve as indications of the literary feast which Mrs. Johnson has spread before us. But we cannot resist quoting some of the amusing quips and stories of Donne himself. He finds in his great aunt's diary: "1754, Aug. 7. Nearly choked by a piece of veal—such are thy mercies, Lord, to me, a sinner." In another letter he writes: "Fred has a son. . . . Born at Aden, I imagine it is black; had it been a girl it would have been—a toast." Again, he tells the story of a certain Dr. H., who, in advanced age married a young wife. "Her gossips were condoling with her after the marriage on the long dull evenings she must spend with her old man. She said, 'Oh! they are not dull at all; we play at crocodile.' 'Crocodile, my dear, what's that?' 'Why, after dinner Dr. H. goes on all fours round and round the room, and I ride on his back.'" We like, too, the story of the gamekeeper who repented of his marriage: "'It is very strange how fond I was of that woman; I could have eat her'—adding, after a pause, 'and I wish to God I had.'" Considering the difficulty of the task before her, Mrs. Johnson has succeeded remarkably well, and though it takes a great subject to make a great biography, no little of the charm and humour of William Bodham Donne may be found in these welcome pages.

HAKLUYT

Hakluytus Posthumus: Purchas His Pilgrimes. Contayning a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Lande Travells by Englishmen and Others. By SAMUEL PURCHAS, B.D. Vols. I. and II. (MacLehose, 12s. 6d. each.)

"IF Man had continued in his first integritie," says Samuel Purchas in one of his quaint asides, "Meum and Tuum had never proved such quarrelling Pronounes, to make War more than grammaticall, in setting all the Parts of Speech together by the eares." "But sinne entered into the world," and the Anabaptists and Papists did the rest. How Britain might have fared if some of her hardy sons had not defeated the machinations of the greedy world outside her borders, Master Purchas gave his life to explain. To him, "Navigations" needed something more than casual commendation. "By sinne Man became a worldly Pilgrime." He works up a vast fabric of argument on this theme with all the elaboration of a *piece justificative*. Of course, theological bias must be discounted. The man who flatters his king and country by assuming that Psalm 147 was written in their honour is doubtless guided by a theory of history which is untenable. And the apologies of Purchas for tediousness are not ill-timed. Still, his great work remains a treasury of information, and Messrs. MacLehose of Glasgow are to be congratulated in making accessible to a larger public what scholars have long regarded with a quite peculiar affection.

Born in Essex, Purchas gloried in the East Anglian name. In one sense, if never physically, he was himself invigorated by the air he breathed. His surroundings infected his imagination, and imagination is everything to an historical writer. Thus he came to write calmly of the fact that he never travelled into any of the lands whose wonders touched his mind so strongly. With this intense, this unconquerable belief that the work he was attempting had the life-germ of interest within it may be contrasted the limitations of which he must have been conscious. Hard-working, upright, benevolent, and successful; never at a loss for a friend or a patron; he might well have sunk to the level of his predecessors and successors in the cures he held. But the wonders of the distant lands enchained his thoughts, and the sea, close at hand, set them working for posterity. Not vainly did he observe—"The Sea is a School of Sobrietie and Temperance." Your land-lubber, less vigorously inspired, might easily be misled by travellers' tales. Purchas, indulging in a form of word-play which other writers have tried without much success to make fashionable, warns his readers that they must not come to him for "wonder-foole fables." The scientific spirit had few more valiant precursors.

Of the material success which rendered this vale of tears tolerable to Purchas little need be said; and his very difficulties elude the searcher. As Vicar of Eastwood he spent ten years; another decade was given to London work; and then the end. The second period followed very naturally on the first. From one point of view the Eastwood period is the more interesting. In that parish, of which the records go back to the days of the Confessor, his name stands out on an otherwise insignificant roll. And there, in sight of Thames broadening to the sea, and with sailor-men ever coming and going to inspire him, he daily renewed his determination that he should make and leave something behind for which discoverers of his own and the England of a later day should be grateful. This plan residence in London enabled him to fulfil.

Except in one point—to lovers of literature the most important—Purchas neither claimed nor aimed at greatness. We should suppose that, on the whole, he might contentedly rest himself upon "the modest but indispensable virtues of a compiler." His aim was to collect all the information of travel possible, not merely to incorporate with sundry speculations of his own the materials which Hakluyt had left at his disposal. He might have antici-

pated, and probably did anticipate, that the facts which he garnered with such assiduity would be utilised as a quarry for historians and biographers to draw from. For this we may be grateful. Purchas preserved a great deal which must otherwise have been lost. He stands, as it were, at the threshold of a new age, an age of discovery. It is when a great new movement is beginning that the danger of losing important records is the greatest. This Purchas recognised, and he acted accordingly. We are the gainers.

If this were all, even the enthusiasm of the Hakluyt Society, which has never lost sight of Purchas, would be insufficient to justify the elaborate re-publication of these records. Their real claim to consideration lies in their style. In their pungency, their wit, their unexpected turns of expression, their irresistible quaintness, we find what will grow, if we are not mistaken, till Purchas reaches the enviable position of a quoted and quotable classic.

There is an equal quality about the book regarded as a whole. To break out into rhythmical praise of the greatness of the world or the goodness of the Almighty is of second nature to Master Purchas. The fact enhances the interest of the narratives of travellers which he has so methodically collated and preserved. Here pictures are drawn by eye-witnesses which lack nothing in brilliancy, boldness, or candour. Take, for instance, the exploits of Thomas Candish, a cheerful plunderer from Essex, who navigated "alongst" the coast of Chili, burning and sinking everything he could not turn to his own advantage, which pleasing intelligence he communicates, with due respect, to the Lords of the Privy Council. Trade naturally followed to the profit of these adventurous souls; some, on the other hand, were engineered by peaceable acceptance of the rights of others. All is grist to this collector's mill, and the only beings against whom Purchas inveighs with unreasonable rancour are the Dutch. That sentiment is easily explained, whilst one of the most interesting of the records of travel in these copious volumes may serve to discount it. For William Adams, whose memory to this day receives annual tribute in the streets of Yedo, obtained his earliest Japanese concessions through his connection with Dutch trade. The rest he did for himself. His dealings with Iyéyasu are as romantic as any recorded in the history of travel. Not less valuable to those who are interested in geographical research are the chapters of these volumes which deal with the illustrious Drake, with the intrepid Magellan, with Smith, Lancaster, Davis, Michelborne, and a host of others; whilst every page connected with the gradual rise of the fortunes of the East India Company is worthy, not merely of perusal, but of careful study.

Three thousand pages (a fragment of the whole) naturally contain some redundancies; but nothing could be swept away without injuring the whole. A worthy breadth of purpose underlies the enthusiasm of the author for everything relating to a wider knowledge of the world. Whilst he stands for England, first and last, there is a rejoicing over the worthy and heroic exploits of other nations, over the Ophirian triumphs of the past, or over the nearer achievements of Prince Henry the Navigator. These things would be of less conclusive import if the method of the writer were less vigorous or his style less picturesque. The style is the man, after all; and you have but to read the worthy scholar's will to realise his power over the English tongue. Ever and anon in the course of fervid argument or reasoned appeal he pours out his heart in language which deserves to stand with that of the familiar English Prayer-book. Overshadowed though Purchas may have been by the fame of Hakluyt, and different in quality from that of his friend though his work must be reckoned, the world would be poorer without these volumes; and we congratulate those who have spiritedly put them forth in this most worthy, well-printed, well-illustrated form. It has been said that, as an editor, this untravelled observer of his fellow pilgrims was not always judicious or, as a witness, faithful. There is dross with

the gold, no doubt, but the mass is genuine; and a science somewhat neglected amongst us will be appreciably served by a fuller recognition of the merits of Samuel Purchas, whose name should stand henceforward a degree higher upon the roll of East Anglian worthies.

FLORENCE

Florence and Some Tuscan Cities. Painted by Colonel R. C. GOFF, described by CLARISSA GOFF. (Black, 20s. net.)

COLONEL GOFF'S water-colours of the landscape and old towns of Tuscany have been much admired in London, and those who know them will rejoice that he was chosen to illustrate Florence in the pleasant series of colour books that Messrs. Black are bringing out. Residing at Fiesole during many months of the year, he has had opportunities of painting Florence and the hills that bound Valdarno in storm and sunshine, in wintry weather, on windy days of March, and in summer glow, so that his choice of subjects is far more varied and his knowledge of the atmospheric conditions far more intimate than those of the passing tourist from England can ever be. The process of reproduction adapts itself equally well to gay and sombre subjects; to studies of dazzling sunshine like "The Steps of San Girolamo," or such cool, quiet landscapes as "The Old Road to Fiesole," lined by that delightful cypress avenue which has often furnished the artist with subjects for his etching needle.

In Florence itself he is especially inspired by the Ponte Vecchio and the strange, tall houses that rise near it, sheer from the Arno. Then he takes us out to the country, to Arcetri, the Certosa di Val d'Ema (described by an oversight as a Cistercian convent), and Fiesole; and then still further afield to Prato, Pistoia, Pisa, Viareggio, where the shipbuilding yards and pinewoods most delight him and us, and at length to Lucca. Would that we could travel in his company on to Volterra, San Gimignano, and Siena; but a plentiful feast has been provided, and it would be greedy to ask for more, when there are seventy-five water-colours already to bring a ray of Italian sunshine into our dusky London rooms.

To this charming series of pictures Mrs. Goff has provided an agreeable and easily-written commentary. Too easily written, we fear, to be quite exact in all its information; but this is not a text-book, and we need not be too angry when we read of frescoes by Raphael in the Sistine Chapel, and of a pupil of Ghirlandaio working forty-eight years before the master was born. Mrs. Goff is at her best when she leaves the town for the country, and when she turns from history to describing the life of the Tuscan people of to-day, their festivals, quaint observances, and ancient superstitions. The last chapter of the book is devoted entirely to such subjects, and it is one of the most enjoyable.

HEREDITARY ROYAL NURSES

"When thou wast young, I bore thee in my arm
Full tenderly, till thou began to gang;
And in thy bed oft happit thee full warm.
With lute in hand syne sweetly to thee sang;
Sometime in dancing feirallie I flang;
And sometime playing farsis on the flure;
And sometime on my office taking cure."

THE latest report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission is on the papers of the Earl of Mar and Kellie. Those old charter chests, interesting to historians and antiquarians, have also yielded up much that will delight the novelist and the student of social progress. The Erskines for over a century were the hereditary guardians of the royal Scottish children and must have had no small part in moulding the characters of their future rulers. The third Lord Erskine was guardian of James IV. The fourth Lord

was killed at Flodden; to the fifth was given the charge of James V. There is a curious tenderness in the arrangements made for the boy at Stirling Castle. Lord Erskine has to instruct him in all "gude vertuis & to ly in the King's chalmers." It is supposed that the confinement there will be very irksome for a spirited boy such as James V. would be, for it is further decreed that if he wishes "to pas for solace to the Park of Stirling or the Abbay of Cambuskynneth" it must be "in right fair and soft wedder." Did that good knight of old in his faithful care really employ such modern coddling in his anxiety? One of the boy's tutors was "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King at Arms," and to this fine old courtier he would call, with the inveterate love of nicknames and the kindly familiarity of those early times, "Pa-Da-Lin." He was the "nurse" who wrote the verse we commence with. That James gratefully remembered the fidelity and love of this John Lord Erskine is shown in his testament in 1540. He is going on a voyage "to our Ilis be sea & knowing the uncertane adventures that may fall to all maner of men great & small" he leaves his dearest son in Erskine's keeping. Later this same Lord had charge of Mary for a time in her infancy, and it was she who ennobled him as Earl of Mar. To his son again, in 1566, she wrote: "We haif thought gude to put in your hands our dearest sone your naturall Prince to be conservit, nurist and upbrocht within our said Castell of Striveling under your tutill & guidance." It would seem that the lonely boy James VI., fatherless and with a runaway mother, yet found real parent love in this Earl and the Countess his mother. After all, Mary, unable to guard and tend him herself, selected the best she had experience of, in this loyal nurse. Among the numerous servants in the royal establishment at Stirling there are four "Violaris," named Hudson, brothers apparently who had a servant to wait on them. So James was not to be without the refining influence of sweet sounds. We wonder whether Mary with her passion for song and music had with motherly love provided for some probable instinct in the boy. It could hardly be an ordinary detail, four musicians in attendance on one child. There were also seven "Rokaris," some of them apparently ladies of birth, for, beside the very plebeian Jeane Crummy, there appears The Ladie Kyppinross. "Rok" is an old Scots word for spinning-wheel. The life of women, great and simple, in old Scotland must have been largely bound up with that curious word "Rok." The next entry speaks at once of French civilisation. It concerns the "Lavandrie" (the laundry), the head of which is "Margaret Balcomie, lavender." In strict fashion the piety and learning of James is provided for. Godly, honourable conversation must be used always "as a pattern to so notable a personage," and no example of "ungodly & lycht behaweour be gewin be any persone quhair of the imitation may do hurt to his Hychtnes tenderness." Perhaps this training, so peculiarly Scottish, accounted for a British Solomon eventually adorning the throne and providing inspiration for the translators of the Bible. There is no doubt that James returned the affection and care spent on him by the Earl and Countess. He addressed the Countess in a letter as "Lady Minny" (Minny is old Scots for mother), thanking her for fruit, and boyishly adding he is ready for more whenever she pleases to send it! He is looking forward to seeing her "quhilk sall be as schortlie as I may, God willing, & sa fair ye weill as I do, thanks to God." His love and familiarity with his foster-father shows in the nickname he calls him by, "John Slates." In one letter he says, "John Slaitis your long absence has made me so to long." There are several letters to the Earl and Countess from Elizabeth testifying her gratitude for their care of "our dear yong coosyn, the Prince," and that in any peril she will always give her assistance for his safety. The Countess, his "governant," has the especial thanks of her "lovinge frenle Elizabeth R." When James comes to the throne Mar is his adviser, and to him he entrusts all the money matters which had been mishandled by "cair-

less & greedie officairis." He gives his son Henry into his charge, saying in the ordinance that "his fader & guidshire be three discentis togidder hes had the custodie & governance of the soverane princes of this realme in thair tender & younge aige." In the household of this prince at Stirling there occurs a name which has since become famous—"Gilbert Prymrois, chirurgiane." After that the name occurs frequently. In 1622 the Earl sends a letter to the Marquess of Buckingham by a bearer, "Archibald Prymrois one of his Majesty's old servants," and James writes of sending the same messenger. In the next generation there is a Clerk to the Privy Council, James Primrose, and before the report closes we find the Earl of Rosebery residing at Barnbogle Castle on the Forth. As governors, tutors, guides, friends, it can be guessed the influence those loyal Erskines must have had in moulding the characters of their future kings in whose hands was the conduct of these stormy times. A letter from James in 1594 to Mar conveys, even in the midst of its affectionate wording, a sense of that sovereign's ever present feeling of divinity. "Because Milorde youre house hes bene sa honest to my forebearis, youre self had the honour to be brocht up with me, sensyne marrit my aunte & gottin the keeping of my tua greatest strengthis, and (quhilke is maist of all) of my eldest & only sonne, I thinke of reason I can lippin maire to nane & nane can be maire obleist to me." In spite of an endeavour to balance the mutual obligations there is a pathetic note in this. But for the Erskines, James' lonely and unhappy youth had been doubly hard, and now, surrounded by self-interested counsellors and officers, he has no one to "lippin to" in the old Scots phrase. Many of James' letters to Mar are concerning cases of wrong-doing and suffering among his subjects, and his interest in the needy and in old pensioners is a very pleasing feature of his character. He keeps an eye, too, on any product of Scotland of which he thinks the best is due him. In 1620 he writes: "Wee understande that these manie years there have not bene so manie nor as good hawkes bred in that our kingdome as have bene this year, notwithstanding whereof we have not had anie sent to us. This yee must cause be amended for if wee be unfurnished from thence wee shall forgette to cause pay your pension." James in the character of an irate and defrauded sportsman is not the James of history. James was not generous, and he writes painfully about a pension "for an olde servant that hath long served us being at great charges everie yeare to bring us houndes & attend us in our winter sports," winding up conscientiously, "wee are verie willing to do him good." Another letter from James to his wife, Anne of Denmark, should be quoted in full. She had been annoyed that when James succeeded to Elizabeth's throne, Henry, her eldest son, continued to stay in the charge of the Earl of Mar, and thought that James was in some plot to deprive her of her son. To her expostulation he answers: "I thanke God I carrie that love & respect unto you which be the law of God & nature I ought to do to my wife & mother of my children, but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for whether ye waire a king's or a cook's daughter ye must be all alyke to me being once my wife." What we know of Henry Stewart disposes us to imagine that his training had been wiser and more determined than that which moulded or left "to hang as it grew" the unfortunate character of Charles. When Charles began his ill-judged and autocratic methods this same Mar endeavoured to hold him back. He gives long accounts of the discussions of the Scottish Privy Council and the remonstrances and answers of Charles.

COMPULSORY GREEK

It is no wonder if the main point of the question came to be obscured by the discussion at Cambridge; for the reformers, so long as they were banded together against the abuse, held an unassailable position, but as soon as

they faced the practical difficulties, and formulated a scheme, they fell a prey to criticism, and divided even their own party. The essence of the matter will, however, with every discussion win wider attention, until some remedy is devised. The complaint is that the majority of boys educated at our public schools and universities waste the most of their time and receive a comparatively useless education.

Of the advantage of Greek to those who really learn it, and of the importance of maintaining its study in England, there can hardly be two opinions; but this conviction cannot be made a reason for imposing the study upon that large class of boys who are found by experience to resist the instruction, and at the end of ten years to know nothing of it that can be regarded as of value.

Considering the universal aptitude of youth to learn, and the invaluable nature of the opportunity for useful and sound teaching, which, if it be not seized at the hour, is for ever lost, it is a blunder of almost superhuman stupidity to arrange our national education so that the majority should have enforced on them the study of a subject, in which it is foreseen that they will never acquire any proficiency.

With few exceptions the boys who thus fail are not stupid; they are merely not inclined towards that particular kind of thinking. They are brimful of life-interests, curiosity, nascent emotions and common sense; and if they do not take kindly to the details of the grammar of a dead language, that is owing to a not wholly ungenerous bent of nature, and it is absurd to fight against it.

That so large a proportion of assistant masters should have condemned the present system is an overwhelming testimony of active experience against it. Traditional institutions in full working order do not often condemn themselves.

My friends sometimes tell me that I am extreme and optimistic in my opinions about education; however that may be, my belief is that it is generally waste of time to attempt to teach any one anything which he does not wish to learn. I say, if a boy does not take an interest in his work, then that is due either to the work being unsuited to his present capacity, or to its being wrongly presented to him. The boy is full of lively interest, and it is only by his interest that he can be educated. The old Greek notion of education being the delightful employment of leisure was perfectly sound, and holds still. Human nature has not changed; and if the teachers in our schools find the boys unapt to learn, then that is due to the matter or manner of the teaching; unless perhaps the vulgar conventions of a luxurious home have deadened a boy's soul, in which case he has to be reawakened, and in good company may easily be awaked.

The enormous waste of time which the present tuition of Greek entails in a boy's education is best appreciated by reckoning up what might have been pleasantly taught to him in the same time.

And it is not only a mere negative damage; for the boy may come to dislike all his work, and to distract his mind from it. He is then thought stupid, and then he thinks himself to be stupid, until he really sometimes becomes stupid. For his developing mind needs to be led, encouraged and assisted; not to be hemmed in, bullied and thwarted.

I think it a good practical suggestion that boys should not begin Greek before fifteen years of age. I do not see why every one should not agree to that. Those who began at fifteen would know as much at seventeen as they do now: and it would be easier at fifteen than at eleven or twelve to distinguish those who were fitted for the study. The reason why Greek is begun at an earlier age is, I suppose, because of the numerous money-scholarships which are yearly given away to precocious and to overworked boys, whose successes advertise the efficiency of rival preparatory schools. This is an abuse very difficult to combat, but discreditable to our system of classical education, with its boastful repudiation of immediate practical results. The

throwing open of all scholarships to general competition seems to be merely a premium on precocity and an early cramming of the classics; and it must be an actual discouragement to all other kinds of merit.

Some most desirable reforms are now likely to be ensured by the activity of the Classical Association. First among these must come a reasonable pronunciation of Latin, which would be the basis of sound philology; and this means a re-editing and reprinting of all the Latin textbooks; then a real familiarity with the language, gained by intelligent and wider reading: then a reform of the examinations, which must learn to smile on real attainment, not on the minimum of faults. And I would advocate the utter extermination of the unreadable compendiums and summaries of history, which are a torture of disgust and dreariness, and should be replaced by the full narratives, whether originals or translations, which are as naturally attractive as the others are repelling.

I do not wish to deny the existence of the famous "utilitarian spirit of the age," nor of "the popular demand for efficiency;" but no credit is to be got out of inefficiency; and if we look to the Universities to save us from vulgar ideals, they must justify learning by ridding it of abuses; indeed this safeguarding of classical education and the humanities is almost their primary duty. And since it is obvious that neither Oxford nor Cambridge can ever expand so as to teach fully and completely all the branches of modern science and art—nor indeed to compete in this manner with such a University as Berlin—it might perhaps be the first step of a wise policy for the old Universities to decide exactly what they are capable of containing, and what they would determine not to meddle with: in which case they could keep what are sometimes called the historic subjects in their present pre-eminence: and with respect to Greek it would seem to me that the standard of the study would be immediately raised, if it was confined to those who understood it, and intended to prosecute it: but here no doubt the main difficulty lies, and I do not pretend to know the solution.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

GEORGE HERBERT

AMONG the books that I love to have in my bedroom "The Temple" is a chief favourite, but perhaps something ought to be said about what I regard as the leading characteristic of a bedroom book. To begin with negatives, it ought not to be such a book as will allure one into continuous reading, because that leads to excitement, and excitement does not conduce to sleep. It ought not to be a book that one turns to for reference, but rather one full of interesting passages, interspersed in a desert of sand, and I confess that is how I regard George Herbert. There are some hundreds of his verses which seem to have no appeal at all. They are all of them clever, many too ingeniously so, and they are all pure and fresh, but the spirit that evoked them is one that has passed away. Possibly enough there are as many devout people living to-day as there were when Herbert was preaching at Bemerton, but their devotion has taken a new form, and it is with a certain regretful pathos that one recalls the pure and simple faith of childhood, when the village choir seemed to discourse heavenly airs and the white-haired rector, I fancy I can see him now, spoke with a kindness native to himself and an authority that seemed to come direct from heaven. Perhaps then Herbert might have had more appeal than he has now.

What a great deal is blown from our mind by the winnowing fan of time! Yet it is chaff, or at the most light grain, that goes to the breeze; it is the solid corn that remains, and there are passages in George Herbert's poems as eternally living as the gravest passages in the "Odyssey" or as the "Book of Job" itself. Witness this as a sentence

to go to sleep with, yet as no benediction but pregnant with the melancholy indifference of the wind itself:

"Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, It doth suffice:
Henceforth repose; your work is done."

To remember this is much better than to read it, because in the very next verse we find Herbert reverting to his merely irritating ingenuity. If he had left the poem ending on that solemn phrase "Your work is done," it would have been a masterpiece, but he must needs proceed:

"Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks."

It is curious that the first verse of this poem and the last should be equally bad, whereas the two middle verses and the one we have quoted give at its best that fine melancholy which was one of Herbert's most remarkable characteristics.

"What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharged the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought, was fome."

"Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde."

It is the misplaced ingenuity which renders so much of Herbert unreadable to-day. In verse ingenuity is a very varying quantity. The intricate and difficult measures which have to be threaded before the very artificial verses which the French delighted in making can be imitated or produced, demand an ingenuity the effect of which is delightful, but to torture words so that when the poem is printed it may resemble a pair of Easter wings or a communion chalice is to sacrifice the poetic to the merely ingenious. That, however, was the turn of George Herbert's mind, and without it he never could have constructed "The Temple" with all its different phases, stages and steps. It is very easy to imagine the gifted and whimsical parson walking by the river that ripples past the sweet old garden at Bemerton, his face lighting up at one moment with the look that follows poetic inspiration, at another twinkling curiously as he devised some new conceit that would surprise and please his friends at the moment, however dull we may find it now. And there is no doubt that he wanted artistry to have been a great poet. Take the best known and the most exquisite of all the poems he has written; and it will be seen that the first two verses have won for the poem its reputation.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night
For thou must die

"Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die."

The are still delightful to read, delightful to remember but in the third the inspiration has gone and the poet is flat and ingenious.

"Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die."

The fourth verse suffers too from this vice of ingenuity but is almost saved by the strength and beauty of the metaphor it contains:

"Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

Somewhat sadly one reflects at times on the little that is really immortal. Out of the whole body of English literature there is after all only enough verse of the very highest quality to make a moderate sized volume, and when we take a particular poet, a tiny leaflet would be enough to hold all that is vital of him. One turns the pages of Herbert and says with Browning on a different occasion: "Not verse, now, only prose." His Church Porches and his Jordans, his Church Music and his Monuments, even his sighs and his groans, the verses he made for Easter and Christmas and the other Church festivals, his outpourings on obedience and the other Christian virtues, how dull and dead they all seem to us to-day! To look over the book seems like wandering in a desert of sand, though it makes us all the happier to come upon a green oasis like this:

"Love built a stately house; where Fortune came;
And spinning phantasies, she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

"Then Pleasure came, who liking not the fashion,
Began to make Balcones, Terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration:
But rev'rend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

"Then enter'd sinne, and with that Sycomore,
Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,
Working and winding sliely evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore
But Grace shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

"Then Sinne combined with Death in a firm band,
To rase the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withstand
But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before."

Yet if the treasures are few they are very precious. In certain moods perhaps even they would lack attraction, but there are other moods in which no poet seems to have more power to console, none more ability to sustain than George Herbert. You may out of his whole collection of verse gather one sweet little posy that may well remind you of the handful of flowers that no doubt were again and again plucked by him in the sweet and tranquil garden past which the Arun runs, and which the parsonage he restored still overlooks. There is no other spot in England which imparts to the visitor such a feeling of peace and rest, just as the tiny church at the other side of the road touches a religious instinct which would have no response in the stateliest cathedral. I think that for the bedside there is no more suitable book than "The Temple."

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

WILLIAM BARNES, the poet, was pleased when a little child referred to honey as Bee-jam. "That's interesting," he said, "to the philologist. Every mother should keep a book of the sayings of her child." And certainly, one thinks with regret of the gems that must fall untreaured so often by frolicking companions or unimaginative maids. What brother or sister would register the phrase of the little girl so comfortably tired by fun that even bed-time lost its sting? "I don't mind going, I really don't. . . . It's quite the favourite of my treat." Or the prettiness of her saying when her father was away: "When he comes home then, you'll tell him my love?"

Wynken and Blynken are a girl and boy, and Nod is a younger boy. Blynken has seven years and a half and an unparalleled flow of words. He thinks in images, and metaphor to him is a frequent part of speech.

"Well, I took off the top, and just put in the spoon and all the egg came caterpillaring out."

Or, in description of curling up in bed: "I don't like

being straight out! I lie like the Moon, like D, when I lie in bed."

Or again:

"We didn't mind—we were as cheerful as rats in a kitchen, but Nannie had on, rather, her lock-up scowl."

A lady of great finish in social manner called on his mother, when she was out.

"Did you like her?"

"Yes, I did. But you know, she was rather an O-how-sweet, O-how-precious kind of lady. I don't care much, you know, for those sort of kiss-about women, do you?"

It was, he, too, who showed his mother the eulogy of a lover when she seasoned some rebuke with praise.

"I have to say this to make it clear to you, just because you are all the world to me."

"And you," with both arms tightly encompassing, "And you, are Heaven and the North Pole to me."

Nod is less articulate and altogether of a more sober cast of mind. He is five years old, and misplaces words perfectly now and then. A hair-cutter, pleased with the silky mousiness of his head, said "nice hair" in his foreign voice. Nod drove home a little later with slightly colouring cheeks.

"I heard that man telling you what gentle hair I had."

Their mother has learnt many things in their company, but one fact definitely, is hers. It is that on the whole her children teach her more than she teaches them. What a flood of light Blynken's answer let in on the subject of merit and reward. For if we are honest because honesty is the best policy how shall honesty profit then the soul? Something disagreeable was required of him, and to gain his own ends he carried on a conversation from the floor, on the flat of his back.

"Are you going to put your boots on?"

"No."

"You'd be sorry if the others went without you?"

"No."

"Well, get ready quickly and you shall each have a banana to eat upon the way."

And a voice from the floor with no hint of movement in it: "This enticing makes no difference."

His mother sat down to think.

Wynken reads to herself with great zest and application. She is not one to stay for the individual word, she is after the sense of the matter. "One of those great generals, you know, Trepoleon or somebody."

But how she illumined the situation when she exclaimed, quivering in some childish rage: "By mistake, I will pinch Nod."

Like some pellucid stream that gives in half-veiled imagery the surrounding reeds and trees, so in the transparent depths of child-nature, we may often see, to our confusion, a semblance of our own. How little we change, after all! Wynken had a doll-negress by whom she set great store. "Black Mairly's broken, mummie." Face and voice alike of woe.

"O, I'm sorry, how did it happen?"

"Well, it happend this morning, when I was . . . very quietly . . . breaking her, in bed."

The infinite variety of a child's mind makes it the sure purveyor of the unexpected. As when Blynken started on this cheerfully-chanted list in the animated hour of the bath. "The towel has the bath, and the bath has the soap, the soap has the fat, and the fat has the pig. The pig has the bran and the bran makes the sausages. Man has the sausages and God has man."

Or, again, it confers the power of acute alternative. The preacher mounted the pulpit, bowing his head in prayer.

"Is he Jesus?"

"No."

"Then, is he Punch?"

Nod may not be so glib of tongue, but he has his thoughts, and long ones. He is a dreamer, too. "You know, moth', sometimes I get fixed in such dreadful dreams. Houses all broken and tumbling, and ground turning to water."

Men fighting and scrambling, all like this . . . and *people walking in burnt places*." But it was Blynken who said after a feverish sleep, "He'd been jumping out of stuff-balconies all night." And does not that give you the sagging foothold of a dream?

"Go to the window, Nod, and tell me what kind of day it is."

"A very shining one. There's a sun, but I can't see the round sun. The sky's yellow, you know, not a moon. And I don't see the sun, only the lightening of it."

It was Wynken who asked her mother: "Why do grand-dukes and grand pianos have the same name?" And it was she who cried out in her great pleasure on the beach: "I wonder how God got it in his heart to make the Sea!"

The doctor prescribed a powder with a grain of mercury in it; and Blynken: "Am I to swallow Jupiter's messenger then?"

He was amusing himself with a dusting brush in his hand one day, and he stopped in front of a mantelpiece. It represented a nymph in floating draperies, poised on one impossible toe. It held his full and considering eye for a moment. Then he twirled his brush in her face. "Up! hussy, with your needless dancing."

It was he also who enumerated to his mother the grateful pleasures of returning home. "And there'll be Nannie, so glad to see us, standing at the door with her Hippodrome-grin on."

"Do you know, moth', in your garden, very nearly you've got a poppy?"

And "there's the moon, there's the moon," shouts Nod.

"Yes, there's the moon," answers Blynken; "and there's the melancholy face I always see in the moon."

"This fly in amber lived thousands of years ago."

"Did it? . . . Then perhaps it settled on the nose of an early Briton."

There are those who add something to the talk; who bring bricks to the building.

"Aren't we radiant people?" his happy voice exclaims as he springs upstairs full of some preposterous plan.

But there are times when even a mother's comprehension is nonplussed, or at least must stand at gaze.

"And I know what 'smell' is in French, moth'!"

"What?"

"Phlegm."

Or "Some people, I suppose, if they didn't quite *know*, might speak of the Virgin Mary as Mrs. God?"

And those last surprising questions, that are put just before dropping off to sleep; sometimes in such astonishing conjunction.

"What does 'tabernacle' mean?" . . .

"Oh does it? I thought it was some kind of bait." Then a pause with a comfortable yawn in it.

"Do you think God has got a God?"

Their mother is employed and entirely edified when she is one of this company of four. She is profoundly contented while with them, too, and can sit looking at a field or a wood for some time in a state of fatuous contemplation of her calling. She is fond, as every woman must be, of going upstairs and seeing them in bed. For she never tires of the contrast the spectacle affords—these rollickers, these madcaps, "snared by sleep."

One night, for the sheer love of it, she lingered in the darkened room. Nothing but the sound of quiet breathing; a thing so ineffably soft that you must stoop to hear it. The slender ray of the night-light hardly penetrates the shadows, and she sees three pillows barely dinted, in repose.

Then a rustle; and one head raised.

"Moth', how many sausages could you make out of a pig?"

PAMELA TENNANT.

ON A REDBREAST SINGING AT THE GRAVE OF PLATO

(IN THE GROVE OF ACADEME)

THE rose of gloaming everywhere!
And through the silence cool and sweet
A song falls through the golden air
And stays my feet—
For there! . . .
This very moment surely I have heard
The sudden, swift, incalculable word
That takes me o'er the foam
Of these empurpling, dim Ionian seas,
That takes me home
To where
Far on an isle of the far Hebrides
Sits on a spray of gorse a little home-sweet bird.

The great white Attic poplars rise,
And down their tremulous stairs I hear
Light airs and delicate sighs.
Even here
Outside this grove of ancient olive-trees,
Close by this trickling murmuring stream,
Was laid long, long ago, men say,
That lordly Prince of Peace
Who loved to wander here from day to day,
Plato, who from this Academe
Sent radiant dreams sublime
Across the troubled seas of time,
Dreams that not yet are passed away,
Nor faded grown, nor grey,
But white, immortal are
As that great star
That yonder hangs above Hymettos' brow.

But now
It is not he, the Dreamer of the Dream,
That holds my thought.
Greece, Plato, and the Academe
Are all forgot:
It is as though I am unloosed by hands:
My heart aches for the grey-green seas
That hold a lonely isle
Far in the Hebrides,
An isle where all day long
The redbreast's song
Goes fluting on the wind o'er lonely sands.

So beautiful, so beautiful
Is Hellas, here.
Divinely clear
The mellow golden air,
Filled, as a rose is full,
Of delicate flame:
And oh the secret tides of thought and dream
That haunt this slow Kephisian stream!
But yet more sweet, more beautiful, more dear
The secret tides of memory and thought
That link me to the far-off shore
For which I long—
Greece, Plato, and the Academe forgot
For a robin's song!

FIONA MACLEOD.

FICTION

Gossip; a Novel. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THE writer who calls himself "Benjamin Swift" has by his previous work gained for that name a reputation—a reputation which we believe to have been deserved. But assuredly it was not by work such as this. Had the critic to judge him solely by the present novel, it would be difficult to understand at all Mr. Swift's admitted repute. These things unfortunately happen. When a writer has achieved the difficult conquest of a name, and publishers are ready to pay for that name, it is no easy virtue, under the urgency of circumstances, to refrain from profiting by their readiness. He may well accommodate his conscience to make the many facile books pay for the occasional book written with serious art. This, perhaps, rather than slovenliness or lack of earnest purpose, explains the backsliding which too often follows success, whether represented by the letters R.A. or by a circulation at Mudie's.

If we are to regard this novel as the harmless necessary pot-boiler (is it so harmless, though it may, alack, be necessary?) or from whatever cause, the fact remains that "*Gossip*" will not allow the reviewer enthusiasm. It is a novel of which the formula holds that "there is nothing in it." It calls for no activities of blame, it is negatively virtuous; but it has no positive quality on which praise can fasten. It is a plain story plainly and directly told. Now to tell a plain story plainly is surely an excellent good thing, and an excellence not very common in these days. But it is a negative merit, an eschewing of the superfluous, and (unless the telling, besides plainness, have charm) leaves the tale dependent on its inherent interest. But Mr. Swift's narrative-manner—here, at least—is plain without charm; and the tale is not of inherent interest. The plot is not particularly original, does not aim to be exciting, and therefore holds the reader with but a languid attention. Evidently, one would say, the plot is not the thing: one is reduced, from all outward tokens, to conceive it planned as a novel of character.

Now, character may be treated analytically, or it may be treated synthetically—the persons may reveal themselves in talk and their reaction to circumstance. The methods are not mutually exclusive; and it is by the predominance of the one or the other that we classify novel and novelist. So resolved an analyst as Mr. Henry James makes large and subtle use of characterisation through dialogue and even (though much less) through act. Scott, whom no one calls analyst, has yet his passages of analysis. We will not say that "*Gossip*" is never analytic; but certainly it will trouble no reader by subtle dissection of motive. There remains the synthetic method, the display of character in talk and act. This, we are bound to think, is what Mr. Swift intended. There is talk and there is act; and, Mr. Swift being a practised novelist, both have a measure of significance. But it is an obvious measure. Except in this mild, nay, elementary measure, they are not revelatory; their suggestion of personality "hangs fire," it has a perfunctoriness. In a word, there is no character, save after the ambling, semi-conventional fashion possible to far weaker novelists. Only a certain sureness and cultivated ease in the performance hints a hand capable of stronger work. But these figures, blocked out at the beginning, and arousing an interest of expectation as to what the sculptor will make of them, are carried no further. Not one of them ever wakes to life. The author, we feel, has no warmth towards them, and cannot therefore breathe into them the heat, the seedling-spark of vitality. They are not creations, for he does not feel the love of the creator towards his creatures, without which nothing is created. The life of the artist transferred to his imaginations vitalises the caricatures of Dickens. For lack of that inbreathed life, these sober and rational figures do not live.

Practically, in truth, there is no character. And what remains? Some occasional description, which has a

literary touch, without being remarkable. And a novel which arrests not by plot, nor character, nor charm of narrative, is surely a novel which fails. The best we can say of it is that the characters, if they had been realised rather than unfulfilled intentions of character, are at least not conventional types. Mr. Swift can and should do better things than "*Gossip*."

Barham of Beltana. By W. E. NORRIS. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. NORRIS' large public will doubtless give a cordial welcome to this book which is quite up to his average and shows on every page the hand of an experienced storyteller. The scenes are pleasantly varied, the situations quietly effective, and the characters consistent though not vital. As we expect, the new world meets the old. The Barhams, father, son and daughter, decide to come to England from Tasmania—a place that somehow suggests apples in everyday life, and in the realm of fiction convicted felons of fierce determination—in order that they may renew their acquaintance with the Marches, a fine old Sussex family, again consisting of father, son and daughter. Such are the *dramatis personæ*, together with Lady Warden, who has large mastiffs, many eccentricities and a ghost in her house. The father of Barham of Beltana does not appear; he was a convicted felon, but innocent, for the money he is supposed to have stolen from the Marches was really stolen by one of the Marches themselves. Still the cloud gathers at the crucial moment over his family, and is dispersed in an ingenious way—the *deus ex machina* being the ghost—in order that the true love marriages of the two young couples may take place amidst showers of golden sovereigns. The story is readable because it runs smoothly from start to finish, and the interest is allowed to accumulate cleverly; it will be read, because, as was once said, your Mudie subscriber is the most loyal of individuals. Whether it be worth reading is another matter. It has all the drawbacks and all the advantages of a strictly non-alcoholic beverage.

Amanda of the Mill. By MARIE VAN VORST. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MARIE VAN VORST quotes no former work upon her title-page, but her book is strangely unlike the effort of a beginner. To begin with, it fulfils the one ambition of the modern novelist—it breaks fresh ground. It is the tragedy of the hill-folk, or "po' white trash" of South Carolina. These people, *farouche*, uneducated, ignorant, superstitious, passionate and naïve, have been of late years drawn into cities and swallowed up by mills and factories. If Miss Marie van Vorst is to be believed, the twentieth-century conditions of labour in free America are worse than they were in England when Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote "*The Cry of the Children*." The achievement of the writer is that she takes a well-worn theme—the fiery demagogue, the able strike leader, turns out to be the unacknowledged son of the purse-proud manufacturer—and invests it with a freshness of circumstance and atmosphere which makes it vivid reading from first to last. The character of Henry Euston is a most unusually faithful portrait; the weakness of man, his dependence on woman for moral and spiritual strength, is apparently what the author aims to teach. It is a pity such a book should be disfigured by a certain fleshliness apparent throughout: but, apart from errors in style, and, here and there, in feeling, there is a capacity to portray life which shows real power.

The Silver Key. By NELLIE K. BLISSETT. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

THE opening chapter of this story gives a discouraging taste of the writer's literary quality: for a few pages it seems doubtful whether it is not intended to be a caricature of certain popular romances wherein the heroes are gentlemen of France in quest of adventure. It is however a seriously planned semi-historical tale in bad imitation of Mr. Stanley Weyman's style of narration, and follows—at some distance—upon his lines of plot and incident. Here we find

Lady Diana Royal and the Marquis d'Oréville going through the marriage ceremony, at midnight, in an out-of-the-way French village, Lady Diana believing that she is wedding a lover disapproved of by her guardian, while the Marquis is only vaguely aware that he is being married at all, and does not even guess at the identity of his bride, thanks to a man with ill-matched eyes and a magic powder. As Lady Diana is a ward of Charles II. it affords an opportunity for the appearance of Charles and the English court at Dover on the occasion of the visit of Madame d'Orléans. These chapters are something of a surprise, the scenes are possible, effective, and altogether excellently done, which suggests that Miss Blissett has no need to resort to imitation, and is capable of doing much better work than might be inferred from the perusal of three-fourths of her present story.

In Search of the Unknown. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

THERE is considerable humour in the treatment of these mock scientific researches, yet as a whole they leave a confused impression as of strange disordered dreams. The story in which the great-aunt's spirit passes into a white cat, and the professor and his pretty daughter are alternately visible and invisible presences, provides rather a tiresome kind of fun; so also does the description of the hatching of the great ux eggs. Several of the chapters have previously appeared in magazines, and in that detached form were probably more entertaining than as a continuous narrative; even the most amusing jokes and whimsical fancies can be too often repeated. With a lively remembrance of "The Maid-at-Arms," and other stirring tales from the same pen, the reader feels some regret for the fooling indulged in here, and while he may laugh at many of the absurd situations presented to him he will still retain a hope that Mr. Chambers will return to his earlier manner and his romantic stories.

Rice Papers. By H. L. NORRIS. (Longmans, 6s.)

The Mirror of Kong-Ho. By ERNEST BRAMAH. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. L. NORRIS' "Rice Papers" possess all the delicate attributes which properly self-respecting rice papers should have. They are as light as feathers. Blow any of them into the air and it will flutter for a few moments most entertainingly; nor will you be able to guess with any accuracy where it is going to fall. Held up to the light each "paper" discloses its watermark—a Chinaman very wittily presented. There is Fung Wa Chun, for instance, the grave and venerably bearded personage with the perfect English and the American phrases, who deigns to relate his life-story to the officers of one of his Majesty's gunboats. Mr. Fung was born, he thought, in a sampan, of honourable parents who gained an honest living by neatly disposing of passengers at night by means of the comfortable and ancient device of a collapsible bamboo shelter in the stern-sheets. It is regrettable that upon the demise of such excellent people he should have passed into the care of an uncle who really was a bad man, and lived like a spider within a circle of man-traps. From the point of view of diamond cut diamond, however, this was strictly necessary, and we keenly appreciate the symmetrical villainies of those merchants. A far pleasanter and most humorous personage is Hong, "the massive and burly gate-keeper of the British Consulate," whose adventures, related to Master Jack and Miss Dorothy, also of the Consulate, are quite the cream of a clever book. Hong had been many things in his day. As an actor he had once caricatured a magistrate, and had been, by way of a gentle and amusing punishment, bound neatly down across a narrow passage communicating directly between a crowded theatre-house and the refreshment booths outside. Blandly surviving this ordeal, Mr. Hong shortly afterwards exercised a little humour on his own account, gaining an amiable

livelihood by pushing people into a river from which his partner in the business pulled them out. But this, too, came to an end, and perhaps his most strenuous days were spent in the service of a very funny mandarin, who never laughed at his own jokes, and sadly but promptly executed any one else who so much as dreamed of doing so. This, no doubt, was why Hong never laughed at the antics of the chow puppy at the Consulate. The mental and moral Chinese background to all these tales is very subtly touched in. The tortures, too, throughout, are only less ingenious than exquisite; and since, as Mr. Norris says, "they possess the merit of not being true," the critic has nothing to do but enjoy them. We perfectly realise, too, the undertone of the true word spoken in jest, especially in the tale of Feng Shuey; "'My tankee you velly much,' said Dorothy; 'that no belong hollible stoly, Hong.' And Hong smiled inwardly."

We feel somewhat nervous as to the possible results of confronting Mr. Ernest Bramah's Kong Ho with Mr. Norris' vigorous Chinamen. Like the famous and chivalrous Mr. Bindabun Bhosh, Mr. Kong came to England and saw life from a boarding-house and other places. That, at least, is his account of himself. Yet in those letters to his "venerated sire," in which he has "described with undeviating fidelity the customs and manner of behaving of your accomplished race," we seem to detect unmistakable signs of the mere satiric foreign-devil in disguise. We will pursue this painful suspicion no further. There is a proverb to the effect that "a broken vessel can never be made whole, but it may be delicately arranged so that another shall displace it." Possibly Mr. Norris' friendly Chinamen have "delicately arranged" Mr. Kong to be "displaced" as a spy. We refuse to shake him down. If he is a sly dog, he is at any rate amusing.

The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

No one can deny that Mrs. Glyn is clever. Take the dedication of this book, "To the women with red hair." It is very clever—with a little, finicking, acute cleverness that crops up at every moment in the pages of the story. It is the cleverness of Gyp—with a difference. For Gyp, it must be admitted, has something besides her cleverness. Not only is every sentence of her best work a stroke of wit; she has a philosophic breadth and depth, a knowledge of life and a keenness of perception that make her books far more than they pretend to be. By her side, Mrs. Glyn, amusing as she is, is a petty satirist. She is all cleverness, where Gyp is cleverness and much more. But, of course, she is hampered by the fact that she is writing for English readers. Could she be free of the conventions, as Gyp is, she would do better. For her naughtiness is not that of one who, like Gyp, takes naughtiness for granted. She knows it is naughty; she treats it with a conscious smirk of daring, not the smile of one perfectly at ease. The result—that her books never "taste quite nice"—is not Mrs. Glyn's fault, but it seems to us to stand in the way of her achieving the success her cleverness deserves. In fact, if she wrote in French she could be twice as naughty and not half so "improper." But we must not give a wrong impression of the propriety and impropriety of "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." There is nothing improper in it—and yet it leaves an impression of impropriety. It is very amusing and bright and worldly, though not so amusing as "The Visits of Elizabeth"; and since any girl who could take Evangeline, the red-haired "adventuress" as she calls herself, for a model would be a born idiot to start with, it is scarcely necessary to discuss the probable moral effect of her sprightly vicissitudes. The coloured miniature which forms the frontispiece is not nearly so natural or engaging as one that appeared in a previous book by Mrs. Glyn; it is too frankly, in appearance at any rate, a made-up thing, not a genuine portrait; and in that it resembles, to some extent, the book itself, which lacks something of spontaneity.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Problem of Personality. By JOSEPH NEWTON. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

It is some years now since Professor Seth struck a blow at the idealists and Hegelians with a little volume which questioned the persistence of consciousness. When the individual, the *ego*, returns to the eternal whence it came, does it remain conscious of its own existence, or is it entirely resolved into the One? "The Spirit of Man," by Dr. Arthur Chandler, now Bishop of Bloemfontein, was a notable contribution to the study of the question, and the hesitation of those idealists who reserve judgment on matters of the Christian faith has been considerably affected by the views of those who have found through Green and Hegel the road to the acceptance of the doctrines of revelation. Among the supporters of the belief in the persistence of consciousness may be reckoned the author of the book before us. His subject is the whole subject of the *ego*, its possession, its purpose, its persistence, and its perfection; and under that third head: "The saint," he says, "'loses' himself in God only the more intensely to realise himself. Absorption in God does not mean the extinction, but the extension of this 'I.'" His book will hit the taste and help to resolve the doubts of many whom we might perhaps describe as amateur philosophers. It is the work of a well-read and thoughtful man.

South Africa. A Glance at Current Conditions and Politics. By J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

Although Mr. Browne modestly styles his book "jottings" and "a glance at current conditions" he admits that he had, while in the Colonies, "exceptional opportunities of seeing the life of some of them, and of making myself acquainted with Colonial opinion." His opportunities must indeed have been extraordinarily exceptional, for from internal evidence he only set sail from Southampton on or about October 5 of last year, and within five months we have here a two-hundred-page volume of impressions, views, opinions, deductions, and half-baked facts, which can only be characterised as superficial and misleading when they are not absolutely inaccurate. Many of the Dutch names are wrongly and ignorantly spelt; much of the information is inaccurate. Vierfontein, for instance, does not mean "four streams," but "four springs"; there is no such place as "Rooicop" in all South Africa; a "pacht" is not a pact, although it looks like it; and lawn-tennis is not played upon "courts made of live ant-heaps." It would be easy to multiply instances of these silly mistakes, but it is unnecessary. Mr. Balfour Browne, doubtless with the best intentions in the world, spent a very few weeks in South Africa, was whirled from Cape Town to Johannesburg and back again, was told many strange things, which he believed implicitly, was the acute observer of many other things, which he misunderstood, and has committed to paper a vast amount of untrustworthy information. All of which is a pity, because it can do our new colonies no good to be misrepresented. Perhaps the best summary of this somewhat arrogantly entitled work would be a "Padgett-book."

The Problem of the Immigrant. By JAMES DAVENPORT WHEPLEY. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The positive and ever-present evils of unrestricted immigration," writes Mr. Whelpley, "have been so borne in upon the wage-earners of Great Britain, that no 'interest' [Mr. Whelpley means commercial and transportation interests] can long render futile the demand of the native population that some barrier be erected, not only against the insanitary alien, but the competitive alien as well." The vast difference of opinion as to the advisability of erecting such a barrier and as to the form it should take is not likely to be decreased until the question has been

studied in a more scientific and less prejudiced or party spirit than has at present been the case. Such a spirit Mr. Whelpley's book should tend strongly to induce. He has studied with great care and thoroughness the emigration and immigration conditions in thirteen countries in Europe, besides Great Britain, her Colonies, and the United States, and has presented the results of his researches in a volume which, though it does not pretend to cover the whole field, lays a foundation on which all future workers will be compelled to build. Undoubtedly this matter of immigration is shortly to become the burning question for politicians and sociologists, all of whom are likely to be either partial in deduction and ill-informed in fact unless they either already have Mr. Whelpley's knowledge or keep his book at their elbows. The book is not a technical law-book, but in each case the character of the legislation is clearly indicated, and its main points stated.

Twenty Years Ago. By EDMUND DOWNEY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s. net.)

Mr. Downey's collection of anecdotes and reminiscences is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on the change that has come over the world of authorship, publishing and journalism, in the last thirty years. In 1879 he entered the publishing house of Tinsley Brothers. "At that time," he writes, "literary Bohemianism was decadent. . . . The banquets were fast becoming Barmecidal feasts." And yet Mr. Downey's book seems at a first reading to be full of talk of the taverns, bars, and other regions of Bohemia. The general effect of it is to lift the veil. Naturally enough, his stories are more concerned with the business side of literature than the artistic. We read of the sums paid, the bargains struck, the speculations, gains and losses. Some there may be who like facts of this kind; for ourselves, we are still romantic and young enough to shudder a little at the thought that there is a business side to these things at all. That Mr. Hardy got "five-and-twenty down" for "Under the Greenwood Tree," which was "got out in two volumes"; or that there was "no great money" in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," are things one would rather not have known; while the phrase: "Wouldn't you think that was good enough to knock 'em?" applied to "Rhoda Fleming," seems little short of sacrilege. Still, there are amusing stories in the book, and it will be of some little value to the compiler of obituary notices.

THE DRAMA

THE ORESTEAN TRILOGY ("AGAMEMNON"—
"LIBATION-BEARERS"—"FURIES") AT
THE CORONET THEATRE

IN 1880 Mr. F. R. Benson played Clytemnestra in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus in Greek, in the hall of Balliol College, Oxford, and ever since, it appears, he has desired to play the whole trilogy in English. When an actor, a professional histrion, is anxious to produce a play, it is not, as a rule, on account of the teaching it involves, the loftiness of its philosophy, the profundity of its comment on life; it is because he sees in it something "actable," something that will ensure its touching the emotions or the visible faculties of the bulk of the average public of his day. At Stratford-on-Avon in the spring, and now again at the Coronet Theatre, Mr. Benson has fulfilled his ambition, and from all accounts he has every reason to be satisfied with the success of an experiment which does him great honour.

Æschylus has the reputation, and not without deserving it, of being difficult. Those who read him at school will remember him best as the author of certain stupendously bombastic lines (ἐφεψαλώθη κάεζεβροντήθη σθένος is the stock instance) and certain most abstruse speculations on philo-

sophy and religion. That he was the author of fine acting plays will probably never have occurred to any but those who have studied him for themselves after leaving school. The explanation is simple. The choruses are the most difficult parts of a Greek play. The speeches of the characters and the dialogue are comparatively easy; they deal with the matter in hand, or that which led up to it; a knowledge of history or legend explains them sufficiently. The choruses are the vehicle for the speculations, the comments, the philosophy of the author. They take the place, in that respect, of the soliloquies in Shakespeare, and especially in *Hamlet*. Their language and their thoughts are both difficult; and therefore it is but natural that students of Greek language and thought should have their attention specially directed to them, until the "beastly chorus" becomes the schoolboy's bugbear. And of all choruses, the choruses in Æschylus are the most difficult. Thought, in his day, had only begun to struggle free of the traditions of early religion, and in its struggles had to make use of a language less perfectly developed than that which Thucydides found insufficient for his needs. And the thought of Æschylus is not easily expressed, even in the most complete and perfected language. In his famous trilogy he took the ideas of crime and punishment; of a family curse brought on by sin—heredity, we should call it now—and the possibility of lifting it by atonement; of retributive justice and the claims of equity, of that which is juster than justice itself. He asked of the nature of the gods and their relation to human error; of human pride and its relation to the jealousy of the gods; of fate, and what fate was, and how it stood as regards the moral law. The stage in his day was pulpit and lecture-room and Press; he addressed, for the most part, a leisured and cultivated audience, to whom such questions were as full of interest as theology to a Byzantine or a Scot; and what he meant, what exactly is the interpretation to be placed on his utterances, is still a matter of debate among philosophers and scholars.

Such a playwright, it would seem, could have had little chance of interesting a modern audience. And yet Mr. Benson was right. For Æschylus, besides being a philosopher and politician, was the first of the playwrights. That would be clear if not a line of his writings survived, since we know from Aristotle that he added a second to the one actor who, with the chorus, had previously formed the whole of the "cast." He created, in fact, dialogue, which is as much as to say that he created the drama; and this trilogy, the one complete surviving instance of the drama he created, remains to this day a living thing—a monument of early speculation on questions that are still unsettled, but at the same time a story of human suffering and sin and love and despair that still has power to touch the heart of the ordinary observer.

And that it does, it is needless to say, through the characters of the play; Clytemnestra, the woman of passionate love and passionate jealousy, whose only daughter has been killed that the fleet may sail to Troy, and whose husband, the great Agamemnon, returns after ten years absence with Cassandra, a beautiful slave, only less beautiful than Helen herself, as part of his spoils; Ægisthus, Clytemnestra's paramour, who has consoled her during Agamemnon's absence, and holds the rule by force after Clytemnestra, with a strange and womanish mixture of daring and caution, has snared her husband in his bath in a net and murdered him with an axe; Orestes, her son and Agamemnon's, her slayer at the god's behest,

"The boy
With his white breast and brow, and clustering curls,
Streaked with his mother's blood, and striving hard
To tell his story ere his reason goes;"

for when the deed is done madness must fall on him and the Furies hunt him from place to place; Electra, his sweet and gentle sister, bearing her load of grief and horror in patience until Orestes shall return and free the land. All these, when you see them before you in flesh and blood, are

no far-off archaic survivals, but men and women who, for all their difference from ourselves, are still human like ourselves. To-day we do not murder an unwelcome husband—we seek the Divorce Court; a jealous god no longer touches our lips with his tongue that in the agony of prophecy we may see with clear eyes the doom that awaits us; we are not hunted by visible gorgon shapes,

"Dusky their robes and all their hair enwound—
Snakes coiled with snakes—

Black blood of hatred dripping from their eyes!"

but madness falls like a stroke from heaven, and remorse has not lost its terrors.

Regrets are unavailing. Literature and the drama have the laws of their development which they must follow, laws that are too intimately dependent on the life of the times to be alterable at will. The aim of criticism must be to help them forward to their best on the lines of those laws. But it is impossible not to regret that our modern drama has so little room for the larger aim of fine tragedy. In the eighteenth century the fashion for tragedy led to its abuse. They wore it out, concocted it from any materials, so they were strange enough and far enough from the life of the day, and turned it into vacuous bombast. Since then we have had none. Our more complicated and faceted life needs, no doubt, a different expression, and the best of modern plays offer attractions—subtlety of characterisation, realism, complexity of idea and development—which no tragedy, old or new, can provide. But every day the number of minds who find even our English tragedies, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, or *Othello*, uninteresting or meaningless, is on the increase; and after seeing this great trilogy of Æschylus, this simple stupendous story of crime and retribution and expiation, great passions and great sufferings, one feels that, for all the obvious differences between ourselves and these ancient Greeks, between the actors as we see them and the characters as they were, fine tragedy has still something to offer which is missing from all modern plays. The tragedy of our own days has yet to be invented; meanwhile it is good to be "purged by the pity and terror" of the tragedy of days gone by.

Mr. Benson's production was worthy of all praise. It cannot be pretended that the acting was in any sense great—except, perhaps, that of Miss Gertrude Scott as Cassandra—but it was all, as usual, adequate. Mr. Benson's Orestes suffered from Mr. Benson's well-known faults, but was still a winning figure, while Mrs. Benson achieved no little tragic dignity as Clytemnestra. Miss Mabel Moore was delightful as Electra, and Mr. Cyril Keightley and Miss Roxy Barton made a very handsome Apollo and Athena. An augmented chorus sang incidental music by Mr. Christopher Wilson, and the staging showed care and excellent taste.

"ELGA." A NOCTURNE BY GERHART HAUPTMANN

In his new play Hauptmann has broken fresh ground, which, it must be confessed, lies on a level somewhat lower than that of his best plays. The dramatist of suffering humanity has in *Elga* come down from his tragic heights and satisfied himself by giving an able if slightly hackneyed version of the old story of the injured husband. The gulf, in fact, between *Elga* and the bulk of Hauptmann's dramas is so wide that some explanation is necessary of the circumstances under which it was written. In the beginning of 1896 Hauptmann's historical drama, *Florian Geyer*, was produced at the Deutscher Theater in Berlin, and proved one of the most signal failures that the German stage had known for some years past. In the February of the same year *Elga* was casually dashed off in three days. The inference would seem to be that with the failure of his other plays still ranking in his mind, the dramatist cynically

resolved to come down to the level of the public, and to give them, if not pure melodrama, at any rate, a play slightly tinged with that melodrama which he knew would be appreciated. On the same principle, though with somewhat different success, Mr. Pinero, stung by the public's failure to appreciate the psychological studies of *Letty* and *Iris*, gave them *A Wife Without a Smile*, which was obviously intended to be a case of "mud before swine." Hauptmann, however, did not even trouble to invent a new plot, and contented himself with adapting Grillparzer's tale of "The Kloster of Sendomir." In this tale Starschenski, a Polish count, marries a wife who though of noble birth has been reduced to the utmost destitution. Not content, however, with rescuing her from beggary, he succeeds in procuring the rescinding of the exile of her father and brothers, and cripples his estate in his efforts to reinstate her family. His whole life is concentrated on his wife, and for some years he enjoys an ideal happiness. He then finds that he has been deceived throughout, and in a fit of passion kills his wife. In his subsequent remorse he founds a monastery, into which he retires, and Grillparzer's tale consists in the narration by the count himself of his own story to a few travellers who are spending the night within the monastic walls. Hauptmann has on the whole kept close to the original, but what few changes he has made are for the most part unhappy. That the form of the play should be recast into the form of a dream seen by the traveller, who was spending the night within the monastery, was obviously necessitated by dramatic exigencies; but there is small excuse for Hauptmann's cavalier treatment of some of the most powerful passages in Grillparzer's story. The scene for instance in which the husband becomes aware of his wife's infidelity through the likeness which her child bears to a likeness of her cousin and lover is far too hurriedly passed over. The great climax, moreover, of the original tale, where the husband offers to spare his wife's life if she will kill her child, in order to convince himself yet further of her baseness is omitted *in toto* in the drama. And while in Grillparzer's story the husband kills his wife when he discovers her falsehood, after the manner of the true Polish nobleman of the period, in Hauptmann's play he contents himself with killing his rival. This is to reduce to a minimum the genuine force of the original and is inferior both psychologically and dramatically. By way of compensation, however, Hauptmann gives us two new scenes of indisputable power. The first is a triangular conversation between the wife, lover, and husband, in which the latter revelling sardonically in the false position of the guilty couple, gradually discloses his knowledge of their infidelity. In the second the count takes his wife into a secret room wherein, concealed behind curtains, lies the dead body of his rival. The wife is ignorant of what has happened and a splendid touch of irony is imparted when the count's retainer grimly lights the candles so as to give the mistress a better view of the body of the lover.

In *Elga* Hauptmann has attempted nothing either great or phenomenal, but has contented himself with the production of a vivid and vigorous dramatic episode. As such the play well merited its signal success, to which, however, the extraordinary brilliance of the principal actors largely contributed. Fräulein Irene Treitsch rendered admirably the rôle of the fascinating and coquettish wife, while Herr Rittner was superb and dignified in the usually invidious part of the injured husband.

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FINE ART

GEORGE MORLAND

The Life of George Morland. By GEORGE DAWE, R.A. With an Introduction and Notes by J. J. Foster. Illustrated by plates from examples in the National and Private Galleries. (London: Dickinsons [3 guineas and 10 guineas] 1904.)

THE centenary of the death of George Morland, which took place on October 29, 1804, has been celebrated by three events of importance to all who love him and are interested in his life and in his works. The first of these was the exhibition held in the spring of last year at the South Kensington Museum of more than a hundred oil paintings by, or attributed to, the prolific artist. The second was the capital biography by Dr. G. C. Williamson, with whom Mr. Ralph Richardson (the compiler of the well-known *catalogue raisonné* of Morland's works) joined forces. And the third is the issue of the beautiful volume before us, on which the arts of the painter have been spent to good effect.

This book is a reprint of the last of the four biographical studies published after the artist's death, and is by a good deal the best of them all. It appeared in 1807, and was written by George Dawe, Morland's trusted friend, although eighteen years his junior—that is to say, two years before Dawe was admitted an Associate of the Royal Academy, and when he was only twenty-six years of age. This "Life" has always been accepted as the work of Dawe, but it is difficult to believe that so young a man could have written a book so full of knowledge of the world and of experience, even allowing that he had the native gift of style and of the sober judgment of character here depicted. And he could tell his story with spirit too, with a lurking sympathy for Morland's escapades, for all that he appears as a witness of truth, and as stern and even didactic a moralist as becomes an eighteenth-century biographer.

Mr. Foster is right, then, in re-echoing the claims of this biography, and we may be grateful for the reprint; but we could wish that the editor had extended his own introduction and made it more worthy of Dawe's memoir, at the same time rendering the arrangement more useful to the reader. He states in the text, quite correctly, that "the 'Red Lion,' Paddington," is by James Ward, R.A., but in the list of illustrations (which fails to give the pages where the plates may be found) he says that it is by William Ward, thus confusing the painter with the elder brother, the engraver. He disagrees with Dawe's estimate of Morland, that "he did not understand the effect of contrast, either in colour or chiaroscuro," and points to *The Inside of a Stable* in the National Gallery as a refutation. But it is just this picture, and a very few others, like Sir Samuel Montagu's little masterpiece, *The Post-boy's Return*—formerly known as *The Leather Breeches*—that bring into relief by contrast the monotony of tone and colour that so commonly detracts from the effect and beauty of Morland's work. Dawe's criticism is perfectly sound, and the words in which the artist concludes his biography of his friend are to be recognised as true to-day as they were when they were written.

The position of Morland in the art of England, nevertheless, has never been in doubt for an instant, because the artist gave the public what the good taste of the public desired, and imparted to nearly everything he touched a beauty and grace that were always virile and always charming. His faults sprang from the same fountain as his merits—he was a genius. His fatal facility destroyed him in the end as an artist, as his genius's waywardness destroyed him as a man. He was endowed with amazing power of observation as a child, and the severity of his father's training of him practised his hand as the obedient servant of his eye. His precocity was remarkable. Dawe states that "at the age of ten, he exhibited, at the academy,

some chalk drawings, tinted with crayon, which possessed considerable merit." Now this "academy," as a matter of fact, was no other than the Royal Academy, and the drawings, catalogued "No. 357. Sketches by Master George Moreland," were admitted that year among the "Honorary" contributions of other amateurs, such as Dr. Wall of Worcester, Captain Francis Grosse, and the admirable and ever delightful draughtsman and caricaturist, William Henry Bunbury. Then four years later he was bound apprentice to his father for a period of seven years; afterwards he became a student of the Royal Academy, acquired a taste for dram-drinking, and started on the inglorious, sordid, miserable life, illumined by a lurid sort of enjoyment, that has been made the text of a thousand futile sermons. What were his orgies concerns us little now; his faults—which perhaps were not so much vices as appetites—never appear on his canvases, save in the form of carelessness and haste. Instead, we find much of that goodness of heart which fill his pictures with healthy sweetness, whether in his pictures of domestic life, of children's happy occupation, of the sportsman's country life, and the joy of the open air. Look at his pictures by class of subject and see how the wholesome energy of the man dominates his own mortal weakness. His early visit to Margate, to Mrs. Hill, like his later sojourn in the Isle of Wight, filled him with the love of the sea, and the salt spray seems to impregnate the wind that flies across his canvases. So he paints us wrecks and wreckers by the dozen, for he had seen such scenes; and fishermen landing and sea-shore pictures—all apparently planned in their design, more or less by recipe. It was the recipe that many of the painters of the day adopted—notably De Louthembourg. How well we all recognise the familiar scene! the break in the rocks or cliffs, looking out to sea, where the great waves are rolling and bursting in, and where the ship lies labouring dangerously close in shore—a cable's length, maybe—or where, forcing her timbers and breaking her back, a group of sturdy sailors are dragging valiantly at a rope that connects her to the shore.

From these we glance at the tender domestic pieces wherein Morland, painting his pretty wife and sisters, proves a charming sense of female beauty, closely allied to that of Wheatley and of Rowlandson. Highly moral pictures these, with the lovely and even touching compositions of children at play—boat-sailing, fishing, bird's-nesting, and the like. For Morland had the knack of painting anecdote so well that the triviality of it is lost in the charm of its presentation. Turn, then, to his long series of stable pictures. Who would believe that these were the outcome of his hobnobbing with post-boys and ostlers, and taking potmen and labourers for his boon companions? His finest pictures of this class have rarely been surpassed; and it was his stable-yards and farm-yards, perhaps, that inspired Campbell's immortal lines on the triumphant artistic rendering of unsavoury realities. He paints the interiors and exterior of inns as though he loved them, as of course he did, and gipsies in their encampments he renders in a fraternal spirit—for did he not live and "pig it" with them? Yet he would turn from the portrait of a hog to another of his wife, or Mrs. Jordan, or himself, with ease and imperturbability, and the better draughtsmanship he would lavish on the latter was due rather to necessity than to any enhancement of interest. Not that he was a poor animal painter. Few have been more convincing when he chose to be. But, although he would always paint from nature when he could, he had no time to be careful, such was his pressing need of money throughout his life. Horses and dogs, cattle and pigs, were his constant subjects; yet he preferred the picturesque varieties—the shaggy and the old, that would come well in a picture, lying in the grass, or half hidden in shadow. At the same time he loved sport for its own sake; he had seen much of it in Leicestershire and elsewhere, and a poacher appealed to him in the countryside much as a smuggler did in the sandy cove. *The Death of the Fox, Breaking Cover,*

Hunting Scene, Setters, Pheasant Shooting, Partridge Shooting, he painted them all, and his heart was in them. Londoner as he was, Morland loved country life, and the country was the setting of the vast majority of his pictures. It was not landscape that appealed to him so much as bits of the country; a broad landscape he was incapable of coping with, and in a contest he would have made a poor show beside Old Crome, Constable, or Gainsborough, for technical reasons which there is not space here to argue. To the last-named painter he owed much, for his example showed Morland how to break away from the tight finicky rendering of a tree which he had learned from the Dutch masters he had studied, and how to develop a loose handling. Yet his trees are not often entirely satisfactory; they are frequently too perfunctory. His boughs are usually so very jerky, and his leaves so conventionally like saucers seen on edge—as he himself said, "like silver pennies." Often, as Dawe points out, they are more like cabbage-leaves. In trees, such as the oak, it is not so much the elbow-angles as the straight pieces between which impress the eye when seen in nature; in Morland's pictures the reverse is the case; and all the while we are conscious of his touches, as if his landscapes were not painted but made up of mosaic. This is because he could not or would not "finish"—the fundamental reason why there is the sameness of tones and light in so many of his pictures of which Dawe complained, but which Mr. Foster somewhat unreasonably challenges. There is no need for special pleading here, for with all his conventionality (which no doubt passed for originality in his day) and with all his limitations, Morland charms us in his rural pieces; and his woodlands and his pastorals, seen though they are quite close, without much vista to stir our imagination, rarely fail in their appeal. Not less in his snow pieces, of which he painted many, does he prove his love of nature. Of these Mr. Foster shows us one, *Sliding*; eight of them were seen at South Kensington, painted when there was a run on this class of subject.

Morland, indeed, never lacked recognition. He was acclaimed almost from the beginning, and nowhere did he find more appreciation, at least for his domestic scenes and pictures of ladies and children, than in France. Never has he been, like so many of his day, the toy of public taste, and at the present day he is more firmly established than ever in public favour as one of the Great Little Masters of England.

SCIENCE

THE LIMITS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE

It has lately been asserted that science, as long centuries of psychological study have proved, can herself set limits to human knowledge. But before we look somewhat more closely at this statement, we must observe that it presupposes a certain theory as to the "external world." Two other theories, neither of which lacks energetic support, lead to another than this agnostic conclusion.

Of these, the oldest and simplest and meanest and most generally accepted, is what has been well called crude realism; and is more commonly known as materialism. This theory ignores the share of mind in the formation of our ideas, and accepts resistance and extension as the ultimate truth about a chair or a pebble. On this theory our knowledge, whilst doubtless incomplete, is nevertheless *perfect* as far as it goes; and its ultimate completeness of detail is merely a matter of time. Why should we hesitate to admit that Reality may be known, when we daily sit upon it, see it, and eat it?

This theory we may leave. Its rival, which resembles it only in leading to a gnostic and not an agnostic conclusion, is idealism; which claims the support of many of the noblest names in the history of thought—Plato,

Berkeley, and many another. On this belief the ultimate reality is the Idea; and as it is assuredly ideas of which we have immediate and unqualified knowledge, Reality may be known to us, if we will but earnestly ensue it.

Modern science, however, guided by its most subtle and important study, which is that of mind, declares neither for Crude Realism nor for Idealism; but for what we may know as Transfigured Realism. This teaches that the external world does indeed exist, whether we be there to perceive it or no; but that our sense-knowledge of it is conditional and qualified by the nature of the sensory process. The most noble presentation of this theory is assuredly to be found—we need not now inquire into its author's own meaning—in that moving and memorable fable of Plato, who pictures a group of men doomed for ever to sit facing a blank wall, upon which are thrown the shadows of the Real, which moves behind them. Might such an one but turn his head for a moment and then resume his doom, could he, like his comrades, remain content with shadows? Not so; for to him has been granted a moment's vision of things not as they seem, but as they are.

So, according to science, we know but shadows or phenomena: the Noumenon (Plato), Reality-in-Itself (Kant) or Substance (Spinoza), being for ever hidden from us. A correspondent has lately remarked to me that Agnosticism is in need of sanitation and antiseptis: but I submit this conclusion, whether false or true, as at any rate reverent, modest, and decent.

But there arises a sublime question. Granted that most of us are for ever chained upon a bench which permits us but to gaze upon shadows, have there ever been, can there ever be moments during which the thrice-happy few may turn their heads—to use the Platonic image—and attain a clearer, a transcendental vision of the Transcendent? If, in truth, there be Mind underneath all, and if our minds be indeed fragments or sparks of the All-Sustaining Mind, may not it sometimes be granted to the pure in heart that "they shall see God?"

Let me put the question in the clear words of one of my readers:—

"You say that Reality is, strictly speaking, Unknowable, yet we can infer somewhat of its nature by the behaviour of its appearances! It seems to me that this should commend itself to everybody, so long as our ordinary faculties are relied on. But does this anxiety to escape beyond the limits of consciousness necessarily preclude our arriving at Reality? What of that higher consciousness which pantheists possess: that ardour, that feeling of association with Nature and the Universe, often tempered with a deep sense of Beauty, which we meet with in Wordsworth, Shelley, Richard Jefferies, Walt Whitman, and others? Does not this consciousness within the consciousness lead to Reality? Is it too much to say that Reality is limitedly known to the Pantheistic Mystic?"

Here, indeed, is a question to be approached bare-footed, lest we be on holy ground. If answered at all, it can be only after a serious study of Mysticism in all places and ages—some such study as Professor Seth's. Thereafter is answer to be made in general and comprehensive terms by any student? or must we make personal experience our guide? And if so, what shall those say who have no such experiences? Are they to explain away, or to accept, or to withhold judgment? Ere we continue, let us hear the case as put by Plotinus the Alexandrian. "The Finite, as Finite, can never know the Infinite, because it cannot be the Infinite. The faculty by which the mind divests itself of its personality is Ecstasy, in which, operated from individual consciousness, it contemplates Reality, becoming absorbed in the Infinite Intelligence from which it emanated." Thus Neo-Platonism.

Save once, when the Scherzo of the C Minor Symphony passed into the Finale, and the Heavens seemed opened, I have never had an ecstasy; and am therefore negligible. We must inquire of those who have had experience. One such, who has suffered greatly, writes to tell me of his case; but, alas, he speaks of his disillusionment "when reason returned." With infinite regret, and hope perhaps not quite extinguished, the student must declare that, as far as

he can see, Ecstasy is not the Vision of the Soul. For we know ecstasy not merely as Wordsworth knew it,

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts:—"

but also as a sad phenomenon of the asylum and the mind diseased. If the one be a veritable Vision, what of the other? If ecstasy be vision, what of agony? Here I leave what is too high for me.

But whatever be the true answer to these awful questions, there is more than mere negation for us to whom the moment of vision, if indeed it be such, has been denied. Though not *illuminati* or mystics, we may yet learn to know Reality, and surely some measure of knowledge may be attained by a study of scientific truth. At least Reality cannot be inconsistent with its appearances. The inter-relations of Phenomena, as we have already seen, lead us to the assured inference that the Noumenon is not many but One. We must not follow those whose laughter Solomon has described as the "crackling of thorns under a pot," and fancy that the term Unknowable excludes the possibility of all knowledge. To assert the existence of an Unknowable is to assert some knowledge of it. To find all its phenomena interrelated is to assert its Unity. To state the doctrine of the conservation of energy is to assert that though ultimately incomprehensible yet we may know It to be Eternal and Uncreated. To assert the existence of mind is surely to assert that there is an Intelligence at the heart of things. To make any assertion about it is to assert that it is Intelligible and therefore in intimate relation with our intelligences. If, then, we must apparently deny the Validity of the Vision of the Soul, can we continue to do so when the Vision of those who have so seen coincides with the exclusions reached by Reason? The Mystic and the Realist may agree that Reality is One, is Eternal, is Intelligent, is intelligible. May not conclusions reached by such different methods be regarded as valid?

Indeed there is a cloud of witnesses. For if the Mystic and the Realist can agree that Reality is one, so certainly will the Idealist; and he too will regard It as Uncreated and Eternal, though he may not go so far with the Athanasian Creed as to admit that It is Incomprehensible. It may surely then be maintained that, even if we question the evidence of Ecstasy, yet witness of so many orders may be accepted when it teaches that Reality, whether knowable or unknowable, is One: and intelligent, or endowed with something—to quote Spencer—"as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion."

But reader and writer are each keenly aware of a conceivable attribute of which mention has not been made: and that is Benevolence. Here, indeed, the witnesses disagree. The majesty of the Athanasian Creed is disfigured by its denial of benevolence in the awful language of its later clauses. The idealist inclines to attribute benevolence to the Eternal: the scientific realist is inclined to the view that when we speak of benevolence we are in the chains of anthropomorphism. The mystics assure us that their ecstatic visions show them Love as the supreme attribute of the Supreme. Yet this question, on which the witnesses differ, is of more import to us, hearing each other groan than any on which they agree. Can we do more than "faintly trust the larger hope?"

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

BACH IN CHURCHES

IN 1788, Mozart chanced to pass through Leipzig and to hear in St. Thomas's Church a cantata by Bach. Whether he was led thither by respect for Bach, kindled by a knowledge of his instrumental works, is not known, but at any rate what he heard there was entirely new to him. He

exclaimed in enthusiasm: "Heaven be praised, here is something new; from this something is to be learnt," and when the performance was over, he collected the parts together (no score was to be had) and spent hours in comparing them and forming a mental score from them. Bach is scarcely less new to us to-day than he was in 1788. Nobody, except a few scholars, knows all the Church cantatas, but it is not that that makes him ever new. The same may be said of the oratorios of Handel, or the symphonies of Mozart or Haydn, yet we, amongst the rank and file of music lovers, who know some half-dozen of Handel's great choral works and the greatest of Mozart's symphonies; if we pick up a score of some oratorio unknown to us, or by chance hear one of the less-known symphonies played, are not struck by the sense of newness; rather the impression is of the opposite kind, we enjoy it easily for its strong family likeness to that which we know; it is like meeting an old friend under fresh circumstances, rather than making a new acquaintance.

With Bach, however, the case is different; with each new instance of his genius we have fresh problems to encounter. The great freedom of his musical subjects and his extraordinary command of every contrapuntal device, led him naturally to express his ideas through a more complicated structure than that employed by any other great composer. This complexity has always stood in the way of his popularity, and continues to do so. It would be a serious weakness were it not the only means possible to his mind of expressing itself. The difficulties of the means are justified by the greatness of the end, which was to find an almost infinite variety of expression for a no less variety of ideas. So in each one of the Church Cantatas with which we make acquaintance we find a new character, an individuality of its own from which, as Mozart said, "something is to be learnt." No doubt Mozart was struck by the freedom of the counterpoint, the ingenuity of invention, and the great technical skill of Bach's music, but it is hardly likely that in the year in which he himself wrote the "Jupiter" Symphony he came to Bach merely for a lesson in counterpoint, or found something to be learnt which was worth the study of hours, in mere technical dexterity. We may, I think, be pretty sure that it was in the spirit of Bach, in the way in which all his complicated means combined to breathe forth this spirit, and not to glorify themselves, that Mozart found his lesson.

Very probably the performance Mozart heard was bad enough; judging from the accounts of the performances in Bach's own day, which was only some forty years before, one wonders that the music was able to make sufficient impression to be heard again. To a musician as cultivated as Mozart, this would not, of course, much matter; he would be able to discern the true Bach spirit striving for utterance beneath a prosaic, even a faulty rendering; but to the ordinary hearer the imperfections of performances have been, and still are a serious impediment to the real understanding of Bach and delight in him. The technical difficulties of performances necessarily take so much time to overcome that when such efficiency is achieved, singers and conductors alike forget that that is the moment at which interpretation, their real work, begins. True, the spirit is there, inherent in the music, and those who have ears to hear may hear, but the vast majority of people need help, and even those who are sufficiently educated to enjoy unaided, find it a cold task, and are painfully struck by the discrepancy between the soul of the music and the soulless regularity with which "leads" are attacked, and the mathematical accuracy of precision by which the chorus are held together.

This applies equally to performances in churches and concert-rooms, but the thought is suggested at the beginning of Lent, because we may shortly expect to hear of the usual round of performances of the two great "Passions" in our cathedrals and churches. Moreover, it seems that here, if nowhere else, church music has a chance which cannot be wrested from it by the music of the concert-room. The choral works of Bach stand as the one supreme monument

of music which cannot be taken away from the church without corresponding loss. The masses of Palestrina share this quality with Bach's work, that they are indigenous to the soil, but with this difference, that the former are so purely ecclesiastical that no one could wish for them apart from the spiritual atmosphere of their natural surroundings, while in Bach the human element is so strong that men of all types feel they have their share in them and that their influence ought to be wider than that of any religious community. Still, that their natural home is in church all must admit, and for the most part it is left to church musicians to administer them. One would suppose too, that here would be a unique opportunity for a feeling and beautiful performance of Bach. Such choirs as attempt to sing the Passion Music are, or ought to be, small bodies of picked voices such as our cathedrals possess, so that the initial difficulties of technique and ensemble, which beset large choral bodies, are at once overcome. Yet it must be confessed that the majority of church performances of Bach are singularly lacking in the interpreting qualities which make the music able to appeal to the unlearned, for whom the performances are primarily intended. I say this, because I know of one single exception in a London church, where "Passion" services have been held for some years, and which has brought the contrast particularly home to me. At the church of which I am speaking the hearer is untroubled by the intricate intertwinings of the double chorus in the St. Matthew Passion; he is not led to wonder at the marvellous ingenuity of the counterpoint or to feel surprise at the skill of the singers, who keep together without a conductor. His intelligence is engaged on a higher level; he is in no danger of mistaking the means for the end, because unless he directs his attention by a conscious effort toward the means, he does not notice them. Nevertheless, the means all play their own part in building up the great impression which the work produces; moreover, it is no mere general impression of imposing choral effect, but a very definite, clear and simple one of genuine beauty of thought and expression, used to give vitality to the contemplation of the great subject.

This is, of course, only what one demands of any attempt to interpret great music. We could never be satisfied with any unimpassioned and merely correct performance of the Ninth Symphony or the "Emperor" Concerto. But with Bach, probably because of the difficulties of attainment and the presence of purely abstract beauties which musicians alone can enjoy, we have got into a habit of accepting a far lower standard, a state of things which deadens the perceptions of audience and performers alike. It is time to shake off conventional acceptances, to try to look at Bach's work as it really is, full of vitality and the most intimate human feeling, and to strive to express that, and bring that home to those whose perceptions are less acute than our own. We all have good reason to respect the heroic efforts of those who have inaugurated and maintained these annual services of Bach, often in the face of tremendous difficulties, and nothing could be further from my intention than to depreciate such efforts, however imperfect the result. It cannot but be helpful, though, to look at the example of Mozart, to imbue ourselves with his spirit of fresh enthusiasm, to come to our Bach, whether it be the well-known Passion Music or some hitherto unexplored region, with the conviction that here is something new, here is something to be learnt.

CORRESPONDENCE

Eastern Lodge, Brighton,
March 3, 1905.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—An accident which prevented me reading, prevented me thanking you for the review in THE

ACADEMY. I took counsel before inserting the letters you think I might have condensed—but I did not like to describe, as I should have to have done, as "cheerless, heartless, hopeless," the letter of the present Archbishop. It would have been thought libellous without the letter. In other cases the documents were proofs without which my statement would be open to question. But in the light of your suggestion I see that I might have made some abridgements with advantage. By which I am indebted, as well as for the review.—Very truly yours, G. J. HOLYOAKE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ASTRONOMY.

Flammarion, Camille. *Astronomy for Amateurs*. Authorised Translation by Frances A. Welby. Unwin, 6s. (Illustrated. The copy sent us lacks the Introduction and Index which the Table of Contents promises.)

BIOGRAPHY.

- Dennis, John. Dr Johnson. Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers. Bell, 1s. net.
- Johnson, Catharine B. William Bodham Donne and his Friends. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net. (See review, p. 233.)
- Scott, Eva. The King in Exile. The Wanderings of Charles II., from June 1646 to July 1654. Constable, 15s. net.
- Terry, Charles Sanford, Burnett-Fletcher Professor of History and Archaeology in the University of Aberdeen. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, 1648-1689. Constable, 12s. 6d. net. (See review, p. 228.)
- Harrison, Frederic. Chatham. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- Temperley, H. W. V., Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, Lecturer in History in the University of Leeds. Life of Canning. Finch, 7s. 6d. net.
- In full and glad surrender. The story of the Life and Work of Martin J. Hall (C. M. S. Missionary in Uganda) by his sister. With a preface by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. (Mr. Hall was drowned in August 1900, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, at the age of thirty-six, after a brief but ardent life of missionary work. The book consists largely of extracts from his journals, and is illustrated with a number of portraits and views.)
- Downey, Edmund, Twenty Years Ago, a book of anecdote illustrating literary life in London. Hurst & Blackett, 6s. net. (See review, p. 242.)

DRAMA.

Pinero, Arthur W. A Wife without a Smile, A Comedy in Disguise in three Acts. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Morris, William. The Story of the Glittering Plain, which has also been called the Land of Living Men or the Acre of the Undying. The Man born to be King. (From "The Earthly Paradise.") Longmans' Classics of English Literature. Longmans, 1s. 6d. net each.
- Chancellor, William Estabrook. American Schools, their administration and supervision. Heath, 7s. 6d. (A practical treatise on modern American educational polity from the point of view, not of the teacher, but of the manager or administrator, and dealing chiefly with the smaller schools and school systems.)
- Hakluyt's English Voyages. Selected and edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by E. E. Speight. With a Preface by Sir Clements R. Markham. Marshall, 2s. 6d. (With some spirited illustrations by R. Morton Nance.)
- The Carmelite Classics. Horace Marshall & Son. Milton's Samson Agonistes, edited by C. T. Onions, B.A., 6d. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, edited by N. L. Frazer, B.A., 6d. Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, edited by N. L. Frazer, B.A., 4d. Gray's Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, and other poems edited by N. L. Frazer, B.A., 4d. Goldsmith's The Traveller and R. L. Frazer, B.A., 4d. (Well printed little paper bound volumes for the use of students and teachers, with brief but sound notes, and questions on the text.)

FICTION.

- Barlow, Jane. By Beach and Bog-Land. Unwin, 5s. (The first story in this volume is one of the best Miss Barlow has ever written, and the whole collection is as good as her work invariably is.)
- Agnew, Gertrude. The Countess, a Summer Idyll. Gay & Bird, 2s. 6d.
- Fairless, Michael. The Grey Brethren, and other fragments in prose and verse. Duckworth, 2s. 6d. (A collection of papers and verses by the lady who wrote "The Road-mender," and died soon after its publication.)
- Blissett, Nellie K. The Silver Key. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
- Drummond, Hamilton. The King's Scapegoat. Ward, Lock & Co., 6s.
- Silberad, Una L. The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell and other matches of Tobias's Making. Constable, 6s.
- Norris, W. E. Barham of Beltana. Methuen, 6s. (See review, p. 240.)
- Wilson, Theodora Wilson. Langbarrow Hall. Harper, 6s.
- Le Queux, William. The Valley of the Shadow. Methuen, 6s.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry. The Marriage of William Ashe. Smith, Elder and Co., 6s. (See review, p. 227.)
- Lee, Aubrey. A Gentleman's Wife. George A. Morton, 6s.
- Gerard, Morice. The Adventures of an Equerry. Cassell, 6s.
- St. Aubyn, Allen. A Coronation Necklace. White, 6s.
- Nisbet, Hume. A Colonial King. White, 6s.
- Birmingham, George A. The Seething Pot. Arnold, 6s.
- Glyn, Elinor. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Duckworth, 6s. (See review, p. 241.)

HISTORY.

- Durham, M. Edith. The Burden of the Balkans. Arnold, 14s. net. (The troubles in the Balkan Peninsula, says Miss Durham, "are largely of racial, not religious origin." Her aim is to give the general reader a somewhat truer idea of the position of affairs than he usually possesses, and incidentally to persuade him that money subscribed for the Balkans is not money given to the cause of Christianity.)
- Walker, T. J. The Local Examination History of England. Edited by George Carter. Relfe, 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Tebbs, Louisa A. The New Lace Embroidery. Punto Tagliato. Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d. net. (A practical handbook to the embroidery invented by Miss Tebbs; fully illustrated.)
- Burford, A. W., A.M.I.C.E. Building a Lathe. Dawbarn and Ward, 6d. net. (No. 9 of the Home Worker's Series of Practical Handbooks, edited by H. Snowden Ward. Illustrated.)

PHILOSOPHY.

- Swift, Morrison I. Human Submission. Part Second. Philadelphia: The Liberty Press, 25 cents. (Part I, "Our Servile Religion," has not yet been published. Part III. is to deal with "The Confiscation of Wealth.")

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

- Münsterberg, Hugo, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. The Americans. Translated by Edwin B. Holt, Ph.D., Instructor at Harvard University. Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d. net. (A translation for Americans of a volume originally written for Germans. Its subject is "The Philosophy of Americanism"—a study of the American man and his inner tendencies.)

REPORT.

- The Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland. Fourth annual report.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Becke, Louis. The Jalasco Brig. Compton, Herbert. A Free Lance in a Far Land. Treherne's Shilling Novels. Treherne, 1s. each.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell. The Poet at the Breakfast Table. Dent, Temple Classics.
- Careless, John. The Old English Squire. Methuen, 3s. 6d. net. (Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books.)
- Elphinstone, The Hon Mountstuart. The History of India. The Hindu and Mahometan Periods, with notes and additions by E. B. Cowell, M.A. Ninth Edition. Murray, 15s. net. (This edition has been revised, and the list of qualities in the chapter on Philosophy has, for the first time, been completed.)
- Juliana, edited by William Strunk, junior, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of the English Language and Literature in Cornell University. Evangelium Secundum Johannem. The Gospel of Saint John, in West-Saxon, edited from the Manuscripts, with Introduction and Notes by James Wilson Bright, Ph.D., Professor of English Philology in the John Hopkins University, with a Glossary by Lancelot Minar Harris, Professor of English in the College of Charleston. Evangelium Secundum Mattheum. The Gospel of Saint Matthew in West-Saxon, edited from the Manuscripts by James Wilson Bright. Browning, Robert. A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, A Soul's Tragedy and In a Balcony, edited by Arlo Bates, Professor of English Literature in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Webster, John. The White Devil and the Duchess of Malfy, edited by Martin W. Sampson. Boston and London: D. C. Heath and Co. (The above are all parts of "The Belles Lettres Series.")
- Gardner, Edmund G. Dante's Ten Heavens. A Study of the Paradiso Second Edition. Constable, 5s. net.

SCIENCE.

- Joly, Charles Jasper. A Manual of Quaternions. Macmillan, 10s. (A mathematician whose time is limited is frightened, says Professor Joly, at the magnitude of Sir William Rowan Hamilton's "Elements of Quaternions." The aim of this book is to guide the student by the shortest and simplest route to a working knowledge of the calculus.)

SPORT.

- "Cut-Cavendish." The complete Bridge Player. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net. ("Cut-Cavendish" is an authority on his subject, but his book would have been the better for illustration.)

THEOLOGY.

- Collett, Rev. Edward. Narrow Windows, or Little Glimpses of Heavenly Light. A Lenten Day-Book. Brown, Langham, 1s. 6d.
- Pfeiderer, Otto. The Early Christian Conception of Christ. Its Significance and Value in the History of Religion. Williams and Norgate (Crown Theological Library), 3s. 6d. (Expanded from a lecture delivered by Professor Pfeiderer before the International Theological Congress at Amsterdam in 1903. His object is to study the primitive conception of Christ in the light of the history of comparative religion, not simply in "the isolation of Christian tradition," nor in the phrases of the New Testament idea of Christ, which are acceptable to the thought of to-day, and used exclusively by, for instance, Renan and Harnack.)
- Dargan, Edwin Charles, D.D., LL.D. A History of Preaching. From the Apostolic Fathers to the great Reformers A.D. 70-1572. Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. (Written and printed in America. Dr. Dargan is Professor of Homiletics in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville. There will be two more volumes, dealing with modern European Preaching, and with the history of Preaching in the United States.)
- Newton, Joseph. The Problem of Personality. Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. (See review, p. 242.)

TRAVEL.

- D'Humières, Vicomte Robert. Through Isle and Empire. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, with a prefatory letter by Rudyard Kipling. Heinemann, 6s.
- Fairbanks, Harold Wellman, Ph.D. The Western Wonderland. Half-hours in the United States. Heath, 5s. (Dr. Fairbanks describes a number of prominent scenic features of the United States, with special reference to their geological and climatic history. His book is well and lavishly illustrated.)

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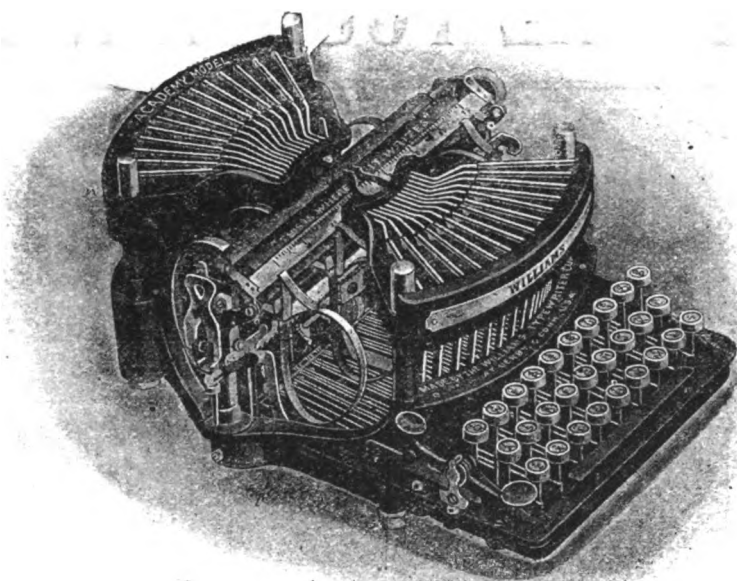
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WITH Mr. Carruthers Gould as prior or chairman, Sir Edward Grey as chief guest, and a great number of other notabilities, including Lord Rosebery and Mr. Winston Churchill among those present, the annual dinner of the Whitefriars Club, held at the Trocadero last Friday night, must be described as brilliant. Many changes have come over this club since the days when it consisted of a knot of journalists who met every Friday in Anderton's Hotel to consume a modest dinner and chat over the events of the week. It has greatly increased in size and influence, and its dinners are stately and elaborate, with a toast list as carefully drawn up as the list of speakers at a Lord Mayor's banquet. Even in its modest early days it frequently attracted men of eminence, but now it sparkles with what our transatlantic friends would call "a galaxy of brilliance." On Friday night thin black lines of editors stretched from point to point, and were only broken by the occasional intrusion of distinguished lawyers and men of letters.

The speech of the evening was undoubtedly that of Sir Edward Grey. It was literary in the best sense. Sir Edward's clear-cut features suggest his style of oratory. Yet it was not the clearness and precision that lent charm to the speech, but what we may call the sub-tint, the under-current, above which the jest and laughter and wit were but as the surface ripples on a wind-swept stream. Below there was the desire older than Horace, old as poetry itself, for that golden age in the life of man when work being over he may "close the shop," be the shop politics or art or business, and betake himself to the house he has dreamt of where the garden is always fair and a stream runs by for ever. The passionate desire for this rest gave to Sir Edward's words a nameless charm, a fine fragrance not often found in what this was in the main, a witty and entertaining after-dinner speech. It was none the less felt because of the unconsciousness and spontaneity of the speaker.

Among the definite opinions ventilated by Sir Edward Grey was one that the vital reading of a man is usually done between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. There are no doubt precocious children who attack masterpieces before they get to their 'teens, but the majority of us gorged ourselves with rubbish in childhood. Once in our lives Mayne Reid and Marryat and Dumas were the literary kings. But the healthy advancing mind throws the rubbish aside as time goes on and the maturing judgment begins to drift and search for the mental food that the individuality requires. About thirty-five, however, the bones of the intellect, to write in a metaphor, begin to indurate. After forty the minds of few men continue to expand though the judgment may continue to ripen. The

page we turn later is "not verse now, only prose." Quite true, yet so various and versatile is man that it is unsafe to repose too implicitly in the general. To the writer's mind comes the memory of a pair of old but fine grey eyes, a white beard, an enthusiastic face, and while the vibrating voice that went with these features keeps ringing in his mental ears he will ever be careful to set no limit to the age of human development.

A certain amount of regret will be felt at what practically amounts to the merger of the *St. James's Gazette* in the *Evening Standard*, the two papers on Tuesday being for the first time issued as one under the title of *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. It carries us a long way back to remember the origin of the *St. James's*. It was, as most of our readers will know, the invention of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who for many years previously had been editing another paper that he founded himself, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The history of the latter had been peculiar. Its beginning was something new in English journalism, something that was better than any preceding attempt. Never before had an editor tried to present to his readers day by day so much literary work of the highest class and so much opinion and comment that always were, so to speak, on the top of the intellectual wave of the moment. But the English public does not rush in its myriads to support an innovation of this kind, and though the *Pall Mall Gazette* reflected the utmost credit on all who had to do with it, it did not yield the fabulous fortune which later journals have done.

When Mr. Greenwood's first evening paper changed hands it changed principles also, and in the high-minded way which is part of his nature he left it and ultimately founded the *St. James's Gazette*. It was a pleasure to read this paper as long as it was under his direction, since he had a wonderful gift for attracting the rising talent of the day and developing it. Richard Jefferies had been his most important discovery in his first venture, and in his second he had the pleasure of leading Mr. J. M. Barrie forth to the light. But he never depended on one contributor for the brilliance of the journals with which he was associated, and during his editorship the *St. James's Gazette* read like a first-class magazine issued nightly. On his resignation, which was brought about under circumstances that need not be described here, he was followed by his very capable lieutenant Mr. Sidney Low, who is now literary editor of the *Standard*, and Mr. Low in his turn was succeeded by Mr. Hugh Chisholm, now the acting editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

It would be difficult to follow the subsequent fortunes and vicissitudes of this evening paper, which seemed to some of us to lose a great deal of its charm while gaining or attempting to gain what is popularly known as go and actuality. It has, we understand, had many editors during the past few years, clever and capable men no doubt, but wanting in the knack of interesting the most cultivated circle of readers. The amalgamation is very singular, because the distinction of the *Evening Standard* has always lain in the promptitude of its news service, while the traditions of the journal now merged in it are those of leisurely and quiet culture. However, out of the two it is possible that something original may be created. We can only hope that the new editor will do his best to keep his paper up to the highest standard, and not play down to the multitude. He has plenty of contemporaries who are doing that already.

In this connection it is pleasant to know that the friends of Mr. Frederick Greenwood are to give a banquet to his honour in the beginning of April. Mr. Greenwood, who is now in his seventy-fifth year, has been far more than an ordinary journalist. Oftener than anybody else he has been asked to give counsel as to the government of the country, and many important measures, such as the pur-

chase of the Suez Canal shares, were due to his initiative. Mr. George Meredith, in the letter which has been published announcing the dinner, does no more than justice to the most distinguished publicist of his time.

Admirers of the late Mr. W. E. Henley will be glad to know that adequate steps have been taken to commemorate one of the most striking and potent personalities that ever figured in the literary circles of London. Leave has been given for a statue to be erected to him in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of M. Rodin and is done from the one with which Mr. Henley's friends are familiar. In his old school there is to be instituted a Henley Gold Medal that will be given as a prize for literature. Probably, if he were alive, he would not wish for any more suitable means of keeping his memory green. The number of those who knew him personally is bound to dwindle now as the years glide away, and though his works will remain, it will be as difficult to hand down the memory of his vital personality to succeeding generations as it is to preserve the effect produced by some "well graced actor" on the stage.

We found the following in the letter-box: "Your remarks in last week's issue about the decadence of the best weekly reviews are no doubt just as far as they go, and I hope your forecast of their revival will be justified by the event, but you do not admit an essential part of the explanation. In the 'sixties literary criticism was practically confined to a very small number of journals; now it is diffused over the morning and evening papers. These have improved to an immense degree, and do you not think that their treatment of books is on the whole prompt and adequate to the needs of the general reader? A small but select minority of fastidious and cultivated book-lovers may require more, but the ordinary man or woman who asks for a review simply to order the right book for his or her library will surely find all he requires in the book department of his political or commercial newspaper." This communication was signed "Senex."

Willingly and gladly is it admitted that English daily journalism has improved enormously, and that the newspapers of 1865 are not for wealth of news, accuracy, and intelligence of comment to be compared with those of 1905. Much of the reviewing in the latter, perhaps the greater part of it, is well done, yet we have to remember, as no less an authority than Mr. George Meredith has pointed out, that a great deal is lacking in outspoken frankness or good judgment. It happens that an apt illustration is before us as we write. The subject of the review is "A Secret Woman" by Eden Phillpotts, an author for whom we have the greatest respect. "The Secret Woman" is a piece of honest good work, but hear how it is described in the columns of an evening contemporary by a reviewer who signs himself "James Douglas." Within the space of a few lines it is referred to as "one of the greatest novels in literature," "a masterpiece," "a superb achievement," and "a masterpiece of the first order." It happens that the author in question knows what a masterpiece really should be, and he must have blushed at reading this.

But the reviewer is not exhausted. He finds that by virtue of this novel Mr. Eden Phillpotts has entered into "the noble company of the masters," and is now the fellow of Fielding and Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, Meredith and Hardy, Turgeniev and Tolstoy. The humour of his rustics is compared to that of Thomas Hardy and Shakespeare (!) and declared to be "as fine as anything George Eliot ever wrote." If Senex does not consider this to be a fair example of what is offered as literary criticism we would ask him how many "masterpieces" and "superb achievements" are discovered in the course of a fortnight by the daily reviewers, and if any trust is to be placed in those who at small provocation gush in this manner over

the most unexpected subject. Mr. Eden Phillpotts is to be commiserated for having been made the subject of such foolish remarks. He has won a high place for himself, but the only effect of the comparisons here instituted must be to make him appear ridiculous. Now, Senex, if this is the character of your "diffused" criticism there is plenty of room for a different style of journalism.

We still seem to be at sixes and sevens—or to be more precise at fives and sixes—over the date of Edmund Waller's birth, which has come to be generally accepted as having taken place on March 3, 1605. There is no doubt, however, that it actually occurred a year later, as may be verified by a reference to the Amersham Parish Register of March 9, 1606, on which day he was baptized. A certain "writ of oustre" declaring that on October 4, 1616, Edmund Waller was ten years — months old (the number of months is obliterated) might easily have attracted the attention of one or another of his editors to a discrepancy, but no one seems to have thought of consulting the Register till Mr. T. G. Drury cited it in the introduction to his edition of the poet. The mistake is no doubt initially attributable to the old practice of beginning the New Year on March 25. Curiously enough, Mr. Saintsbury's "Short History of English Literature" gives both dates, 1605 in the text and 1606 in the index.

It would no doubt be possible for a special pleader to contend that English literature has gained by its insularity more than it has lost. "Every nation mocks at other nations," he might quote from Schopenhauer, "and all are right." He would find, however, few arguments to support his theory in the literary past. The debt of Chaucer to France, of the early sonneteers to Italy, and of Coleridge to German thought, would be formidable obstacles in his path. Boundary commissions, in fact, have little jurisdiction in the world of letters, and, to say nothing of other professions, the more the writer knows of the literature of other countries the less will his outlook be narrowed by passing conventions. For this reason the action of Oxford University in suspending the Taylorian scholarships in French, German, Italian, and Spanish is to be regretted. For fifty years these scholarships have proved an inducement to students to go beyond the strict limits of the academic course, and the roll of scholars, if it does not include others of the calibre of the first winning candidate, Mr. Swinburne, contains the names of several whose subsequent success may be traced in a measure to this encouragement to the study of modern languages. The suspension may be sound finance, but it is bad policy.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel raises the whole question of the *roman à clef*. In France this is almost a term of abuse; though there is at any rate one great writer, Anatole France, who "puts real people" into his stories. Thus, in "Le Lys Rouge" it is not difficult to perceive the portrait of a well-known English woman writer. In "The Marriage of William Ashe," Mrs. Ward has not only adopted the story of Lord Melbourne and Lady Caroline Lamb, and utilised the picturesque personality of the most gorgeous Lady Blessington, who appears as Madame D'Estrées, but has not disdained to employ, with hardly any alteration, social episodes, and even minor social scandals of much later, indeed almost contemporary date. The actors in these are still very much alive, and in no sense the "pale ghosts" Mrs. Ward refers to in her preface!

The appearance of a fresh instalment of "Sherlock Holmes" may give point to a reminiscence of an earlier Sherlock Holmes—a Sherlock Holmes, in fact, who flourished in North America in the seventeenth century. The story is of an Indian who, finding that some venison had been stolen from his hut, set out to pursue the thief. He had not gone far before he was heard to inquire from some travellers whom he met whether they had seen a little old

white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a little tail. He was asked how he had arrived at that description of the marauder, and his answer was:

"The thief I know is a little man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison; that he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the wood; and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark off the tree on which it leaned; that his dog is small I know by its tracks; and that it has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where it was sitting at the time its master was taking down the meat."

These, it is clear, are the methods of Sherlock Holmes and of no other. But does any one—does Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself—know the source of the quotation? We are almost tempted to offer a prize to anyone who will detect its origin, but decide on second thoughts to disclose the secret. It comes from the works of Charlevoix, the Jesuit traveller who explored the Saint Lawrence and the Mississippi.

Two French houses with interesting associations claim mention—the one because it is to be pulled down, the other because it is to be preserved as a place of pilgrimage. The former is the house in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-champs, in which Victor Hugo wrote "*Hernani*," and from which he was evicted because of the disturbance made by the many friends who called to congratulate him on the success of that famous play which launched the romantic movement. "I am very sorry. I shall miss you," said the proprietress, who herself occupied a flat in the building, to Madame Hugo. "But what am I to do? I came here for tranquillity, and there is always this coming and going on the stairs. How sorry I feel for you, my dear lady! What a hard trade it is that your poor husband follows!"

The other house is "*Les Charmettes*," at Chambéry, where Madame de Warens, Claude Anet, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau had their curious "*ménage à trois*." The description of the life forms one of the most idyllic passages of the "*Confessions*." The French Government has voted £1000 for the acquisition of the villa which is to be classed with "historical monuments," and will doubtless receive the sentimental homage of many tourists in the course of the summer.

Most of the original furniture, including the harp-ichord, is still at "*Les Charmettes*," but there is question of purchasing an interesting relic in the shape of Jean-Jacques' writing-desk for installation there. This was bought at Clarens, during the Emigration, by another distinguished French author, Joseph de Maistre, to whom it was a joy to sit at the philosopher's desk in order to confute the philosopher's doctrines. It is now in the possession of his grandson, Count François de Maistre, at the Chateau of Vendeuil, in the department of the Oise.

The English reader who chances to light on Guillaume's latest volume of sketches, "*Les Unes et les Autres*" ("*Both Sorts*"), will be well advised not to let credulity mingle too freely with his amusement. Society under the Third Republic, though not essentially virtuous, is by no means wholly given to the occupation of infringing the seventh commandment—as the uninformed might be tempted to suppose from these clever pictures. Leaving this aspect of the artist's work aside, the volume will be found remarkably pleasant as a collection of sidelights on Parisian character. The undertaker's clerk who explains to two sorrowing relatives that white drapings are not suitable for the funeral of a "*démouille*" aged 89, because "*they make people laugh so*," is a type from life. Lovers of art will appreciate Guillaume's passion for experiment, of which nearly every sketch bears evidence. In some cases English influence is apparent—notably that of Dewar and Du Maurier.

The French Société des Gens de lettres has appointed Mr. G. Herbert Thring, the Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors, and also of the Authors' Club, to be its London solicitor. Mr. Thring is a son of the famous headmaster of Uppingham, and was at Hertford College, Oxford, in the early 'eighties. Before succeeding Mr. Squire Spriggs in his present post, he was in practice as a solicitor, and at an earlier date he was a stockbroker.

It may be noted that the Société des Gens de lettres is the oldest of all the Associations for the defence of literary property, dating from as far back as 1837. Among the eminent men concerned in its foundation are included Théophile Gautier, Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié, Victor Hugo, and Honoré de Balzac; while George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Etienne Arago, and Henri Martin were among its first adherents. It is much richer than the Society of Authors, since its members, in addition to paying their entrance fees and subscriptions, cede to the Society their second serial rights. The moneys thus provided are devoted to a pension fund, designed to grant annuities of 300 francs to all necessitous members over sixty years of age. Paul de Musset (Alfred's less famous brother) was one of the early pensioners, though he subsequently fell upon more fortunate times, and repaid the advances made to him.

A Bill to remove, or at least relieve, a copyright grievance, is to be introduced into the United States Legislature next autumn. The proposal is to accord English authors a six months' grace after the publication of their works in England before it shall be permissible for the American to reprint their writings without their leave. It would be a more civilised proceeding for the Americans to adhere to the Berne Convention; but the concession will at any rate be a good deal better than nothing. The unknown author who unexpectedly "*booms*" will have his chance of finding an American market; while the sale in America of the articles contributed to English magazines, at present very difficult to arrange, will be much facilitated. The cabling now necessary to secure simultaneous appearance on both sides of the ocean is an unmitigated nuisance to every one concerned except the Cable Companies; and these are happily too high-minded to mingle in the agitation.

The annals of criminology have received a notable addition by the publication of Signor Bianchi's "*Autopsia di un Delitto*" at the Libreria Editrice Nazionale, Milan. The subject of the book is, of course, the extraordinary Murri-Bonmartini case now undergoing trial. More than a passing literary interest attaches to the crime, which in its uncommon horror raises comparisons with the Caponsacchi case of "*The Ring and the Book*" or the Roman tale of murder and passion unfolded by Froude in one of his most engrossing essays. Signor Bianchi's analysis of this terrible mixture of refinement and ignorance, love and remorseless hatred, will have its value as a very curious study in morbid psychology (to coin a phrase) long after the case will have been forgotten by the public.

Italy is growing somewhat concerned at the ever-increasing English flood which threatens to undermine the pure Tuscan speech. So numerous have foreign neologisms become that Signor Alfredo Panzini has felt called upon to compile a "*Dizionario Moderno*," in which the interested will find many amusing English and quasi-English terms. Sporting words, as might be expected, are by far the most numerous, among them being "*match*" (popularly spelt "*machk*"), "*sportsman*," and "*football*." Cookery terms come next with "*plum pudding*," "*grill-room*," "*sandwich*," and "*beef-steak*."

Englishmen will not object to the naturalisation of "*business*," "*club*," "*leader*," "*self-government*," and "*self-help*," and will feel nothing but gentle curiosity at

the fact that the Jameson incident has left its mark in Italy, as well as in France, with the word "raid"; but a respectful protest must be raised against the retention of such words and phrases as "spleen," "five o'clock tea," and "high-life," which learned cardinals and professors are wont to repeat with much satisfaction to themselves. Most strange of all, however, is the use of the word "smocking." The origin of this peculiar term is wrapped in mystery, but no member of the *cercle* at Milan has any doubt that "smocking" is good current English for a smart dress coat.

Visitors to Yasnaia Poliana, says the *Novosti*, report that Count Tolstoy has of late abandoned the reading of the newspapers, being content to get current information from his friends. He roams about a great deal, especially in the woods. His wounded leg, injured by a fall from his horse, has healed—and he feels more lively than ever. He works hard, and has finished and is revising three more works. In one of these he portrays a political criminal who, converted to true Christianity in prison, goes to the scaffold with the Gospel in his hands. These three works, one of which, "Chadji Murata," has already been outlined in the press, will only be printed after his death.

The engagement of Princess Margaret of Connaught to the son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway has—indirectly—a certain literary interest. In this way: The Swedish Royal Family is perhaps the most bookishly inclined of any of the reigning families (excluding Carmen Sylva of Roumania). The prospective bridegroom's father is a notable folk-lorist, the patron and friend of Ibsen and Bjørne Bjørnesen, and is suspected of having had a hand in the compilation of Hans Lien Brekstad's "Swedish Fairy Tales." His grandfather, the King of Sweden and Norway, has always been profoundly interested in literature. He was the "protector" of Hans Christian Andersen, and helped much to popularise his exquisite tales. It is on record that although a Dane, the King of Sweden offered Andersen a home in Stockholm should he desire to change his residence, and on more than one occasion he called the great story-teller from his native Denmark to visit him in his summer quarters at Marstrand, Drottningholm, or Jönköping. The Slottet or palace at Stockholm has a remarkable library fully supplied with the most modern books in English, French, and German, and the Kungliga Biblioteket, or Royal Library, has 350,000 volumes and 8000 MSS.

A large bookseller in the West End is responsible for the statement that a quite considerable demand has recently sprung up ("recently" implying the last two or three years) for popular plays running at fashionable theatres. "I have been asked at least a dozen times lately," he said, "for copies of *The Walls of Jericho*, and nearly as often for *Beauty and the Barge*. Of course, I have had to reply that they were not—as yet—printed." It would seem that the only three playwrights who allow their plays to be printed are Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. There are, of course, various business considerations, questions of acting rights, copyright and the like to be considered, which may in many cases render publication undesirable, but it is questionable whether with the growing demand for "plays to read at home," some working arrangement might not be come to whereby a successful play, such as *Peter Pan* or *The Duke of Killiecrankie*, might be purchaseable almost as soon as its popularity is assured. One can usually, though not always, buy a French play very shortly after the first night. French law is, however, in some ways, kinder, or, at least, more flexible.

Messrs. Sotheby sold last week at their rooms in Wellington Street a very interesting collection of manuscripts and early printed books belonging to the library of the late Mr. Flower, of Guildford. The "Acta Sanctorum," wanting eleven

volumes, realised £28 10s.; the "Two Books of Francis Bacon of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning," first edition, an excellent copy and rare (1605), £19; Balzac's works (in French), on Japanese paper, fifty volumes, £14; Biblia Sacra Latina (1480), £19; Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures, £20; Chaucer's Works, black letter (1542), £34; Dante (1477), £50; Dante, the rare first edition of the first French translation (1597), £11 15s.; The Dictionary of National Biography, complete set, sixty-nine volumes, £40 10s.; Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, fine copy (1622), £17; Mary Stuart, by John Skelton (Goupil), £11 10s.; Queen Elizabeth, by Creighton, same series, £10; Higden's Polychronicon, imprinted at Southwerke by Peter Treveris (1527), £29; Holbein's Imitations of Original Drawings in the Collection of the King (1792), £33 10s.; Buxton Forman's edition of Keats, four volumes (1883), £8 10s.; Chaucer's Works, with design by Sir E. Burne-Jones, £49; Lord Lilford's coloured figures of the Birds of the British Islands, seven volumes (1891-1897), £50; Maund's Botanic Garden, £12; Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. (1821), £8 10s.; Redoute (P. J.), Les Lillacées, Paris (1802-16), £75; Scott's Waverley Novels, "Border Edition," (Nimmo, 1892-1894), £16; Shelley's Works, edited by Buxton Forman, £10; Sheridan's Works, with Life by Browne (Bickers, 1873), £25; Sir Philip Sidney's Works (1825), £31; Silvester's Paléographie Universelle (1840), £9 10s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, &c. (1611), £14 5s.; Symonds' Renaissance in Italy, five volumes, £11 15s.; Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler (1839), £11 15s.; A holograph letter of Peter Vannes to Cardinal Wolsey, and other letters, £73. In all, the sale, which lasted four days, realised £2502 19s.

In the review of "The Garden of Pleasant Flowers," which appeared in the "ACADEMY AND LITERATURE" of March 4, it should have been stated that the book is published by Mr. Philip Wellby, the price being 3s. 6d. net.

Two lectures delivered almost simultaneously at the Sorbonne and at the Royal Institution raise the question whether the need of a large-sized hat is a proof of intellectual capacity. The size of the head, we learn, depends upon the size of the individual, and the researches of phrenologists do not bear out the theory of the correspondence between a large brain and intellectual gifts. It is true that Turgenev's skull was slightly above the average in size, and that Cromwell and Byron were endowed in this respect with an even weightier article than the Russian novelist; but Gambetta was below the average and Jeremy Taylor by no means abnormal in cranial development, while Dante's skull is supposed to have been less than that of the average Englishman. Probably mental gifts depend on both brain and body. Schopenhauer hints somewhere that broad shoulders are an inevitable appurtenance of the man of genius, though it is easy to cite instances to the contrary.

The general tendency among historians of the present day to argue that the devil, far from being as black as he is painted, is conspicuously whiter than other people, has apparently spread to the poets, for it is announced by Mr. Stephen Phillips that he will occupy himself in his next forthcoming work with a vindication of the character of Nero. It will be interesting to see how convincing a case he is able to present for the inclusion of his hero among the much maligned characters of history. There is good ground for a partial reconsideration of the traditional view both of Nero and Tiberius, for apart from its inherent improbability, as depicting mere Bluebeards rather than men, it is mainly based upon the account given by Tacitus, which, with all its vivid brilliance, is only the case for the prosecution. Still, even for Tiberius, the utmost result of the labours of his champions has been to win him pity rather than esteem; and Tiberius offers a much less refractory surface for the brush of the whitewasher than Nero has to show. In an outline of his intended defence,

Mr. Phillips claims that Nero was merely an æsthetic placed in a position of omnipotence. The difference between the popular Nero and Mr. Phillips's own seems after all to be chiefly one of terminology.

To-day (March 18) is the one-hundredth and thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of Laurence Sterne. The author of "Tristram Shandy" died in lodgings above a silk-bagwig-maker's, at 41 Old Bond Street, attended only by a hired nurse and observed by a footman, who had been sent to inquire after his health. From that footman we have the account of Yorick's last moments: "I went to Mr. Sterne's lodgings; the mistress opened the door. I inquired how he did; she told me to go up to the nurse, I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, 'Now it is come!' He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute." Within a week, according to the gruesome tradition, he had been buried in the new burying-ground near Tyburn; the body-snatchers, or "resurrection-men," had rifled his grave and sold the body to an eminent surgeon, and a friend invited to a scientific demonstration recognised his dead companion in the "subject" on the dissection table.

A reader who has unexpectedly lighted upon the source of the title of one of Mr. Kipling's most successful books suggests that novelists on the look-out for names for their wares might well follow in the steps of the author of "Captains Courageous," and glance through the "Percy Reliques," or some other collection of our virile and suggestive old ballads. The title referred to will be found in the opening stanza of the sixteenth-century song, celebrating "Mary Ambree," the Amazonian heroine of the Siege of Ghent in 1586:

"When captains courageous whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree."

LITERATURE

COVENTRY PATMORE

Coventry Patmore. By EDMUND GOSSE. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

To allocate to the late Mr. Coventry Patmore the place he is entitled to hold in English literature is a most difficult task, yet it is the one question that arises from a perusal of this book by Mr. Gosse. The facts about his life were made known by the *Memoirs and Correspondence* published by Mr. Basil Champneys in 1900, and it is scarcely worth while repeating them here, except so far as to recapitulate some of the more salient incidents. First we have to remember that he had a father who according to the most charitable construction was far from being a desirable person; indeed the father's reputation was an obstacle to the young man's progress, as the following incident narrated by Mr. Gosse will show:

"Robert Browning told me that when, in 1846, at the house of Barry Cornwall, he asked Thackeray to let him introduce the young Coventry Patmore to him, the novelist boisterously refused, adding, 'I won't touch the hand of a son of that murderer!' That Thackeray, in his generous way, immediately repented, acknowledging that the son was not responsible for the father, and that he hastened to help the former as 'a most deserving and clever young fellow who will be a genius some day,' does not detract from the impression which the original outburst gives us of P. G. Patmore's being regarded as a kind of social outlaw."

It was in the famous duel between John Scott the editor of the *London Magazine* and Lockhart's friend Christie that the elder Patmore acted in a way which earned him the title of murderer. Christie had fired his first shot in the air, and Scott, it was thought, would have done the same if Patmore, who acted as his second, had not insisted: "You

must not speak, you have nothing for it now but firing." He did fire and Christie's second bullet went through his heart. Now this cannot be called an accidental divagation on the part of the elder Patmore, since a great deal of his conduct showed a touch of this same brutality. We would not endeavour to recall it, but for the fact that in all the refinement of his son some trace of this hereditary characteristic is to be found. We discern it even in the kindly personal reminiscences which give a flavour to this biography. Mr. Gosse says:

"In 1879 I met him for the first time at the Savile Club, of which he was for a short while a member. It was in company with several other and younger men, and he made a highly disagreeable impression on me; I thought him harsh and sardonic; he said little and what he said was bitter. But, in the course of 1880, after his removal to Hastings, we began to correspond on the structure and function of the Ode, a subject which he had illustrated both in theory and practice, and on which his views were curious and, I ventured to think, on some points technically heterodox. At length, soon after New Year's Day, 1881, I was invited to Hastings to spend a Sunday with him; I went down in some trepidation, remembering that countenance as of a sourer Macchiavelli which I had seen at the club, and my reception was a surprise and an enchantment."

And in his attitude towards critics and readers, which grew more arrogant and intellectually aristocratic as he grew older, we find what might have been, as it were, the sediment of this characteristic. It is found even in his poetry, as when he proudly sings:

"Therefore no 'plaint be mine
Of listeners none,
No hope of rendered use or proud reward,
In hasty times and hard;
But chants as of a lonely thrush's throat
At latest eve,
That does in each calm note
Both joy and grieve;
Notes few and strong and fine,
Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun.
'Mid the loud concert harsh
Of this fog-folded marsh,
To me, else dumb,
Uranian Clearness, come!
Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
The light-thrill'd ether of your rarest skies."

Probably the second strong influence in his life was his association with Tennyson, and it is significant that Tennyson did not like the man. Mr. Gosse gives a description of the great Laureate in the 'forties that certainly deserves to be quoted:

"While they walked the streets at night in endless perambulation, or while they sat together over a single meal in a suburban tavern, Tennyson's dark eyes would suddenly be set as those of a man who sees a vision, and no further sound would pass his lips, perhaps for an hour. These peculiarities were endured with patience by the younger of the two companions, partly because he was himself inclined to reverie, but particularly because his extreme admiration for Tennyson made him more than indulgent."

In later life Patmore was accustomed to say that he had followed Tennyson like a dog, but that the great poet had never really cared about him, and had merely accepted his companionship to escape from his own thoughts, and that Tennyson's conversation had always been egotistical and useless. Nevertheless it is very evident to the reader of Patmore that the greater poet exercised an extraordinary influence over him. The third influence on his life was his marriage with his first wife. She had only been with him fifteen years at her death, and her memory was ever fragrant and full of inspiration. Mr. Gosse quotes a description of her by Robert Browning in verse that is probably as true to life as the portrait by John Everett Millais or the medallion of Woolner:

"If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, that should be opening soft
In the pure profile—not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all—but rather as aloft
Some hyacinth she loves so leaned its staff's

Burden of honey-coloured studs to kiss
Or capture 'twixt the lips, apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped perfect chin it lifts."

His second wife was not so potent and seems always to have been more or less afraid of her husband. Mr. Gosse says:

"She was a woman of taste and even of a little learning, pious, gentle and somewhat timid. Her husband's loud protestations and emphasis of statement kept her in a perpetual tremor, but she was entirely devoted to love and admiration of him. The faithful biographer of Coventry Patmore, Mr. Basil Champneys, has been obliged, after baffling search, to record of Marianne, the poet's second wife, that 'the extraordinary self-effacement and reticence which was characteristic of her in life seems fated to attend her memory.'"

These and his conversion to Roman Catholicism are the facts in the life of Patmore that are of essential value to the student of biography, but to state them in this crude manner would not lead us to expect that exquisite grace which distinguished so much of his poetry. His was the task to hymn nuptial love and that virginity of the heart which marriage purifies and enhances rather than destroys. The merits and also the limits of Coventry Patmore's verse are shown as clearly in the following piece as in any of his writings:

"Whene'er I come where ladies are,
How sad soever I was before,
Though like a ship frost-bound and far
Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,
With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,
And crew that care for calm and shock
Alike, too dull to be dismay'd,
Yet, if I come where ladies are,
How sad soever I was before,
Then is my sadness banish'd far,
And I am like that ship no more;
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,
Burst by the sudden polar Spring,
And all thank God for their warming wits,
And kiss each other and dance and sing,
And hoist fresh sails, that make the breeze
Blow them along the liquid sea
Out of the North, where life did freeze,
Into the haven where they would be."

TRAGEDY

Shakespearean Tragedy: Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth. By A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

SECOND NOTICE

"To attempt to give a description of the play itself or its effect upon the mind is mere impertinence." This is a *mot* of Hazlitt's *à propos* of *King Lear*. Professor Bradley's book "*Shakespearean Tragedy*" is a living refutation of the dictum. One would be more inclined to lay it down that it is impossible to get a thorough grasp of the play as a whole without the aid of such a book as the one before us. Dr. Aldis Wright unfortunately is not on my side. He would be compelled, if he wishes to abide by his former opinions, to call Professor Bradley a "showman," his style of work "sign-post" criticism, and his method an "anachronism." In his Clarendon Press edition, he confesses that he purposely omitted so-called æsthetic criticism, "because," he says, "one main object of these editions is to induce those for whose use they were expressly designed to read and study Shakespeare himself, and not to become familiar with opinions about him." In answer, one has only to ask, what could better whet one's appreciation of Shakespeare's dramas than a knowledge of the many varying opinions to which they give rise, and what could better conduce to an original study of the text itself than the necessity imposed on the reader of selecting the right view out of many plausible ones on the same subject?

But further, to say nothing of textual difficulties, are

there not necessarily many latent beauties in a dramatist of Shakespeare's genius, which deserve to be pointed out by one specially skilled in his craft? For instance, to the ordinary reader, Iago's cry, "I bleed, sir, but not killed," seems at first sight like a cowardly cry for protection against further attacks on him by Othello. But this is a wrong interpretation, and, if it was right, the appeal would be quite out of character; for Iago was nothing if not a brave and daring man. The words are in reality an answer to Othello's "If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee," and Iago's "I bleed, sir," is a further example of his arrogance and obduracy, meaning: "You see I am a devil and I won't die." This callous contumacy reaches its height ten lines later when, in answer to Othello's pathetic request,

"Will you I pray demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?"

Iago answers so cruelly:

"Demand me nothing: what you know, you know,
From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again, but for Professor Bradley's note, the meaning of

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy,"

might puzzle even a careful reader, who might think the usually princely Hamlet guilty of a piece of bad taste in slighting the philosophy of his best friend, especially as Hamlet must know that Horatio's philosophy was likely to be of a character rudimentary enough. *Your* in this passage is, of course, used in the sense which the gravedigger employed it when he said "*Your* water is a sore decayer of *your* whoreson dead body."

It is easy to see that *King Lear* is Professor Bradley's favourite Shakespearean play, as it was also the choice of Lamb and of Hazlitt. *King Lear* is the favourite of nearly all critics. The reason of this is that the critic is not primarily a theatre-goer, and hence he is not affected by its undoubted structural defects as a stage play, while he is fascinated by the largeness of its poetic conceptions. In *Hamlet* and *Lear*, and to a lesser degree in *Macbeth*, we find this ampler poetic atmosphere, this more extended intellectual field, suggesting the limitlessness of the scope of Shakespeare's mind. In these plays are opened up vague issues of universal powers, working in the world of individual fate and passion—"Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance." In *Othello*, on the other hand, as Professor Bradley himself points out, something of this is lacking, something of what is highest in the poetic genius of Shakespeare. Yet this very want is one which conduces to the continued representation of *Othello* on our modern stage, just as it militates against the success of *King Lear* in the theatre.

There are other causes, however, which retain for *Othello* its reputation as a drama second only to *Hamlet*. Like *Hamlet*, its dramatic technique is admirable—the best of all the plays; and, like *Hamlet* again, its poetry, as evidenced in the phraseology of the hero, is unequalled in any other of the dramas. But the modernity of *Othello* is what most of all recommends it in a theatre of our own times. It was a play of contemporary life in the Elizabethan age, and it is the same to-day. The tragedy is a private or domestic one rather than one of nationality, in this respect unlike *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*. It is a drama of intrigue, and accident plays a much larger part in the unfolding of the story than is the case in *Hamlet* for instance. But what makes it the most poignantly painful of all the tragedies is the seeming lack of a merciful providence, not to say the hostility of heaven to man. The ease with which the desperate events might have been averted under slightly different circumstances suggests gratuitous cruelty to the star-crossed mortals on the part of callous or vindictive gods:

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

This painful feeling of helplessness would be too poignant

but for Emilia's grand and unrestrained denunciation of Othello and Iago, which gives utterance to the pent-up and almost bursting indignation of the audience. She speaks their feelings for them in invective more scathing than ever they could have uttered themselves, and that is why every one in the theatre always falls in love with Emilia rather than with Desdemona.

"If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day: he lies to the heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain."

The everyday theatre-goer feels an affinity with the robust and unafraid common sense and even vulgarity of Emilia, while he is untouched and even irritated by the refined, pure, and submissive self-restraint of the heroine.

One meets everywhere in Professor Bradley's work unerring taste, of which there is a fine example in the lecturer's note on *Othello*, iii., 3, 50 ff.—the passage about the Pontic Sea. With this is combined exact scholarship, for instance, where he points out that *conscience* in the most famous (though not in the greatest) of Hamlet's soliloquies does not mean the moral faculty—which would introduce hopeless confusion into the whole train of thought—but *reflexion*, "the craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event." Textual criticism Professor Bradley puts on one side. One wishes he had not always done so. One can endure a conjecture foisted into the text when it is beautiful, like Theobald's "'a babbled of green fields.'" But one feels indignant when a tasteless conjecture ousts an excellent reading, as in *Othello*, iv., 2, 64:

"Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
Aye, there, look grim as hell."

How could Patience (personified) be described as a "young and rose-lipped cherubin"? Surely she would be pictured as a gentle, wasted sufferer, pale and worn. Though she is imagined as "smiling at grief," surely the smile is the wan smile of endurance. Now, the books agree in the reading "I here look grim as hell," which to me seems quite satisfactory. Othello has just spoken of finding in some place of his soul a drop of *patience*. The whole speech is a soliloquy, though Desdemona is present, up to the last three lines of it. Then he calls on Desdemona to look on the work she has done, and indignantly exclaims *Patience!* that is, "is this a thing endurable?" Then he becomes conscious, as he does so often throughout the play, of the physical disparity between Desdemona and himself—she a "young and rose-lipped cherubin," while (he reflects) "I here look grim as hell."

In our opinion a book like that which is before us is not much less essential for the complete comprehension of Shakespeare's tragedies than an atlas is for the fruitful study of geography.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

CHATHAM

Chatham. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has written a Life of William Pitt, the Elder, without sympathy and without conviction. There is no reason, indeed, why the High Priest of Positivism should understand a statesman who put patriotism before political philosophy, and who did not care what system he followed so long as he saved his country. But there are many reasons why a philosopher, in whose eyes colonial expansion is a doubtful virtue, should not criticise a minister who loved the Empire with a passionate devotion, and who saw that the true seat of England's greatness was overseas. It is perfectly easy not to write the Life of Chatham, as is proved by the fact that he still awaits a competent biographer, and Mr. Harrison would have done more wisely had he stayed his hand from the Great Commoner.

Inspired, no doubt, by the best motives, Mr. Harrison reproves his victim in the tone of an usher who finds fault with an unruly schoolboy. He admits that he does not

pretend to judge Pitt's manoeuvres "from a true standard of honour and patriotism," which is lucky for Pitt; but even the modest standard which he adopts is far too high for the minister to pass with credit or distinction. William Pitt, then, was violent, passionate, even furious, in his eloquence. He relied upon theatrical gestures and bombastic periods to obtain his effects. He was, moreover, always ready to sacrifice a principle for what he deemed expedience. Of course he was. He had enough sense to know that policy must change with circumstances, that what seems wrong to-day may be necessary to-morrow; and he stood in the House of Commons not to illustrate a pedantic theory of government, but to save his country. To whichever side he turns, Mr. Harrison finds him tripping. "If he loved war for itself," says the biographer, "it is an indelible blot upon his name." And when he opposed a fruitless war with France, Mr. Harrison is ready with a sneer. "The fire-eating and terrible cornet of horse now had a conscientious horror of war," says he, "such as Walpole might have envied." Pitt's policy is clear enough. He was prepared to fight, when something might be gained by it; it was never his aim to waste blood and treasure on unprofitable campaigns. Mr. Harrison, however, does not easily conceal his prejudice. He confesses that Pitt, when appointed Paymaster, gave public proof of his integrity. He refused to hold £100,000 in advance, that he might take the interest, or to accept a percentage upon foreign subsidies. By so doing he introduced a habit of honourable dealing into a government that had long been corrupt. But Mr. Harrison cannot record the truth without a qualification. "Pitt," he complains, "was not the man to let his burning zeal for public duty remain under a bushel." What then should he have done? Should he have pretended, in all modesty, that he was thieving as fiercely as his predecessors, and thus rob his good example of its weight? Mr. Harrison does not explain, and one thing only is evident, that Pitt cannot by peace or war, by integrity or corruption, win the approval of his austere biographer. And having acknowledged the statesman free from chicanery, Mr. Harrison condemns on the next page what he terms his "self-interested ambition." "He thirsted for power," says the biographer, "not for money nor for influence, but with a gnawing passion to be able to carry out his great designs, and to put an end to the sordid bungling of his official chiefs." If this pronouncement have any meaning whatever, it is that patriotism and self-interest are one and indivisible, and that a desire to serve one's country is synonymous with an evil-hearted ambition.

While Mr. Harrison praises Pitt with a grudging pen, by not a few trivial slips he shows a lack of interest in the time. Describing the state of parties, when Pitt first entered Parliament, and the Prince of Wales was in opposition to his father, he says that "Swift, Gay, Pope, Thomson and Arbuthnot supplied the malcontents with brilliancy and satire." In 1735, Gay and Arbuthnot were dead, while Swift had long since retired to Ireland, and to gloom. Again, in his serious way, he points out that in Pitt's letters to his nephew, "there is nothing about Brunck or Schützius, or German erudition." How could there be anything about Brunck, who in 1751 was a mere boy, and had as yet written nothing? And then, not content with calling the works of Burnet, Bolingbroke, Bacon and Clarendon "meagre compendiums," he gravely complains that Pitt says "not a word about original research in the Record Office or the British Museum." There is nothing to mark that this is ironical, and it has the true accent of the pedagogue. But Mr. Harrison might have discovered what opportunities there were for research in "the Record Office" in the eighteenth century, and he might have remembered that young Pitt could hardly be recommended between 1751 and 1757 to read at the British Museum, which was first opened in 1759.

However, it may be admitted that when Mr. Harrison approaches the years of Pitt's greatest glory, he writes with some show of enthusiasm. He quotes the well-known saying that for a while at least the biography of Pitt is

to be read in "the history of the world." Wherever England had a rival, there Pitt made his influence felt. He had perfect confidence in himself. "I know that I can save this country," said he, "and that no one else can." He kept his colleagues in such stern subjection, that, so long as he remained in office, his will was uncontested. He was, in brief, the voice, the brain, the hand of England. In India, as in Canada, he broke the power of France, and it is due to his policy that England's Colonial Empire is still unchallenged. To achieve his lofty purpose, he swept away the hampering prejudices of the services. He advanced his officers not by seniority but by merit, and he put Wolfe, for instance, over a hundred heads. He it was, too, who saw that Clive was a born general, and his judgment of men was never at fault. To carry out his vast schemes a vast expenditure was necessary; but he overrated rather than underrated the cost of his enterprises, and had no scruple in asking for the money which he wanted. The country, on the other hand, received full value for its money, and the name of England was respected throughout the world, as it had not been respected since the time of Marlborough. He was autocratic, may be, but his autocracy needed no excuse. "If I see a child driving a go-cart close to the edge of a precipice," said he, "with the precious freight of an old king and his family, I am bound to take the reins out of his hands." The image caught the fancy of the people, which entrusted Pitt with its destinies, and Pitt rewarded its faith by a succession of brilliant victories.

His triumph lasted four years, during which time he neglected no detail which should ensure success. He planned the campaigns; he looked after the equipment and provisioning of the army himself; and he won the battles, because he had freed himself from the restraints of politics. Fox complained that "he took the whole upon him," and doubtless his just arrogance must have been galling to the Radicals of his day. But England did not grumble, and the army was proud to serve him, the army to which, by enlisting the Highland regiments, he added a body of loyal heroes. Mr. Harrison thinks that "when the ship had sailed across the Atlantic, the Minister at home had no power to influence the issue." We cannot agree with Mr. Harrison. An inefficient Minister can hamper a campaign, even at the other end of the world, by interference and mismanagement. This has been proved a thousand times, and to find an example, we need go no further than Germaine, who, a few years after Pitt himself, made the success of our arms in America impossible.

Had Pitt died in 1761, no shadow would ever have fallen across the sunlight of his glory. But he survived, unfortunately for his fame, to play a part in England's embroilment with America. He espoused the cause of the Colonists with an ardour which is not altogether intelligible. "I rejoice," said he, "that America has resisted," and there is no doubt that his speeches encouraged our fellow subjects to throw off the yoke. But he heartily repudiated the logic of his own words, and had he lived, he would have certainly done his best to retrieve his indiscretion by a spirited policy. His dying words were words of defiance. "My Lords," he said, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most able monarchy! Shall this great kingdom now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? If we must fall, let us fall like men!" With the aid of the French the Americans won their independence. And let it not be said that they won it with the approval of a statesman, who, had he lived, would most strenuously have opposed it. He, at least, fell like a man.

But Mr. Harrison's strangest freak is to drag into a life of Pitt an amicable reference to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. All the world knows that the Laird of Skibo, with characteristic lack of humour, has adopted as his own the epitaph of the younger Pitt: "He lived without ostentation, and he died poor." And now under the auspices of Mr. Harrison he takes his place by the side of the Great Commoner himself. "Neither Pitt nor Washington," says the biographer, in speaking of Pittsburg, once known as Fort Duquesne,

"could possibly . . . have imagined how a penniless Scotch lad would one day build up from out its lurid furnaces a colossal business, of which the profits were ultimately to spread across America and Britain the means of learning and culture." Why should they imagine so vain a thing? We are quite sure that if this wild nightmare had disturbed the brain of Pitt, he would have withheld his august name from "the greatest iron and coal centre of the world." But by this eloquent passage Mr. Harrison plainly shows his preference, and he would have been more prudent had he chosen for the subject of his biography not Chatham, who knew nothing of the Record Office and the British Museum, but the valiant Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has brought "the learning and culture" of the Free Library into every home.

BALZAC

Balzac : l'homme et l'œuvre. Par ANDRÉ LE BRETON. (Paris : Armand Colin, 3f. 50c.)

Aspects of Balzac. By W. H. HELM. (Nash, 3s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH it is convenient for the reviewer, it is unfortunate for Mr. Helm that his study of Balzac appears simultaneously with that of M. le Breton. He is an agreeable essayist, and well read, endowed with humour and equipped with standards of comparison; but accident now makes him figure as an accomplished amateur competing with a professional expert—an expert too who has none of the dullness of the specialist but all the vivacity of the iconoclast. The development of French fiction has evidently been with M. le Breton the study of a lifetime; and he has the air of having studied it for no other purpose than that of, as one may say, putting Balzac in his place. He attacks him in his private life, which certainly was not such as to bear close inspection, and, proceeding to assail him as an artist, plants the humanitarian foot of Victor Hugo upon his neck. Whether assenting or resisting, one is dragged along by the impetuous argument, held by the spectacle of a great gladiatorial combat.

From the point of view of the serious student of literature, M. le Breton's best chapter is that on "the origins of the Balzacian novel." Here, if anywhere, there was new ground to be broken. Balzac has been very generally regarded as the man of genius who had no literary ancestors—who came from nowhere. Let it be granted at once that he is not in the direct line of descent from any of the really notable writers of the generation immediately preceding him. He owes nothing to Madame de Staël, and nothing to Chateaubriand; nothing to Senancour, and nothing to Benjamin Constant; and that list of the great names of the period, though short, is nearly exhaustive. So the conclusion has been drawn by his admirers that he owes nothing to any one—that his reasonable answer to all questions as to his antecedents might have been Napoleon's "Je suis ancêtre." But that is because Balzac's ancestors, like Napoleon's, were obscure, and interesting chiefly, if not solely, on account of their relationship to their distinguished offspring. The novel of Balzac, as M. le Breton justly points out, really grew out of the popular novel which began to flourish at the time of the Revolution.

Until towards the end of the eighteenth century, French novelists addressed an aristocratic public. That was the case even when, like Restif de la Bretonne, they were themselves very far from aristocrats. The tradition of the novel written by gentlemen for gentlemen, or by ladies for ladies, was carried on, even after the cataclysm of 1789, by such literary representatives of the *ancien régime* as the authors of "Corinne," "René," and "Adolphe." But the Revolution brought up new readers, with new tastes—readers who wanted, to use a modern distinction, not literature but "reading matter." Polished style and elevated sentiment were nothing to them; they only asked to be interested, amused, thrilled, flattered. The demand, as usual, created the supply. The most unlikely people "commenced author," and wrote rubbish for them. The most notable names—notable enough then, though long

since forgotten—were those of Pigault-Lebrun and Ducray-Duminil. Their memories are worth reviving.

Pigault-Lebrun came to the writing of romance with a romantic life behind him. Like Mirabeau, and for the same reason, he had been locked up under a *lettre de cachet*. He had also, though a gentleman's son, eloped with a workman's daughter, and travelled through the provinces with a company of strolling players. He had finally enlisted in Custine's dragoons, fought at Valmy, and been promoted to the rank of adjutant-general. But suddenly he found that he could write, and that there was a public for what he wrote. He wrote, over and over again, to quote M. le Breton, "some incoherent and farcical Odyssey of a child of the people who gets into trouble and gets out of it again by his own unaided ingenuity, drinking like a Switzer and swearing like a waggoner, yet remaining the best fellow in the world, good-hearted in despite of his brutality, gay in despite of his misfortunes, and in the last chapter marrying the daughter of a nobleman to the cry of 'Vive l'égalité!'" When the light-hearted children of the Revolution wanted to be amused, those were the works they read. When they wanted their flesh to creep, they turned to the writings of Ducray-Duminil.

He was a gentle soul, the kindest-hearted dramatic critic who ever lived. "The piece is the work of a man of talent, who we hope will soon take his revenge"—that is the formula with which his review of a dramatic failure invariably concludes. He made his *début* in fiction with stories for children; but found the true bent of his genius in works whose titles sufficiently indicate their character: "Victor, or the Child of the Forest," "Celina, or the Child of Mystery," "The False Hermit, or the Victims of Destiny." They offer a debauch of horrors. We read of an aged mother "sequestered" for ten years in a fetid cave, with nothing to eat but eagle's eggs; of an innocent bride, who on the eve of her marriage is driven from her father's house, and roams among the glaciers of the Alps in her wedding garments; of some victim of iniquity whose enemies not only cut out his tongue to deprive him of the power of denouncing them, but also amputate his right arm in order that he may be unable to put his denunciations on paper; of all kinds of vice triumphant and all kinds of virtue persecuted until the last chapter brings a happy ending. It is not the sort of stuff of which nowadays one recommends any reader to take a course. But Balzac was brought up on that sort of thing, and on translations of Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis. His early works, no longer read except by the curious, are, as M. le Breton shows by careful analysis of their plots, very much of that character.

Beginning like that, however, Balzac ended by writing the "Human Comedy"; and when M. le Breton has said all that he possibly can say in disparagement of the "Human Comedy"—which is certainly a very unequal performance, and quite lacking in the unity which is sometimes claimed for it—it remains one of the great literary monuments of the century: a work by no means to have been expected from the pupil of Pigault-Lebrun and Ducray-Duminil. One can only explain the thing by saying that a problem may have any solution when genius is one of the factors. At once a big factor and an unknown factor, it upsets all calculations; and the case of Balzac is the case of a man of genius, brought up in a bad school, building for a long time better than he knows, awaking to self-consciousness at last, and ultimately founding a new and better school. He imitated Pigault-Lebrun and Ducray-Duminil, as youth often imitates a bad model, not with any idea of writing down to an uncultivated public, but because he had been impressed by them in his impressionable years. Trying to do what they did better than they had done it, he repaired their faults without at first perceiving them, and ended by doing something entirely different. He had, of course, his personal limitations. The sentimental, as distinguished from the romantic and tragic side of life, was a closed book to him. The higher the society which he attempted to portray, the greater the ignorance of its manners and tone which he revealed. But it was an instinct with him, rather

than a set purpose, to go to life, if not for his plots, at least for his personages—to render men and women as he saw them and believed them to be, instead of plunging his hand into the stock-pot for conventional melodramatic types. He was a born observer and a born psychologist. If his psychology was distorted by cynicism and pessimism, it was at least sincere. His observation, which his worst enemy can hardly discredit, makes it convincing. Bringing observation and psychology to bear upon the stock melodramatic situations, he quickly began to produce something very different from melodrama. At last he recognised what he was doing. Each of his books, taken separately, was, so far as it went, a human comedy. If he grouped them, and wrote more works like them until he had covered all the ground, the "Human Comedy" would result. So he would seem to have argued. Whether he actually achieved all that he thought he was achieving is another question—M. le Breton maintains strongly that he did not. But that, at any rate, was the process of his evolution, now carefully traced for us in an admirable contribution to critical literature.

WILHELM HAUFF

Hauff's Tales. Translated by SYBIL THIESIGER. (Finch, 6s.)

WILHELM HAUFF wrote a historical romance that is as dear to Germans as "Ivanhoe" to Englishmen, and a collection of fairy tales as widely read in Germany as Grimm or the "Arabian Nights." His humorous and satirical novels still amuse his country-folk; and if you ask a German for a good "novelle" or short story he probably brings you "Jud Süß" or "Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts." The author of these widely different works was born at Stuttgart in 1802. He was educated for the Church, first at a theological seminary and then at Tübingen. When he left college he took a private tutorship, and it was for his pupils that he wrote his fairy tales. In 1826 he gave up teaching and commenced author in real earnest. From the start he met with full recognition and encouragement; but before he accepted any of the offers made him by various editors and publishers he decided to see a little more of the world. He spent some time in France and Belgium, he went to Berlin and made many friends, he visited Tieck in Dresden. Then he returned to Stuttgart and at the instance of Cotta, the great German publisher, he became editor of a *Morgenblatt* devoted to *Belles Lettres*. Early in 1827 he married, and in November of the same year, eight days after the birth of his only child, he died. He had attended the funeral of a friend and contracted a chill from which he never quite recovered. Typhoid intervened and found an easy victim in the brilliant man of letters his country could ill spare.

Hauff's writings inevitably suggest that if he had lived his fruitful youth would have fulfilled its promise. He had lasting qualities of imagination, humour, and expression. He arrived too when the educated public was tired of the sickly vagaries of the Romantic School and was ready for an author who had a sane story to tell and knew how to tell it. Of course, the popular taste was well supplied with the sentimental and the commonplace. These never fail the big audience that supports them. But luckily there is also in every civilised country an educated public glad to welcome good work and able in some measure to control opinion. That is why an author who can both satisfy the educated and interest the uneducated achieves first a literary success and then a popular one.

In a conversation that links two of his fairy tales, Hauff, by the mouth of an eastern sage, throws an interesting light on his ideas about fiction. He points out that the fairy-tale proper does not depend on character but on the supernatural and that it charms us because it introduces us to such strange and out-of-the-way experiences. "In fiction," he says, "everything happens according to natural laws, but in a surprising and unusual manner . . . the chief point of attraction lies in the fact that each one speaks

and acts in accordance with his individual character." The "surprising and unusual" manner is not every one's way. We know what some of the great Frenchmen of our time would have said to it. But it was Hauff's way. It is ever the adventurous and romantic way: and when no one survives to pipe while we follow then the world will be a dull one.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century Scott was the great enchanter; and "Lichtenstein" derives directly and confessedly from him. Before Hauff wrote it the German historical novel had been either pseudo-classical or obscurely romantic. Seeking his inspiration in "Waverley" and its successors, he was the first to paint on his canvas the life and manners of bygone ages. The cause of the banished Stuarts has become the cause of a banished Duke of Württemberg, and a great national conflict is the background for two lovers who after adventure and misfortune are happily united. Scott himself could not always make his lovers interesting, and when Hauff takes his pair to a ball we want to know what dances were fashionable in Germany in the sixteenth century, but we are not thrilled by the agitation of Marie when she discovers that her father and her lover are on different sides. Hauff could not help himself. In those days historic romance had to present lovers, and their sufferings were often the tiresome part of the story. "Lichtenstein" was a great success; it still has vitality, and for a young man of twenty-four it was a notable achievement.

The standard edition of Hauff's works comprises four closely-printed volumes, and his literary activity only extended over three years. Some of his short stories became famous at once, and Germans are still amused by his humorous and satirical novels. We must confess to being better amused by the curious history attaching to one of these. In Hauff's time there was some one who, under the pseudonym of "Clauren," wrote novels we find described by a German critic as "watery, sugary and strongly perfumed." They were immensely popular. This is a phenomenon that repeats itself and should be easy to understand. The author was so popular that Hauff, a young beginner, sat down to imitate him. He produced "Der Mann im Mond," and was assured by a friend that it only needed a few touches to be not an imitation but a biting satire. Hauff then published it under the name of Clauren. Clauren brought a law-suit against Hauff and won it; but, as far as reputation goes, Clauren it was that died. Hauff had laughed him out of popular favour, and we wish Hauff were alive to-day.

We have left to the last the "Märchen" of which an admirable translation has just appeared. These tales will live while old and young can transport themselves to a world where, as Hauff says it should, "everything happens in a surprising and unusual manner." It is impossible to begin one of them and refuse to find out what happens next. Hauff's invention never fails him. You cannot imagine how Little Muck will ever get his magic slippers and his money again, but Hauff can. You do not believe, even after reading Peacock, that an orang-outang could pass for a young Englishman even in a little German town, but Hauff's illusion is yours while you read the story. You even forgive him for setting down the foolish things untravelled Germans invent about English manners. He is so good-humoured and so intent on his story that like True Thomas he "harpits" you where he will.

Miss Sybil Thesiger has succeeded in preserving Hauff's own quaint fresh style: in keeping close to the original and yet in producing a translation that reads smoothly. But we wish to recommend the Introduction to her consideration. She will see at once that in the last sentence the printers have made a hash of her grammar. And in our complete edition of Hauff we find that "Lichtenstein" and much of his other work was published before his death.

ENGLAND'S FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

The Friends of England. By the Hon. GEORGE PEEL, Author of "The Enemies of England." (Murray, 12s. net.)

MR. GEORGE PEEL, who is one of the most industrious and painstaking students of public affairs that the new generation has produced, wrote in 1902 an excellent book on England's enemies. He now publishes another, on England's friends. The first book was an inquiry into the course and meaning of England's policy in Europe; his intention being to show that during the last eight centuries various Powers had aspired to dominion over the continent, that all these attempts were rightly understood at home as portending England's downfall, and on that account and no other were resisted by her statesmanship. The Papacy, Spain, and France were named as the aggressors in the past, Russia and Germany as those which we should have to deal with in the future.

The present volume is "an inquiry, on similar lines, into our policy outside Europe." Here again the argument is compulsion. If we have an empire beyond seas, it came into existence through the necessity of defence, and neither by accident nor by deliberate motives of expansion. It is not that, as Sir John Seeley wrote, "we have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind," nor are England's continental critics right when they accuse her greatness of "insatiable avarice," explaining it by an unscrupulous determination to annex any portion of the globe upon which she can lay hands. The truth is (to pursue Mr. Peel's argument) that on the opening up of the continents of Asia, America, Australia, and Africa, we were by no means the first to "grab." Not England but the foremost Powers in Continental Europe "began to appropriate those regions in such a manner that our old world reproduced itself over much of that immense area." Thereupon "our statesmen perceived that the European Powers striving to become dominant in those continents might eventually become dominant in Europe, thanks to the fresh resources thus acquired." Three centuries ago that became an obvious likelihood: three centuries ago, when we were still unused to such enterprises. "In actual fact, we were originally indisposed" to them; and "it was only the alarming growth of Spain in power and resources derived from her world-wide extension that compelled us to quit our attitude of almost complete indifference: we avoided empire as long as possible and we set to work upon it only when we needs must." Of course Mr. Peel does not mean that the Cecil of Elizabeth's time, and that Cromwell at a later day, planned the structure of such an empire as has since been built. But his contention is that "just as we in our day annexed East Africa against Germany and West Africa against France, even so, with equal deliberation and for a similar motive, did Cecil's contemporaries annex America, and Cromwell also a portion of the West Indies, against the power of Spain." And it is by the series of annexations thus begun—annexations determined by considerations of self-defence—that the British Empire has attained its present dimensions.

That, however, is but one of two propositions which Mr. Peel seeks to establish historically. As we have seen, it is that European pressure from without is the cause of the formation of the British Empire. The second proposition is more speculative (by which we do not mean uncertain so much as giving occasion for thought) but more to the purpose; because it applies to the present and extends to the immediate future. It is that the same European pressure from without is the chief cause of the *maintenance* of the empire. "When that pressure increases the empire tends to be consolidated; when it diminishes the empire correspondingly tends to dissolve." Elsewhere he speaks of the almost scientific precision with which, century after century, the bonds of empire are slackened or confirmed. "The beliefs of the age of Cobden," when commerce was to extinguish war, &c., "and the opposite

beliefs of the present age of Imperialism have been alike the product of the ebb and flow of the hostile energies of Europe."

These conclusions being clearly stated in its opening pages, Mr. Peel devotes the rest of his book—a handsome octavo volume—to their establishment, elucidation, illustration. To follow him with tolerable accuracy through these chapters would be to cover four or five columns of this journal at the least; and therefore we shall not attempt what we recommend all our readers who are concerned with the political affairs of the country to accomplish. It will not be found a hard task by any means; for Mr. Peel is no pedant, no formalist, no Dryasdust. Intensely interested in his subject, he writes of it with animation; eager to convince, though not with the sophist's eagerness, he is precise whether right or wrong and at all times clear. Another recommendation we will venture upon. A good way of mastering the purpose and contents of the book is to pause upon its conclusions (as maybe the author intended us to do by stating them so distinctly in his first chapter) and consider for ourselves what makes for them, what makes against them, and what, if both be true, is the prospect for England and the present duty of Englishmen. That done, we may carry with us to the perusal of Mr. Peel's arguments a little budget of opinions, dubitations, questionings, which will serve as points of criticism as we proceed. We might ask ourselves, for example, what difference there was between the over-sea adventure of Spain and France and the English adventure which is described as purely defensive, except this: that the Continental States were ready for the business before we were. We might consider in what measure conquest first for spoil, next for trade, was the main object of all such adventure—Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, English. And again, whether at this day the extension of trade is not by far the greater and more importunate aim than the glory of territorial dominion. We do not say that these considerations will set Mr. Peel's readers at odds with him. Nor is it likely that many of them will dissent from the assertion that "pressure from without is the fundamental bond of empire." Yet the dictum that "when that pressure increases the empire tends to be consolidated, when it diminishes it tends correspondingly to dissolution," provokes to furious thinking. What dilemma is this from which there is no escape, nor any peace?

And now we would call particular attention to Mr. Peel's tenth chapter. It purports to be, and we suppose is, "the case of the Yellow Peril" as presented to him by a highly intelligent, highly educated Chinaman, for a long time resident in the West and familiar with its history and politics. We have here the reflections, the accusations, the prophetic judgment of such a man (such a Chinaman, *bien entendu*) after listening to Mr. Peel on the cause and character of the British Empire. He begins with: "You assert that Britain is justified in appropriating large areas of the earth's surface because her European enemies are doing the same. That is no justification in the eyes of us, the possessors. You plead your strategic requirements. Why should our farms be turned into your fortresses? Because you play the bloody blind man's buff of Christendom—" and so proceeds in a cold fury of eloquence to the end, which is in these words: "When the day of your eviction comes [the eviction of Europe, to wit] Asia will rejoice from end to end in all her peoples, nations, creeds, and languages." The ACADEMY is not a political journal. We point to this chapter as by far the most forcible in a literary sense, and also as an exposition of view and feeling, in the whole book. As for what politicians should think of it, that they may settle for themselves. We should say, however, that they had better not neglect it—or despise it.

TWO ITALIAN CITIES

The Two First Centuries of Florentine History. By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Story of Venice. By THOMAS OKEY. Illustrated by NELLIE ERICKSEN. Mediæval Towns. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

THE hold that Italy has over English minds is very convincingly shown in the number of books written every year on different towns in the peninsula, and the equal number of readers ever ready to possess and study these books. And, indeed, there is food for study in Professor Villari's book, "*The Two First Centuries of Florentine History*," which deals with the years comprised in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is drawn from a course of lectures given by the author in Florence. These lectures were "chiefly for the purpose of examining the political situation of the Republic and investigating the various revolutions by which the city was harassed."

Florence forms no exception to the other great cities of Italy as to the obscurity of her origin, and this obscurity is here treated with that depth of learning and diligence of research which cause Professor Villari to rank among the first historians of Italy. We feel that if even he speaks despondingly of the want of light and certainty on this point, there is little hope that we shall ever get beyond the legends and surmises that enwrap the birth of one of the fairest cities on earth. The author traces with care and lucidity the development of the Italian communes—that intricate question which requires most skilful and learned handling for English readers to master, seeing that we have had no such institutions in our land. All through the work the facts of constitutional rights and the political building-up of the Republic are interspersed with the legends and stories which brighten many a page of Florentine history. We have the Buondelmonti tragedy with its fearful consequences; the downfall and death of Count Ugolino and his sons (familiar to most of us through Dante's immortal lines); the untimely fate of Conradin, "the last representative of the Suabian line in Germany, and the last hope of the Ghibellines in Italy"; the fatal May festival of the year 1300; together with a scholarly account of the Guilds, those confraternities of different arts to which Florence owed much of her wealth and prosperity; the description of wars waged between Guelph and Ghibelline; between the rival towns of Tuscany; the battles of Meloria, of Montaperti, and of Campaldino, this latter "rendered all the more celebrated by the fact of Dante Alighieri—then young and unknown—having fought in it." The translation by the author's wife is an admirable piece of work, and shows the perfect command possessed by Signora Villari of her own language and that of her adopted country. The book is well got up and illustrated with some excellent photographs relating to the period under consideration, which have a special interest as being for the most part different from those generally introduced in English works on Florence.

"*The Story of Venice*" by Thomas Okey is a work that will be acceptable both to travellers and students. As in most of the volumes belonging to this admirable series, the opening chapters are devoted to the history of the town. The fine arts are then considered, and finally the sight-seeing is apportioned in such a way as to economise time and labour either in Venice or in the islands around.

One is never weary of hearing about Venice. Her story, a mixture of mystery and misrepresentation, with a strong dash of Eastern life and colour, has furnished material for novelists, historians, and poets. What memories are conjured up by the mere mention of her Tribunals—the Council of Ten, the Inquisitors of State, with their accompanying attributes of the "Lion's Mouth," the *Canal dei Marrani*, down which glided in the stillness of the night the victims who had been strangled in the prisons and were now to be consigned with "maimed rites" to the oblivion

of a watery grave! All this is put before us well and faithfully in Mr. Okey's pages; and if such scenes as the "Sposalizio del Mare," the Festival "delle Marie," and so forth, are not dwelt on in all their poetry and pageant, other scenes of pathos and tragedy are touchingly described, and arouse our fullest interest and sympathy. For instance, the story of Marino Falieri, the Doge whose guilt or innocence can never be known; the tragedy of the Foscari, the luckless father and perhaps more luckless son; the trial and execution of Carmagnola, whose sentence was prompted we know not whether by justice or jealousy—all these are admirably placed before us, and show how swiftly and surely Venice struck when once her suspicions were aroused. The numerous illustrations in the book are beautiful examples of Miss Ericksen's skill and artistic power and taste.

FIJI FOLK-LORE

Tales from Old Fiji. By LORIMER FISON. (Moring. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are glad to have another book from Mr. Fison. All that he has previously done, whether in Fiji or Australia, is of an order to show that he is not only a first-class observer but a careful narrator of facts. In the present instance, while we welcome the tales for their intrinsic value, we are warned by Mr. Fison that they were told to him by a chieftain who, even amongst his fellow savages, had the reputation of "making a thing bigger when it came out of his mouth than when it went in at his ears." Illustrations, twenty-two in number, are given, and these form a welcome addition to the book, for they are chiefly from photographs by the Rev. Dr. Brown and afford good evidence of the people from whom the stories were collected.

Mr. Fison also supplies a very useful introduction and notes, giving some details of Fijian customs and social organisation which come with great authority from him. The foundation sacrifice at the building of a house and the other ceremonies connected with the house afford excellent evidence of the inequality of development which may occur in any system of human culture, and Mr. Fison does right to draw attention to the fact that even so ghastly a rite as cannibalism is not necessarily a sign of the lowest savagery. Mr. Fison's evidence that in each clan "all the women were the wives of every man and all the men were the husbands of every woman" is important, bearing as it does upon the researches of his former colleague, Dr. Howitt, into Australian customs and treading on the borders of an extensive and important field of study.

As to the stories themselves, there is the appearance of too much literary finish in the translations, which is to be regretted from the scientific point of view. But Mr. Fison is so frank about his sources of information that we may well afford to trust him in this matter. And they are delightful reading. The first story, "How the Livuka Men came up to windward," tells of tribal disputes and wanderings which remind us of similar tales all over the world, just because man in his early history had a similar experience all over the world. The Lady Langi is not the only human being who is said to have been carried on the back of a great bird to a new land, and the Lord of Nayau is not the only chieftain who, on the incoming of strangers into his territory exclaimed, "Good now is our life. We the men of Lakemba thought we were the only people in the world, but now we find that there is another kingdom down at Ra whose name is Bau. Truly the world is larger than we thought it was."

The story of "How the Tongans came to Fiji" introduces a journey to the Sky-King, which does not seem to be of native origin, and a voyage through the waters on the back of a turtle which is worthy of any collection of folk-tales. Sharks, wind, waves, a dolphin and a great bird, all speak to the hero on his way, trying to induce him to disobey the instructions of the Sky-King and take his

hands from before his eyes; but in vain, and so his voyage ends successfully.

"How the Fijians learned to build their canoes" is of the more ordinary type, though it contains a storm or deluge myth of some interest. There is evidence here of contact with civilised thought, as in other of the stories, and "The Beginning of Death" clearly shows the influence of Christianity. Mr. Fison has done well to print the story "What the Tongans say about Napoleon," for it shows to how remarkable an extent the current of modern events has affected native thought. It bids us be careful how we accept traditions which are not most carefully sifted, and once more raises the warning note for anthropologists that the time in which there is any chance of collecting native tradition untouched by Western civilisation is rapidly drawing to a close. This is where the great danger lies in the future, and it behoves all who are able to investigate at first hand the tradition of native people to do so quickly and thoroughly and above all to follow Mr. Fison's example and tell us all the facts connected with their methods of collection.

OLD FURNITURE

Chats on Old Furniture. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

EARLY in the 'eighties of the last century, when the valuable æsthetic movement was extremely young and rather absurd, the late Mr. du Maurier made a drawing for *Punch* showing one of his charming girls in conversation with a very slight youth in knickerbockers. The lady says of her companion's legs that "perhaps they are a trifle *too* Chippendale." Like many other little jokes of Mr. Punch this phrase passed into the language of the time and conveyed to the unknowing world that the characteristic leg of Chippendale's work was spindle-shaped. Such a joke and such a confusion between the style of Sheraton or Heppelwhite and that of the Chippendales (for there were certainly three) would be impossible to-day. During the twenty years that have passed since then, the qualities of eighteenth-century furniture have been discussed in many valuable books, and many hundreds of sincere and enthusiastic students of the subject have pursued examples of English cabinet work of the great period to the uttermost ends of the country. With the increased demand, the prices have advanced a thousandfold, and those obliging and skilful forgers who are ever attendant upon a fashionable craze have flooded the market with many imitations, which, as imitations, are excellent.

The latest symptom of the hold which this charming pursuit has taken upon the general public is to be found in the ever-increasing number of reasonably priced books upon the subject. Not long since if one wanted to study the history of, say, French furniture, there were only the *de luxe* volumes of Lady Dilke or the not inexpensive Jacquemart; while as regards English, the original books of design by Chippendale, Adam, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and the other great designers were almost unobtainable. But now one need no longer turn to the great volumes of Mr. Heaton or the early masters' drawings; everything is being scientifically reduced into departments of knowledge, and all those esoteric facts, that were once the secrets of the few who had entered upon the quest of eighteenth-century things for their own amusement, are now the commonplaces of Kensington tea-tables and the subjects of innumerable newspaper articles.

Notwithstanding its somewhat unhappy title, "Chats on Old Furniture"—to be chatty is so often to be wearisome—Mr. Arthur Hayden's volume is an admirable compendium of all that has been written on the subject, to which are added many wise saws in regard to the way to select the genuine piece, and modern instances of well-concocted fraud. As with the same author's previous "Chats on China," a book which the present far surpasses in interest, it is intended to be a guide for those collectors who have

not already made a lengthy study of furniture and for whom the excellent bibliographical index will contain many unread works upon the subject. This fact may be gathered from many pages of the book, and is emphasised in the glossary of terms used, where Gothic, Bureau, Cassone, Inlay, and such moderately well-known and much-used words are explained to the wondering neophyte. But apart from the somewhat over-wise precaution against the ignorance of possible readers this glance across the furniture of all ages and countries is excellently carried out. The illustrations, many from pieces which are the property of the nation, are all informatory, if not new; they are clearly reproduced, and in many cases marked with their approximate date, which is always of great service to collectors.

Although the English oak period had its victories and many of the pieces here given are excellent examples of our work, very little that is new is said upon the subject; but what is said is accurate. The most agreeable chapters to us are those dealing with Jacobean and Stuart productions.

All interested in this subject have their favourite period; Elizabethan, Cinque-cento, one of the great French fashions; Chippendale, Adam, to whose designs Chippendale often made furniture, William III., or, perhaps, Victorian; but, for the moment the fashion veers towards the Stuart. The leaders of taste already proclaim a Jacobean revival. Unfortunately the champions of an especial period in furniture are like those admirers of Thackeray who find it necessary to belittle Dickens. Those who love the Stuarts cannot do justice to the Hanoverians. For our own part we are warm admirers of the work of Jacobean times and would encourage the collection of the furniture of that period. But it was only produced in small quantities for the great ones of the country and for such palaces as Knole, and the survivals, though fit, are few. Had our furniture remained purely Stuart, as some enthusiasts of the moment have wished, our loss would have been incalculable. If, according to the latest canons of taste on this subject, the style known as Chippendale was decadent, the author of it was, at least, wise in his degeneration. We are the heritors of a far richer variety of admirable work, thanks to the movement which broke away from Jacobean ideals.

A FIFTH-MONARCHY MAN

Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General. By C. H. SIMPKINSON, M.A. (Dent, 7s. 6d.)

THE Bible and the Sword form a combination which has rarely failed to produce interesting results, and if the ideals of the one seldom balance truly the vigour of the other, the fault lies, not with the particular subjects in whom the two opposites are to be found, so much as with the general frailty of mankind. As a rule, it is true, the sword has only been a means to the end and the combination merely fortuitous, but in England it would not be difficult to find, even in the episcopacy itself, as many instances to the contrary; Bishop Compton, for example, was not the only man more fitted, in his Sovereign's words, to be a bombardier than a bishop. In this life of Thomas Harrison there is to be found the history of the leader of the Fifth-Monarchy men and one of the ablest soldiers of the seventeenth century. Roger Williams well described Harrison as "a very gallant, most deserving, heavenly man, but most high-flown for the kingdom of the Saints." He certainly was a man in whom the ideals of religion did not balance with the common sense which he displayed on the field of battle. The notion of the Fifth Monarchy may have "pretended more spirituality than anything else," but the re-establishment of a theocracy through the rule of the Saints was the most unbridled of all the ideals ever cherished by dreamers of Utopia. It was an ideal planted in a time of frequent and passionate religious controversies, and fostered by a series of military victories which appealed

with the force of divine manifestations to the minds of men whose belief was rather in the God of battle than in the God of love. It was the ideal of Harrison the dreamer.

No man could have been more zealous than Harrison to do good, but his zeal was not equalled by his patience. He assisted in the expulsion of the Long Parliament, because he was "fully persuaded that they had not a heart to do any more good for the Lord and his people"; he justified the King's execution, in that he had acted according to the best of his understanding, "desiring to make the revealed will of God in His holy scriptures a guide." Mr. Simpkinson's book shows how noble a character this regicide had. Harrison was as brave on the scaffold as he was at Marston Moor or at Appleby Bridge, where his personal bravery saved the army. As a leader of men he may have lacked Cromwell's judgment, but it is not difficult to imagine how thorough was the man who was regarded by the Fifth-Monarchy men as a martyr who would rise again after his execution to command a wing in the battle of Armageddon.

It is difficult to imagine Thomas Harrison as a citizen of the twentieth century; he would be no ordinary revivalist at any rate, and his life would be more than strenuous, but the effect of his zeal cannot be measured by modern standards. That Mr. Simpkinson has helped us so far to understand the complexity of Harrison's life and of his times is of great value. Had the story been written with a clearer style and with fewer digressions it would have been more valuable, but it would seem that these faults are due rather to the origin of the book, which was a course of lectures, than to intention.

SCHOLAR AND MARTYR

The Angel of Syon. By DOM ADAM HAMILTON, O.S.B. (Sands, 8s. 6d. net.)

THE Church of Rome has never lacked scholars or martyrs, even during the darkest days through which she has passed, and Richard Reynolds, the story of whose life and martyrdom has just been told by Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B., was both a scholar and a martyr. A son of Cambridge, whose name is associated with both Christ's College and Corpus Christi, he was accredited by no less a humanist than Cardinal Pole with being easily ahead of his fellow English monks, in his knowledge of the humanities, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; and an Italian of Pole's household described him as a man "with the countenance of an angel and an angelic spirit," a phrase aptly made use of in the title of Dom Hamilton's book. He was of the spirit of More, and could combine a scholar's knowledge of Plato and Seneca with whole-hearted devotion to the old faith: the light of the classical renaissance was for him merely an additional witness to the divinity in man. But he lived in the troublous times that followed Henry VIII.'s assumption of the kingly prerogative in ecclesiastical matters. He, and those who suffered with him, preferred to trust in the ideal in which they had been nurtured: they could not be false to their faith when they felt that the whole Christian world save one kingdom was on their side, and, of that kingdom, only, as it seemed to them, the lesser part was on the king's side for worldly or political reasons. But to oppose the king's will in the matter of the royal supremacy was high treason, and, for that, Richard Reynolds, beatified during the pontificate of Leo XIII., was executed at Tyburn on May 4, 1535. Roper, Sir Thomas More's son-in-law, relates that Sir Thomas was in a cell in the Tower talking to his daughter Margaret, and, "looking out of the window, he chanced to behold one Master Reynolds, a religious, learned and virtuous father of Syon, and three monks of the Charterhouse, for the matter of the supremacy and matrimony going out of the Tower (in their religious habits) to execution: he, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife,

then standing there beside him: 'Lo, dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?'"

As Reynolds lived, so did he die, as truly a Christian martyr as any whose blood purpled the streets of Rome, a man against whom none but political enemies had aught to say. Even the jury empanelled to try him refused to find him guilty until Cromwell had threatened them with a like fate to the one demanded for him if they obstinately adhered to what they believed to be just.

There is little known of this Bridgettine monk, but that little is sympathetically told by Dom Hamilton. A few illustrations from paintings and brasses add to the interest of the book, and an appendix gives a sketch of the history of the Bridgettines of Syon, written by Father Robert Parsons, S.J., about the year 1595, edited from a MS: copy at Syon Abbey, Chudleigh.

CLASSICAL ECONOMICS

Études Économiques sur l'antiquité. Par PAUL GUIRAUD, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris. (Paris: Hachette, 3f. 50c.)

M. GUIRAUD is well known for his "La propriété foncière en Grèce," which was published some twelve years since, and which at the time was described as "une précieuse contribution aux Études Sociologiques."

The volume now issued derives its chief importance from the chapters devoted to "L'impôt sur le capital," both at Athens and at Rome. There is a preliminary essay upon the need of giving careful attention to economic questions in our study of ancient history; and a paper entitled "L'impérialisme romain," and another called "Histoire d'un financier romain" complete a volume which might with advantage have been considerably extended.

The average student of history finds some difficulty in giving due weight to the economic conditions of ancient times, and he is often oppressed with a sense of incompleteness in the conclusions arrived at by modern writers, while at the same time agreeing with M. Guiraud that

"l'état du commerce et de l'industrie, la répartition de la richesse, l'organisation du travail, les systèmes d'impôts, sont des sujets aussi dignes d'intérêt que le récit des batailles et des révolutions politiques."

And the oppression is not altogether removed (one fears it may recur) on reading a very careful and, on the whole, a convincing exposure of an error of Böckh (which was committed about sixty years ago) in attributing the incidence of the *eisphora* wholly to "land."

In view of our own heavy burden of local and imperial taxation at the present day, it is with a feeling akin to envy that we regard the Athenian and Roman citizen mulcted in a tax which was not only not an annual impost, but which was invariably a war-tax only, an "aide pour la continuation de la guerre" and "affecté exclusivement aux dépenses militaires."

In Athens and in Rome, the efficacy of the system was largely dependent upon the true declaration of his fortune by each taxpayer—the inquisitorial quality of a progressive income-tax in our own day is a constant argument against its adoption, but in Greece the best guarantee for the collection of these dues was intense patriotism—"L'attachement des modernes à la patrie n'est pas comparable à celui des anciens"—and among the Romans,

"dissimuler une fraction de son capital c'était s'infliger une certaine déchéance politique; l'enfler, au contraire, c'était s'élever dans la hiérarchie des citoyens."

There was even a sense of favours to come which our harried income-taxpayer of the present year must sigh for in vain:

"l'homme qui se hâtait de porter son argent à la caisse publique méritait par là un utile certificat de civisme, et s'il avait plus tard quelque méchant procès, il n'oubliait pas de rappeler au juge tel cas où il avait été 'un des premiers' à payer l'*eisphora*."

The burden of taxation, however, in Athens, where "on vivait en pleine démocratie (et ce régime d'ordinaire est coûteux)" proved in the end destructive of this ardent desire to give money for warlike enterprises. It is not easy to determine the exact line between the taxpaying and non-taxpaying classes—"nous ignorons quelle était la ligne de partage"—though in the second Olynthiac, Demosthenes, speaking of the *eisphora*, says "all" will have to pay it—but wherever the demarcation may have been it is beyond question that the wealthy classes ultimately became a peace party:

"une faction naquit, dont l'unique souci était de détruire le régime démocratique et de conclure la paix. . . . L'impôt sur le capital, aggravé par les liturgies, avait au Ve Siècle incliné les riches vers la paix et les avait poussés à l'insurrection, à la trahison même. Au IV^e il ne compromettait pas la tranquillité intérieure; mais, en rendant plus sensibles aux contribuables les charges militaires, il inspira aux Athéniens une telle horreur de la guerre qu'ils ne se risquèrent à combattre leur grand ennemi, Philippe de Macédoine, qu'au moment où il était trop tard pour triompher de lui."

In Rome the tax on capital values, the *tributum ex censu* like the *eisphora*, was only for war purposes, and was not annual: it appears for the first time with paid military service. "La solde et le tribut apparurent au même moment." Evasion was uncommon among the Romans with their patriotism "ardent et réfléchi," where "le citoyen en effet occupait dans l'État le rang que lui assignait sa fortune constatée au cens. On avait plus ou moins de droit selon qu'on se disait plus ou moins riche"—but in spite of all this the burden must at times have provoked opposition to the *aestimatio censoria* (l'évaluation des biens) specially under such direction as that of Cato, who in his zeal for simplicity converted the tax into "une véritable peine."

There is little in these pages applicable to our own fiscal question. In Greece "les impôts indirects étaient insignifiants"—the Customs duties were neither protective nor prohibitive, and do not appear in Attica to have exceeded 2 per cent., while Piræus was probably a free port. It is interesting to observe that

"Rome jouait un rôle pareil à celui de Londres ou d'Hambourg avec cette différence, qu'elle ne cessait d'importer sans exporter autre chose que de l'argent."

The industrial question meets with a large amount of attention from M. Guiraud, and there are some interesting computations as to the rate of interest on capital at Athens, which appears to have ranged from 8 per cent. (land) and 12 per cent. to 20 per cent. (personalty and industrial securities), to even 30 per cent. for money lent. The operations of the capitalist were regarded with little favour by the poorer citizens, for labour being supplied by slaves, there was none of the compensating advantage to a free industrial class which is observable in the modern world.

"Comme le travail avait de plus en plus un caractère servile, c'était l'esclave ou plutôt son maître, c'est à dire au fond un capitaliste, qui recueillait tout ce que le capital payait au travail."

M. Guiraud's latest work is full of interest in regard to many matters which must, we fear, remain in obscurity for all time; but it is so written as to command attention, (notwithstanding the absence of foot-notes and cited authorities), and to the vigilant observer of the trend of modern politics, whether in England or on the Continent, the book must provide many useful finger-posts.

ON THE SNAFFLE

The Old English Squire. By JOHN CARELESS, Esq. With 24 coloured plates by one of the Family. The Illustrated Pocket Library of plain and coloured books. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE famous Dr. Syntax who, if we are not mistaken, finished the third and last of his original "Tours" in 1821, is still pretty frequently to be found neatly dressed in "gentlemen's libraries," or in rags and tatters in lumber-

rooms and nurseries. But he and his contemporaries (such as Mr. Sponge, Bob Tallyho and Johnny Newcome) are gradually being forgotten, together with their inventors and illustrators, and it was a capital idea on the part of Mr. Methuen to reprint some of these earlier nineteenth-century books in small form, together with facsimile reduced reproductions of the illustrations to which they owed so much of their popularity. In their plain crimson boards, with the white label at the back, these small octavo volumes make a handsome little regiment, and any one who collects them will possess himself at small cost of much of the representative work of Leech and Cruikshank, Alken and Rowlandson, to say nothing of the accompanying letterpress of Pierce Egan and Surtees and William Combe.

The author of "The Old English Squire" can scarcely, perhaps, lay claim to the modesty which led Combe, when at the age of nearly eighty he had completed the vast collection of octosyllables with which, month after month, and year after year, he had tagged Rowlandson's prints, to deprecate his presumption in "still sporting even with my own Dowdy Muse," and to ascribe all the honour to his collaborator. "John Careless, Esq.," sees no reason in the world against his own appearance in print, nor does he lay any special stress upon the merit of the lively drawings with which "a member of the family" has illustrated a jocose and prosperous career. But no doubt his public depended rather upon these for entertainment than upon the complacent doggerel that accompanies them, and they are excellent of their kind, too, following Rowlandson's manner very closely, and showing considerable talent and a (not too refined) humour of their own. Herein Squire Careless is born, is dressed, gets ferruled at school, is crammed at college, learns much in London, and eventually returning with a pair of cockney cousins, is mightily diverted, right onwards to the eve of his wedding, with their misadventures in hunting field and covert. As for the "poem in ten cantos," it may be described as a canter varied by an occasional amble, jog-trot, or stumble. On the whole, however, we are generally safe for a little while at least with the ride-a-cock-horse metre, of which the following description of the ancestral stables may serve as a specimen :

"Near the house was a stable, in true ancient gusto
Made to look like a cottage—in fact it did just so ;
O'er the door of this cottage, or stable, in stone
Was a ham carv'd and sculptur'd, and rampant, alone ;
'Twas a ham, or a bird, or a shield, or a sword,
But which of them was it, we ne'er knew a word,
For with age and hard usage the shapes were near gone,
So 'twas called by the people, a ham, or ham bone ;
From this antiquarians did frequently reckon
That it once had belonged to the fam'd Roger Bacon,
As for hams, chines and bacon, the hall was long fam'd
And the hamlet hard by was hence Baconsfield nam'd."

All this, however, is unusually easygoing. Most often we encounter at every third or fourth line obstacles that only true British courage could negotiate, and which generally result eventually in a few sober octosyllabic couplets just to aid in the recovery of seat and breath. As to poetic influences, a tinkle of Moore, an echo of Scott, a shadowy waft of Coleridge, greet us from time to time as our poet exploits the various modes and methods of Romance. At one point he boldly sandwiches a stanza from Mary Morison into his verse with an honest "*Vide Burns' Poems*" appended. At another, by way of still greater variety, he introduces an extract (only an extract, since many passages of the original "savoured too much of impiety!") from Addison's "Letters from Italy" in excuse for a droll representation of "St. Anthony preaching to the fishes." This prose extract reminds us that Mr. Careless' own prose preface is by no means to be neglected. His literary philosophy at least is admirable :

"For my own part, being always of an easy and cheerful disposition, when a book does not set me to sleep I am sure to be pleased with it ; and if it should it is the same to me, for I think a good nap does one no harm, especially after dinner."

Let us take leave of him with one delicious couplet culled from a passage criticising his own portrait :

"But with noses how hard it is people to please 'em,
Nam non cuique datum est habere nasum."

Habere as a dactyl has possibilities that might well reconcile any schoolboy towards compulsory Latin at least.

CANNING'S "ANTI-JACOBIN"

MR. TEMPERLEY, Fellow of Peterhouse and Lecturer in History in the University of Leeds, publishes a careful, well-written, well-knit *Life of Canning*. In fifteen chapters, the parentage and up-bringing of that memorable statesman, his political creed, career, conduct, his intellectual and social characteristics, are described for a generation more attuned to sympathy with his aims, perhaps, than any other since his time. In the long-run, however, literature has a livelier interest than politics, and the comparatively few pages that relate to Canning the scholar, poet, wit, humorist, will be read more eagerly in our day than all the rest of Mr. Temperley's animated story. Whether he has anything new to tell us of that short-lived but most famous publication, the *Anti-Jacobin*, anything to reduce uncertainty as to the authorship of much that is best in it, is the first question that most of our readers would ask. Sorry we are to say, however, that though Mr. Temperley gives the greater part of a chapter to the subject his inquiries add nothing to our knowledge.

With a complete copy of the original publication at hand we are able to say in what guise the thirty-six numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin* appeared week by week in 1797-98. Published at 169 Piccadilly, opposite Old Bond Street, it was a small eight-page paper in quarto: that is to say, about an inch shorter than this journal but of about the same breadth. The page was in double column, in fair large type of two sizes (unless for foot-notes, quotations, &c.), the first article being usually headed, as others were occasionally. The title-headings were in italic capitals throughout. Like all such productions at that time, it was printed on poor thin paper, not always of the same tint, and each number bore in some corner of its wide margin the red duty-stamp. From this it appears that by repeated additions the duty ran up to threepence-halfpenny, with 16 per cent. discount. Advertisements were not admitted, and the price of the little paper was sixpence.

The Prospectus—a separate publication of four pages, of the size and in the style of the paper itself—was written by Canning. Coming from him, it is a remarkably commonplace production, but businesslike also in the sense of making a clear and unexaggerated statement of what was intended. In short, the general purpose of the paper was named in its first title, the *Anti-Jacobin*; its particular purpose—this being strongly insisted upon—was expressed in the second title: *or Weekly Examiner*. For in that "eventful and tremendous time," as in this, the community was "perplexed by the multiplicity of contradictory accounts of almost every material event. It is the constant violation, the disguise, the perversion of the truth whether in narrative or in argument, that will form the principal subject of our weekly examination." Accordingly, the sub-title was set up as over a separate department in every number, the aforesaid examination being conducted under three several heads: Lies, Misrepresentations, Mistakes. Nearly all this work was probably done by the Editor, William Gifford; it certainly carries the mark of his vigorous and never too delicate hand. What news there is, or comment upon news, is almost entirely confined to foreign affairs, and is conveyed in brief, pithy paragraphs under the headings "Paris," "Vienna," "Berlin," and so forth. Domestic affairs, unless in relation to army and navy, are rarely touched upon. Rebellious Ireland, how-

ever, supplied one important exception, and national finance, with its enormous difficulties, another. There is no doubt that Pitt wrote most of these finance articles, if not all. The first of them (on a proposal to treble the assessed taxes!) is the leading article of Number 1, and they are always printed in a style of distinction.

For the rest, the paper is made up of that "Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*" which has been so often reprinted since, but more of prose matter in the same spirit and with corresponding cleverness. Ingenious letters, reports of imaginary meetings, parodied speeches—squibs of that character abound. Not all are worthy of praise, of course, but most of them are, while some are transcendently good. Take this sample from the report of an invented "meeting of the Friends of Freedom":

"Mr. Erskine now rose, in consequence of some allusions that had been made to the Trial by Jury. He professed himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and with regard to the extent of his faculties, in many respects a finite Being. He had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman, 'Thou hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour.' These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; . . . and he could wish to wear them in his breast as a sort of amulet against the enchantments of public applause and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion. Yet if he were indeed possessed of those superhuman powers—all pretensions to which he again begged leave most earnestly to disclaim—if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice—" &c. &c.

In the speech of "the rising and manly" Macfungus, which follows, we have a delicious parody of another style of rhetoric which also is with us yet. Mr. Macfungus' theme is that of the "Temple of Freedom," which is to be erected on the ruins of "the present degraded and degrading system."

"Cemented with the blood of tyrants and with the tears of the aristocracy, it will rise for the astonishment and veneration of future ages. The Tree of Liberty will be planted in the midst of it and its branches will extend to the ends of the earth, while the Friends of Freedom meet and fraternise and amalgamate under its consoling shade. There our infants shall be taught to lisp in tender accents the Revolutionary Hymn. There with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and poplar, and vine, and olive, and cypress, and ivy; with violets and roses and daffodils and dandelions in our hands, we will swear respect to childhood and manhood and old age and virginity and womanhood and widowhood, but above all to the Supreme Being. There will we decree and sanction the immortality of the soul. There pillars and arches and obelisks and pyramids will awaken the love of glory and of our country. . . . Then peace and freedom will pervade the whole earth; while the vows of republicanism, the Altar of Patriotism, and the revolutionary Pontiff with the thrilling volcanic sympathies, whether of holy fury or of ardent fraternal civism, uniting and identifying as it were an electric energy."

In prose, however, there is nothing more pungently, insidiously and yet uproariously humorous than the introductions and foot-notes to some of the metrical pieces: above all, to "The Loves of the Triangles" and "The Rovers." It would be pretty safe to say, indeed, that the serio-comic has never been carried farther in our language than by the notes to the first-named production: which is presented as the work of "Mr. Higgins of St. Mary Axe." In the only collection of the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin* which we can lay hands on at the moment these notes and introductions are included, and they should be withheld no more than salt from an egg.

The poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin* is familiar enough, and yet we do not know why that should be said while its joys are unshared by the humblest brother Briton. It is not even certain that ten per cent. of those who quote from "The Progress of Man" (another of Mr. Higgins' contributions), "The Rovers," "The Loves of the Triangles," "The New Morality," are acquainted with more than the famous lines they repeat; and yet there is little that is not strikingly good in these pieces—nothing, perhaps, in the

three first named. "The Progress of Man" and "The Loves of the Triangles" we ourselves delight in most, though the general preference seems to be given to "The Rovers" and the overrated "Needy Knife-Grinder." It may be worth mentioning that the stanza which figures last in Rogero's song in "The Rovers"—the stanza, too, which is most often quoted—does not appear in the *Anti-Jacobin* as originally printed:

"Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That Kings and priests are plotting in;
Here, doomed to starve on water-gruel,
-el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen
-niversity of Gottingen."

So runs this stanza, which—or something to the like effect—seems necessary to the completion of the song; and that is not the only reason for thinking it omitted by accident from the first publication, and not that it was added upon afterthought. Comparison of the later versions with the original shows some variation in other pieces—as in the once-famous passage in "The New Morality" (by Canning) which Pitt is said to have contributed. These lines are thrown into an address to Britain and read as follows in the original:

"So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side
Waves its broad arms and spreads its leafy pride,
Shades the green earth, and, towering to the skies,
In conscious strength the tempest's wrath defies.
The fowls of heaven its ample branches share,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair:—
The limpid current works its noiseless way,
The fibres loosen and the roots decay,
Prostrate the mighty ruin lies, and all
That shared its shelter perish in its fall."

These lines were afterwards rewritten, to their great advantage. The poem in which they appear (the famous quatrain "Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe," &c., occurs in it) was the last piece of verse in the *Anti-Jacobin*. The publication came abruptly to an end—at the instance of Mr. Pitt according to one story. "So alarmed became Mr. Wilberforce and others of the more moderate supporters of Ministers at the boldness of the language employed that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere;" and with hardly a word of explanation the matchless *Anti-Jacobin* came to an end.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

MARCEL SCHWOB

MARCEL SCHWOB, whose premature loss both England and France deplore, was the happy possessor of two gifts rarely found together. He was a scholar, and he was an artist. Though the past held few secrets from him, though he was as familiar with the life of Villon's Paris as with the manners of ancient Greece, he saw the "backward and abysm of time" through a mist of fancy. He re-created that which had ceased to exist by his imagination, and discovered the essence of truth, even where the formal truth eluded him. In his "Vies Imaginaires," for instance, he has sketched the lives of Petronius, Cyril Tourneur, and many others of whom little is known except their names, and he triumphantly convinces the reader of his sincerity. And, in truth, what better method of criticism is there than to divine a career, veiled by obscurity, in the very shape which that career should have assumed? But, even when Marcel Schwob was dealing with the hard facts of history, his quick fancy came to his help, telling him not merely where to look, but what to look for. During the last years of his life he had devoted himself to the study of Villon, and with characteristic ingenuity he had rebuilt in his mind's eye the Paris of the fifteenth century. He had brought to light the names of Villon's neighbours; he knew what they did and what they suffered; and by following them from house to house, from storey to storey, he was able to explain many allusions which had escaped the most learned of Villon's editors. M. Alfred Croiset, who delivered an oration at

his grave, asked whether he was in any sense a specialist. I think he was not; or rather it might be said that every man's subject was Schwob's speciality. Profoundly as he had studied Villon, he was equally familiar with other authors and other periods. He was a classical scholar of rare delicacy and taste, and few knew the literature of the decadence better than he. His catholicity, indeed, is not his least remarkable trait. "I have no repugnances," he might have said with Charles Lamb; "Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book." And he called most things books which are composed of paper, ink, and type. Though he did not disdain the stern beauty of the classics, he loved also the chap-books, almanacks, and *livres de colportage*, which gave him hints for many a story, and increased his wonderful knowledge of slang. Most astonishing of all was his knowledge of English and English literature. When I first met him he had never crossed the Channel, and he spoke English with a humour and energy which few Englishmen can surpass. Nothing that touched our literature was alien to him, and while he had a perfect knowledge of Meredith, Stevenson, and the moderns, he had studied the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries with a peculiar zeal. In brief, he was the master *utriusque lingue* in the old-fashioned sense. He thought, spoke and read in English as in French; and, doubtless, had not his style in French laid an imperative restraint upon him, he might have written in English also. Such were some of his gifts, and they came one and all from the same quality: a swift apprehension. There was nothing which his eager intelligence could not grasp, either in life or letters. He once went to a cricket match, and in less than half an hour he understood the purpose of the game, though he had never seen it played before. With him vision or hearing were the same as understanding. And in men as in books, he could look below the surface, and discover the basis of sympathy and friendship. His predilections may be observed in his works, for he made whatever he read the material of his art. In "Mimes" he gave to a newly discovered form a colour and beauty, of which Herodas never dreamed; his "Croisade des Enfants" is a series of pictures from the Middle Ages; his "Vies Imaginaires" were suggested by a study of Aubrey and Antony à Wood, the two masters of intimate biography. But whatever he wrote he wrote after a keen research for the appropriate style, combining always the assurance of the scholar with the artist's delicacy and refinement. His last book—"Mœurs des Diurnales"—is, in some respects, his masterpiece. Not for many a long year have Lucian and Rabelais been turned to better account, and this amazing treatise on journalism is proof enough that there is still a place for satire in the world of to-day.

Of late years he had turned his attention to the stage and had produced for Madame Sarah Bernhardt the best translation of *Hamlet* that has yet been made in French. For the same actress he was translating *Macbeth*, when death overtook him, and I know not whether his rendering will be heard upon the stage. But in all that he attempted he was a true man of letters, devoted to his craft with heart-whole fidelity. Neither sickness nor lassitude interrupted his loyalty, and even when his suffering was at its worst, he could forget it all in the discussion of an old author, or in the admiration of a rare edition. To see him in his library was to witness a perfect harmony between the man and his environing. He delighted to display to his friends the old books which he collected with so keen an enthusiasm, and which, though a real collector, he did not disdain to read. Here, like Montaigne, he devoted the hours to himself and the Muses; and here one had hoped that he would spend many years in the research that was dear to him. But he has left us all too soon, and if his sympathetic interpretation has done much to make the masterpieces of English literature known to France, we in grateful return are not unmindful of the genius and intelligence which has given to Marcel Schwob a distinguished place also on our side the Channel. CHARLES WHIBLEY.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

COLERIDGE

BEFORE me, as I write, there is a very pretty edition of Coleridge issued by Messrs. Blackie and Son. Everything about it is beautiful. It has a tasteful frontispiece, the binding is pleasant as well as good, and the print clear and comfortable. No one could desire a better pocket edition. There is only one point on which criticism rests, and this is the preface by Mrs. Meynell. The practice of publishing editions of standard authors prefaced by an introduction which gives an opinion of a poet that is almost always open to argument, and often weak and doubtful, appears to me pernicious. The number of people suitably equipped for writing such an appreciation is small, and any one who attempts it challenges us to examine their credentials. One would not object to Thomas Carlyle writing on Robert Burns because, although not a versifier, he had all the other qualifications of a great poet, and was, as it were, in a position to take Burns by the hand and talk to him on equal terms. We have the same kind of feeling about Dr. Johnson who, though frequently wrong in his judgment, was so splendidly endowed with vigorous common sense that a difference with him is always an interesting and intelligible difference. The inference seems to be that if an essay be prefixed to a volume of poems, it should be written by some one who is strong, capable and sympathetic.

In laying down these general principles, I hope Mrs. Meynell will not imagine that it is my purpose to say, directly or indirectly, that she is unfitted to write an introductory essay on Coleridge. Were she contributing such a paper to one of the many journals that she adorns with her work, it would be most welcome and interesting; but then the fate of a journal is to be read in the morning and in the evening thrown into the oven, whereas the fate of a pocket Coleridge is to be stuffed into a bag or a pocket and to be taken out whenever the owner feels inclined to do so. Probably on the first occasion he would read the preface with great interest, on the second with less, on the third with indifference, and when he found it on a fourth occasion he would feel inclined either to tear the pages out or gum them together. For when one begins to think of what Mrs. Meynell says it seems to fall in value. Take this sentence as an example: "His work for Christianity, for philosophy, for liberty, for mankind, had been little indeed compared with his hopes and with what we are told of his intellect." But how did Mrs. Meynell measure it? Does she go to her library to seek the books written on this subject, or is she in the position scornfully pictured by Robert Browning:

" Things done,
Which took the eye and had the price,
O'er which from level stand
The low world laid its hand

Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice."

We have to remember that the work done by Coleridge was for the most part indirect and invisible. It has been written in no book, but during those evenings in Highgate, one of which was so vividly described by Carlyle, all the best of him went out to the most distinguished men of his time. He gave Scott an inspiration for literature, and, to speak of no other, fired the enthusiasm of the unhappy Edward Irving. He drew to the study of philosophy and poetry the most searching and brilliant minds of his time. How is Mrs. Meynell to measure all this, place herself in the judgment-seat and say the result is not commensurate with "what we are told of his intellect"? And the preceding sentence to the effect that his work had been "little indeed compared to his hopes" is about as unwise as anything that could be said. Whoever has had the highest hopes has experienced the bitterest failures, and that Coleridge died full of sadness and disappointment ought certainly to be no reproach to him.

Mrs. Meynell adds, "his achievement in magical poetry is altogether beyond price," and proceeds to draw a singular and, as we think, a paradoxical distinction between Coleridge as an intellectual man and the Coleridge who was "not an intellectual poet."

It has always been an idea with me, though it never seems to have occurred to Mrs. Meynell, that poetry is the last and most consummate flower of the human intellect, and to talk of an unintellectual poet is to speak of an ocean without water. But let us try if we can to follow the argument whereby she defines the difference. "As a poet, as a great poet, at his best he seems to be almost incapable of thought." What a revelation of self-consciousness we have here! The things that are truly seen are the things we know not we are seeing, the things that are truly heard are those of whose hearing we know nothing; or, to put the same thought in the words of a modern philosopher, the healthy man is not conscious of his health, but only the sick. To make what Mrs. Meynell calls "magical poetry," a man's mind must be working at the top of its power and be working unconsciously. When he knows he is thinking, when he is, so to say, watching the wheels go round, then he is not at the top of his strength. This is probably what Mrs. Meynell means when in language that might become a mystic or a transcendentalist she says: "When he addresses himself to thought in his poetry he is a turgid, excited, dull, and flaccid rhetorician seldom reaching even a beautiful eloquence." We pass by the obvious criticism, which a Macaulay would have delighted in when he had a Montgomery to demolish, that a man could scarcely be turgid and excited, dull and flaccid in the same breath, which comes to much the same as saying that the pig was a fat pig and a lean pig at the same moment. We avoid, too, the obvious flight of imagination that would fain picture Mrs. Meynell weighing the intellect of a Coleridge and finding it wanting. It might tempt us into a parable called "the substance and the scales," but the whole thought is shallow, and is based on a complete misunderstanding of the real nature of thought.

To go on with the story, we are informed that Coleridge is essentially the poet of the spiritual senses. "He had an exaltation of the senses, which is the richest of all endowments of the simpler poet." But that really is no more than a somewhat pompous statement of the truism that the poet is a poet because he sees more clearly, and pictures what he sees more vividly, than other people. This will be evident enough from a glance at the illustration which Mrs. Meynell gives:

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside."

Mrs. Meynell is surely not unaware, that in the very isolation of this picture there is the exercise of a most uncommon intellect. There is the eye which has seen, and the imagination which can body forth. The lines have the indescribable quality to be found in the most memorable descriptive passages of all the greatest poets. Milton's moon is as living and real as that of Coleridge, and it is presented with exactly the same faculty. Moreover, in spite of what Mrs. Meynell says, this is sensuousness in the true meaning of the term, and if we turn to the finest of all the poems of Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*, there is as much intellect as ever went to the making of the deepest parable; and surprising though it may be to Mrs. Meynell, it is a deeper wisdom that sees the teaching of a parable than that which deals with metaphysics, logic, and all the learning of the schools. For poetry, as we have said before, is the consummate flower of them all, the deepest truth couched in the most appropriate, and, therefore, the most beautiful words. What more of intellect could we wish than we have in the following passage which, while it stirs thought, also makes an overmastering appeal to the senses:

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her sympathy and song
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

A.

BEDLAM IN LITERATURE

It was in 1247 that Simon Fitzmary, Alderman and Sheriff of London, made over the whole of his property in the parish of St. Botolph's Without Bishopsgate, to be used as a priory for the Order of St. Mary of Bethlehem. The site of this original Bedlam is now covered by the Broad Street and Liverpool Street railway stations. In 1375 Bethlehem was seized by Edward III., but as the hospital was miserably poor, the Crown could have received as little profit as honour by the transaction. The first record we have of Bethlehem being used as a lunatic asylum is in 1403, when a certain Peter, the porter of the establishment, having succumbed to the wiles of the Evil One, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the administration of the monastery. The report of the Commission states that there were six lunatics confined there—*sex homines mente capti*; and an appended inventory of the appliances of the house includes "six chains of iron, with six locks, four pairs of manacles of iron, and two pairs of stocks."

At what date the name of Bethlehem was corrupted into that of Bedlam is uncertain, but Wyclif refers to "Bedleem," and in Tyndal's time Bedlam was already a synonymous term for madness, for in his "Prologue to the Testament" he remarks: "It is bedlam madde to affirme that good is the natural cause of yvell." Skelton, too, in his scathing satire on Wolsey, "Why come ye not to Court," wrote:

"He grines, and he gapes,
As it were Jacke Napes,
Such a mad Bedlam."

Lunatics were, in these early days—and, indeed, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century—treated with the greatest barbarity; men and women were herded together in one ward, manacled, and chained to the walls like wild beasts. Even the most enlightened men were often guilty of gross cruelty to these unhappy wretches. Thus we find Sir Thomas More relating with much complacency how he had ordered a lunatic beggar, whom he found howling in the street, to be soundly flogged at a public whipping-post; and Shakespeare himself, in *As You Like It*, speaks of "a dark house and a whip" as good for madmen. The verses on the title-page of Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" are eloquent of the condition of the insane in his day:

"But see the madman rage downright
With furious looks, a ghastly sight!
Naked in chains bound doth he lie
And roars amain, he knows not why."

At this time, and for long afterwards, the harmless lunatics were sent into the streets, with badges on their arms, to beg; and this fact accounts for the numerous references in our literature to the Bedlam beggar, Abram man, or Tom o' Bedlam. Aubrey states that they were round their necks "a great horn of an ox on a string or bawdry, which, when they came to an house for alms, they did wind, and they did put the drink given them into their horn, whereto they did put a stopple." This explains Edgar's strange words to King Lear, "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry." Tom o' Bedlam's mode of begging is described in

detail by Dekker in his "English Villanies" (1648): "'Good worship, master! Bestow your reward on a poor man who hath been in Bedlam without Bishopsgate three years, four months, and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there of £3 13s. 7½d., and hath not wherewith to pay the same, but by the help of worshipful and well-disposed people, and God to reward them for it.' Then will he dance and sing, and use some other antic and ridiculous gestures, shutting up his counterfeit puppet play with this epilogue or conclusion: 'Good dame, give poor Tom one cup of the best drink. God save the king and his council, and the governor of this place.'" Shakespeare has several references to these Toms o' Bedlam, especially in *King Lear*, thus:

"The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Stick in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;"

and again in those terrible words which he puts into Edgar's mouth:

"Mice, and rats, and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year."

On April 21, 1657, Evelyn, who had been dining with Lord Hatton, made the following entry in his diary: "I stepped into Bedlam, where I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains; one of them was mad with making verses"; and six years later Pepys mentioned passing through Bedlam, though he did not record his impressions, which is rather remarkable.

In 1676, the hospital was found too small to allow of other inmates being admitted, and the establishment was accordingly transferred to Moorfields, where a handsome building had already been erected by public subscription and private donations, aided by a government grant. The new Bedlam is said to have been designed on the plan of the Tuileries, and the magnificence of the structure drew a sprightly epigram from Gay:

"Through fam'd Moorfields, extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw;"

not to mention a long didactic poem by Hughes, a fashionable bard of the day, and a number of squibs and witticisms from lesser men. The main entrance of the building seems to have been specially noteworthy, the stone piers supporting the great iron gates being ornamented by two fine sculptures, representing Raving and Melancholy Madness, by Caius Gabriel Cibber. These figures provided Pope with a peg on which to hang a particularly mordant gibe at the expense of the famous sculptor's more famous son, Colley:

"Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monro would take her down,
Where o'er the gates by his famed father's hand
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand."

Three years after the opening of the hospital in Moorfields, the Royal Society proposed to make an experiment of the transfusion of blood "upon some mad person in Bedlam." But fortunately for that institution's reputation, Dr. Thomas Allen, the visiting physician, opposed the motion so strenuously that it fell through. On Allen's retirement from his connection with Bedlam in 1684, Dr. Tyson succeeded to his post. This gentleman had the misfortune to be "damned to everlasting fame" as the Carus of Garth's "Dispensary":

"In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows;
Legions of lunatics about him press,
His province is lost Reason to redress."

The foundation-stone of the present Bedlam was laid in April 1812, and the asylum was opened in August 1815. Even then the patients' bedrooms were never warmed, nor were their windows glazed; no provision was made for lighting at night; and some inmates were still kept in chains. Needless to say, these relics of the barbarities of the Middle Ages have for many years been dispensed with, but the strange thing is that they should have been used so long.

SLANG

A SLANG dictionary may have its uses. Many slang words, creeping into the language from doubtful sources, have found a place in it unsupplied by the expression which they were at once understood to convey. Such a word is "humbug," a slang term which at its first introduction a century and a half ago had not the meaning it has been adopted for. At first it seems to have denoted fussy and absurd alarm. But there were other expressions for that; and by common consent, which often works with a mysterious rapidity and precision of agreement, "humbug" was presently seized upon to carry a budget of cognate meanings which had never been got into two syllables before. Slang or not, then, here was a genuine word—a word of worth more than many others; yet to this day it has never overcome the stigma of its origin. The sound of the word, even the look of it on paper, recalls with undiminished emphasis its birth in slang. In vain has it been admitted into the most respectable dictionaries. Because of its ugliness it remains slang; and innocent as its meanings are of the base suggestion which is the charm of slang to so many of its connoisseurs, it will stand under that condemnation for many a day yet. But it is not to be given up on that account. Careless of the little music in its syllables, the wise lexicographer will show the word "humbug" to its place in the English dictionary with all the ceremony that befits its worth.

But that is not always done. All the dictionaries have this word nowadays, with other slang products of similar merit. And that is well, or would be if the best of them were no longer ticketed as vulgar. Rarely, however, does the lexicographer consider himself at liberty to forget their origin or to omit mentioning it as irregular. After a hundred years of such service in the ranks as no other word could supply, "humbug" cannot be re-entered on the roll without a marginal reminder that it is quite without gentility. And so it is with other words of similar usefulness and similar derivation; which is not as it should be. In dictionary-making the right thing to do is to choose from the number of slang words such as have distinctive significations well marked, and such as have proved their usefulness in long years of service: these to be regimented on the same footing with the best bred words of Saxon or of Latin descent. As for the rest, half of them should be discarded altogether for what they are—fresh from the ditch and smelling of it, or, at the best, without a shade of meaning that isn't nasty even when it is new. The other half may be tolerated as curious or even apt, but not as accepted utterances of the noble English tongue. In most cases, indeed, they are but poor grotesques, words that leer rather than speak; no intention in them, but a sort of clowning with speech—usually for the sake of evoking a sentiment of familiar good-fellowship.

Yet, to deliver ourselves a little more broadly and honestly, slang of even this less harmful kind has no business at all in the dictionaries of any language. Nevertheless the best of our modern lexicons swarm with its progeny. A word should have some promise of stability, some prospect of life, before it is admitted to the sacred register, and of course it should be something more than a casual invention for private use. But one of the commonest characteristics of slang words is that they are but for a season. They are no sooner familiar than they begin to perish, making way for others with the novelty and the sauciness which seem to be their chief recommendation. A little while, and though they may be still remembered, they are as dead as the flowers of the year they came in with; yet there they lie strewed through the leaves of your favourite dictionary of the English language and still pretending to be alive. Who says of an excellent thing nowadays that it is "slap-up"? In what society is "slap-bang" a lingering expression? Who in east or west is so much out of date as to describe "a person or thing of large size" as "a slapper"? And what was there in

these words at any time to carry them into the fine great dictionary where they moulder? Other slang words there are which never had any meaning out of some one or other of our many kinds of shop, and have even become obsolete in them. Together with "slap-up," "slap-bang," and their likes, all these should be swept out of every book that pretends to be a treasury of English; any man who chooses to do so being quite at liberty, of course, to lodge them in the mortuary pages of a slang dictionary.

There they would be of use. For meaningless, graceless, lifeless, yet harmless withal, they would serve to divide the noxious matter which is the main component of slang dictionaries, and so accomplish a kind of dilution. Make them more seemly to the casual eye we should rather say, perhaps, for it is not for "slap-up" and "slap-bang" that such lexicons are studied, nor is it the exposition of such terms which gives to slang dictionaries the value which condemns them to be locked up whenever they are not in actual use. However, appearances are something, and the interspersions of innocent vulgarities like "cove," "dibs," "jim-jams," has a softening and refining effect upon the compilation as a whole. That is certainly a grace, if it count not as advantage; for though the idea of a slang dictionary—among those who have never opened one—is a tome which no real student of our language can neglect; a book which, though its contents are often repellent from their coarseness, throws a woful light upon the converse of the degraded and the criminal's habits of thought—there never was a greater mistake. Raking through its columns, it may be possible to find here and there locutions with an etymological, antiquarian, or other guileless interest. But for ninety-nine hundredths of it the slang dictionary is of no good use whatever; neither does it yield any pleasure which a decent man would dare to acknowledge. It is stupid when it is not foul, and only brilliant from the iridescence of obscenity. Even when purged and chastened for open publication these characteristics cannot be got rid of altogether. All the stupidity, all the uselessness remains, with quite enough provocation to disgust. What should save it from the fire but the respectable name of "Dictionary" is not immediately evident.

THE TWO ARROWS

As nectarines upon the wall
From lattices of verdure peep,
And, hardly ripe enough to fall,
Their velvet state as virgins keep,
So is the bosom that I love
Unready for the Bowman's dart:
Not from that throat to-day shall float
More magic than a single note,
For still She wears the songless heart.

'Twas yesterday I chanced to meet
Sir Cupid coming down a lane,
With bramble-scars upon his feet,
And on his mouth a bramble-stain.
He pulled the quiver from his hip,
As if the ancient game to start;
And had begun his piercing fun
But that I proved the mischief done,
And showed an arrow in my heart.

Rogue Love, whose memory was short,
Went whistling round the lane's green bend—
Honey and agony his sport!—
And left me with my wound to tend.
Men say within his quiver sleeps
Each travelled arrow's counterpart;
So, Sweet and Pure, I may endure
If but my broken breast be sure
This arrow's mate shall drink thy heart.

NORMAN GALE.

FICTION

Creatures that once were Men. By MAXIM GORKY. Translated from the Russian by J. K. M. SHIRAZI. With Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (Alston Rivers, 1s. 6d. net.)

THE obvious moment for publishing Gorky, and for talking about him, Mr. Alston Rivers has seized by issuing this translation of "Creatures that once were men," and by getting Mr. G. K. Chesterton to write a preface (this "Introductory") thereto. If good wine needs no bush, it might be thought that Gorky needed no introducer. As a fact a good many of us have probably ere now read this tale in its French dress—*Les ex-hommes*. It is almost the grimmest of all the pictures which Gorky drew in his earlier and bitterer vein. All the same we do not echo the common cry of "decadence" as applied to this sort of literature, nor in consequence do we echo a good deal of what Mr. Chesterton says in his preface.

"A nation like Norway has a great realistic drama without having ever had a great classical drama or a great romantic drama. A nation like Russia makes us feel its modern fiction when we have never felt its ancient fiction. It has produced its Gissing without ever having produced its Scott. . . . Out of these infant peoples come the oldest voices of the earth."

And then Mr. Chesterton asks why this is, and suggests a variety of answers in a manner which, if we forgot we were listening to a writer who should represent *le dernier cri* of criticism, would take us back to that of many years ago. It is well also to remind oneself from time to time of Charles II. and the dead fish. The recent excavations in Crete have upset all older theories of the development of Greek art. What they give us is modern and realistic in fashion when set beside the far more recent sculpture of Polycletus or Phidias. And so are the Elizabethan dramatists modern and realistic beside Byron or Victor Hugo. Is Mr. Chesterton sure that there is not a romantic writer in Russian literature? Because we have an opposite impression. And Gogol again; he greatly resembles some of Scott's predecessors, such as Smollett. And, by the way, if we found Smollett floating in space we should certainly class him as more modern than Scott. Then as for *decadence*! If Ford or Webster were to spring up among us to-day, or if they too were found floating in space, should we not class their choice of themes as decadent of the decadent?

Gorky began writing in a bitter vein—as we know from his adopted *nom de guerre*. But he is not self-made. He is most obviously of the "school of Tolstoi"; and neither Tolstoi nor in fact Gorky himself is a pessimist at heart. We only think so because a wave of utter unreality—the pseudo-romantic novel—is passing across our fiction; and as for our drama it is too conventional to count. Mr. Chesterton says truly that the Russian anarchy seems often to have the "head of the super-man," but it is mere fancy and fashion that would represent his tale as "the tale of the missing link." For all their squalor and seeming degradation, there is a curious sort of nobility about Gorky's tramps and vagabonds taken as a class. It is never so visible as in his longest story—a novel by its length—"Three men" (*des Triis*). One feels that Ilya the hero is on the whole a worthy member of the human race, though hardly of "society," seeing that pretty early in the story he commits a deliberate and cold-blooded murder. And Paschka in the same novel (Paschka, the poet, who must have some of the features of his creator), what a strange amalgam he is!—not far removed from a *souleneur* in one light, capable of a romantic devotion on the other side of him, so to say. Gorky's folk in fact are not so much evil as without law, a sort of Vikings of the slums preying upon an alien civilisation.

It is not fair to judge the Russian novelist by this special story of the Ex-men. (It would have been better to use that as the title.) Story one can hardly call it. It is just one of Gorky's photographs: Aristid Fomich Kuvalda, the ex-captain, now the drunken keeper of a lodging-house

for broken men—for the sodden schoolmaster, the hawker, the thief, and his friend the deacon, who had been degraded from his office for drunkenness and immorality—and the others. Then of Kuvalda's attempt to incite the publican Egor Vasilavitch Vaviloff to sue Petunikoff the tradesman (Judas Petunikoff he always is in Kuvalda's mouth) because Petunikoff had built his factory partly on Vaviloff's ground; and how the scheme only ends by a compromise between the two *bourgeois*, the arrest of the captain and the turning the casuals into the street again. There is one little touch which is in Gorky's bitterest and yet in a sense most observant vein.

"Having satisfied himself with this reflection the worthy captain looked round upon his staff. Every one of them was disappointed, because they knew that something they did not expect had taken place between Petunikoff and Vaviloff, and they all felt they had been insulted" [read rather "degraded"]. "The feeling that one is unable to injure any one is worse than the feeling that one is unable to do good, because to do harm is far easier and simpler."

Yes; there is bitterness there, but not what we should call *decadent* bitterness. Nor do we detect any of the signs of "antiquity" which Mr. Chesterton finds in the Russian novel. We believe there are sufficient reasons why the trend of all fiction (that has any trend) is towards a certain direct and naïve realism. But it would take more space than is at our disposal to set forth those reasons. We in England are so much out of "the movement" for the immediate moment that what seems natural and inevitable elsewhere is strange to us. It may appear paradoxical to say so, but we doubt that our vigorous political life and our time-honoured party system in politics are among the causes that have kept England so much out of the "running" in modern fiction and drama. In England folk are classed by the opinions they represent, in politics, in theology, in what not. Every boy and every girl here is born "either a little liberal or else a little conservative." So we cannot study our neighbours simply as men and women. But in northern Europe, in Scandinavia, where political partisanship is of yesterday, in Russia, where it has no means of formulating a set of doctrines, such a kind of study is natural and instinctive.

Bloomsbury. By C. F. KEARY. (Nutt, 6s.)

A STRANGE and fatal perversity has brooded over the production of Mr. Keary's new novel "Bloomsbury." Author and publisher seem to have vied with each other in the effort to give it what the newspapers call a bad "send-off." Mr. Keary made it five hundred and fifty pages long, Mr. Nutt turned it out a fat dumpy volume most uncomfortable to hold and teeming with misprints. And to these physical disadvantages Mr. Keary has not scrupled to add others of a purely literary kind, to wit an almost complete absence of plot and of incident, characters keyed down to the dead level of middle-class London life in its least attractive phases, and dialogue from which wit is carefully excluded. And the worst of it is, we know it is all done deliberately and with intention. Nobody can write more brilliant dialogue or draw more whimsical or fantastic or fascinating character than Mr. Keary when he chooses. In "Bloomsbury" he does not choose. His theory of dialogue in fiction evidently is that it should reproduce as closely as possible the irrelevance and the level monotony of actual everyday conversation. The characters in "Bloomsbury," like the characters in "The Journalist," pass from one subject to another, break off in the middle of a sentence, are dull or fatuous or merely *nil*, just like their prototypes of the ordinary London of to-day. They talk neither better nor worse than the people we are accustomed to listen to, or rather the people whose remarks we might hear without listening if we were standing idly in a modern drawing-room or club. And out of this very ordinary kind of dialogue with a dozen or more of almost equally ordinary characters sketched in carefully but without emotion, Mr. Keary has set himself to produce a novel, nay, has produced one. For though we think his method a

mistaken one, requiring a prodigious number of words and pages to paint a very small picture we are bound to admit the success, or at least the partial success of his book. The characters in it, Quorn the little dwarfish doctor, Miriam his highly strung, self-conscious wife, Joyce Freeling with her romantic friendships, Hale the Assyriologist and the rest, are well conceived and cleverly drawn, though the reader has to piece together their personalities out of disjointed scraps of dialogue, hints and indications, instead of getting them in direct fashion from the author. And though we are quite certain that with his narrative power and constructive ability Mr. Keary could have produced a much more vivid impression of modern Bloomsbury if he had made greater concessions to the "average reader," yet we will not deny that with his perverse method he has succeeded in producing one that is very fairly vivid. Only we lament that the method he has selected for so doing should seem to us perilously near being dull.

THE BOOKSHELF

Twenty-one Poems written by Lionel Johnson. Selected by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. (The Dun Emer Press, Dundrum. 10s. 6d. net.)

A charming edition of twenty-one poems by Lionel Johnson, selected by Mr. W. B. Yeats, has been printed by Miss Yeats at the Dun Emer Press, Dundrum, on Irish paper, light, strong, and pleasant to handle, but a little too transparent to be perfect. The press-work is good, and the appearance of the book in every way distinguished and free from eccentricity. The selection, too, is so good that even those who already possess "Poems" and "Ireland and other Poems," may like to acquire this little handful of choice things. They will find in it the purest gold of Johnson's poetry, and need not fear that more than a reasonable space is devoted to Irish subjects. The book opens with "Mystic and Cavalier;" it contains, among other fine things, "Glories," "To Morfydd," "Sertorius," the lines on the statue of King Charles, and two splendid Latin poems "Jesu Cor" and "Satanas" (with a sad misprint in the former). There is no Wykehamical poem, but even those who most fully recognise the sincerity of his affection for Winchester and the inspiration he derived from her grey walls, her meads and streams, may admit that Johnson's panegyrics of the venerable College were sometimes pious exercises in a somewhat laboured strain. We would give them all for "The Dark Angel," the sad and haunting expression of a spiritual conflict, with which the volume closes.

THE DRAMA

"AGATHA" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

MR. TREE has taken the first step towards forming his "*Répertoire* Theatre," by giving a spare Monday evening to *Agatha*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Louis N. Parker. The greatest difficulty to be met by the founders of the several *Répertoire* Theatres that are now in the air is the fact that they have to find or make their *répertoire*; and *Agatha*, we are afraid, will not go far to helping Mr. Tree towards his. If a *répertoire* is to be of any use, every item in it must represent some phase of dramatic development, some distinct point in the process of thought, some marked moment in the history of form. It must be representative of something; *Agatha* is representative of nothing.

A play gives Mrs. Humphry Ward no chance. Her ability lies all in the direction of "pressing out," as some one said of Sainte-Beuve, the characters of her men and women through the deliberate processes of the novel. A play, which needs

what is by contrast, sharp and decisive treatment, offers her no room to move. This or that episode is over and done with before she has realised that it has begun. Mr. Louis N. Parker has proved himself over and over again an able, practical maker of plays rather than the possessor of original ideas. The collaboration between the thinker and the man of practice ought, perhaps, to have been fruitful; for some reason, it has failed to be so. *Agatha* is, after all, but a *rechauffé* of a number of old ideas; and old ideas, though a novelist may work them out at leisure into new being, are a heavy weight for any playwright to carry unless he treats them frankly in the old style. They will make a good farce, a good melodrama, a good "strong play" of situations and effects; they will not make a good play of the kind which depends on its ideas for its interest. *Agatha* fails because the idea in it is not worthy of the treatment. The authors have taken commonplace, and tried to invest it with meaning; and the commonplace has kicked off the vestment to reveal its nakedness.

For commonplace it is, the old commonplace of the theatre. The girl who is forced into accepting a suitor to save her father's pocket and her mother's honour is a commonplace; the secret that has been kept for twenty years, only to be blurted out in Act I., is another; the drunken, brutal father and the graceful, suffering mother are two more, and the list is complete with the suitor, the lady with a past, and the extinct monsters in the shape of artists who adore the heroine, and get in the way of the other characters. Not one of them was worth the trouble and the art which have been devoted to them; and the dash of originality which makes the girl love instead of hate her suitor, and refuse him because her delicacy of mind forbids her sully-ing his name, is really, when you look at it, the greatest commonplace of all. The charming picture of the first love of an innocent girl, with all its shrinking and tremor, the subtle presentment of her initiation into the shames and troubles of life, never touch the mind or the heart as they should, because the authors have put a real girl into unreal circumstances. And the result is that a play which has very many good points—including a literary quality far above the average—creates nothing like the effect which an equally well-written play, starting from a better place, could not fail to produce.

The difficulty of the name-part of *Agatha* is the difficulty of Juliet—that an actress with experience enough to play it would be far too old to play it. Miss Viola Tree produces, at any rate, that impression of fresh youth and simplicity which is, perhaps, the most important point in *Agatha*. She was fortunate in finding in Mr. Dawson Millward a lover of the necessary inches. Mr. Herbert Waring, as *Agatha's* supposed father, appeared to realise that the character had strayed out of melodrama, and played it accordingly; and the rest—Mr. Henry Neville as the real father, Miss Lillah McCarthy as the mother, and Mr. Robert Hammond and Mr. Julian l'Estrange as the unnecessary artists—did all they could with their parts.

FINE ART

MINIATURES ANCIENT AND MODERN

CONNOISSEURS will have been glad of the opportunity of seeing the principal part of M. Albert Jaffe's collection of miniatures at the Fine Art Society, for the few days that they were on show. These miniatures are to suffer the fate of most private collections and to be disposed of by auction at Cologne at the end of the month. Many of the names in M. Jaffe's catalogue are such as to excite the interest and curiosity of the collector, but we fancy there are few of the miniatures that on close examination will stimulate his acquisitiveness to the point of extravagance.

As might have been expected, the foreign schools occupied the place of importance in respect to numbers.

These included a very few of the seventeenth-century masters; and a small pendant miniature by Petitot of Charles II. was a conspicuously delicate example of this master's work on vellum. The eighteenth-century French miniaturists were more adequately represented. There were several very dainty heads by François Dumont and Antoine Vestier, one or two less fortunate specimens by the better known Rosalba Carriera and Adolphe Hall, but the majority of the miniatures of this school were merely reminiscent of the best qualities that we have learnt to look for in the art of this period. To expect the more serious motives of portraiture in the school which flourished during the reign of Madame de Pompadour, is to lack appreciation of its essential characteristics.

The prevailing fashion for snuff-boxes and bonbonnières, with their daintily painted confections set in bejewelled goldsmith's work, reflected the pervading sentiments of the Belles Dames and Chevaliers of the time. This sentiment of frivolity expressed itself not only in the fanciful subjects of the small pictures which adorned this "bric-à-brac," but also in the treatment that inspired the miniaturists in painting the numerous "boîtes à portrait," given as diplomatic presents by the King. In these portraits the artist hardly felt the obligation to make a likeness, so much as a pretty and piquant *ensemble*. They were creations in an altogether lighter vein, and they succeed in charming us by the skilful finesse with which the details of colour and drawing are touched in. There is a playful inspiration shown by these French painters in their use of pretty colour, and in their almost universal good taste we may see a temperamental characteristic of the race. In spite of a certain flippancy of feeling they retain a facile power of balance throughout the whole scheme which gives distinction to an otherwise somewhat small manner of work. Their use of the "gouache" method of painting on ivory, which by the way has never obtained a vogue amongst English painters, is justified by the skill with which it is used. The transparency of the flesh tints is enhanced by the juxtaposition of an opaque manner of painting the accessories. These accessories are handled with a lightness and delicacy that preclude all suggestion of heaviness of tone, with the result that we have freedom and finish without laborious effort. Such use of "gouache" no doubt simplified the more tentative methods otherwise inevitable.

The eighteenth-century school of French miniaturists is as alien to the traditions created by the Clouets in the sixteenth century as our own Cosway school is alien to that of Holbein. The earlier masters felt the true dignity appertaining to the art of portraiture. Within the small compass of their miniatures they contrived to combine an amount of force, character, and largeness of treatment with a certain archaic decorative simplicity that at once betrayed their Flemish origin and their close affiliation to the illuminated manuscripts. By their truth and realism they are ensured a place beside greater masterpieces in the archives of historic art. In our own schools these nobler traditions were faithfully upheld, and gradually matured until they finally culminated in the work of Samuel Cooper and his contemporaries in the seventeenth century. It was not until the revival of miniature painting in the late eighteenth century with the Cosway school that we see in England a complete breakdown of tradition and the creation of a style as effervescent as the state of society that inspired it. Yet the most severe critic must admit that the Cosway school possesses style and distinction in spite of its limitations and lack of truth. Like a well-phrased epigram, it captures our attention and holds our admiration more by reason of its facility than its sincerity. Its brilliant mastery of the essentials of a shallow convention gives it a title to our praise. This being so, it is equally true that such qualities are quite impossible of translation into the thoughts and feelings of another age and another condition of society. Modern miniature painters have refused to recognise this fact, and the brilliant effervescent qualities of this school have been the stumbling-

block of a host of imitators. It is impossible to fit this eighteenth-century convention to modern requirements, even if the technical skill is not wanting. To paraphrase a vulgarism, people are not content with the beautiful shadow, they must have the prosaic substance also. In trying to realise both, the miniaturist, who depends for his inspiration on Cosway, is led into an anachronism, and loses all balance in his result. Let it be remembered that Cosway himself studied greater masters and greater styles, grafting something of their spirit on to his own manner; moreover, he was a master of technique and an extraordinarily direct and facile draughtsman. Without these qualities his convention would have been powerless to charm; yet they are by no means the qualities that his would-be imitators try to seize.

A modern school of miniature painting can never regain the lost prestige of this delightful art by enslaving itself to the fetish worship of a popular idol. It must build up for itself a truer and nobler manner upon earlier and greater traditions. There are to be seen at the Dowdeswell Galleries a collection of eyes, painted by Cosway, Engleheart, and others. These dainty curios have a certain interest for the student, as well as the connoisseur, inasmuch as they help to emphasise the fact that these painters had a very real power of drawing. Mr. Alyn Williams also shows some miniatures of his own painting that exemplify the difference between the technical methods that obtain to-day and those of the eighteenth century.

SCIENCE

ON ATOMIC ARCHITECTURE

LAST Friday evening's Royal Institution lecture by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, on the "Structure of the Atom," was one of the most interesting and important that the famous theatre has heard for many a day. That therein it but fulfilled expectation was attested by the remarkable assemblage of the leading physicists of this country, from Lord Kelvin, the "modern Democritus," downwards.

It is eight years since Professor Thomson showed cause, in the same place, for belief in the existence of minute particles or corpuscles, as he likes to term them, of which it would take about a thousand to equal the weight of the lightest atom known, which is that of hydrogen. In the intervening period he has accomplished the most remarkable piece of work that physical inquiry has known for many years—work which the discovery of radium has confirmed and accelerated.

These corpuscles or electrons, each of which is a literal atom of negative electricity, are now known to be the constituent parts of the familiar so-called atom of the chemist. They are all absolutely identical in mass and other properties, whether they form part of an atom of hydrogen or gold or any other "element." Given, then, that the electron is the unit of matter, in what fashion is it combined with its fellows so as to form the atoms, some eighty different kinds of which are now known to the chemist?

As every one knows, "like electricities" repel one another; and if none but negative electrons composed an atom it would not hold together for a moment. We must therefore conceive, with Lord Kelvin—foremost mind of the time, though in its ninth decade—that there exists, as the core of the atom, a charge of positive electricity. The problem of atomic architecture is to balance the common attraction of this core, or ion, for the electrons, against their mutual repulsion. How, then, is an atom built up?

Professor Thomson has approached this question in inextinguishable fashion by a combination of mathematical theory with actual experiment. The same results are reached by

both methods: and we shall see how complete his solution is when we observe its compatibility with, and explanation of, other facts long familiar.

The *a priori* or mathematical method indicates the theoretic position of the electrons within the atom according as we conceive the atoms to contain one, two or more electrons. Professor Thomson has calculated out the theoretical structure of such atoms up to a large figure. But the *a priori* method alone satisfies no man of science to-day. It is true that by its means you can always frame a self-consistent theory: and that was all that our ancestors asked during many centuries. Nowadays, however, we ask that a theory be consistent not only with itself, but also with the facts: and so we must employ the *a posteriori* or experimental method as well. In the case under discussion this is easily done. In your ion, or positive atomic core, provide an electro-magnet. For the electrons, supply a number of magnetised needles and float them in water, free to move where they please, whilst the electro-magnet hovers over them, its positive pole downwards, and their negative poles, of course, upwards. Thus they are all attracted by it, whilst repelling one another. It is found that the needles arrange themselves, according to their numbers, in just such fashion as theory indicates: and seldom have I seen more conclusive and pretty experiments than those in this sense of last Friday. The needles can move only in two planes, of course, whereas in the atom the electrons can move in three; but the case is analogous.

So far, excellent. Now let us see whether Thomson's theory of atomic structures consorts with older chemical theory. The veriest amateur is familiar with the periodic law of Mendeleef, the great chemist of St. Petersburg, who has arranged the elements in related groups. Make a list of the elements in order of atomic weight. No. 1 and No. 2 are dissimilar: but No. 1 resembles Nos. 9 and 16 and 23—let us say: whilst No. 2 resembles Nos. 11, 18 and 25. Thus we have groups, such as lithium, sodium, potassium: phosphorus, arsenic, and antimony, and so forth. The chemist finds that these resemble one another, and the physician that their actions on the human body are related. Sometimes gaps occur in the table: thus Mendeleef predicted the discovery and described the characters of two unknown elements, which should fill these gaps, and when scandium and germanium were found, he was justified. There is no doubt about the periodic law, nor about its inference, that the elements are not elemental but related.

Now Thomson's theory fits in to a nicety with the atomic law. The hypothetical atom with twenty electrons has them arranged in an outer circle of twelve, an inner of seven, and a central one, hard up against the low or atomic core which holds all together. Throw in another electron and the arrangement is completely altered: but when you add let us say another dozen, you find the old arrangement restored, with the addition of an outer circle of the extra twelve. Plainly the first atom is the analogue of sodium and the second of potassium, and their similarity, and their unlikeness to the elements of intervening weight, are alike explained. I wonder whether the reader can appreciate the pleasure with which the student of science, now and again, meets a theory which co-ordinates and illumines whole series of facts, as does this revelation of Thomson's, or gravitation, or natural selection, or the association of ideas, or the circulation of the blood, or many another.

Then, again, if we look at a list of the elements, we find that they vary in their electric properties. No. 1 is what is called electro-positive, No. 8 is somewhat more so, but No. 9 is very electro-negative and so on. There is not a steady rise and fall in this property: but sudden interruptions. The new theory explains this fact completely. An atom with a certain number of electrons has, say, ten in the inner circle and fifteen in the outer. Now, according to mathematical theory, ten is the minimum number for the inner ring that will retain fifteen in the outer. The atom is electrically unstable or electro-positive. Add another electron and the atom becomes very unstable or

electro-positive; and so on until a totally new arrangement is reached and the atom becomes very stable or electro-negative again. Here is an entire series of facts which the new theory illuminates.

But atoms often combine with one another to form the myriads of chemical compounds: and each has its own peculiarities. One atom of carbon, for instance, will take four of hydrogen, forming marsh gas, CH_4 , and is said to be "four-handed"; whilst one of oxygen takes only two of hydrogen, forming water, H_2O , and is said to be "two-handed." Here the theory calls in aid the astronomers—science being the natural home of the freest Free Trade—and considerations derived from the study of Saturn and his rings are brought in to explain the relations between an atom of carbon and its four satellite atoms of hydrogen. In the astronomical case, the meteorites of which Saturn's rings are composed attract one another besides being alike attracted by the planet; but in the case of marsh gas the hydrogen atoms, if conceived as negatively electrified in accordance with the electric theory, repel one another. Yet the analogy can be made to explain the reason why carbon will hold four hydrogen atoms, but not five.

Lastly, as to atomic evolution. It was curious that the day after Mr. Frederic Harrison, on delivering the first Herbert Spencer lecture before the University of Oxford, commented on the inapplicability of evolution to the realm of physics, Professor Thomson should show how completely the conception of evolution holds in this realm, where none but the eye of faith of the mind of a great generaliser could have guessed its operation forty years ago. For the theory of Thomson shows that many more kinds of atoms are possible than those we know. But these atoms vary in stability according to the number of their electrons and the possibility of their coming to a stable mutual arrangement within the atom. Hence the atoms of "elements" we know are those that have survived. Others have doubtless existed, but have had relatively brief lives and have broken down into forms better adapted for survival. Radium, I fancy, is a typical instance of an unstable atom which is rapidly evolving into less unstable forms.

Had Professor Thomson had time, he might have made an interesting historical comment on his diagram, representing natural selection amongst atomic species. Speaking in the presence of the modern Democritus, whose most distinguished pupil he is, he might have referred to the founder of the atomic theory, the original Democritus, and to his pupil Empedocles. Some people are still claiming priority for Darwin or Wallace or Spencer or Wells or some other in the conception of the survival of the fittest. But ages before our time Empedocles suggested that, of his master's atoms, only the fittest would survive. And now Lord Kelvin's follower has verified that guess.

Last, as to the course of evolution as a whole. It seems that our ignorance of the properties of positive electricity—as to whether it is compressible or not—leaves it uncertain whether "the Universe began as a simple collection of homogeneous atoms and is evolving into a complex thing which will ultimately become one huge atom" (I quote as well as I can the lecturer's words), or whether it began as a complex "huge atom" and is now breaking down into simpler, smaller, and similar atoms. This inquiry immensely tickled the audience (not the front row)—but I do not pretend to know why. The question in brief is whether the process now seen is evolution or dissolution. But before we are prepared to hear Professor Thomson further on this subject, we must ask him by what right he assumes any "beginning." If he were a psychologist as well as one of the greatest of living physicists, he would ask himself whether he is quite sure that he can even conceive that the Universe ever "began." But they still read Paley at Cambridge, and perhaps Professor Thomson has remembered him too well. If the Universe is a big watch, it is well to inquire, certainly, whether it is running down, or being wound up.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

THE "SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA"—ANOTHER VIEW

"MINE ear is full of the murmur of rocking cradles," says Carmen Sylva in one of those exquisite Roumanian songs dealing with primitive life among a still primitive people; and here, in the midst of our complex civilisation, above the roar of scientific machinery, this sentiment is echoed by the world-worn voice of the twentieth century.

The child has been prominent of late in art and in fiction; he has painters, singers, playwrights, chroniclers in Bouguereau, Barrie, Mme. Lisa Lehmann, and the delightful German Elizabeth; but it was reserved for Herr Richard Strauss to make him the central figure of an important instrumental tone-poem.

The "Symphonia Domestica," given for the first time in England on February 25, under the admirable conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall, is a series of more or less successful structural experiments in the development of three main themes with their sub-themes—theme or themes of the husband, of the wife, and of the child; but it is the child's which is subtly insistent throughout. The work itself, which, though divided into four distinct sections—Introduction, Scherzo, Adagio, and Finale—continues without a break to the end, is supposed to narrate in music a day in the composer's life.

How far music lends itself to the description of homely existence hour by hour in a middle-class family, even presuming the thought uppermost in its creator's mind to be the idealisation of the sanctities of the hearth, is a point on which most audiences will disagree. A great French writer tells us that all art is nature seen through a temperament, and Wagner boasted that independently of words or scenery his musical phrases conveyed to the listener's mind the different phases of nature or sentiment he intended them to represent. Nevertheless, this was not always the case, as the following little anecdote, related by Paderewski, will show.

A Frenchman to whom Wagner's works were unfamiliar once consented to have his eyes bandaged for ten minutes during the performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, in order to guess from descriptive sounds at the text he might not see. The orchestra began harmoniously in a sweet, subdued strain; and with a smile he said, "Il fait beau!" Presently, weird dissonances crept in, the music grew wilder: "Décidément," sighed the neophyte, "le temps se gâte!" All at once came an upheaval as of Titanic forces; instruments crashed together; cries and booming filled the air. "Ha!" cried the Frenchman, "what terrific storm is here? This means disaster and universal cataclysm!" His friends laughingly took off the bandages and invited him to read the true account of the situation in his libretto. It was briefly summed up in two words, "Isolde soupire!"

Here is nature seen through a temperament indeed; but its presentment is based on strong human emotion. Mr. Strauss applies the same volcanic expression with the same exuberance to subjects which are not of their nature dramatic; hence for the performance of the "Symphonia Domestica" on February 25 an extra number of performers had to be engaged, and several instruments, notably the four saxophones and the oboe d'amore, were specially manufactured in Brussels and Paris.

As the scene opens we make acquaintance with the husband first, in themes given out sonorously on 'cellos, horn and bassoon. Emphatically he means to be master in his own house, and a weird little figure of five notes marked "Mürrisch"—sulky—which recurs at intervals, is typical of his displeasure when trivial everyday matters are permitted to intrude on the trend of his lofty thoughts.

Later, in the third section, we find a long passage also consecrated to him, and entitled, "Schaffen und Schauen"—creating and contemplating—in which, as the strains are "moderately slow and very quiet" throughout,

we hope that genius is at last able to soar into the tranquil atmosphere congenial to abstract thought.

That even genius cannot be entirely oblivious of sub-lunary things, however, is evident from the themes of the wife, which flit into the first section on the flute, oboe and first violins, with extreme vivacity, accentuated by fluttering chromatic runs and little clinking sounds suggestive of some slight flurry in the preparation of the creator's and contemplator's morning coffee. Probably during one of the "mürrisch" passages he has let her know his tastes in the matter.

Here, Strauss allows his humour free play in the inter-weaving of these subjects for some time before a trembling and thrilling of the strings, given *pianissimo*, preludes the advent of the child; but with the child theme stealing in mysteriously on the oboe d'amore the whole spirit of the music deepens, and the real tenderness of the composer's main idea suddenly makes the hearts of his audience vibrate.

This glimpse of emotion is very quickly concealed in a series of wild and, to an untutored brain, apparently discordant passages, during which any one who cared to repeat the Frenchman's experiment and guess with bandaged eyes at their meaning, might make surmises equally wide of the mark. The whole of the immense orchestra is called into movement. Trumpets blare, the wood-wind screams, mad scales rush up and down the strings—pictures are called into being of a stormy night on some witches' heath, where infuriated demons struggle for the possession of a human soul. Let us take off the bandages; in other words, let us read the explanatory notes in our programme. We are told it means "the energetic protest of a child when first brought into contact with the alien element of cold water." In point of fact it is "Baby's Bath." Nature viewed through a temperament again.

The limits of this article forbid us to follow the whole symphony in detail. Little tumbling prancing feet dance us sweetly through the Scherzo which opens the second section, and some joyous and thrilling passages invite our sympathy with the "Parents' Happiness" and the "Child at Play." A double fugue follows, descriptive of amicable dispute between husband and wife; then comes what is known in the nursery as "sleepy-time." Herr Strauss's sand-man apparently pelts the orchestral child with stones, slates and other large and spiky things of the same nature. This drastic treatment has, however, a happily soporific effect, for a charming lullaby tells us that the frisky juvenile will soon fall asleep, which he does just as seven o'clock strikes on the *glockenspiel*.

The third section gives us the "Schaffen und Schauen" episode, and a "Love scene" bringing in the wife prominently, and ending with passages entitled "Dreams and Cares," in which the child theme appears again. The *glockenspiel* repeats the hour—seven A.M. this time—and the fourth and final section introduces a double fugue entitled "Waking and Merry Dispute," after which comes the "Joyful Conclusion."

CORRESPONDENCE

2 Hawkwood Villas, Chingford,

March 13, 1905.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—In Dr. C. W. Saleeby's interesting article on "The Limits of Human Knowledge," in last week's ACADEMY (March 11) he writes in the last paragraph but one: "For if the Mystic and Realist can agree that Reality is one, so certainly will the Idealist; and he too will regard It as Uncreated and Eternal, though he may not go so far with the Athanasian Creed as to admit that It is Incomprehensible." To avoid a frequent misunderstanding, it may be desirable to mention that the word translated "incomprehensible" in the Athanasian Creed is in the

original Latin "*immensus*," meaning *infinite* rather than inconceivable, a term, therefore, which is quite consistent with the belief that Reality is intelligible as well as Intelligent.—Yours faithfully, R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

54 Drayton Park, Highbury, N.

March 11, 1904.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—The small 4to volume noticed in the ACADEMY as by John Carion, is catalogued in the British Museum under "Johann," it being from the German, and has several points of interest. Its author, Johann Carion, was born in 1499, and died in 1537; his *Chronica* appeared first at Wittenberg in 1532, and is strongly Protestant: an edition, printed in France, having additions by Melanchthon, Luther's colleague and reviser.

The English version, in three books, is unequally divided; book one, treating of primitive times, is restricted to twelve pages; book two extends to the 87th folio, and book three ends at folio 279; with a chronological index defining events from 1532 to 1550, the date of issue: "never afore prynted in Englysh"; and it is dedicated to King Edward VI., who died in 1553; it would not circulate under Philip and Mary, except by stealth, nor has it ever been re-issued in English.

In 1532 Sir Thomas More resigned his office on the question of King Henry's divorce; and, taken in connection with Shakespeare, the strong religious bearing of the "Chronicles" reminds us that the poet's father remained a Catholic through life; while the son's true sentiments on religion form a subject of controversy, being non-committal. Hereon be it noted that the Wriothesleys were Catholics; the second Earl of Southampton having suffered severely on that account; and his widow was concerned in aiding and secreting certain priests, so involving the poet's friend, Henry, third Earl, in suspicion.

The writing ascribed to Shakespeare will be scanned with great interest; and, it is to be hoped, will be issued in facsimile.

In the "Sonnets" we find references to interchange of books between poet and patron.—Yours, &c. A. HALL.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

WITH the current issue of the ACADEMY a change is made in the form of this page. The awarding of weekly prizes is abandoned, and it is hoped that this may assist in the raising of the standard of the Queries and Answers submitted by correspondents. Space will readily be found for really interesting notes, questions and answers, but queries and quotations which may easily be looked up in any reference library will be excluded. Trite questions on etymology and debatable emendations or elucidations of Shakespeare are also undesirable. It is hoped that by this change greater interest may be found by the general reader, and more service rendered to the student and scholar.

ELDER.—The Life of Judas in MS. Harl. 2277, as printed by Dr. Furnivall, merely asserts that Judas hanged himself "upon a tree," i.e., a tree; but in the fourteenth century it was settled that it was an elder-tree, as mentioned in Piers Plowman, B-text, l. 68; on which see my note. Of course, the tree existed in Palestine; for that veracious person, Sir John Mandeville, in his "Voyage," chap. viii., expressly says that even in his own time the very tree in question still existed, and was to be seen near the pool of Siloam!—*Walter W. Skeat*.

M. AND N. TEMP. EDWARD VI.—The omission of M and N is a common form of abbreviation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is usually indicated by a tilde (~), which was originally a small "n" over the preceding letter. In printing the tilde is sometimes simplified into a straight line. Abbreviations of this kind are frequent in inscriptions and epitaphs, where the masons have evidently found the line too long for the width of the stone—either the letter itself is squeezed in above the line, or a sign is put to represent it. Examples:

"Off yo charite py for . . . 8 who soull ihū have mcy."
(Sixteenth century brass, Friston, Sussex.)

"Well couth he nūbers and well mesur'd land,
Thus doth he now that groūd whereon you stand."

(Cloisters, Westminster, 1621.)
"Hur Stroks are deadly com they soon or late."
(Stratford-on-Avon, 1699.)

The inscriptions never seem to have been spaced out beforehand, but to have been worked at in the most haphazard manner. In printing, abbreviation may have been a question of economy.—*Sheila Jamieson* (Cheltenham).

MURTI.—The right book to consult, for Anglo-Indian terms, is Colonel Yule's "Hobson Jobson," the second edition of which has lately appeared. A *mufti* is, properly, an expounder of the Mahometan law; whence, by some obscure transition, arose the phrase *in mufti* for "in plain clothes." Probably a mere joke, for, of course, a true *mufti* could never appear in military attire.—*Walter W. Skeat*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Peacock, Netta. *Little Books on Art. Millet.* Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
Old Houses in Edinburgh. Drawn by Bruce J. Home. Part II. 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Bartholomew Sastrou, being the Memoirs of a German Burgomaster. Translated by Albert D. Vandam. Introduction by Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.A. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
 Marzials, Sir Frederick. *Browning.* Bell, 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hamilton, Dom Adam. *The Angel of Syon.* The Life and Martyrdom of Blessed Richard Reynolds, Bridgetine Monk of Syon, Martyred at Tyburn, May 4, 1535. Sands, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 273.)
 Sichel, Edith. *Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation.* Constable, 15s. net.

CLASSICAL.

Cope, Alfred Davies. *On a Recently Discovered Fragment of Juvenal.* Blackwell, 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Landelle, De la. *Une Haine à bord.* Edited by R. E. A. Chessex. (Oxford Modern French Series.) Clarendon Press, 3s.
 Anastassiou, Nicolaos. (*Greek Modern Self-taught*) with phonetic pronunciation (Thimm's System) containing Vocabularies—Idiomatic Phrases and Dialogues—Elementary Grammar—Commercial, Trading, Archaeological and Religious Terms—Travel Talk—Photography—Amusements, &c., &c. Marlborough, 2s.

FICTION.

Farjeon, B. L. *The Clairvoyante.* Hutchinson, 6s.
 Wilson, Harry Leon. *The Seeker.* Heinemann, 6s.
 Colvill, Helen Hester ("Katharine Wyld"). *The Stepping Stone.* Constable, 6s.
 Cleeve, Lucas. *Mademoiselle Nellie.* Long, 6s.
 Sergeant, Adeline. *Beneath the Veil.* Long, 6d.
 Dawson, A. J. *The Fortunes of Farthings.* Harper, 6s.
 Crawshaw, Arthur. *My Turkish Bride.* Harper, 6s.
 Pease, Mrs. H. H. *The Unequal Yoke: A Study in Temperaments.* Rivers, 6s.
 Tolstoy, Count Leo N. *War and Peace.* Vols. V. to VIII. of the Complete Works of Count Tolstoy. Translated from the original Russian, and edited by Leo Wiener. Dent, 3s. 6d. net. each.
 Wintle, Gilbert. *Strange Partners.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Wilson-Barrett, Alfred. *The Silver Pin.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Anteros. *Gwen.* Drane, 3s. 6d.
 Sergeant, Adeline. *The Sixth Sense.* Hutchinson, 6s.
 Marshall, Edward. *The Middle Wall.* Hutchinson, 6s.
 Keary, C. F. *Bloomsbury.* Nutt, 6s. (See p. 281.)
 Champion de Crespigny, Mrs. Philip. *The Rose Brocade.* Nash, 6s.

HISTORICAL.

Müller, Kurt F. *Der Leichenwagen Alexanders des Grossen.* Beiträge zur Kunstgeschichte xxxi. (Leipzig.) Seemann, 2 m. 50 pf.
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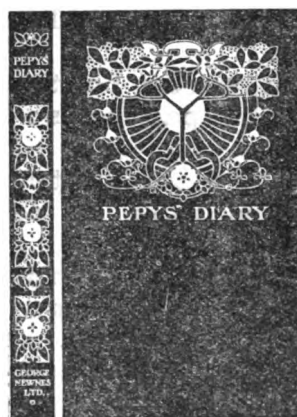
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No. 1716

MARCH 25, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE is considerable interest beyond that of an historic first folio in the "Turbutt Shakespeare." As we have already noted, this copy was originally in the possession of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, having been presented by the Stationers' Company on its publication in 1624. It is probable that it passed out of the hands of Bodley's Librarian soon after the publication of the Second Folio Edition in 1632. From that time forward it has been in private hands, and unknown, even as a first folio, to Shakespearean authorities and collectors. Thus its only period of active use was during the ten years or so after its first publication, and it is interesting therefore to trace the respective popularity of Shakespeare's plays during that period, by the wear and tear of the pages. Of all the plays *Romeo and Juliet* was the most popular by this computation, for the pages are more thumb-marked than in other parts of the book, and in some places quite worn through. The first few pages of the play have been much read, then come some less marked, but with the Balcony Scene interest again revives, and the page at this point is worked into holes by constant usage. Thus from the evidence of this first folio, the Balcony Scene seems to have been the favourite passage in the plays during the early part of the seventeenth century, at least amongst Oxford readers. It would be interesting to know what passage of Shakespeare is now the most currently popular, but these simple seventeenth-century evidences are useless in an age which can produce an excellent edition of the plays for two shillings.

The London Institution, the amalgamation of which with the Society of Arts was recently foreshadowed in the *Times*, has had a long and honoured career. Nearly a century ago it was established at No. 8 Old Jewry, formerly the house of Sheriff Sir Robert Clayton, with whom Evelyn dined in great state. He describes the house in his diary, and was especially impressed with the cedar dining-room, "painted with the history of the Giants' War, incomparably done by Mr. Streeter." In this house Porson, the first librarian of the Institution, had rooms, and here he died—just in time, it is said, to save him from being ignominiously ejected; for the "proprietors" complained that the only evidence they had of his services was his signature in receipt of his salary of £200 a year. "Of Devil Dick," says a contemporary letter-writer, "you say nothing; I see by the newspapers that they have given him a post. Porter and cyder, I trust, are among the etceteras." Apparently the "etceteras" were not wanting, for Porson's conduct as librarian justified Byron's bitter comment that he "hiccuped Greek like a helot."

It was at the London Institution that Hazlitt met Porson for the first and last time. The meeting enabled him to put on record a portrait which is probably only too faithful. "He was dressed in an old rusty black coat, with cobwebs hanging to the skirts of it, and with a large patch of coarse brown paper covering the whole length of his nose, looking for all the world like a drunken carpenter, and talking to one of the proprietors with an air of suavity approaching to condescension." The passage is from the essay on coffee-house politicians. A few years after Porson's death, the institution moved to a house in King's Arms Yard, off Coleman Street, and in 1819 to the house in Finsbury Circus, where it has been ever since.

It is well known that the late Professor York Powell was a most omnivorous reader, but the catalogue of his library shows a width of reading that is almost uncanny. With Charles Lamb he could well say "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book." The second part of the catalogue published by Messrs. Blackwell, of Oxford, includes the New Testament in Eskimo, a Roumanian grammar, a Swahili dictionary, a Polish grammar, a book on the outlines of the Vei language, works in Persian, Pali, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Tamil, Syriac, and other strange languages, in addition to the more civilised tongues of the twentieth century, which, in the case of the late Professor, included Scandinavian.

School-boys' answers are a form of humour which is apt to pall; but we need make no apology for the publication of the following, which occur among a number sent us direct from an instructor of youth, and have never before been printed. The gem is unquestionably a translation of "Le goût des livres est vraiment un goût louable:" a praise-worthy sentiment, which had better have remained in the decent obscurity of a foreign tongue than received this interpretation: "The taste from the lips is truly a lushous (sic) taste." "Que d'angoisses"—"What about the snakes?" is, perhaps, an argument for the total abolition of the classics; but it is not only foreign languages that prove stumbling-blocks. What can be said of the author of this sentence—"This shows that as long as no one ever reaches our shores we are safe from invasion"—but that his Christian name must be Patrick or Michael? And the same deduction is forced upon us with regard to the historian who reported a victory in which a commander "inflicted a severe defeat on the enemy at slight loss to himself and still less to them." He was not such a poor philosopher as might appear, who, on being asked to give a short account of the character of Henry VIII., replied—shortly indeed—that "Henry VIII. was a very fat man."

The collection of Lord Salisbury's "Quarterly" essays just published is not complete. There are many other old articles which it was, for one reason or another, considered undesirable to re-issue; though very few people except Lord Robert Cecil and those who have access to the books of the house of Murray are in a position to identify them. There does, however, exist one complete set of the essays in two volumes. The articles were cut out of old copies of the "Quarterly" for the purpose and bound together with a specially printed frontispiece, and the earliest and latest procurable portraits of the author. The owner of this unique work is Lord Selborne.

From the Report of the Committee of Management of the Society of Authors, just circulated, we see how difficult it is to induce legislators to attend to questions of copyright. The Committee "considered that, owing to the state of politics in this country, any attempt to bring the matter forward during the last session would have been unsuccessful." The fate of the Musical Copyright Bill seems to show that they were right. It passed the second reading in the Commons, was referred to the Standing Committee on Law

and printed as amended, but "got no further in spite of a vigorous protest from a meeting held in Queen's Hall, when the representatives of all those interested in copyright, including the Society, were present."

The Report records, however, one new adhesion to the Berne Convention—that of Sweden. It was thought that the adhesion of Roumania might also be obtained, and the Foreign Office was induced to take the matter in hand. After correspondence it appeared, however, that the Roumanian Government was not in a position, owing to the character of its domestic legislation, to accept the Berne terms.

Mr. John Hay, who will shortly arrive in Europe to recuperate from the labours of the State Department in Washington, is an interesting literary figure. He seems to be doomed to go down to posterity as the author of the famous Pike County ballads, which include "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," of which he is himself perhaps just a little bit ashamed. It is, we believe, a fact that he wrote these rather G. R. Sims-like performances, with their deft appeal to popular domestic sentiment, as genial skits on the dialect poems then current in America, and was immensely astonished to find the public took to them with enthusiasm and wept over them copiously! Jim Bludso, it may be remembered, the engineer of the river steamer *Prairie Belle*, wouldn't let his boat be beaten by a newer craft, and

"With a nigger squat on her safety-valve
And her furnace crammed with rosin and pine,"

she naturally took fire,

"And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*."

Whereupon the poet observes:

"He were n't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

We quote these lines for the sake of quoting also the delightful parody of them that was inflicted on Mr. Hay when he was entertained by the Theta Delta Chi on the eve of his departure to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's:

"They ain't no saints—they 'Bassadors
Is pretty much alike,
With eyes askance they watch their chance
Then boldly out they strike;
A modest man in his talk is Hay,
And a careful man with his pen,
But he never writes and he never speaks
Till he has thunk his thought again."

Mr. Hay would rather be judged as a writer by his monumental "Life of Abraham Lincoln," written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, and his altogether charming volume "Castilian Days," in which is reflected the singular fascination which Spain seems to have always exercised over the finest minds of America, Washington Irving, for instance, and Motley.

What is "Literaturitis, a Modern Disease"? It is explained by Mr. Albert Schinz in the American *Bookman* as the habit of dropping into poetry, to which Mr. Silas Wegg was addicted. After mentioning several distinguished sufferers, Mr. Schinz tells us of a French tramp arrested for begging who answered all the magistrate's questions in verse. Asked why he did not employ his talent in writing, he threw the blame upon the editors:

"de terribles gens
Qui se montrent pour nous assez peu complaisants.
Quand vous serez célèbre, ont-ils dit, mon cher maître,
Nous nous occuperons de vous faire connaître."

The disease, however, is not modern. It is recorded that the utterances of Mrs. Siddons often fell into blank verse, as when she addressed a servant:

"I asked for water, and you gave me beer."

But here is a still earlier example. A highway robber, taken and condemned to death in Charles I.'s reign, asked pardon of the King in verse, and, what is more, obtained it:

"I that have robbed so oft am now bid stand;
Death and the law assault me and demand
My life and means; I never us'd men so,
But having ta'en their money, let them go,"

and so on. The robber's muse, it must be admitted, is as faulty as his logic; perhaps he owed his life less to either than to the fact that he was "a gentleman, a knight's eldest son."

"The National Trust for places of historic interest or natural beauty," on behalf of whose proposed purchase of Gowbarrow Fell, by Ullswater, Miss Octavia Hill has been pleading at Cambridge and in London, has a particular claim upon lovers of literature, since a part of its business is to take over, when desired, the monuments of famous men of letters. It is a great thing that such memorials should be assured of perpetual care. A case in point is Falkland's monument on the battle-field of Newbury. Falkland wrote books, though he is more famous as the friend of authors than as an author himself, and more memorable still for the nobility of his character. The Trust has also taken charge of the Ruskin Memorial on Friars' Crag, Derwentwater. The proposed "Ruskin Park," by the way, on Denmark Hill, will be fitly named, since Ruskin's parents lived in the neighbourhood for nearly thirty years, and their house was constantly his home.

Mr. Tree's *matinée* performance of *Hamlet* on Friday the 24th instant is another instance of his desire to be recognised as a patron of literature as well as a purveyor of art. The popularity of Shakespeare amongst His Majesty's playgoers is generally attributed to the gorgeous scenic effects for which His Majesty's Theatre is notorious. At this special *matinée* performance Mr. Tree will dispense with the services of the scenic artist in order to make a direct appeal to his Shakespearean public. The celebrated tragedy is to be presented without scenery, with merely a curtain as a background. But Friday's production is only the half of what may prove to be an instructive experiment, for on Monday evening Mr. Tree will give a performance of *Hamlet* in which the scenic setting will be such as we are accustomed to expect with plays produced under his management. It is to be hoped that the opportunity afforded by Mr. Tree for such a fair comparison of *Hamlet* similarly interpreted under different conditions will be fruitful of results sufficiently encouraging to stimulate the output of drama with literary merit.

A notable gift has lately been made to the London Library, namely the whole of the original issue of Conte Pompeo Litta's "Famiglie Celebri Italiane" (Milan 1819-58), in eight volumes, royal folio, bound in olive tooled morocco by Clarke. An autograph inscription in the first volume reads:—"Presented to the London Library by Henry Yates Thompson in appreciation of the energy and skill of Mr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, Secretary and Librarian, in the compilation of the Catalogue of 1903—the best of known catalogues." Those who do not know Litta's monumental work can form no idea of its interest and importance. Not only does it contain pedigrees of all the noblest families of Italy, including of course many connected with English houses, such as the Giustiniani, but it is illustrated with thousands of fine portraits all coloured by hand, as well as tombs, statues, medals, and coats-of-arms emblazoned in colours. In the presence of this book one feels that "bibliomaniac" is a foolish term of abuse,

and that the people to whom it is commonly applied are not only sane but the possessors of the highest wisdom. Litta's volumes have of course always been a necessity to the historian of Italy, the genealogist, and the student of costume; now, thanks to Mr. Yates Thompson's gift, they will be enjoyed by many people of taste who are not specialists, while the graceful compliment to Mr. Hagberg Wright will add to the pleasure of the members of the London Library in their new possession.

A translation of Book I. of the "Aethiopica" of Heliodorus by Mr. Franklin Richards has lately made a modest appearance, printed for private circulation only. Mr. Richards was for many years fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, but this fruit of his leisure is of interest to many beside his old pupils and his attached friends. The story of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, written by the genial Bishop of Tricca about the end of the fourth century, is acknowledged to be the best of the later Greek romances. He can tell a story much better than Longus or Achilles Tatius, and his style is easy and flowing. Mr. Richards has long had the idea that the "Aethiopica" might take the place of that dismally manufactured novel, Becker's "Charicles," and be a much pleasanter means of obtaining an insight into the social life and the manners and customs of the Greeks. He has carried out this idea admirably in the short notes with which he has illustrated his translation; he hopes also to complete the scheme in a number of essays for which he has already collected much material. The translation, when finished, will also be of great service to all who are interested in the historical development of the modern novel.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's volume of London impressions which was first announced under the title of "The Book of London" has been finally named "The Soul of London." It will be issued at an early date by Messrs. Alston Rivers. Mr. Hueffer, who will also be represented during the spring by a new novel, "The Benefactor" (to be published by Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co.), is engaged upon a book on the subject of Holbein and his art for Messrs. Duckworth, but this is scarcely likely to be ready before the autumn.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. are to publish in April a Bibliography of Bibliographies, drawn up in the form of a dictionary of subjects. The work, which will be issued in two volumes, demy octavo, consists of five hundred and sixty double-columned pages, to which must be added a three-columned index of over seventy pages. The main entries are about three thousand five hundred in number, and many of the more important articles, such as America, France, Germany, Shakespeare, are extensively sub-divided. The labour of collecting the materials was begun about twenty years ago, and for the last five years it has occupied the whole time of the compiler, Mr. W. P. Courtney, joint author of the "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis," who has been assisted in his researches by several coadjutors. The foreign part is based upon the well-known Bibliography by Henri Stein.

In the first March instalment of *Det ny Aarhundrede*, a Danish fortnightly magazine, Georg Brandes discourses of his "second prolonged sojourn abroad." He tells of the immediate and lasting friendship that sprang up between himself and Taine, in spite of their disparity in age. Taine, usually so reserved and undemonstrative, would pace the garden at Châtenay with his arm round Brandes. "He became fond of me, and would give me advice like a father or elder brother, and smile at my imprudences—as once when I had nearly killed myself with too strong a sleeping draught—vous êtes imprudent, c'est de votre âge. At times he reproached me for not daily jotting down, as he did, everything that struck me on my travels; he talked to

me about his work, about a projected 'Essay on Schiller,' which, owing to the war, came to nothing, about his 'Notes sur l'Angleterre,' which he wrote in a little secluded summerhouse, where there was nothing but the mere four white-washed walls, a small table and a chair. Later he incorporated in this book some minor traits which I related to him as having noticed during my stay in England."

Brandes found that Renan was "difficult to approach, and when at home would persistently deny himself. However, if one was expected, he would give up several hours of his valuable time at a stretch. He lived on a modest scale. On one wall of his study hung two Chinese water-colours and a photograph of Gérôme's *Cleopatra Before Caesar*; opposite was a fine photograph of an undoubtedly Italian *Last Judgment*. That was the entire decoration. Pocket editions of Vergil and Horace were invariably lying on his table, and for a time also a French translation of Walter Scott." . . . At the beginning of spring Renan went to live at his country house near Sèvres. "This world-wide celebrity, then already a man of forty-seven, was so simply human that he would often accompany me from his house to the station, and walk up and down with me until the train came."

We spoke last week of the Société des Gens de Lettres. That Society has just held its annual dinner, which derived a special interest from the hale age of its chairman—M. Fertiault, who was born as long ago as 1815 and began to write as long ago as 1835. Since 1856 he has been a confidential clerk in the Bank of M. Raphael Bischoffsheim, and he still writes. Now, in his ninety-first year, he announces a new work, entitled "Galanterie et Esprit du seizième siècle en Italie." He claims to be the "doyen" not only of Parisian men of letters, but also of Parisian tenants, having lived in the same house for 65 years.

A coming event of no less literary than dramatic interest is the adaptation for the stage of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." M. William Busnach, the adapter, who has been interviewed on the subject, says: "It is a long time since Dr. Groult, who married Mlle. Commanville, Flaubert's niece and heiress, pressed me to make a play of the novel. In making a play of 'L'Assommoir' in the face of opposition—they predicted a run of three nights and it ran for six hundred—I originated the true naturalistic drama. It was thought that I might be equally successful with Flaubert's masterpiece. I agreed, but was deterred by one obstacle. I could not find the right actress for the heroine. Réjane is not a Bovary—still less is Madame Bernhardt. But, the other day, I went to the Gymnase, and saw Madame Le Bargy for the first time. I found her delightful. I said to myself: 'She would make a perfect Bovary.' I proposed the part to her, and she accepted." It should be remarked, however, that this is not the first time that the attempt to dramatise the novel has been made. A version, unauthorised by the executors, was produced by M. Taylor at the Théâtre Indépendant in 1889: but after three productions it was injunctioned.

While we are speaking of the subject, it may be worth while to mention that the story of "Madame Bovary" is a true story, and that all its leading characters are photographically copied from living originals. The original Charles Bovary was a wooden-headed youth whom Flaubert's father helped to pass his medical examinations. The original Emma was a Delphine D—, the belle of certain assembly room balls in Normandy, and a great reader of novels from the circulating libraries. Her dramatic death occurred, exactly as Flaubert describes it, on March 8, 1848. There remains of her grave only a fragment of stone overgrown with moss, on which her name can with difficulty be read and the inscription: "Priez Dieu pour le repos de son âme."

One wonders whether the inauguration of "Les Charmettes" as a place of pilgrimage—an event to which we referred last week—will revive the trade in Jean-Jacques relics. They used at one time to be in great demand and to fetch high prices. One of the philosopher's old waistcoats was once sold for £38, while a cheap watch belonging to him fetched £20. The "last walking-stick used by Jean-Jacques" used also at one time to be a favourite article of commerce. A single tradesman in the neighbourhood of Ermenonville where Rousseau died used to boast that he had disposed of thirty-two "last walking-sticks" between 1802 and 1820.

This trade in relics of literary interest has, however, often assumed a more gruesome shape. Descartes' skull was sold in 1820 at Stockholm for £4; and it is related that, when the body of Héloïse was removed to the Petits-Augustins, an Englishman offered £4000 for one of her teeth. But business has been done in literary relics since very early times. The lamp of Epictetus, it is said, was sold for 3000 drachmas.

It seems at first sight a curious thing that the German plays in London are not better patronised by the English public. They pay, but the fact is due to the patronage of the vast German colony in London. The reason, we believe, is not the difficulty of language. There are very many people in London who speak German well enough to enjoy a play in that tongue. The real, deep-lying cause is simply the narrow range of the London playgoer's sympathies: and this is an interesting point. Putting aside the odious musical comedy, and suchlike fripperies, there is practically only one kind of play that we care to go and see; and this is what we may describe as the comedy of drawing-room manners. Oddly enough, this is the one type of play which the German is quite incapable of presenting.

The German actress is inimitably funny in farce. She is convincing in romantic drama, and wonderfully strong in tragedy. But she cannot for the life of her wear fine clothes gracefully, nor be easy and natural in a drawing-room. The cause lies, no doubt, in the different constitution of society in Germany. Except among the "Junkers," all society there is what we should call provincial. It consists of folks who have to consider ways and means; and by a kind of tacit agreement we in England seem to have conspired to take an interest only in the doings of the leisured classes.

A very curious study on what may be called the esoteric side of Rabelais' work appears in the March issue of the *Mercur de France*. The author, signing himself "Péladan," joins issue with the critics who agree with Sainte-Beuve in denying that Pantagruel has any secret significance at all, and sets out evidence to prove that Rabelais was a master of craft with definite political views, which he outlined in cabalistic language throughout his works.

From this point of view—a rather dangerous one, it seems—the Rabelaisian rhapsody of drink and frolic becomes a formidable revolutionary tract. Its message is then no mere *carpe diem* call to jollity, but a cry of desperate or ferocious cynicism. The masonic password "Lanterne ci el" is translated "Loin terre est ciel," and the last word of the doctrine is "Tripe règne"—"the belly is God." It is to be hoped that the new Rabelaisian society inaugurated by M. Lefranc of the Sorbonne will resist the temptation to discover this sort of secret teaching in every page of Pantagruel.

Attention may be drawn to an interesting collection of letters published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*—the Swiss *Nineteenth Century*. They are from Charlotte Haller,

daughter of the great Haller who wrote the famous poem on the Alps, to Henri Meister, who succeeded Baron Grimm as editor of the *Correspondance littéraire*. Charlotte was in love with Henri, but did not succeed in marrying him.

Maxim Gorky has turned his imprisonment to good account, having written during his incarceration a new play entitled *The Children of the Sun*. The drama deals with the revolutionary movement and is regarded by the author himself as his masterpiece. Imprisonment is certainly from the psychological point of view an excellent stimulus for literary composition. Shut out from all communion with the external world, cast back upon the perpetual circle of his own thoughts, an intellectual man in prison will rush to literature as the one and inevitable outlet. In Gorky's case of course the stimulus must have acted with special force. Always a bitter opponent of the existing régime he must have derived an added impetus from this concrete personal experience of the brutality of the bureaucratic system. The Russian Government would seem indeed to have been neatly hoist with their own petard. The imprisonment of Gorky's body has only served to give his mind a wider and more powerful range, and the net result of this official policy of suppression is a piece of work which will in all probability be the gospel of New Russia.

With reference to our review of Miss Sybil Thesiger's translation of "Hauff's Tales" in the ACADEMY of March 18, we understand from the publishers, Messrs. James Finch and Co., that Miss Thesiger is not responsible for the Introduction, though there is no statement to that effect in the volume itself. The price should have been given as 2s. instead of 6s.

LITERATURE

PORTRAITS AND MEMORIES.

Adventures Among Books. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the responsibilities incurred by Mr. Andrew Lang one of the greatest is that of having taken a prominent part in introducing a personal note into the journalism of his time. The excuse that can be made for him is that, unlike many of his imitators, he has a personality well worth expression. He has a humour that is entirely his own, a wit that never fails, and what is perhaps less a matter of congratulation, he has behind both a background of melancholy.

The title he has given the book now before us is by no means the happiest part of it. It begins with an autobiographical fragment, in which he describes his early reading, and he seems to have begun almost as soon as the prodigy of a boy who excited the ridicule of "My Uncle Toby."

Pope we know "lisped in numbers" because the numbers came, and while most children are still in short clothes Mr. Andrew Lang had begun to be a reader.

"About the age of four I learned to read by a simple process. I had heard the elegy of Cock Robin till I knew it by rote, and I picked out the letters and words which compose that classic till I could read it for myself. Earlier than that 'Robinson Crusoe' had been read aloud to me, in an abbreviated form, no doubt. I remember the pictures of Robinson finding the footstep in the sand, and a danc of cannibals, and the parrot. But, somehow, I have never read 'Robinson' since: it is a pleasure to come."

Excellent reading he seems to have started on, viz., Fairy Tales and Chat Books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace and Rob Roy. At that time these things, now cheaply purchased for their weight in gold, could be bought for a penny piece.

From fairy-tales he advances along the high road to Shakespeare, and the following pretty picture is given of himself as an infant reader.

"The Shakespeare was a volume of Kenny Meadows' edition, there are fairies in it, and the fairies seemed to come out of Shakespeare's dream into the music and the firelight. At that moment I think I was happy; it seemed an enchanted glimpse of eternity in Paradise: nothing resembling it remains with me, out of all the years."

His childhood was spent on the Scottish border, but at the age of six he was taken to live in the south of England, though in the course of twelve months he was back again in Scotland, to reside in future about four miles from Abbotsford.

The lay about the Gray Wizard appears to have been poured into his mind as soon as he could take any kind of interest in it.

Of his early introduction to fiction he says:

"Probably the first novel I ever read was read at Elgin, and the story was 'Jane Eyre.' This tale was a creepy one for a boy of nine, and Rochester was a mystery, St. John a bore. But the lonely little girl in her despair, when something came into the room, and her days of starvation at school, and the terrible first Mrs. Rochester, were not to be forgotten. They abide in one's recollection with a Red Indian's ghost, who carried a rusty ruined gun, and whose acquaintance was made at the same time."

As may be imagined, such a child when he went to school devoured books more than ever, and the field of his delight was clearly won, when he attained enough knowledge of Greek to read the "Odyssey," which he found more interesting than the "Morte d'Arthur" itself.

In the course of his further disquisition, he gives the following charming account of his introduction to Tennyson:

"Previously one had only heard of Mr. Tennyson as a name. When a child I was told that a poet was coming to a house in the Highlands where we chanced to be, a poet named Tennyson. 'Is he a poet like Sir Walter Scott?' I remember asking, and was told, 'No, he was not like Sir Walter Scott.' Hearing no more of him, I was prowling among the books in an ancient house, a rambling old place with a ghost-room, where I found Tupper, and could not get on with 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Next I tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, and a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned. 'Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,' Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely know how great a poet Lord Tennyson is: use has made him too familiar."

The remainder of the essay continues to be of great interest as showing how the mind of the youth was moulded in those days, and how in turn Browning came to him and Matthew Arnold and Clough and many others who exercised a great influence on the people of their day and generation.

The second chapter is devoted to recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson, and this we do not find satisfactory.

Mr. Lang complains almost pathetically that he is no hand at reminiscence. "I have no skill in reminiscences, no art to bring the life and aspect of the man before those who never knew him," and unfortunately there is little more to be said except that this is sadly true.

Mr. Lang does give us the exterior of the persons with whom he comes in contact, but he does not seem to possess that sympathetic mind which would, as it were, make them his own, or enable him to divine the central and commanding features in their character. This picture, for instance, of Stevenson has something of the quality of a finely drawn miniature, which looks so pretty, but tells us so little of the person it is supposed to represent.

"I faintly seem to see the eager face, the light nervous figure, the fingers busy with rolling cigarettes: Mr. Stevenson talking, listening, often rising from his seat, standing, walking to and fro, always full of vivid intelligence, wearing a mysterious smile. I remember one pleasant dark afternoon, when he told me many tales of strange adventures, narratives which he had heard about a murderous lonely inn, somewhere in the States. He was as good to hear as to read. I do not recollect much of that delight in discussion, in controversy, which he shows in his essay on conversation, where he describes, I believe, Mr. Henley as 'Burley,' and Mr. Symonds as 'Opalstein.'"

And the disappointment which we receive from the reading of the Stevenson chapter becomes still greater

when Mr. Lang tells us what he knows of Dr. John Brown, the ever delightful author of "Rab and his Friends." Here we have a draped figure only, and no picture such as would enable us to recognise and know Dr. John Brown if he should ever again visit these glimpses of the moon.

There is a piece from the author which he quotes, and which we cannot forbear writing out. It is so clever, and so truly interpretive of the child mind.

"Children are long of seeing, or at least of looking at what is above them; they like the ground, and its flowers and stones, its 'red sodgers' and ladybirds, and all its queer things; their world is about three feet high, and they are more often stooping than gazing up. I know I was past ten before I saw, or cared to see, the ceilings of the rooms in the manse at Biggar."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who figures third in this gallery of men whom Mr. Lang has known, is also very slightly treated. The remainder of the book is made up of what are practically review articles, poems of William Morris, and novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, the work of Thomas Stoddart and the "Confessions of Saint Augustine." Concerning the last, we hear a true book-man speak in the following passage:

"My copy of the Confessions is a dark little book, 'a size uncumbersome to the nicest hand,' in the format of an Elzevir, bound in black morocco, and adorned with 'blind-tooled' that is ungilt, skulls and crossbones. It has lost the title-page with the date, but retains the frontispiece, engraved by Huret. Saint Augustine, in his mitre and other episcopal array, with a quill in his hand, sits under a flood of inspiring sunshine. The dumpy book has been much read, was at some time the property of Mr. John Philips, and bears one touching manuscript note, of which more hereafter. It is, I presume, a copy of the translation by Sir Toby Matthew."

His "Smollett" is not as it seems to us, distinguished sufficiently from the other men of his time.

The other essays are such as readers of Mr. Lang might very well expect, perhaps the most interesting being that of "The Supernatural in Fiction" and the most striking passage in it is the following:

"Perhaps it may die out in a positive age—this power of learning to shudder. To us it descends from very long ago, from the far-off forefathers who dreaded the dark, and who, half-starved and all untaught, saw spirits everywhere, and scarce discerned waking experience from dreams. When we are all perfect positivist philosophers, when a thousand generations of nurses that never heard of ghosts have educated the thousand and first generation of children, then the supernatural may fade out of fiction. But has it not grown and increased since Wordsworth wanted the 'Ancient Mariner' to have 'a profession and a character,' since Southey called that poem a Dutch piece of work, since Lamb had to pretend to dislike its 'miracles?' Why, as science becomes more cocksure, have men and women become more and more fond of old follies, and more pleased with the stirring of ancient dread within their veins?"

Such is a slight account of the book that Mr. Lang has given us. It may not, perhaps, do full justice to the charm which makes these papers readable even when we are not in agreement with the opinions they express, but the charm is there all the same.

Mr. Lang has a personality that never grows old or faded, and long before we come to the last page we seem to have grown more familiar with a writer whose work is never anything but most welcome.

THE PLATONIC MYTH

The Myths of Plato. By J. A. STEWART, White's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan, 14s. net.)

It was a very happy thought to bring together the myths of Plato and examine the lesson of each. We are grateful, moreover, to Professor Stewart for giving us the Greek in every case on the page opposite to the English rendering. The Greek of Plato (especially in the myths) is one of the noblest works of God, and, apart from the pleasure it gives *per se*, it puts us in a position to enjoy the singular felicity of the English version. Jowett's translation is so good that it seems churlish to say that the present rendering is even more perfect, and reads even more like an original

composition in English. But this praise may be given to Professor Stewart without really detracting from the merit of Jowett's handiwork; for the perfect imitation of the seventeenth-century English could not have been maintained through five volumes without producing a sense of effort which might become painful. One only regrets that the context of each myth has not been given, for nothing is more delicately beautiful than the way in which the myth seems to flow naturally from the dialogue by gentle and easy transitions, such as those which charm us in the "Georgics" of Virgil—the story of Aristæus and the sublime reflections introduced by the words "Forsitan his arvis."

The function of the myth in Plato is often misapprehended. It is not a mere added ornament. Each dialogue is a drama, which is not arrested by the myth, but sustained on another plane. Philosophy and poetry are blended together in it, as in a great poem like the "Commedia" of Dante, just as in a great fresco Philosophy and Painting go hand in hand. The myth reminds the reader, who is following a piece of subtle dialectic, that the head is not the whole Man—that beside the Understanding, which deals with *phenomena*, there is the Reason (in the Kantian sense) which deals with *noumena*. Imagination is often starved in pursuit of Ratiocination. The Understanding, like the World, is too much with us. Professor Stewart writes on p. 386:

"The metaphysician is too often found trying to set forth a ground which shall be plain to the understanding, forgetting that—

Thou canst not prove the Nameless,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven
Nor yet disproven.

The Poet does better: he induces the dream-intuition of a ground, and leaves us with the wonder of the vision haunting our minds, when we wake to pursue the details of his interesting story."

This marriage of thought and feeling is the astonishing *cachet* of the dialogues of Plato. Poetry does something like this now. Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is a Platonic Myth in germ. Plato would have told how a Child rescued from the sequel of Death (like Er in the "Republic") somehow was permitted to see how the cloud of glory, which he trailed from his heavenly home, gradually faded into the light of common day; and he would have told us all about "the vision splendid" by which the Youth was attended on his way. The Platonic Myth appeals to Transcendental Feeling, which Professor Stewart explains as an effect produced within consciousness by the persistence in us of that primæval condition from which we are sprung, when Life was still as sound asleep as Death, and there was no Time yet. The whole question of the imaginative solution of the problems of the World, the Soul and God is summed up for Professor Stewart in the fine words of Plotinus:

"If a man were to inquire of Nature: *Wherefore dost thou bring forth creatures?* and She were willing to give ear and to answer, She would say: *Ask me not, but understand in silence, even as I am silent.*"

The Myth sometimes (as in the "Protagoras") illustrates the distinction between the mechanical and teleological explanations of the world. Sometimes (as in the Gorgias) it sets forth, in a vision of Judgment, Penance and Purification, the continuity of the responsible Self and its development, to be worked out only under *κλῆσις*, the discipline of correction. It is interesting to find Oscar Wilde in his posthumous "De Profundis" putting forward, apparently quite seriously, that his abject debasement was necessary and requisite, in order that the scheme of his intellectual and temperamental development might be carried to its end through deep humiliation. Sometimes, again, as in the beautiful story of Er in the "Republic," the myth holds out to us visualised for the Imagination that "hidden hope" to which the Good Voice clings in Tennyson's "Two Voices." *Le lendemain de la mort*, the Day of Judgment, is a favourite subject of the Myth, and so is the Future World with its detailed topography, its rivers and its jewels, reminding us now of Dante, now of Revelations. But, as is well observed by Professor Stewart, Plato does not transform

his physical into moral relations. It would have been alien from his art to make, like Dante, the tears of this world supply the waters that flow in the rivers of Hell, or, like Thomas the Rhymer, to fill the springs of Elfland with "a' the bluid that's shed on earth."

A strange mystery is set forth in the Gorgias myth—that the criminality of a man is in direct proportion to his opportunities of committing crimes—that the tyrants Archelaus and Tantalus suffer eternal punishment, which Thersites with his limited opportunities escapes. It is a terrible sin to get rid of temptation by yielding to it, and the crime is blacker and more unpardonable in proportion to the facility of "the means to do ill deeds." The theory is in the spirit of the "Lead us not into temptation" of the Lord's Prayer.

We have space only to refer our readers to the "Phædrus" myth, showing the real meaning of that ever ignorantly misapplied phrase "Platonic love," the story of the Androgyns in the "Symposium," the Earthborn in the "Republic" and the Atlantis in the "Timæus."

Professor Stewart well rebuts a charge brought against Plato by Kant in a celebrated passage:

"The high dove, in free flight cleaving the air and feeling its resistance, might imagine that in airless space she would fare better. Even so, Plato left the world of sense because it sets so narrow limits to the understanding, and ventured beyond on the wings of Ideas into the empty space of the pure understanding. He did not see that with all his effort he made no way."

The passage is interesting as being one of the few—that about the Starry Heavens above and the Moral Law within is another—in which the philosopher of Königsberg forsook the arid road of scientific language for the flowery paths of fancy. But it is a misapprehension of the Platonic myth. Plato never sought to make *noumena* the objects of the "Categories." Professor Stewart writes on p. 73:

"The attempt made in the latter half of the tenth book of the 'Republic' to place the natural expression of man's belief in the immortality of the soul on a scientific basis—to determine Soul by means of categories of the Understanding—I regard as intended by the great philosopher-artist to lead up to the myth of Er and heighten its effect by contrast—to give the reader a vivid sense of the futility of rationalism in a region where Hope confirms itself by 'vision splendid.'"

The excellent account of the Cambridge Patonists, More, Cudworth, Clarke and Smith, will be to some not the least interesting part of a work full of thought and learning and in every way worthy of the great University, whose splendid reputation Professor Stewart so worthily maintains.

JOHN KEATS

The Poems of John Keats. Edited by E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

"SHRIEKING 'celestial' the pale youth died." So wrote a critic of a bygone age of literary men in picturesque and exaggerated phrase, and succeeding generations have been somewhat apt to follow this idea of John Keats. In the unfortunate race of poets, Keats was one of the most unfortunate, misrepresented and depreciated during his life; ignorance and stupidity have continued to fight against the fame which can only now be regarded as securely established. His character has always been assailed as weak and sensuous, accompanied by a pusillanimous spirit which broke down completely under the severity of the reviews directed against this apothecary's apprentice. Byron's ill-natured assumption that it was

"Strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article,"

was accepted pityingly by Shelley in his deathless lament for him

"Who has outsoared the shadow of our night."

The new complete volume of Keats' Poems edited by Mr. de Sélincourt clears up many disputed points. The prefatory study is the result of much original and

painstaking research and the notes leave no clue to the sources of the poet's ideas untouched. Mr. de Sélincourt has exploded the myth that Keats was dependant on Lemprière for his knowledge of the classics. But neither the "Dictionary," nor Tooke's "Pantheon," nor Spence's "Polymetis," all of which he read assiduously at school before he was fifteen, was the true foundation of Keats' love of the classics. Mr. de Sélincourt proves that this young Greek was really a child of the Renaissance, and that from the Elizabethan poets he gathered all his classical information, and what is more, sucked that spirit of wonder and joy which informed Cortez in his famous sonnet when he stood

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

It was Spenser indeed who first awoke his enthusiasm for poetry, and it was into that strange land of glamour and unworldliness he first strayed when, as his friend Clarke said:

"he went through it as a young horse through a spring meadow ramping."

Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Chapman, and many others of the Elizabethan era, were his teachers, as his rare and strange words disclose, and how much he owes to Milton "Hyperion" bears witness. The use of certain words in Keats, the misuse rather, the lack of taste he displays so often in his earlier writing has caused Mr. de Sélincourt to put forward more than once an explanation that may be combated. He ascribes too much to Keats' "vulgar origin." The phrase is in itself objectionable for at the most his parentage could be described as bourgeois. Parents who contemplated, had their means permitted, sending their sons to Harrow, and did eventually succeed in sending them to a very excellent private school, might surely escape the suspicion of vulgarity. Byron, with his aristocratic birth, was a real vulgarian, and his work was tainted in a fashion that refuses comparison with the boyish lapses of Keats. Mr. de Sélincourt has allowed the conventional aspect of Keats' origin to cloud his judgment. Leigh Hunt was the vulgar influence, generous and inspiring as he was, who early in his development had a transitory effect on the poet. The aspersions cast on him as being a Cockney poet are hardly worth examining now, but take this pathetic extract from a letter during his last illness:

"How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not babble, I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy—thus shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hot-houses of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again."

The notes to this edition are so copious as to be slightly irritating. Commentator is piled on commentator. If the shade of the pale youth could see the edifice of critical appreciation and industry built on the small body of his verse it would glow with wonder and laughter. Long ago Shelley rejoiced to leave him sleeping securely far

"From the contagion of the world's slow stain,"

but now a garish dawn of praise illumines every word he penned. Mr. de Sélincourt pursues the facts of the indebtedness of Keats to other poets a little too closely. Poetical thought, poetical phrase, repeats itself. It may be that certain phrases are unconsciously assimilated once read, but the repetition of the same words is often merely a proof of the identity between poets, between poets too of different ages and climes who have never read each other. It was certainly the student of Milton who produced "Hyperion," but to take line by line and word by word to make parallels is not stimulative criticism. Mr. de Sélincourt is apt to carry his point too far. For instance, take that most passionate cry of Milton where unbearable suffering is flaunted in the eye of day:

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon."

This is compared with the lines in "Hyperion" which seem to come with faltering wordiness in the wake of Milton:

"For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes."

Mr. de Sélincourt still further disposes of Keats by saying:

"The conjunction of the two epithets 'painful vile' has also a Miltonic sound."

We would say that the "gloomless eyes" of Apollo in the preceding lines owes just as much to Miltonic inspiration. Then he extracts such a phrase as "though an immortal" from that most exquisite and telling touch which paints the goddess as she bends over the sorrowing Saturn,

"One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain."

It is "just there" that Keats breaks through the passionless suffering of Thea, and why should the phrase mentioned come under the heading of elliptical constructions derived from Milton? In the same way he has made a list of Miltonic repetitions, though he proves it a common poetic device which we may say is used equally with telling emphasis in prose eloquence. An example he takes is:

"How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self."

This, though unapproachable in itself, has become quite a common trick in musical verse. The line before may be considered a more subtle and living expression of Miltonic influence packed and breathing with his unmatched power:

"There was a listening fear in her regard."

The words are made to stand still. Then again he takes orb used as an adjective. To ascribe the use of it by Keats to his study of "Paradise Lost" or even to Shakespeare is hardly necessary. If that is the case Shelley and others less famous may be referred to the same masters. Shelley gives some interesting references; there is his "orbed maiden, with white fire laden"; his "spheréd skies," his "massy earth," to mention a few words Mr. de Sélincourt takes straight from Milton, without mention of their occurrence in Shelley.

Then the collocations of adjectives which are quoted as derived from Chatterton such as "nerveless, listless, dead," "lovelorn, silent, wan," are not peculiar to Keats when he wished to make the climax of despair. Shelley's line,

"An old, blind, mad, despised, and dying king"

beats for vigour the accumulation of adjectives in any description of Keats.

Mr. de Sélincourt has proved for the last time, if it needed proving, the folly of making the "irresponsible reviewers" the cause of the poet's death. It was only when he had brooded over, in the supersensitive state of sick persons, the wrongs done him that he made any wail, when he was also distracted by his passion for the prosaic Fanny Brawne, and when disease was sapping his energy and ruining his last hopes of ambition and work. It was too true he dwelt with beauty:

"Beauty that must die
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

SOCIAL GERMANY IN LUTHER'S TIME

Bartholomew Sastrow. Being the Memoirs of a German Burgomaster. Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Introduction by HERBERT A. L. FISHER, M.A. With Illustrations. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

QUITE apart from its historical interest as affording an intimate picture of social Germany in Luther's time, this autobiography of a hard-headed Pomeranian notary is a most curious human document. Sastrow is not to be compared for a moment in personal charm with Benvenuto Cellini, Pepys, or Boswell, but his self-revelation is, in its way, as complete and as natural as theirs. If only he had had imagination, and a little romance in his composition, the story of his life might have become immortal. As it is, there is plenty to console us in this amusing record of an eager, irrepressible, pugnacious spirit, who had tasted the bitterness of extreme penury, and was all the better able to appreciate good cheer and prosperity. His father had a lawsuit which lasted thirty-four years, and this no doubt influenced Bartholomew's choice of a profession. He was over thirty, and had already rendered important diplomatic service, accompanying the Pomeranian chancellors in the character of notary on a mission to the Emperor, when he had the strength of mind, in spite of the protests of his wife and her relations, literally "to go to school again," attending law lectures and qualifying himself with the greatest industry. Sastrow is very dry about his improved reception at home when the profits began to come in, not only money but all kinds of provisions, hares, mutton, venison, wild boar, and "magnificent hams," as he calls them enthusiastically.

Sastrow was born in 1520, the year in which Luther's three great Reformation tracts were published, and he died in 1603; his life therefore covers a period of fascinating interest, of violent excesses and appalling barbarities, mingled with theological and metaphysical disputations, and the craft and subtlety of princes and their statesmen. He was eleven years old when the Smalkald League was signed, and he had been dead and buried nearly half a century when the struggle between the Protestant North and the Catholic South in Germany came to an end with the Peace of Westphalia. On the earlier stages of that struggle his memoirs are continually throwing interesting side-lights—always from the Lutheran side. He quotes a curious letter written to his father by Dr. Luther himself. Nicholas Sastrow had absented himself from the Holy Communion because of his lawsuit, and the great Reformer gives him very sensible advice:—"Wait for the decision of the court before whom your suit is pending, but do not forget that nothing prevents you from participating in the Holy Supper. If it were otherwise I myself and our princes would have to remain away from the Holy Board until our differences with the papists be settled." Bartholomew gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of the corruptions and abominations at Rome, which he visited in 1546. Like all good Lutherans, he has his own superstitions, as we see, for instance, in his account of a miraculous guide who appeared to him and rescued him out of deadly peril at Viterbo. Even more entertaining were his experiences in the service of Herr von Löwenstein, a Receiver of the Order of St. John. We shall not soon forget the picture of this festive old gentleman, with his fool, his ape, his good cheer, and his pretty mistress, into whose favour the sly Sastrow soon crept.

Altogether this is a book to be kept and enjoyed, especially by those who understand the great art of "dipping." Mr. Vandam has done the work of translation so well as to make us regret afresh his premature death—so well, indeed, that the book does not read like a translation at all. In two or three places he has been obliged to bowdlerise, but no one can accuse him of prudery in what he has chosen to leave. Mr. Fisher's introduction is brightly written, and not at all "donnish." The book is illustrated with reproductions of old prints.

A BATTLE LONG AGO

The Perth Incident of 1396, from a Folk-Lore Point of View. R. C. MACLAGAN. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT in "The Fair Maid of Perth" took as his central incident one of the most astounding facts narrated in early Scottish history. His authority was *Wyntoun's Chronicle*, which supplies the first and most trustworthy record of the event. As this is the original document on which all other accounts are directly or indirectly founded, it may be as well to summarise what the bard said. He gives the date as "a thousand and three hunder yere nynty and sex," and tells us that thirty wild Scottish men were matched against other thirty, and that they fought with the cruelty engendered by an ancient feud. He gives the names of the clan as Clahynnhe Qwhewyl and Clachinyha, and they were led by the two chieftains Schir Ferqwharis and Cristy Johnesone. The warriors it seemed entered into the fray armed "wyth bow and ax, knyff and swerd." He describes the conclusion of the affair as follows:

"Quha had the ware thare at the last,
I will nocht say; bot quha best had,
He wes but dent bathe muth and mad.
Fyfty or ma ware slane that day
Sua few wyth lif than past away."

Time played the usual tricks with this bald account. Wyntoun had the advantage of living at the end of the fourteenth century and in all probability either witnessed the affray himself or took the account of it from eye-witnesses. The next version comes from the Scottish Chronicle of John Fordun, who writing as far as we can calculate half a century after the event, added a few graphic details that, true or not, helped to fire the imagination of Sir Walter. The first of these was the story of how "one of the combatants, looking for a way of escape, slipped from among them into the river, and crossed the water of Tay by swimming." Readers of Scott will easily remember how well he turned this to account in making Eachin adopt the same cowardly way of escaping combat. The second incident is the appearance in the crowd of a volunteer substitute for a recalcitrant. In Fordun he is "a common hired countryman of medium stature but of savage mien" who offers to take on the quarrel for the modest fee of half a mark and the promise of some support or other as long as he should live. Fordun tells us that the "raw recruit did valiantly and in the end came forth scatheless." This low-statured fierce-visaged countryman suggested to Scott his famous Gow the Smith, or Hal o' the Wynd, and with what admirable blazonry he worked the striking incident into his novel every reader knows. The same story was practically repeated in the "Chronica Scoce" and in the "Registrum Episcopatus Moraviensis." The tale was repeated with slight variations by several chroniclers till the time of George Buchanan, who with the literary instinct to be expected of him gives the account with much local colour and many details, and John Leslie, Bishop of Ross in his "History of Scotland" followed in the footsteps of Buchanan. From the literary point of view the incident is of very great importance as showing the use to which a master of romance could put a tale that was in itself barbaric, and make of it a scenic incident not unworthy of comparison with the best fights in the Iliad. Whoever has read the "Fair Maid of Perth" in youth has probably heard the cry of the Highlanders "Another for Hector" ringing in his ears like a Border slogan. The author before us, Mr. R. C. MacLagan, appears to have made this fight on the Inch of Perth an object to be pursued during the labour of years. He has written a solid treatise on the subject that might supply endless matter for argument were we disposed to follow him into the minute details which he has collected. The whole world of folk-lore seems to have been laid under contribution to supply example and illustration to bear on this remarkable argument, but

at the end it stands exactly where it did before, a bit of wild Scottish history transacted in the neighbourhood of Perth at a time when the Highlanders had not yet been subjected to the influence partly good, but for the most part malignant, of the Southern civilisation. The reader who is interested in the subject may be sincerely recommended to go to Mr. MacLagan's book, which he will find to be a work of patient and thoroughgoing research into all that folk-lore has had to say about this picturesque page of Scottish history.

MECCA UNVEILED

With the Pilgrims to Mecca. The Great Pilgrimage, A.H. 1318-A.D. 1902. By HADJI KHAN, M.R.A.S., Special Correspondent of the Morning Post, and WILFRID SPARRO. With an Introduction by Professor VAMBERY. (Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Hijaz, the Moslem Holy Land, and Mecca, its Jerusalem, are in theory absolutely inaccessible except to those of Moslem faith. Actually, however, the sanctuary has been visited by nearly a score of Christian travellers. But not one of these would have lived to relate his experiences had he not travelled in the guise of a Mussulman, and succeeded in keeping up the deception.

The latest Hadji (pilgrim) to the Moslem Holy of Holies must not, of course, be classed with these factitious devotees, and being a Mohammedan he is able to give a fuller account of the remarkable rites and mysteries connected with the pilgrimage than any other recent traveller.

Further, this informing yet entertaining description of the experiences of a twentieth-century pilgrim must be placed in a different category from the travel books written to order by the latter-day "professional" globe-trotter. We are all too familiar with this kind of work, where the author seems chiefly concerned to crowd in just as much travel and exploration as will fill the kind of volume demanded by the patrons of the circulating libraries. In these hasty and superficial *impressions de voyage* we occasionally find highly diverting "howlers," due either to want of knowledge or defective powers of observation. We remember coming across, in the pages of a popular travel book recently published, a description of some remarkable Mohammedan monuments in Turkestan. The author was at a loss to reconcile their modern appearance with the date on the inscription, which showed that they were built in 1158, the ingenuous traveller having confused the Christian with the Mohammedan era, and having consequently added some six centuries to the history of the nineteenth-century structures!

This, we may parenthetically observe, recalls a very diverting error in a certain theatrical poster advertising a famous revival of *Julius Cæsar* produced in London a few years ago. It represented a facsimile of a Roman coin with the inscription "Cæsar Imperator, B.C. 44"!

But to return to our author. Mr. Khan undertook the somewhat hazardous journey to Mecca in 1902 as the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, a task for which he was very well equipped, as not only was he a Mohammedan, but he spoke Arabic fluently, was a trained observer, and possessed in a marked degree the journalistic instinct. The result is a book which gives perhaps the most vivid and picturesque account of the great pilgrimage which has ever been written in English, compared with which the well-known narratives of Burckhardt and Burton are dry, jejune and colourless. Moreover, our author's first-hand information on the extraordinary semi-pagan rites and ceremonies of the Moslem "Holy Week" is far more ample. For vigour of style and picturesque treatment Hadji Khan may be compared with the famous traveller, Palgrave, without the latter's tendency to embroider the narrative at the expense of accuracy.

The guide employed by the author at Jeddah, a certain Sayyid Ali, is a singularly original character, full of quaint

conceits and sceptical witticisms which give a piquant flavour to the book. Every trifling incident affords this delightful *cicerone* an opportunity for cynical comment, a seasonable proverb, or a quaint example of folk-lore or legendary superstition. The manner in which the engagement was made gives an inkling of the spirit of camaraderie in which master and man undertook the pilgrimage. Says Sayyid Ali, "Your Excellency is fortunate to have met me: the Hajj season is far advanced: *Moghavem* guides are scarce: and I am one of the most reasonable of men. If you will burst from the bonds of economics in the matter of salary, you will find in me a pleasant travelling companion and a lettered guide." And we are bound to say that this self-laudatory estimate is justified.

The author's description of the extraordinary ceremonies is graphic and convincing. Certainly the work of a devout pilgrim is arduous in the extreme. He has to make the circuit of the Kaabah seven times in company with a vociferous and odoriferous mob of fanatical devotees, some thousands in number, while each time he passes the sacred Black Stone he must kiss it or, at all events, touch it. Then he has to pass between the low hills Safâ and Merwâ, partly running and partly walking in memory of Hagar's hurried steps as she wandered up and down seeking water for Ishmael. The last "lap," if the modern phrase be permissible, has to be performed hopping. Next the pilgrim must make his way to Mount Arafat to pray and listen to a sermon lasting the greater part of the day. After this ordeal a night's respite is allowed him, and the next day he goes to the valley of Mina and casts seven stones at certain marks which represent devils. The final ceremony is performed in the valley of Mina, where a wholesale sacrifice of animals takes place. Feasting and rest last all night and a religious festival is turned into licentious carnival. All these ceremonies are extremely ancient. Some are frankly pagan, the signification of which is unknown, while in others the symbolism is obvious. The ceremonial walk round the Kaabah is naturally one of the most popular of the rites owing to the liberal "indulgences" granted for its due performance. Each step in the seven circuits blots out seventy thousand actual or potential sins, and earns the fulfilment of seven hundred thousand desires both in this world and the next. "Consequently," observes the irrepressible Sayyid Ali, "we took precious care that our steps, if quick, should be extremely short ones."

The Kaabah (square house) in the centre of the Mosque Enclosure (Harem), the Holy of Holies of Islamism, has the appearance from a distance of a colossal cube of dark stone. Built into the southern wall is the famous Black Stone (no doubt a meteorite) which is believed by the orthodox to have been given by the angel Gabriel to Abraham when he built the Kaabah. It is now as black as ebony, though originally as "white as driven snow," and this change in colour is accounted for by the faithful as being due to the shadows from the sinful hearts of pilgrims falling upon it. The stone has been hollowed out by the kisses of millions of worshippers till it now resembles a saucer in shape.

Several chapters are devoted to an illuminating description of the bazaars and social life generally in the holy city. At this period the Mecca "Fair" is to the Moslem world what that of Nijni-Novgorod or Leipsic is to Europeans; for with the Arabs commercial and religious instincts are closely associated. Indeed, Mahomet seems to have encouraged this tendency, as the Koran assures the pilgrim that it is no sin to combine worldly and spiritual aims during his pilgrimage.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS

The Bride. By S. R. London 1617. (Boston: printed by D. B. Updike for C. E. Godspeed, 1905, \$3.50, net.)

"ALL Rowlands' works," wrote Mr. Sidney Lee, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in 1897, "are biblio-

graphical rarities, and several are extant only in one, two or three copies. Two at least are lost . . . no trace exists of 'a Poeme entituled the Bride, written by Samuëll Rowlande,' which was licensed to be printed by Thomas Pavier on May 22, 1617." In the spring of 1904, however, a copy of "The Bride" was found mentioned in the catalogue of a bookseller in a small German town, and promptly secured for the Harvard College Library, by means of the Child Memorial Fund. It has now been reproduced, if not in facsimile, yet as closely as possible, by C. E. Godspeed of Boston, in a limited edition printed at the justly celebrated press of D. B. Updike, with an Introductory Note by Alfred Claghorn Potter.

The copy is practically perfect, the title-page and the two head-pieces are reproduced in facsimile, and possessors of the reprint of Rowlands' works, issued by the Hunterian Club of Glasgow in 1872-80, will do well to add this issue as a supplement to their edition. Printers' errors have been left uncorrected. This is a very doubtful advantage in books set up afresh in imitation of an older form. With the greatest care in the world it is almost impossible to avoid fresh printers' errors creeping into a reprint and, when original misprints are left uncorrected, as in the present case, any fresh printers' errors that might accidentally creep in are inevitably placed to the debit of the original issue. Unquestionably, in all reproductions of an original text, save those in which the actual page is photographed, the correct method is to follow the plan which, we notice, has been adopted in the series of "Cambridge English Classics" now in course of publication, *i.e.*, to correct obvious printers' errors by the insertion of the correct word or letter in square brackets, and, at the end of the volume to give a list of these, with particulars of the misprints corrected. No editor of a scientific reprint would now dream of correcting errors "silently," after the method upon which the editors of a decade or two ago so often plumed themselves. The trail of the modern editor has to be perceptible in his notes or in his appendix.

Of Samuel Rowlands little is known. He flourished at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and he was the author of many pamphlets and tracts in verse and prose. In the introduction to his quarto of 1602, entitled "'Tis Merrie when Gossips meete," there are interesting references to Greene's works in a dialogue "between a gentleman and a prentice," and other writings of his contain so many references to contemporaries that students of literary history cannot afford to leave him on one side. Occasionally he compiled publications for the booksellers after the fashion of the celebrated "hackney writer" of his own times, Gervase Markham; such, for instance, is his versification of the well-known story of Guy of Warwick; and his title-pages have the charm of the spacious days in which he lived. It is impossible not to think kindly of a man who could issue an octavo, bearing the title "The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine. With a new Morisco danced by Seven Satyres upon the Bottome of Diogines Tubbe," and, when this pamphlet was publicly burnt as too scurrilous to be endured by those in authority, could issue a colourable variant of it as "Humors Ordinarie, where a man may be verie Merrie and exceedingly well used for his Sixepence." At a bound, the writer takes his place among the company of "resolute John" Florio, who, within a year or two of this incident, had rendered Horace's

"omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocus
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cymbae"

by

"All to one place are driv'n, of all
Shak't is the lot-pot, where-hence shall
Sooner or later drawne lots fall
And to deaths boat for aye enthrall;"

and a familiar line of Petrarch's by

"He that can say how he doth frie
In pettie-gentle flames does lie."

The 1611 edition of Rowlands' "Humours" pamphlet was reprinted in 1814 by Sir Walter Scott, whose view of its author and his works was to the effect that "the humourous description of low life exhibited in Rowlands' Satires is more precious to antiquaries than more brave works, and those who make the manners of Shakespeare's Age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands."

In "Looke to it; for Ile stabbe ye," a quarto of 1604, Rowlands describes the types of unworthies whom Death will kill, and his sketches are forerunners of the "characters" that were to become popular twenty-five years later in the "Microcosmographie" of the genial Bishop of Salisbury. His "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell; his defence and Answer to the Belman of London. Discovering the long-concealed Originall and Regiment of Rogues" (1610) may be read side by side with Thomas Dekker's "Belman of London: Bringing to Light the Most Notorious Villanies that are now practised in the kingdome," for, together, they furnish an excellent account of the low life of London in Shakespeare's day, of the acts of seventeenth-century "boys" and "hooligans," and of thieves' slang.

The pamphlet now for the first time reprinted will add little to Rowlands' fame. It is a farewell dialogue in verse between "The Bride" and "my wenches all" prior to her change of state, and concerns itself with the nature of a "maydes" and a "wives" life. It enshrines a proverb more familiar to us through Shakespeare's phrase, "But speake the truth, and so the devil shame"; and the Bride's discourse on the eight duties that "doe concerne a wife" recall the famous ten maxims that Arnolphe gives Agnes to read, "avec son exercise journalier" in the inimitable "L'École des Femmes:" but the Bride "wears her rue with a difference."

A FORGOTTEN WAR

The Fight with France for North America. By A. G. BRADLEY.
(Constable, 3s. 6d.)

THE pen of a ready writer has many disadvantages, not the least of which is its tendency to beguile the author into making in haste statements which one less eloquent, but with equal knowledge of the subject, would never commit to paper. Mr. A. G. Bradley is a writer of great eloquence, especially on subjects connected with Canada, and his book, "The Fight with France for North America," which has been reprinted, is evidence of this fact; but, like the great Napier, he is apt to be careless. It is an attractive subject and a picturesque story of the struggle which gave the Anglo-Saxon race supremacy in North America: but it is to be regretted that the author has not worked more scientifically. References to authorities are meagre, and it is, therefore, difficult to understand Mr. Bradley's point of view in many cases; but it is evident that his knowledge of the history of the Army is not equal to his knowledge of Canada. His reference, for instance, to "Wolfe's Light Infantry" is curious, for what scanty evidence there is goes to show that, in the general revolt against the pipe-clay tradition of the German school, it was Brigadier Lord Howe or Colonel Gage who formed the regiment to which Mr. Bradley alludes. This regiment ranked for a time as the 80th, and was known as Gage's Light Infantry. The account which Mr. Bradley gives of the raising of the Royal American Regiment of Foot, a regiment known to fame as the Sixtieth, is distinctly misleading; he says nothing of Pitt's opposition to the Bill which enabled the King to grant commissions to foreign Protestants in America, and nothing of Pitt's vehement declaration that British soldiers should fight British battles. The omission is all the more curious, as the history of a regiment which combined the functions of a Colonial Corps and of a Foreign Legion is distinctly interesting.

On larger issues, however, this author is apt to be led to some curiously false conclusions, and his defence of Mont-

calm's move to oppose Wolfe on September 13, is a case in point. "Montcalm," he says, "has been blamed for precipitating the conflict, but surely not with justice! . . . The British held the entire water. Wolfe once entrenched on the plateau, the rest of his army, guns and stores could be brought up at will, and the city defences on that side were almost worthless." He quite ignores the fact that the British had but two days' provisions with them, and that for all further supply they had to depend on a single zigzag path just wide enough for one man abreast. Montcalm's supplies, it is true, were short, but by manœuvring with superior numbers he could have kept Wolfe under arms all day and at night his Indians could have prevented stores or reinforcements being brought up. And then, after two nights and a day under arms, what would have been the physical condition of Wolfe's men? Mr. Bradley worships Wolfe, and with justice; but his worship allows no criticism of the hero, or some explanation would have been given of the futile efforts below Quebec with which Wolfe wasted all August,

A SCHOLAR'S JEST

On a Recently Discovered Fragment of Juvenal. By ALFRED DAVIES COPE. (Oxford: Blackwell, 6d.)

THERE was a time when a satire on the methods of classical scholars could raise a laugh from the readers of magazines. Now, even in spite of compulsory Greek, the satirist must give up the hope of securing a wide public and issue his jest in the form of a separate *brochure*. No doubt there are some compensations for this limitation. Scholars, like all people who are not remarkable for their sense of humour, prefer a joke which is unintelligible to the general public to one which they share with the man in the street. They will therefore delight in the little paper which Mr. Cope has just published. By means of skilful emendation, transposition of lines and division among interlocutors he has succeeded in turning the logical mnemonic verses, "Barbara Celarent," into a military dialogue written, obviously, by Juvenal. The word "subalterni" has given him the hint and he has used it well. "Festino Baroko secundæ" becomes "Festino obaroque" (the word "obaro" will be found in its proper place in Lewis and Short), and with "Secunda et" another personage takes up the dialogue and continues with a health to the slain Disames—"Tertia da rapti Disamis." Perhaps the passage would appear too disjointed to be genuine, were it not that there are local touches too subtle for a mere commentator to have discovered. "EvA per acci" hides the words "Eu! aper. Acci," and the boar, as is well known, was the standard of a glorious legion. Where Latin fails to provide words to which the original can be converted, Greek supplies the gap. "Bramantip Caminres" becomes "Branā ἀντειραμεν" is, and the beauty of this conjecture grows clear when it is shown that the word Brana occurs in Pliny as the name of a town in Spain. This gives the scene of the dialogue and is, as the Germans would say, so objective and necessary an emendation that the author's whole contention is proved at once. Mr. Cope in true scholarly fashion descants on the merits as literature of the fragment he has reconstructed, and the whole tone of his little skit is admirably modelled on the best examples. The paragraph at the end of the paper, "Our author cannot be called 'lutulentus' or said to write lines running 'incomposito pede,'" illustrated by the appropriate references, is a charming bit of restrained pedantry. He is happy, too, in his parody of the modern mania for transposing and dividing lines, and his emendations are sometimes really brilliant. Unfortunately a parody of the emending editor is now somewhat out of date, for the present generation of scholars have turned their ingenuity into quite another direction. There are, however, still enough of the old school to give point to Mr. Cope's parody, and the impulse to emend is widely enough spread to allow the neatness of these "corrections" to be appre-

ciated. A graver fault in this little paper is that the author has mixed argument with parody. He has chosen as his motto the words of Horace, "Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat?" and he is very anxious to prove that Greek and Roman authors frequently allowed their characters to use popular and incorrect language. Indeed, his satire is largely directed against those who refine away all the incorrect touches in an author's language. To employ the same methods to produce an opposite result may be good parody, but it is not a good way to recommend the result; and by allowing the arguments in proof of his not very novel discovery to appear side by side with his mock arguments in favour of his emendations Mr. Cope confuses the effect of his paper. This, however, does it little harm, for the chief merit in an author is too often considered to be the faults which the commentator can correct.

FANNY BURNEY AT COURT

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. As edited by her Niece, CHARLOTTE BARRETT. With Preface and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. Vols. II. and III. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net each.)

THE period of Fanny Burney's life comprised in the second and third volumes of Mr. Austin Dobson's edition of her *Diary*, extends from June 1781 to June 1789, and the book is unequally bisected by the capital event of her life, her appointment at Court in June 1786; the narrative of these three years being to the remainder as five to three, an exact reversal of the chronological proportion. Except in dimensions, these segments of her history might be not inaptly compared to the halves of the legendary apple poisoned by being sliced with a knife envenomed on one side only. Up to Miss Burney's removal to Windsor everything in her *Diary*, save when the misfortune or death of a friend has to be recorded, is geniality and sunshine. Immediately after her transfer to the frigid atmosphere of the Court, it becomes chequered, not with complaints, for it is part of the tragedy that Miss Burney would have deemed herself very wicked if she had ever complained, with whatever justice, but with a constraint and gloom evidently due in the main to the systematic repression of her buoyant spirits by formality and lack of intellectual sympathy. She does, indeed, strive gallantly to make the most of every gleam of sunshine that struggles into her cage. Yet it is painful to find her declaring that it is high time she saw something of her old friends, and professing herself, after two years and a half's experience, as "quite resigned to my fate and situation," which had seemed the gate of Paradise. Macaulay's denunciation of her family's and her own blind superstition is not too strong, though perhaps too rhetorical in expression: the person least to blame is good Queen Charlotte, to whom the idea that attendance upon herself could be uncomfortable never occurred till forced upon her by Fanny's ingratitude, as she deemed it. We have not yet proceeded so far. Fanny is still only breaking, not broken down: the King is still in his senses: and the public stage is occupied by Warren Hastings and his assailants. Miss Burney's attitude in this matter is delightfully feminine, and her report of her conversation with Mr. Windham, at the Hastings trial, alone shows with what reserve her reproductions of conversations are to be received. She conveys the general drift of a colloquy fairly enough, but it is steeped in her sentiments, and the diction is her own. Nevertheless, though the Court chapters of her *Diary* are often painful reading, they are the more valuable. Such another picture has perhaps never been given: for seldom, if ever, has such an observer as Fanny Burney been brought into contact with such a Court as George the Third's, so homely, so proper, so dull, so cruelly though unconsciously oppressive, so really respectable and honourable, and so intolerable! This part of the *Diary* has, further, the advantage of possessing a certain unity of interest: we find our heroine in a situation which we know

must terminate somehow, and although the development of the incidents is to all seeming irregular and inartistic, we follow it with the curiosity excited by a good novel. The pre-Windsor period has the advantage of greater variety, and of introducing more interesting people. It is mainly a swarm of entertaining nothings, recounted with great vivacity, and so skilfully related or so providentially contrived, that we seem to live in the society depicted, and though unable to realise Johnson, or Mrs. Thrale, or any other conspicuous figures with the distinctness with which Boswell endows them, to have even a better idea than he would have conveyed of the atmosphere in which they spent their lives.

ANGLING AND ALLEGORY

The Amateur Spirit. By BLISS PERRY. (Gay and Bird, 6s. net.)

"THE emotions of the author who discovers that he has produced a treatise when he intended only a series of essays may be likened to the surprise of the child who observes that his blocks piled almost at random make something that looks like a castle after all," writes Mr. Perry in his preface by way of apology, naïve but unconvincing, for producing in the form of a volume these six essays, which have already made their appearance in several magazines. The blocks remain blocks for all the charming imagination of the child, and to us the ingenuity seems a little far-fetched that can see a connection between "Fishing with a Worm," "The Life of a College Professor," "Hawthorne at North Adams," and "The Amateur Spirit," except in so far as every essay has some bearing on some form of life, and the amateur spirit is shown in the first essay to be the most human spirit in which to approach life. We do not for a moment cavil at the name, which is excellent, but it is a pity to overdo the hidden significance. There is a certain kind of sanity that makes one see the beauty of the insane, just as there is a species of virtue which "many a mad magenta minute" is needed to counteract. There are men who carry with them a pocket pulpit, into which they mount upon the smallest provocation; others who mount, then pause and dismount as if they thought: "No, I am really on your level; I will not preach." There is a flavour of this conscious condescension in these essays, and it takes away from the charm which they possess in spite of it, charm both of phrase and anecdote. It is necessary to settle oneself for a "heartly talk," and having done so one is agreeably surprised that the matter of the talk is not so depressing as one was led to expect. The ideas are not very subtle; nor have they any marked freshness; but to the main idea we heartily respond—that it is better to look at the world "in a generous than in a sordid way," and the word generous is practically synonymous with his use of the word amateur. And so the inherent difficulty of the subject seems to be avoided. Mr. Perry is not precise enough; he does not show that different things in life should be approached in a different spirit; a certain discrimination is necessary in dealing with the amateur in athletics, the amateur in art, and the amateur in business; but he makes no such discrimination; he talks about each in turn, and comes to the conclusion that it is better to live for love than for money, a conclusion which no one would hesitate to endorse.

But in the last essay Mr. Perry pulls on his waders and goes a-fishing: and while his waders are on we follow him gladly, whether he is "derricking" out the Taylor Brook trout with a worm or a fly, or with a brown hackle for the tail fly and a twisting worm on the dropper. He writes with appreciation and enthusiasm, distinguishing nicely between the claims of fly and worm, singing the delicate beauty of casting, the fierce, almost immoral joy of pulling out fish after fish with a large worm . . . "but ah! to fish with a worm and catch nothing," and there comes the inevitable moral, forced home to the hilt. He pulls himself up with a jerk, and though he relaxes to tell

a delightful child-story, he begins to write about morality in the sacred terms of fishing, gusto giving place to suavity, as if his angling had only been an active allegory all the while. We do not want to think of Taylor Brook as the "Psalmist's river of God"; nor to be reminded that life "is a long brook to fish, and it needs a stout heart and a wise patience." There is a time, it has been said, for all things, but we have failed to discover a time that is appropriate for such moralising. Mr. Perry is a splendid fisher of trout, and should hesitate before he encroaches upon the dual capacity of the apostolic elect.

APOPTHEGMS

Life's Questionings: A Book of Experience. By WILLIAM ROMAIN PATERSON (Benjamin Swift). (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. PATERSON presents us in this little volume with some seven hundred utterances on life and books, about six to the page. There is no attempt at any connection between the various sayings; our author perches, as it were, on one twig of the tree of life, chirps at us thence, flits at once to another twig, whence another chirp, and so on to the end. By avoiding all sequence of thought himself, Mr. Paterson inevitably focusses the attention of his reader upon one isolated saying at a time, and we therefore have a right to expect therein the brilliant finish and flawlessness of a gem—but what are we to say of the following, taken from the first twenty pages, where we might reasonably hope to receive of the author's best:

"It is a strange fact that those who work with poisonous substances are more liable to become insane."

"Unbelief may be a kind of bad manners of the soul, and those who disbelieve in God are rude."

"Perhaps the artist should be like the sundial, *horas non numerat nisi serenas*."

Surely the last speck of dust has not been blown off the gem by this craftsman. Mr. Paterson can be neater, of course—e.g.,

"There are some human beings who should be labelled poison," and again:

"There are some persons who refuse to become meek until they are convinced that the meek do really inherit the earth"—but there is another pitfall which yawns for the sententious, the pitfall of platitude, and Mr. Paterson has more than once plunged to the bottom of it with a plump. "The duration of love as a passion does not seem to lie within our own control." Surely we have heard something like that before, and something also like this: "Quarrelling seems to be one of the chief occupations of lovers." It is a long, long time since "*amantium iræ*" first fell to the Roman jester's gun.

The patient reader will learn little directly from this book, since the writer seems to be rather an experimenter in notions than an expert in hard facts, but he will find his thoughts pleasantly led from one big subject to another, and, better still, he will probably be induced to look up again some old favourite—Sir Thomas Browne, or perhaps Epictetus himself, to whom our author alludes more than once with affection and reverence.

No book of apophthegms can be of lasting service unless, at the back of the semi-independent thoughts, can be discerned the thinker, driving them forward and keeping in loose touch with them as a shepherd with a flock of sheep. Emerson has peculiarly this power of scattering diverse ideas, which at first sight seem rebellious, as do the comets, but which are none the less faithful members of one shining system. Marcus Aurelius and Pascal are more womanish—they do not like to see their fancies run too far afield, and one could not imagine a Sermon on the Mount from either, with its creative paradoxes and its freshness of the spoken word.

The sententious cynic and the sufferer from *Weltschmerz*, once so fashionable, are tiresome to us nowadays, because they both refuse to play the game of life. We are not

wicked or feeble enough to appreciate them in the small hours of a new century. And yet the most popular collection of short sayings at the present moment is undoubtedly the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, who professedly despairs. The cause of our admiration in this case is the masculine heartiness with which all the terrors and difficulties of the Universe are faced, and the inextinguishable laughter of old Omar's soul. There has seldom been seen such a strong manifestation of the will-to-live as in this melodious denier.

There is certainly room for the book of short essays and of apophthegms even at this hour, but in our opinion the conclusions should be like hammer-strokes, all more or less in the same direction, if the public is to be expected to pay any heed. For good or for evil, the days of ambling and *laissez-faire* are done, and a strenuous time is coming upon us, for which strenuous utterance is required. If you want to sell good wine, you must advertise it; if you want to make a point, whether ethical, political, or literary, you must present it a dozen times in different ways, or no one will even know that you have begun to think.

AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

OXFORD, *March 1905.*

UNDERGRADUATES of the last generation never saw, what we are seeing every day, buggies rattling down the High or the Corn. The sight assures us of a definite change in our midst; it is not now a mere glimpse of American ladies with cameras and picture postcards—incongruous but not unfamiliar; it is the feeling that these lords of the buggy are now part of Oxford. They belong to us; in some cases they even *look* like undergraduates. And yet, if one observes them closely, they are found to be quite different from the young men to whom Oxford is accustomed. They were not brought up parentally predestined for Oxford; five years ago the idea to most of them would have seemed romantic but fanciful. Then the chance came, and it was seized. Candidates sent in their names and were required to pass an examination roughly on the lines of our "Responsions"; about eighty per cent. were ploughed for the simple reason that an American education does not in any way resemble the course of classics which enables the stupidest Englishman to pass Responsions. Latin Prose, for instance, is a mystery into which most Americans are not initiated. All this will be remedied in future, and we may fairly expect—without in the least disparaging the present Rhodes Scholars—a more representative selection in following years, when the system is more widely known and better organised. Probably the claims of athletics will gradually lose their power, and at some distant date a few points in the Freshmen's Sports will again fall to Englishmen.

Conceive the migration of these young men from their various homes, the leave-takings, the anticipations, the last glimpse of the native University; and the wonder of it all. They met at New York and were taken straight on board, part of the ship having been reserved for them. There they sat and wondered and read books about Oxford. When they reached Liverpool they were bundled into reserved railway-carriages, and on that very same evening found themselves in their rooms at Oxford. This sudden transplantation touches the fancy; one tries to imagine their impressions of Oxford; their surprise at the restrictions to which we bow, in contrast to the freedom of those Western Universities with the odd names: the general sense of mouldiness and senility in the architecture—and the dons: the nostalgia for large and bracing effects, for prairies and forests and Indian corn and sweet potatoes. So the imagination flounders: for one of these Americans, when asked what it really was that he missed in Oxford, what was *the* great blank, confessed that it was the absence of female society! "I don't know how to spend my time or

my money now," he said. My eyes were opened: I saw the tragedy of the buggy with its solitary driver, and with a touch of contrition I recalled the hard things which I had said about North Oxford and its fair denizens.

The fact is that co-education colleges have made but little progress in England; they are regarded with apprehension. Even ladies' colleges have had to assert themselves gradually. An American girl was enlarging upon the advantages of "mixed" colleges: it was such a help in education, she said. "Of course," she went on, "I know there are some people who think that education should be of the mind; and then I am not sure that co-education colleges are the best thing. But *we* always think that education should be of the *heart*." But taking into consideration the altered status of women, the Spartan system will not work. No man will play mixed hockey for the game.

The Americans who have come to Oxford have little idea of a thorough education: many have no standard of work. The American system of education is to teach something about everything (without adding everything about something). A lady came to Somerville with certificates attesting her proficiency in thirty-two subjects! Or again another American, who wished to study the history of the Tudor period, admitted that he could not read manuscripts nor did he know any of the European languages which are essential for the understanding of that age. His history tutor advised him to go to Italy for his first vacation; and soon received a letter from the budding historian to say that he had not learned much Italian but had met a most charming young lady.

Another influence which must be fought is the tradition of German education, the pedantry and theses: the ordinary course for an American scholar is to obtain his Ph.D. either in Germany or in America at a very early age, and then to go back to his university as a lecturer. Hence the ridiculous theses. The head of a college is said to have been confronted by a young American who declared that his special subject was the "Synthesis of the Universe."

What, then, will be the ultimate effects of the Rhodes scholarships? The Americans—and probably this applies equally to the Colonials—have been received with great friendliness, which is one of the natural peculiarities of Oxford but which has appealed very strongly to them. This hospitality has bred much good feeling, which is bound to affect the general attitude of Americans toward Englishmen. One of the former recently made a fine harangue in a college debate on the subject of Anglo-American friendliness: he dwelt at some length on the reverence with which his countrymen regarded the old country, the affection, the faithfulness and the loyalty of all Americans. Then he paused for a moment: "But gentlemen, let me be frank with you; there may have been, there have been, times in the past—on the fourth of July, for instance—when I have ventured to twist the Lion's tail: but that was only in jest."

Yet further than the international cordiality which the practical author of the movement doubtless intended primarily to encourage, we may without rashness predict a great influence on American literature arising from the scholarships. It is sometimes suggested that the present cessation of literary activity of a high order in America is due to the gradual weakening of the ancient respect for European tradition. If there is a want of standard in American education, it is most noticeable in this. The Professor of Literature at a prominent Western University (and it is mainly from the west that the Rhodes Scholars come) was asked by a New York publisher to edit four books of "Paradise Lost" as a volume in a series of classics. *He had never read it.* However, he mastered those four books during the railway journey from New York, some five hundred miles, and wrote his notes on his arrival. So extreme an instance as this serves to show the contrast between American University life and ours. The contrast of appearance, even, is striking; and an American

whose idea of a University was a single wooden edifice, asked his Oxford guide, after visiting several colleges, which was the University. His guide satisfied him by pointing to the Radcliffe Camera.

In this great movement which was started by a man's signature on a piece of parchment, it is possible that the individual, or at any rate the pioneers of the movement, will be sacrificed. And it is natural for us to feel occasionally a certain dismay, and to wonder whether it was worth while; but this is because we have all the benefits of the Oxford life and cannot fully comprehend the blessings which we enjoy. For surely if this handful of strangers are sacrificed to a great international movement of friendship, it will be a martyrdom amply rewarded, should the victims, passing into the cool and cloistered antiquity of immemorial tradition, take up arms with us in that "warfare against the Philistines which," as Matthew Arnold says, "this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ROBERT HERRICK

CATULLUS was Herrick's master, as he was the master of innumerable Elizabethan lyrists. The fact is that Herrick wrote in isolation from his environment, if I may put it in the Irish way. He had one foot in Elizabethan letters, and the other was in the literature of the Restoration. He had true affinities with both Ben Jonson and Suckling. He was at once the author of a series of devout pieces, and the composer of love-verses. It is love-verse always, and sometimes it is more; it is always neat and deft; it is usually dainty. For Herrick was a master of epigram, and maintained "form" above everything.

"Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove;
No man at one time, can be wise, and love."

Herrick could not; he babbles folly as a boy in his 'teens would desire to babble, had he the art. For calf-love is silent, and only maturity speaks and sings. I do not believe Herrick was ever silent, although he defends himself thus:

"You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes:
By Love's Religion, I must here confesse it,
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues: Full Casques are ever found,
To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.
Deep waters noyse-lesse are; And this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much."

Herrick's mission is to represent the gaiety of passion. His mistresses, one must conceive, are imaginary. He is not the sad dog he makes himself out. He writes to Silvia, Julia, Anthea, Perilla, Perenna, Electra, Lucia . . . to all and sundry, so be only they are beautiful and worthy his incorporate love. Julia's lips outvie the cherries; his cry is triumphant, challenging. The flowers are always suffering by comparison with the charms of these ladies, and perhaps monotonously so. But who will deny the sweet richness of this?

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which Star-like sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours, yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the Love-sick aire:
Whenas that Rubie, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious Stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone."

We do not go to Herrick for stately odes and sonorous sonnets; and, after all, lyrical quality is the first thing requisite in poetry. Every one knows Herrick, and is content to know him, by his famous "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," or his equally famous "Bid me to live, and I will live, thy Protestant to be." But those fine poems do not stand alone, although they may be taken as the pick of the "Hesperides." Such a note as this of tenderness, of subdued passion, is by no means unusual with him:

"Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim;
And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree:
Where (though thou see'st not) thou may think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st Procession:
Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe
In which thy sacred Reliques shall have room.
For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be
No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee."

It must not be imagined that Herrick was so surrendered to amative verse as to go blindfold like his god. He saw the other side of the shield and was under the shadow at times. To him Death is ugly for it is the end of Love. He plays with the thought till it would make him melancholy, if he had not his glorious company of Julias to rejoice in. He can write almost gloomily:

"Life is the Bodie's light; which once declining
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave shining, . . .
So, when Death comes, Fresh tinctures lose their place,
And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face."

But that mood is a passing one; with a pirouette he is right-about-face, and celebrating the frivolous delights of dress:

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in clothes a wantonnesse:
A Lawne about the shoulders throwne
Into a fine distraction:
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher. . . ."

If he can thus swerve aside to the "tempestuous petticoat" there is not much in his philosophical mood; certainly it has no depth. But why want depth? This is mere irresponsible abandonment; it is "youth, youth," and youth (save the mark) hymned by middle age. Herrick's mind remained that of the boy. Was it no more than calf-love he imagined?

"You say, to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes farre: the meane is best: Desire
Grown violent, do's either die, or tire."

This may have been the measure of his real feelings. He was really a respectable and comfortable country parson with a number of pleasant friends and a taste for Catullus. But he is incorrigibly cheerful. Catch him at a melancholy occasion, and you can see with what difficulty the fellow keeps his face lugubrious. His grin emerges. He feels he and the company are losing time, and he implores the widow to throw off her weeds.

"Dry your sweet cheek, long down'd with sorrow's raine;
Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again. . . .
Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your Vermillion."

It was a feather-headed, light-hearted parson, and 'a babbled of green fields very prettily. Is there anything to equal the exquisite aubade of May-time; when "sweet Slug-a-bed," Corinna, tarried in her chamber? I love the sound and the freshness and the lilt of it. I stand this March day in the breath of that soft May breeze:

"Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree. . . ."

Herrick lived his life in the country, yet he had none of that worship of nature common to modernity. Flowers and the ensigns of nature were to him merely so many figures for his erotic verse. The primrose was indeed

something more than a yellow primrose; it imaged some love-thought, as a rose resembled Julia, but weakly. Yet the primrose was, very handsomely,

"This sweet Infanta of the Yea-re."

It is in his purer romantic conception of love that Herrick is at his best. His coarseness, for which the lady in his dreams reproved him, is at best a cloak, perhaps the property of Catullus; and maybe he is right in his boast at the end of the "Hesperides":

'To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac'd,
Jocond his Muse was; but his Life was chast.'

M. W.

A SONG AT SUNSETTING

"MORE fleet than flights of fire,
More soft than stealth of sleep,
Speed down the abysses dire
'Twixt outpost stars that keep
Lone boundary lights ablaze,
While, meshed in spiry rings,
Suns weave their devious maze"—
Even so my sweet merle sings.

He furls his dusky wings
Beneath the ivy-hood,
That o'er yon gate-arch clings,
As hill and field and wood,
Through pale mists hovering dim
Go lifted high and higher,
Up, up, with cup-curved rim
Against the west's rose-fire.

"Speed swiftness still and nigher;
Nay, ere our grey dawn slings
The disc of vermeil fire,
Breathe hither, O Spring of Springs,
Thy spell's enchanted might,
Whose sudden gramary brings
A change to strange delight"—
'Tis so my sweet merle sings.

Ah, list his soothsayings
Of joy unthought, untold,
Waked in all mortal things,
Till even the weary and old
Must deem they dream in truth,
And see their soul's desire,
Thrilled through anew with youth,
Whose shadow is dew and fire.

"Fled hate and wrath's fell fire,
Slain fear and sorrowing sore,
The very airs inspire
Love-lore and wonder-lore;
A heaven no heart shall miss,
Where storm wild rapture flings,
And calm sheds balm of bliss"—
Even so my sweet merle sings.

JANE BARLOW.

FICTION

The Seething Pot. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Arnold, 6s.)

A PIECE of fiction that is written to express party feeling is a pamphlet in disguise, and does not come within the realm of art. It is difficult to treat politics in an artistic way, for the reason that politics presuppose bias, and the artist must approach his subject with an unbiased mind:

he must not be caught by the tentacles of any sect or party, and the tentacles of the political octopus are far-reaching and possess a grip that is diabolical. Mr. Birmingham writes of Ireland, and he does so with marked success, for though he at times goes more deeply into controversial detail than is necessary for the purposes of conviction, the political interest is always subordinate to the wider human interest. Moreover, he realises the fine dramatic possibilities of the situation and knows how to take full advantage of them. We see the pathos in the failure of men who would gladly give their lives, so passionate is their zeal, for the cause, and are beaten by the stupidity of the men for whom they are struggling, by the ability of men to whom diplomacy is a pastime in which they stand to win fame and lose nothing: we see the real sincerity at the heart of the priest, although he will stop at no baseness to achieve his end: we see the charm of the fickle people, simple, loyal, and superstitious, and the hopeless position of the landowner who makes an appeal to their reason. All these conflicting elements lend themselves to artistic treatment, as was seen in Mr. Shaw's brilliant comedy: and Mr. Birmingham, on different and less brilliant lines, has produced a book, serious and vigorous, which it is uncommonly pleasant to read after the innumerable tales, futile, and, at best, mildly amusing, that glut the market. He writes well and knows his subject. The characters—especially John O'Neill, the Irish leader, and Father Fahy—are drawn with discrimination and insight, the only exception being Lady Geoghegan, who is somewhat nebulous. We believe this to be Mr. Birmingham's first novel; we congratulate him upon the result, and shall look forward with interest to the appearance of his next work.

By Beach and Bogland. Some Irish Stories. By JANE BARLOW. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

MISS BARLOW's work is always marked by certain characteristics not too common among latter-day story tellers. By virtue, perhaps, of a certain quality of innate sympathy she always seems to move in the midst of her tales. Her humour, again stands out in gentle relief against an atmosphere of high seriousness. Above all she knows and appreciates the Irish peasants of whom she writes. In the first of these tales, indeed, the peasants share the honour of attention with the "quality." It is not only the widow Connor from her very little house, but the Lady Winifred from the (comparatively) Big House at Clannal-roan, who go into the winding walk on a certain sad spring evening in the hope of "seeing" their dead who have fallen in the war. But if most of the pathetic touches are given to "the Captain's" desolate young wife (irresistibly so, perhaps, in view of her twenty years), there is pity enough for both and to spare in the mournful colloquy between them at the trysting-place. And after all both are "ghost bereft" when the red (why red?) uniform which has been noticed flitting near the plantation is proved to belong to Private Jack Macdonnell, who is on the eve of departure for the front, and who will be coming back one of these days for sure, as his sweetheart says, "a corporal, maybe, or sargint with lave to marry." The brave little hope cuts queerly across the irretrievable loss of the two bereaved women, and, on the whole, this glimpse at three lives is a human and a moving thing. "A Money-Crop at Lisconnel" which succeeds it is a capital little tale concerned with the loss of a cherished shilling "on a grassy strip beside the bog stream," and with the extraordinary variety of coins which the neighbours find growing near the same spot pending the discovery of the real truant in an unexpected quarter. In a still lighter vein "Their New Umbrellas" and "A Small Practice" are pretty pieces of comedy, while "The High Tide and the Man Trappers" and its sequel "The Foot-Sticks of Slughnatraigh" are full of humour and gloom and rather wintry sunshine. The book is, incidentally, a perfect storehouse of Irish sayings, and we cannot help feeling it

pity that so many of these should have been dovetailed as it were into narrative sentences, amidst which they sometimes lose their complete flavour.

The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell. By UNA L. SILBERRAD (Constable, 6s.)

Miss Silberrad has quality; she has the power to create atmosphere. The stories in this book have all the hallmark of real ability, though their artificial nature makes them difficult to handle. The scene is laid, one does not quite know where—either in England or America, in the seventeenth century. As the author writes the word "offence" with an "s" we rather conclude the latter; but there is little to show. The thread that connects them is the interference, or intervention, of one Tobiah, the dis-senter, a godly man with a strong vocation for being instant, in season, out of season, which proves of the greatest value to his allies when once he has been induced to espouse their cause.

The best of the stories are "The Dower Chest of Anne Ponsford" and "The Winning of Elizabeth Fothergill"; perhaps the palm should be given to the latter, which is original in design and a work of art in the telling. Elizabeth is affianced, by her dead father, to one Gifford, a gambler and a cheat. He, playing one night at the Fox and Grapes, falls in with his match, in the person of a wandering student who plies the trade of a tinker; and by the end of the evening, Gifford has staked his betrothed and her snug farm-house and goodly acres; and lost them. Jeremy, the tinker, has a mind to look at his winnings, without it being known that he is the man who has acquired some kind of a right to them. The upshot must not be told. But old Tobiah's rôle in the matter is well imagined.

Lord of Himself. By MRS. AYLMER GOWING. (Long, 6s.)

WHEN March arrives your candidate for the Oxford Newdigate must dismount from his Pegasus and leave his "heroics" with motto duly attached and his name in a sealed envelope at the vice-cancellarial portals. And not till May will he know whether he has won the prize or come in (as he will not infrequently confide to you afterwards) a goodish second. How many undergraduates of fiction have entered these lists it would be rash to guess, but no one, surely, has ever been so well equipped as the hero of a recent novel, whose "mystic steed, spurred on by the passion of the man, still bore him on and upward as lover and poet, of imagination all compact," beyond the common thoughts of men!

Although "the time was short, he felt, to master the technique of poetic art, failing which no effort of genius could pass the rhadamantine council," Aubrey Wedmore was no faintheart, and "roaming afield," we learn, "in company with Plato, Homer, or one of the great tragic masters of every mode that can stir the spirit of man to love or hate, tender compassion, or horror unspeakable . . . he was taught to play upon that complex instrument, the human heart, as upon a harp of many strings."

He won the prize, of course; and when at the Encænïa "a pale young face and lithe form in academic robes, quivering, passion-fraught, rose up in the western rostrum, 'dead' silence harkened—men and women hardly dared draw breath amid the hush as the poet's fire called back the great spirits of a vanished age." Need we add that a princess "drank the flowing measure like a new wine," or that after the general delight and wonder had died down, "the soldier, the archbishop, the pro-consul, the empire-builder" vied with each other in congratulation and expressed esteem?

All this, and much more also, is to be found in Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's "Lord of Himself." To all those now in suspense we commend, by way of distraction, her imaginative (but alas! somewhat misleading) romance.

Little Citizens. By MYRA KELLY. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

STORIES have been written of the Russian and Danubian ghettos, stories of gloomy episode and interest. Kompert wrote them; so, a little later, did Franzos. The pictures they presented left an ineffaceable impression of suffering; the good and bad qualities of their people were the qualities of the bitterly oppressed. Civilised Europe shuddered only yesterday at the tragedy of Kischineff, but Kischineff is one act in a long history; and there is not an invented story of Jewish distress that is not the shadow of a worse reality. The intolerable conditions of life imposed on Jews in Russia drive numbers forth, and so, as every one knows, there are both in London and New York whole colonies of these unhappy folk. Their ways, bad and good, are sufficiently discussed; their arrival creates a political problem. But, except by those directly interested, little is known of their children. How is the next generation growing up? What part will it play twenty years hence in its adopted country?

Miss Myra Kelly shows us these Little Citizens at work and play in a New York school. Their parents are pedlars, seamstresses, and costermongers. The older people herded together here as they did there, and the squalor of the ghetto still clings to them. They are timid, ignorant, unwashed. But the children they send shrewdly and faithfully to school, the children are enchanting. Of course they are naughty. Miss Kelly is at once too honest and too artistic to write stories about little saints. Her boys and girls quarrel, they tell lies, one of them drinks till he is taught better. But they are clever, affectionate, and teachable. Also, according to their own quaint etiquette, they are anxiously polite. They speak an odd dialect that we take to be a graft of Yiddish on American; and at school their ways are most humorous and entertaining. You guess at the sad bare homes from which they come; you see them hungry, dirty and forlorn. But you see them happy at school, learning with amazing quickness, ready to adapt themselves to the new civilisation that prescribes cleanliness and order. Properly handled, the stuff they are made of yields good citizens; and these boys and girls will some day illustrate the saying that every land has the Jews it deserves. They will cling to America with the deep affection of their natures and they will serve her with their able brains. Their sons will speak real English and their sons' sons will have forgotten the narrow traditions of the ghetto. Then they will be like other people. Miss Myra Kelly's Little Citizens are as strange to us as the countries of their birth, and their charm is partly the charm of novelty. She has presented them with originality and freshness and with a convincing sympathy.

Before the Crisis. By F. B. MOTT. (Lane, 6s.)

The Clansman. By THOMAS DIXON, JUN. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THAT splendid fanatic, John Brown of Harper's Ferry, haunts the romantic fiction of New England. At first the ethics of slavery excluded other considerations, and we had impassioned tracts like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gradually, however, other aspects of the racial problem invited attention; and the novelist of to-day is (or should be) concerned rather with showing the difficulties attending the political fusion of the black and white races than in passing judgment on either side. In both of the novels before us, "Before the Crisis," by F. B. Mott (John Lane), and "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Junior (Heinemann), does the soul—and in the first the body also—of John Brown go "marching on." In Mr. Mott's case the historical background is frankly manipulated so as to throw into relief the fortunes of the lovers; whereas Mr. Dixon has painted in vivid colours the conflicting tendencies of the time, his love-story being of secondary importance. Mr. Mott's romance is a moderately deft piece of workmanship on familiar, melodramatic lines. "The Clansman" is planned on a more ambitious scale than "Before the Crisis," and the political atmosphere of the period is repro-

duced with greater skill than in Mr. Mott's story. Mr. Dixon's volume is the second book of a series of historical novels planned on the race conflict, and develops the story of the "Ku Klux Klan Conspiracy" which overturned the ill-advised Reconstruction régime. Starting with the assassination of Lincoln, and the overthrow of his wise, moderating counsels, it details the action of the Extremist party in the State, who, in punishing the Southern "rebels," set up a black oligarchy. The enfranchised negro, ill-educated, credulous, and passionate, falls an easy victim to unscrupulous adventurers from the North, and a reign of terror is inaugurated. Then follows the organisation of a secret society among the incensed whites—the "Ku Klux Klan Conspiracy"—Mr. Dixon taking a more favourable view of its doings than some historians have done. He shows how the spirit of old Scotland animated its leaders, and however tortuous may have been its methods, it served certainly one good purpose in checking the storm of blind passion that had swept over the States.

An Instinctive Criminal. By GILBERT COLERIDGE. (Treherne, 6s.)

It will be a mystery to most readers why Mr. Coleridge thought it worth while to write such a story as this, or indeed any story, considering his limited qualification for such a task. There is not a pleasant page in the book, nor a tolerable person, scarcely even a probable incident. Dr. Allison, who tells his own story, is a cold-blooded monster who murders two wives, and half kills a third for scientific and practical reasons. His first wife, a woman of the streets, annoys him by her cockney accent, and brings about her doom by her unconventional manner at a dinner-party, when she goes down upon her hands and knees under the table in search of her gloves. The author is singularly lacking in a sense of humour, but he occasionally provokes a smile where he intends to be pathetic, or when he expresses a passing regret for one of his murdered wives:

"Those deep and lustrous eyes had woven themselves into the garment of my life, and though out of keeping with the pattern, their absence made a hole; her white skin no longer vied with the purity of the pillow, and her neat figure no longer graced the fireside."

It is a wretched, sordid tale, badly told, and without one redeeming feature.

Crittenden. By JOHN FOX. (Constable. 6s.)

THIS is less a story than a vivid account of the Spanish-American War, with a spice of romance thrown in, the chief characters being of an unusual type, well-defined, and always interesting. The book will no doubt be widely read, particularly in America, for its realistic pictures of the war in Cuba, terrible pictures many of them, as one of the eye-witnesses exclaims: "It was horror, horror, all horror!" And certainly the truth loses nothing in the telling here, as all who remember Mr. Fox's admirable powers of expression will readily understand. The underlying story is essentially and completely American, not in incident only, but in atmosphere, feeling, and experience—not one book out of a hundred that comes across the Atlantic is touched by the intense national sentiment that permeates "Crittenden," distinct and exclusive, as if it had no part or lot with other nations of the world. "Crittenden" will be found worth reading, both as a story and as history, though probably some pages will be skipped by those who avoid the war horrors in their daily newspapers. It is written in an easy, vigorous style, and the interest never flags. It is an attractive looking book too, handsomely printed, and well placed upon the page, thereby adding to the reader's satisfaction.

The Confessions of an Ambitious Mother. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)

MR. HEINEMANN is evidently making a point of introducing us to the American novelist. The book before us is anonymous, and probably seeks to pique curiosity as a

roman à clef somewhat after the style of "The English-woman's Love Letters." In fact, the Duchess de Belcourt is history very thinly veiled. The book is a strange mixture of cleverness and immaturity. The writer can be guilty of the following:—"I was not sufficiently stupid as to try that avenue to fortune," and writes, thanks, perhaps, to the printer (for the proofs are very carelessly corrected) "ingeniously" where she means "ingenuously." On the other hand, some of her observation is strikingly shrewd.

"We sometimes talked of the people . . . and finally came to the conclusion that they are not really taught anything but surface book-knowledge. They can add, multiply, and subtract figures, but not facts. There appears to be a wall between their learning, such as it is, and their actual living. *The relation between the two, which is education, is unknown to them.*"

This is good, surely. We see the vulgar-minded, hard, soulless woman, walking through life with one sole aim,—to get on; and with the talent to achieve her object. Those who know the annals of New York during the past two decades, may be able to supply the surname which she never confides to us throughout. She is perfectly frank; she tells us that she thinks Becky Sharp was a fool. "I could teach her things that neither she nor her creator ever dreamed of." So she evidently could; for the fashion of making a living by giving away the life secrets of your friends to the Yellow Press was not invented in Thackeray's day. The worst feature of the Ambitious Mother is that she is to the last wholly unaware of her own moral degradation; and, in maintaining her pose, the writer shows no little ability.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Collectors' Annual for 1904. Compiled by GEORGE E. EAST. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. EAST'S compilation should prove, as he hopes, not only a guide to the present market value of works of art, but a permanent book of reference. It is divided into seven headings: Pictures, Engravings (which includes Etchings), Pottery and Porcelain, Antique Silver, Antique Furniture, War Medals and Decorations, and Objects of Art. In each case an alphabetical list is given of the articles sold, with the price, the date of sale, the place of sale, the title and measurements in the case of pictures, and in the other cases sufficient description to make the object recognisable. 1904 was a good year in the salerooms, and its records are full of interest. Mr. East's book, if accurate—and we have been unable to detect any inaccuracies—cannot fail to be of great service to collectors, connoisseurs and art-lovers in general, and it is hoped in future years to improve and enlarge the Annual.

Cerberus, the Dog of Hades: The History of an Idea. By MAURICE BLOOMFIELD. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. London: Kegan Paul.)

THE rudiments of this essay were published by Professor Bloomfield in the *Academy* in August 1892. It is concerned with the origin and meaning, judged by comparative mythology, of Cerberus. Professor Bloomfield, in the familiar manner of his school, has gone back to Hindu mythology for his justification in seeing in Cerberus, who, it may be remembered, never had definitely three heads until the Roman poets fixed him in that shape—nothing else than the sun and moon; Çabala, the bright, or spotted, one, and Çyama or Çyava, the black one; in other words, day and night. Max Müller, to whom the little book is dedicated, explained Cerberus as Çarvari, night: Professor Bloomfield prefers the double origin. The "dogs of heaven" of the Rig-Veda are not only the destroyers of life, which is clear enough, since time devours life; they are the keepers of the gates, not of hell, but of heaven. The Upanishads have it that all who leave this world go first to the moon. If they are unfit for the world of Brahma

they are born again on earth; if they are fit they go forward. "From Çyama do I resort to Çabala; from Çabala to Çyama. Shaking off sin . . . do I enter then into the uncreated world of Brahma." In his interesting and suggestive little essay Professor Bloomfield explains by this duality the two heads which Cerberus so frequently has in Greek vase-paintings, and accounts step by step for the transition from the sun and moon as the gates of heaven to Cerberus, the guardian of the doors of hell.

Millet. By NETTA PEACOCK. (Methuen's "Little Books on Art," 2s. 6d. net.)

WITH Sensier's "La Vie et l'Œuvre de J. F. Millet," and Miss Julia Cartwright's "Life and Letters" to fall back upon, Miss Netta Peacock could hardly go far wrong in her monograph on Millet; and she has made good use of her material in turning out an adequate and useful little book. Miss Peacock quotes freely from Millet's letters; she adds a bibliography and a list of the famous contemporaries with whom Millet came in contact, and has made a very praiseworthy effort to compile a list of Millet's works. Of the reproductions with which the book is illustrated, the drawings, many of them after photographs in the Boston Museum, come out very fairly well, though, of course, they cannot compare with the reproductions of the Staats Forbès drawings which illustrated Miss Julia Cartwright's recent articles in the *Burlington Magazine*. One is of special interest, that of the "Man with a Wheelbarrow," in the Boston Museum, as showing a further development of the idea of a drawing in the Staats Forbès collection. The paintings are not so fortunate, though as object-lessons in Millet's composition they will, no doubt, be of service. And all the subjects for reproduction are well chosen.

Child Slaves of Britain. By ROBERT H. SHERARD. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

Slavery. By BART KENNEDY. (Treherne. 6s.)

NEITHER of these books makes pleasant reading. Mr. Kennedy, a novelist, has thrown his contributions to social science into imaginative form, and yet it is unlikely that he has been guilty of deliberate perversion of fact or conscious exaggeration. Mr. Sherard is well known as a writer who made a hit with one book, and was therefore likely enough to produce as soon as possible another of the same kind, and yet it is equally unlikely that he has ventured any statements that he could not substantiate. And after all allowances are made for the writer of fiction and the man with a "subject," the state of the children of the very poor in England, as revealed by these two works, is woeful. Mr. Sherard has studied the conditions of poor child-life in the great cities of England and Scotland, and one of the most disturbing of his conclusions is that the clergy, the officers, even the agents of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, do not know the facts and take altogether too optimistic a view of them. The easy cry of "drink!" as the cause of all the misery he puts aside: "the working man or woman has not enough money to buy sufficient drink with which to injure his or her constitution to the extent necessary to transmit degeneration and the hereditary alcohol curse to his descendants." Exorbitant rent he believes to be one great cause, both of degeneration and of overwork; and on the subject of rent as affected by the alien immigration he is worth reading. But, horrible as some of his revelations are, we cannot recommend his book to the unhealthy minds who like the stimulus of such horror, for his aim, at any rate, is to be scientific and impartial.

The Burden of the Balkans (Edward Arnold, 14s. net).

MISS DURHAM records in her new book her sixth journey through the Balkans, and in spite of the discomforts which had, and always have, to be endured, her experience was most enviable and instructive. She visited in her capacity of distributor of relief to the starving inhabitants, Resna and the villages on Lake Presba, Ochrida, Tepelen of Ali

Pasha fame, Avlona, Elbassan, Kavaia, Durazzo, Tirana, Croia, Oroshi and Skodra, a list which includes all the historic names of Albania. She went into the houses of the peasants, a thing which it is given to few of us to do to such an extent, and in so doing learned many things which threw light on the problem which Europe will soon have to face in real earnest, in spite of the anxiety of the Powers to burke the whole disagreeable business. First of all she learnt the truth about "Macedonia," which she justly observes is a conveniently elastic term, made to include all the territory which any one wishes to annex. It is a loose, and therefore a misleading term, and there are even people who believe that there is a special race, which they call "Macedonian," whose "cause" they wish to aid. The truth is that in a district which has no official frontiers, and never had any stable boundaries, there are no fewer than six races, all of whom have "causes" to be considered.

This fact is the one base upon which all understanding of the question must be founded, and when it is mastered the first step to comprehension has been taken. When the other States of Europe were gradually coming into being by a long and, speaking generally, uninterrupted process of evolution, the Balkans suddenly stood still. While still at an early period of their national development their growth was arrested, and arrested with extraordinary completeness. The Turks occupied the country in the Middle Ages, and as they had no ideas beyond conquest, they camped on the vanquished territory, and forced the people to feed them. But they suddenly stopped the growth of the Balkan peoples, with the consequence that the country remains in the Middle Ages to the present day. The land is strewn with the wreckage of dead one-man empires, and the peoples were still engaged in a wild struggle for existence when the all-conquering Ottoman swept down on them, froze them into inanition and blotted them out from the world's history. Then, as the Turkish power declined the Balkan nationalities awoke and resumed the struggle where they had left it off. Greek, Serb, Bulgar, Albanian and Vlach took up their history where it had stopped four hundred years before, but they found that the face of the world had changed and that new Powers had arisen in Europe. "Internally there were the problems of the fourteenth century still unsolved—externally they were faced with those of the nineteenth century, Western and insistent."

These are the two cardinal facts with which the Balkan question must be approached. Miss Durham recognises them, for her experiences in the land revealed the true state of affairs to her, and the story of her travels should make it equally clear to her readers. Those who still have the courage to tackle the subject may be heartily recommended to read this book. It is easily and pleasantly written, and will give the reader who knows not the Near East a clearer insight into an irritating and unsolved problem than other more weighty and pretentious works.

THE DRAMA

"DU BARRI" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

THERE is an old formula for the discussion of works ostensibly of art, but found wanting in some essential quality. One can say that they "do not exist." I have heard the formula applied to certain of Besant's novels, and have dissented; but if any one chooses to apply it to the new play at the Savoy Theatre, I shall not dissent. Indeed I can picture myself asking gravely: "Is there really a new play at the Savoy? I thought it was *tableaux vivants*." But my actual impression is that once upon a time there was a play called *Du Barri*, and that somebody—or perhaps several somebodies—started to turn it into a series of *tableaux vivants*, but left the transformation uncompleted—left, in particular, a good deal of dialogue which distracts attention from the spectacle. For M.

Richépin, when one comes to think of it, is a dramatist, and even a dramatist of some reputation. The presumption is strong, therefore, that he planned, and even wrote, a drama. But when the question of adaptation came to be faced, other interests were evidently found to conflict with his: the interests of scene-painters, theatrical costumiers, and theatrical upholsterers, Mr. John D'Auban, and Mrs. Brown-Potter, who is clearly more anxious to dress herself than to dress her part, and declines to be the slave of historical precision. One may express pity for Mr. Christopher St. John, to whom fell the task of reconciling all these conflicting interests; but having done that, one can do little more. The art critic might praise the scenery. Other specialists might commend Mr. John Barker for his chairs and tables, and Miss Edith Craig for her skill in designing glorious apparel for the company. But the mere dramatic critic can only wonder what he is doing in the galley. There is no drama for him to criticise. Nothing gets over the footlights. The whole thing is on the plane of *tableaux vivants* and *poses plastiques*; and even on that plane perfection is not attained. The stage is over-crowded; the performers get in each other's way; and Mrs. Brown-Potter is an anachronism in a sequence of fancy dresses which, whatever their separate merits from the dressmaker's point of view, bear little relation to the period represented. To say that she alone among the players is badly dressed would be a fair dramatic, though an unfair sartorial, criticism. She is not much more appropriately dressed than a man would be, on the same stage, in a silk hat and a frock coat, however skillfully cut.

The theme was not without its possibilities. It would have been possible to weave round the Du Barri a story that would have been dramatic without being too contemptuous of history. The play before us has perverted history without achieving drama. It may have been a slip of the tongue that caused one of the actors, on Monday night, to make a passing reference to the execution of Louis XV.; but it is quite certain that the plot implies some confusion of the identities of that monarch and his unfortunate successor, and also that words are put into his mouth—a recommendation to the poor, if they have no bread, to eat cake—which history attributes to Marie Antoinette. The flight of time, moreover, is ignored in a manner most disconcerting to those who, however dimly, recollect their dates. We see the Du Barri disgraced and banished from the Court—was she ever in fact disgraced and banished from the Court?—because of an affair with a lover, at the time of the intrigues to secure office for the Duc d'Aiguillon and the Abbé Terray. That was not later than 1770. Her lover meets her again, having spent the interval in the Bastille, finds her looking as young as ever, and clasps her in his arms, in the midst of the Reign of Terror, that was in 1793. Between the two meetings, therefore, twenty-three years at the least must have elapsed; while, as the Bastille was stormed in 1789, the lover must have allowed four years to elapse after his release, before troubling his head about the lady for whom he professes such devotion. Finally we see the lady driven off in a tumbril to execution, looking like a virgin martyr of seventeen. Her exact age when she met her terrible doom was fifty-nine. The Abbé who is represented as giving her the last consolations of religion had been fifteen years in his grave.

Perhaps this defiance of history would not have mattered if it had resulted in the construction of a poignant drama. The fact is that we only find, as I have said, faint indications of a drama which somebody has been tampering with. The French version presumably made clear what were the relations between the Du Barri and her lover, the Prince Rohan-Rochefort. One probably does not err greatly in conjecturing that the Prince figured there as the *amant de cœur* in the technical French sense of the phrase, and that he made love to her instead of exhorting her to virtue. In the English version he exhorts her to virtue, yet implores her to fly with him, though without breathing a word to suggest that he is her lover *pour le bon motif*. If he did

propose to marry her, at any period of her career, he would hardly have failed to mention it: and if he did not, the exhortations to virtue are pointless, he is an oleaginous hypocrite, and the bottom is out of the piece. Probably the vagueness is a concession to the supposed prejudice of British playgoers in favour of propriety. But it is a poor way of being proper, and absolutely fatal to any interest that the drama might otherwise have had. That interest sacrificed, the drama may indeed be said not to exist.

The most profitable reflection suggested by the performance is a more general one, and concerns the injury done to the interests of the drama in this country when important productions—or what should be important productions—are under the control of ladies whose ambitions are rather personal than artistic, and who, knowing their limitations, seek to impress the spectator by the brilliance of their toilettes rather than by more legitimately artistic means. It is not merely that, in order to afford full scope for their limited gifts, the playwright has to subordinate himself to the costumier; and it is not merely that we get a leading part incompetently played. The graver consequence is that competent players are excluded not only from the leading part but from all parts lest the effects of competition should be felt, and invidious comparisons be instituted. That is what we seem to see at the Savoy. The only players who are competent—or who are given the opportunity of showing that they are competent—are men. Mr. Gilbert Hare, as Louis XV., has not much of a part, but is good in it. The same may be said of Mr. Herbert Ross as the Duc de Richelieu, and of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as the Abbé Terray. But none of the ladies rose above an amateur level, and none of them, except Mrs. Brown-Potter, were given the chance of doing so.

FINE ART

THE HISTORICAL PICTURES OF VELASQUEZ

At a time when we are enjoying a Whistler Exhibition in London, it is natural to cast our thoughts back to that great master to whose painting Whistler's work bears so strong a resemblance, in spite of the intervening centuries. Truth to nature was the keynote of both Whistler and Velasquez, but, apart from this, few who have stood before the *Menippus* in the Prado Gallery at Madrid can fail to see the influence it has had over the later artist's portrait of Carlyle in Glasgow. Though the attitude is not the same—Carlyle sits while *Menippus* stands—the treatment of both pictures is based on a kindred conception of artistic values, there is in both that same feeling of limp lassitude in the limbs.

To realise the full greatness of Velasquez we must appreciate his position in his own age and in his own country. The predominance of Italy in pictorial art had passed away ere he was born. Titian had died at a ripe old age in 1576, Tintoretto had followed him before the close of the century, and the great names of the Dutch school had not come into prominence when Velasquez was born in 1599. Indeed, Rubens was only just over twenty at the time, Vandyck was born the same year as Velasquez, and Rembrandt was seven years their junior. Thus Velasquez began his life in an age when artistic traditions were passing from their old home, and before the seventeenth century was many years old he had practically created a Spanish school of painting. In this Spanish school Velasquez has excelled all others. As he surpassed his masters, Pacheco and Herrera, so did his pupil Murillo never seriously challenge his supremacy. If Zurbaran painted the *Adoration of the Shepherds* attributed to him in the National Gallery, then once, but once only, he came within measurable distance of his great contemporary. Nor can Ribera be considered a rival in any way, and indeed this master belongs more to the decadent Italian

school than to the nascent Spanish school of painting. In the case of Murillo, however, comparison is more possible. The two years during which he was Velasquez' pupil had a decided, if transient, effect upon him. For a time he turned to the serious study of nature. Yet the work of the two artists tends to assimilate nowhere but in their treatment of religious subjects. There is a similarity of style and conception between the *Madonna* by Murillo in the Pitti gallery at Florence, and the *Adoration of the Magi* by Velasquez in the Prado, but the likeness is discounted by the quite uncharacteristic nature of this Velasquez. Indeed, we do not see the master in his true personality in any of the pictures with religious titles which he painted. All of them were painted by order of Philip IV., to be given as presents to religious foundations, and all are marked by a conventionality which betrays Italian influence and a lack of sympathy between artist and subject. The details in the *Crucifixion* in the Prado might have been the work of a Bellini; only the black background betrays the portrait painter.

It is fortunate that Velasquez, as court painter, was not compelled to paint more such pictures, for his instinct rebelled against the conventions which the religious thought of that time imposed. Even as a youth he had scandalised his master, Pacheco, by declaring that he would rather excel in his own line than be a disciple in any other, and he found no scope for his originality in the conventional subjects of Italian art. Velasquez looked to nature as the inspiration of his genius; he strove to reproduce in the most minute detail the world he saw around him. In a word, he immortalised his age in his pictures, and it is because he was an historical painter—a painter, that is, who by his art teaches more of the true spirit of his period than all the musty documents so dear to the historian—that he is now enthroned where none of his predecessors have sat. The beautiful imagery, the gorgeous colouring, the eternal simplicity of the great Italian masters, give them their particular niche in the temple of fame, but they all speak in the accents of a period that had long passed away. Velasquez, in spite of his intimate acquaintance with Italian art, was never oppressed by that worship of antiquity which was so strongly marked in the Italian Renaissance; he was never bound down, except in his religious pictures, by the rules of any school, nor by the conventions of any style. He reproduced on his canvas the pictures that he saw in the world around him, and therein he stands alone among the artists who preceded him, but shoulder to shoulder with the men and women among whom he lived. Thus in the *Bacchus*, or, as it is sometimes more properly called, "The Topers," we have no allegorical scene such as an Italian would have painted, or as his contemporary and friend Rubens was painting, but a life-like reproduction of a drinking scene. True, the peasants on the right of the picture do not seem to be quite in keeping with the semi-conventional Bacchus on the left, but this very want of harmony shows Velasquez' realism in a scene which, under any other hand, would have followed the old traditional lines. If Bacchus is somewhat of a modernised ancient, the peasants are the typical roisterers which the painter saw in the country round him. Moreover, this picture was painted just at the time when Velasquez was emerging from a short period of formalism, which followed his sudden appointment to the position of court painter. It is therefore an apt illustration of the triumph of his naturalistic creed as a painter, which refused to be bound by the forms and traditions of court life, for above all courts that of Spain was classical and pedantic in character. This formality of the Spanish court is emphasised in a picture which we may aptly compare with the *Bacchus* as the ultimate expression of Velasquez' realism. In *Las Meniñas*—the Maids of Honour—a picture painted in his later style, he gives us a vivid picture of the court of Philip IV. It is not merely the prim costumes, which of themselves are of historical value as faithful reproductions of the dress of the age, but the whole grouping of the figures which gives an idea of

stiffness, not the stiffness of archaism, but the stiffness which is a second nature to those who have been trained in it. Withal the picture gives a convincing sense of continuity, lacking in the *Bacchus*. The little Infanta, with the inborn pride of her race, the courteous deference of those who surround her, the marvellous sense of space, all go to make up a living picture of Spanish court life in the seventeenth century. If legends be true, it was a sudden inspiration which produced this picture. Velasquez was painting the King, when unexpectedly the Infanta and her attendants came into the room. The painter, stepping back from the canvas on which he was working, was seized with the idea of reproducing the scene, as he saw it, even to the reflection of the King and his Queen in the glass at the end of the room, and the dog in the foreground of the picture. If this be true, and there seems to be little reason to doubt the authenticity of the story, we have in *Las Meniñas* a valuable artistic document of the court of Philip IV., and an apt illustration of the methods of our historian artist.

In contrast with the formality of *Las Meniñas* we have another picture of the later period, *Las Hilanderas*—the Spinners. Here all is activity and energy. The spirit of the workroom of seventeenth-century Spain is reproduced as skilfully as the enforced repose in *Las Meniñas*. Again we have a page from the life of the times, the life of the busy workers before Spain had passed into decay. These two pictures, with their contrasting subjects, are perhaps the greatest masterpieces that Velasquez ever produced, not only in tone and colour, but also in drawing and proportion. They are, besides, two human documents, a quality which gives them a twofold value.

There are many other pages of the national life, pages which Velasquez had read with his wonderful perception of the essential, to be found in such pictures as the *Boar Hunt*, the *Riding School*, and the *Betrothal*, but perhaps the most famous historical picture of all is the *Surrender of Breda*. Velasquez was not an eye-witness of the scene; the main outline is based on the account of Spinola; but its historical value lies in the marked differentiation of national characteristics as seen in the faces on either side of the picture, in the portrayal of the typical military pageant of the period, and in that insight into the Spanish character which is revealed in the chivalrous, almost friendly attitude of Spinola. Some have found contempt in the painter's mind, but surely any one who has studied the picture will recognise that proud courtesy which characterised the Dons in the Elizabethan age. As historical evidence this picture is not so valuable as those glimpses of the national and home life of the people which we get in the pictures already mentioned; yet there is something to learn of the characteristics of the Spaniard, even in this comparatively formal canvas, as there would have been also in that picture of the expulsion of the Moors which unfortunately perished when the Alcazar was burnt in 1634.

As court painter, Velasquez was expected to paint numerous portraits, some of the Royal family and great officers, which all have their own special interest, others of court personages, dwarfs, &c., who all bear the mark of their age. The *Lady with the Fan*, now in the Wallace Collection, reminds us of the foolish edict whereby Philip hoped to save the susceptible hearts of his court gallants. Other portraits, with their stiff linen collars, serve to illustrate the use of the "galilla," which was introduced by the same frugal monarch to cut down the expense incurred by wearing lace and ruffs. Each bears the stamp of the individuality of the sitter, be he prince or princess, minister or dwarf.

All through his active life Velasquez studied one model in chief—Philip IV., and we see him as he passed from early manhood to his prime, and thence to his later years. Throughout we watch the same weak, indolent, pleasure-loving character, looking out from the canvas, without enthusiasm, true to the incidents of his life. In the portrait of Olivares we find the proud Minister, who liked to

imagine himself a general, and thought himself a match in diplomacy for Richelieu, while Pope Innocent X. appears as the cold, calculating, crafty potentate that history has taught us to regard him. With stern realism Velasquez painted what he saw. Not one touch of his own personality appears in his portraits. Unlike Rembrandt, he leaves the man to tell his own story.

When a great artist speaks the sentiments and aspirations of his fellow countrymen, he naturally has a large audience. This accounts for the fact that Velasquez appeals to many who would not spare a glance for an "old master." For he is above all things modern. Spain had stolen a march on the rest of Europe, she had stretched out her hands to the new world, while other nations were concerned in internal strife and religious wars. She had already started on the road towards modern ideas, and it was a later generation that was to show her absolute inability to continue on that highway. Velasquez, in his realistic spirit, mirrored the modern aspirations of his country. In studying his pictures we do not feel that we have to step back into the centuries, and conceive of an artistic treatment entirely different from that of our own day. He speaks to us of his age in a language that all can understand; and though perhaps only few really appreciate its true significance, yet by combining truth with beauty he stands out as the herald of modern painting. At heart he was a realist. He painted what he saw, and above all what he understood. True sympathy is necessary between subject and artist, and that is why his pictures of court life, and his portraits of men and women whom he knew, are greater, both artistically and historically, than his sacred pictures, or his *Venus* and his *Mars*.

SCIENCE

THE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE

If the Universe, as Robert Boyle and Paley thought, be like a clock or watch, made and wound by an Almighty Clockmaker, it is to be expected that this world-machine will ultimately run down and stop:—not even the Cosmos as a whole is to be regarded as a perpetual motion machine. Or if we regard the Universe as a living thing, whose motion is the evidence of its life, we may expect that, like other living things, it must ultimately die. Its substance will remain intact, as the doctrine of the conservation of energy assures us, but its life will have ceased; it will be merely a corpse immune from decay.

Now there is a well established "law" of thermodynamics, discovered by Lord Kelvin in 1852, which bears directly upon these two metaphors that regard the life or activity of the Universe, though not its mere existence, as having had a beginning and as destined to end. The doctrine of the Dissipation of Energy teaches us that whilst energy never disappears it ever tends to become unavailable. For the purposes of the present argument we may regard heat as the common or undifferentiated form of energy, which all the other forms constantly tend to assume. Now heat, like water, must always "seek its own level," and when we suitably arrange any system of which one part is hotter than another, we can make it do work. But when the water has fallen from the height, or the heat has distributed itself, no more work can be got out of it. The energy is still there, but it is no longer available. At present there is a great difference of heat potential between the different parts of the solar system, one consequence of which is the presence of life upon the earth. But in time to come, the heat will have distributed itself so that what corresponds to the solar system of to-day will be all of one temperature, and life will be impossible.

Now if energy, as represented by heat, is ever seeking its own level, the time must come when, if there be no compensatory process, all the energy in the Universe ceases to be available. To state the case broadly, the heat will still

be there—the dead Universe will have a certain temperature—but there will be no difference of potential, and the cosmic life will have run its course. If the law of the dissipation of energy be the whole truth, the Universe is certainly comparable, in this connection, to a watch that is running down. Furthermore, there is within it—if this law be the whole truth—no possibility of being wound up again, for it is a prime character of natural processes, as Lord Kelvin was the first to point out, that they are irreversible. "This remarkable property of all natural processes," as Dr. Merz says, "seems to lead us to the conception of a definite beginning and to shadow forth a possible end—the interval, which contains the life or history of Nature, being occupied with the slow but inevitable running down or degradation of the great store of energy from an active to an inactive or unavailable condition." Recent discoveries, such as that of intra-atomic energy, radio-activity, and the presence of radium in the earth's crust, may show that the watch will run for millions of æons longer than we had thought; but they do not affect the fact that it is running down. The imminent picture suggested by the law of the degradation of energy into heat and its dissipation throughout space, is that of a dead Universe, existent, indeed, but no better than a perdurable corpse.

Now ere we inquire whether there are indications that this is the whole truth we may note how remarkably this, which is the accepted scientific teaching of the time, consorts with various conceptions of the Deity. It is exactly compatible with the idea of God as entertained by Boyle and Paley and Cowper—the Great Artificer. He built the watch, wound it up, and, as Carlyle has it in "Sartor Resartus," is now the absentee God, who has sat idle since the first Sabbath, watching the Universe go. And when it has at last run down, He alone can wind it up. If we pursue the metaphor somewhat further, we may inquire whence the Watchmaker obtained the materials from which the watch is made. And here is an analogy which breeds an insuperable difficulty. For the human watchmaker does not create the steel and rubies and so forth of which his watches are made. They were extant before him. And similarly the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy teaches that the substance of the Cosmos, its corporeal frame, is from everlasting. The scientific teaching thus appears nicely to confirm the ancient conception of an aboriginal Chaos, into which the Deity infused at some definite period, the breath of life—or which he built into a machine, wound up and set going. It is therefore possible to construct a scientific defence for the doctrine of a primæval entity, without form and void, which is presumably "self-existent"—whatever that may mean—and to which a Deity, conceived as independent thereof and having his (or her) habitat beyond the range of any telescope yet constructed, has given form and a finite period of activity. His sole object in constructing it was, as Dr. A. R. Wallace has lately written a book to prove, the production of the human soul. Thereafter the machine will run down, having served its purpose: and will so remain unless its Maker should care to wind it up again.

On this position there are two criticisms to be made. The first has reference to the origin of the energy or stuff of which the Universe is composed. Plainly any ultimate answer which leaves out of account or fails to explain the existence of the Universe, apart from its life or activity, cannot be regarded as adequate, or even as true in so far as it goes, for we can scarcely be satisfied with any explanation that does not meet all the facts. Furthermore, we cannot accept as final any explanation which proceeds on the assumption that Time is what, for our daily purposes, we regard it. Few will now dispute the proposition that time is no more than the symbol by which we express our consciousness of change without and within us. Now evolution is simply an assertion of universal and ordered change, so that time is thus merely an expression or symbol of our consciousness of evolution, and cannot be

included in any ultimate explanation of the fact of evolution. Let me make a second attempt to express myself. The foregoing theory states that evolution, change, life, activity—to live is to change, says Newman—had a beginning and therefore a Beginner, and will have an end. But if Time be an expression of our consciousness of change or activity, we cannot introduce this (derived) temporal concept into our explanation of the Cause of that which it symbolises. Judged by any philosophical canon, therefore, the argument for a beginning of the cosmic activity must be regarded as circular and vain. We might, indeed, apply to it, as to any other circular argument, that blessed word “self-existent,” with which Professor Haeckel explains the prime fact of Nature’s being.

Secondly, we may leave the philosophic and consider the scientific question. Ere we infer from the law of the dissipation of energy that the universal clock is running down, let us ask ourselves what it is that we really know. We shall find that, even when the objective validity of the concept of time is impugned, there still remain some difficulties in our argument. For instance, we know practically nothing as to the destiny of the light-energy and heat-energy which are incessantly being radiated from the solar system. Perhaps they are restoring the balance elsewhere; the energy that is dissipated for us may be marshalled for others. All we have observed are certain facts as to the part of the Universe which we know; but when the doctrine of the dissipation of energy was framed, *our* Universe was thought to be infinite and the *only* Universe. Yet to-day the astronomers are inclined to think that the stellar Universe—bounded by the Milky Way—may possibly be to the sum of things no more than the solar system is to it. And even if our Universe be running down, there may be that in process elsewhere which shall wind it up again; a speculation in which is implicit, let us mark, the assumption that other Universes, if such there be, and ours, are inter-related. Yet who shall say whether this assumption is gratuitous or no? Indeed the prophecy of universal death is a sorry piece of presumption when we come to inquire into it. Here, in a point of what they call infinite space—not that they can conceive space to be either infinite or finite—is a race of beings, born but yesterday, whom gravitation bloweth where it listeth. They have lately discovered that their prison-home is moving, but are not sure whither. The other day they made a few experiments, which they have interpreted as their reason permits them, and which they infer to imply that *All things* are coming to a standstill. They were not there when the dance began, nor will they see its conclusion. Their total life history can be but a moment in its course, but they are assured that it did begin and will end; for are they not the privileged spectators of “all time and all existence”?

The reader must not say that science points to a conclusion which I dislike and that I am trying to sail away from it on the inflated wings of rhetoric. If science does point to this conclusion, then it must be accepted: but the question is whether so tremendous an inference, involving a whole host of tacit and unexamined assumptions, can legitimately be drawn from the known data. I maintain that it cannot. If it were necessary, I might quote the considerations advanced by Lord Kelvin himself in 1874, to show that certain indications point to the restoration, not of energy, but of its availability: and these considerations might be reinforced by the inquiries of the past thirty years. But I am not prepared to admit that the question of the death of the universe can be solved by any balancing of known or conceivably knowable considerations. If, for instance, there be not other universes than that which perhaps the galaxy bounds, I do not see how their existence could be disproved save by the lapse of infinite time during which no disturbance attributable to them was observed in ours. To say that our macrocosm is to die when it may be no more than an atom in a greater whole, to which it is of no more account than a constituent atom of one of your blood corpuscles is to you—would

surely be madness. Indeed we may venture to say—whilst not forgetting the many instances in which apparently similar assertions have been falsified, as when Comte declared that we could never tell whether gravitation acts amongst the stars, or of what they are composed—that even if the life of the All be finite, we shall never be able to prove it. Radium clocks have been made that will go for a million years; but I believe that the Universe was never made and will go for ever.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

THE “SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA”—ANOTHER VIEW

II

It has been said that the fugue represents discussion between husband and wife as to the future of the child; the mother being eager to make him a cavalry officer and the father preferring a learned profession. Meditative passages interrupted by martial trumpet-calls certainly hint at an interpretation of this kind, and as the husband’s theme gradually becomes more and more assertive, and finally ends the work, we may assume that, according to most household law in Germany, his opinion turns the scale—the word “*Beschluss*” meaning decision as well as conclusion.

While we have to thank Mr. Wood for bringing this interesting work before the London public, and once more express admiration of the masterly way in which he handled its complexities, it is only truthful to state that from the hearing of the “*Symphonia Domestica*” a large portion of the audience came away puzzled and unconvinced. A great living artist and composer once denounced Strauss in our hearing as a charlatan, but in this age of scientific machinery his great structural powers, his magnificent orchestration compel attention and interest, even when the results are positively offensive to sensitive ears. It is to be supposed that the twentieth century listens with its brains rather than its ears, and when, as in some of his other works, we are told that the composer handles a fabulous number of themes without a single grammatical mistake, we say: “How clever!” with as much enthusiasm as our grandmothers said of simpler strains: “How divine!” Richard Strauss is frankly modern; he storms up Parnassus in a motor-car, so to speak, snatches his Calliope by the wayside, and whirls her with much bustle and a good deal of blatant horn-blowing home to the domestic hearth. But what has become of Pegasus? Who nowadays bestrides that winged steed? Who cares to climb with Apollo and the Muses to the springs of pure melody, the sound of whose waters will soon seem as remote to this generation as the pipings of a forgotten Pan? We remember a song for tenor voice, in which a young lover summons his nymph to meet him on the mountain-tops. “Come,” he says, “come on thy naked feet!” It is the call of the real to the ideal, and straightway conjures up visions of an ethereal being, all dignity and simplicity, pacing through the dews of morning towards the cry of an earthly love. Does Mr. Strauss’s musical phrase come to him or to us on naked feet?—stripped of its orchestral dress will it bear the light of sunrise on its movements?—has it the strength of one that walks the eternal hills? To put it crudely—is not nudity the true test of beauty, and naked beauty the test of inspiration? “*Das ewig-weibliche*,” wrote Goethe, “zieht uns hinan,” by which, we take it, he meant less the ordinary relations between man and woman, than the sublimated idea of sex—masculine and feminine—the spirit which allures and attracts, leading ever onward and upward, and the spirit which, attentive to that attraction, pursues, seizes and controls. From the mystical union of these in the composer’s mind, springs that ineffable impulse which is to music what the quality of inevitableness is to

poetry, bringing with it suggestions of abstract beauty so transcending our powers of imagination that they must be called divine. Of the uplifting of heart which follows on such impulse something perhaps is written for us in those cryptic passages of the Apocalypse, where, in the midst of secret things which it is not given man to utter, we are told that the "Spirit and the Bride say 'Come.'" To these doors, of which the key is held by the bride in the spiritual sense, for so we may translate Goethe's "ewig-weibliche," Richard Strauss does not take us. Is he, then, no more than a great mechanical genius, an engineer of polyphonic strains?

"A little child shall lead them," it is written, and in quoting this text we mean not the real child mentioned in the dedication of the "Symphonia Domestica," whose "baby fingers, waxen touches," have stirred the wheels within wheels of this complicated music into movement, but the child-spirit inextinguishable in all human nature. It is to this side of human nature that the emotional part of the work appeals. The Greeks cast their god of love into child shape, because of the lovely foolishness of close human intimacy, of the glamour which to a child's eyes makes beautiful the simplest things. If inspiration, emanating from the "Eternal Feminine," transcends all imagination, inspiration proper to the child demands it, plays with it, dresses with it the lowly beginnings of life. One is the kindling of Promethean fire, the other glorifies the humblest hearth with associations none the less warmly beloved because of their homeliness. "O it's hame, hame, hame!—O it's hame wud I be!" cries the wanderer, and with this cry his thoughts cease to lure him towards unexplored regions, and the child within him tugs at his heart-strings.

Mr. Strauss's inspiration is sometimes a little laboured, his jokes overwhelming, his suggestions trivial, we might almost say material; nevertheless, on account of the "idea within the idea," of the tenderness and truth of its fundamental conception, his musical creation moves in beauty polarised by the "Eternal Child."

DR. ELGAR'S ORATORIO "THE APOSTLES" AT THE ALBERT HALL

SCRIPTURE tells us that the Whale swallowed the Prophet, but in this age it is frequently the Prophet who has to end by swallowing the Whale. When Wagner revolutionised every tradition of the musical world, infuriated critics predicted that such madness could only be of short duration, as the infatuation for his bewildering innovations would die out of itself. But not so very long afterwards, they were obliged to swallow Wagner themselves, and could even digest him quite comfortably by the end of the nineteenth century; with succeeding years they have become so accommodating as to take gigantic pieces of modernity at a gulp.

During a reception given in honour of most of the musical conductors of European fame, on the occasion of one of our recent London Festivals, there is a legend that Dr. Elgar came under discussion and was unanimously pronounced by them to be one of the leading men of his age. The most important musical event of the last fortnight therefore is undoubtedly the performance of his oratorio "The Apostles" at the Albert Hall on March 8.

To compel acknowledgment from masters of the craft is to force one's personality on the world at large; it is to say not "Listen to me" but "You shall hear me." Yet we must confess that even the world of music, meek as it has grown, does not accept Dr. Elgar's leadership altogether blindly. Magnificently intellectual as it is, original as it is, ultra-modern as it is, this oratorio does not seem to us to have the divine freshness which characterises the immortals. Swedenborg tells us that in heaven the angel first created remains ever the youngest, because of its primal relations with the fountains of everlasting youth. We have an impression that it is precisely this quality of youth which

is lacking to Dr. Elgar's work. It seems to us—we say it humbly—over-learned, over-developed, over-laborated, missing thus the spring and inspiration belonging to more spontaneous creations. It would take perhaps another Dr. Elgar entirely to explain Dr. Elgar to the satisfaction of his audiences, and in any case an analysis of such a titanic composition as "The Apostles" would overweight this little article. We speak as it were from the outside only. Students of music tell us they spent several weeks previous to its production, disentangling the difficult strands of the score, so as to bring a more intelligent mind to bear on the work when given in public; they declare that the composition gained in beauty and interest with every hour devoted to this pursuit. Interest, we can believe; but surely to represent beauty there must be an outward impersonation as pleasing as the inner structure—what should we say of the human organism if it had to be laid on a dissecting table and explored with scalpel and microscope before its manifold perfections could be perceived?

As a whole, we think "The Apostles" cast a feeling of dreariness over its Albert Hall audience; the richness of its orchestration hardly compensating for the weariness of endless recitative. Passages of melodic beauty there were, rare and beautiful; and the work abounds in novel and daring effects, notably the Judas theme with its purposeful discords, and the jingling and clinking of the silver pieces as the betrayer casts them down; the storm music, and the music in the temple in which a weird eastern instrument known as the "shofar" is introduced. These masses of dramatic sound are permeated with the deep religious earnestness characteristic of all Elgar's creations: indeed, the singers' monotonous—we had almost said puritan—chant, pitched against an orchestral background of oriental gorgeousness, is one of the features of the work.

"Music hath charms" wrote one poet, and Keats prophesied that

"They shall be accounted prophet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart's-easing things."

but that was long ago. The music of "The Apostles" cannot be termed exactly "heart's-easing," and its charms are as yet difficult of realisation to the unlearned; in fact, on most faces in that immense audience could be detected a puzzled and preoccupied expression, as of people trying painfully to decipher some obscure caligraphy. Well, let us look facts in the face. This is the music of the future. We have out-Wagnered Wagner. Richard Strauss has already denounced him to a musical critic as "zopf," which is Viennese slang for something stuffy and old-fashioned; and according to the laws of progress, we shall out-Strauss Strauss, and out-Elgar Elgar by-and-by. However, this concerneth not the present generation. It is only fair to say that the oratorio was somewhat inadequately rendered on March 8, and that at the Cologne Festival last spring, where it was enthusiastically received, more prominence was given to many points of interest than at its production at the Albert Hall.

E #.

THE FAILURE OF OPERA

OPERA has never held a very vital place in the artistic affections of the English people, and it is not likely now that it will ever do so. This need be no matter for strong regret; on the contrary, it is perhaps rather to the credit of English taste than otherwise. True, such a negative quality is not much to plume ourselves upon; at least, we had better not say much about it, until we can point to other positive indications of a sound national taste in things musical and dramatic; but there is somewhere, mixed up no doubt with much that is false, a certain love of reality which alienates the hearts of most Englishmen from opera. With the unwise this degenerates into a mere love of realism, a totally different result, though often originating in the same principle, misapplied through lack of education. The two represent the healthy and unhealthy workings of a right impulse, just as do physical develop-

ment and abnormal athleticism, scholarship and pedantry, morality and priggishness. The love of realism is in short but a distorted and ill-conditioned growth of the love of reality, but so distorted as to work in direct opposition to it, just as abnormal athleticism results in overstrain and ill-health, pedantry closes the mind to true learning, and priggishness is itself a moral offence. Prospero's celebrated speech was certainly given no greater force by all the "baseless fabric" with which Mr. Tree lately smothered it at His Majesty's Theatre; rather this was a powerful instance of reality lost, where realism was gained. But opera in its fundamental structure goes even further than Mr. Tree; the paradox which it sets up is more flagrant than that represented by Shakespeare at His Majesty's. Music, in spite of twentieth-century programme-makers, speaks directly to the mind of man without any need of help from the externals of human life. If it be combined with words, the most satisfactory result is achieved when the words deal chiefly with the inward and spiritual part of man's life. The more the words tend towards description of events or scenery the slighter must be the music in order to avoid absurdity; composers must resort to the most simple phrases of recitative, and ultimately where the words deal simply with the commonplace occurrences of every day, they will be wise to cease setting them to music at all. This principle is fully recognised by all serious composers who attempt to set words to music, except opera composers. They cannot do so, because the very form of opera precludes them from it. Dramatic action and scenic effect bring into prominence of themselves, and demand from the words just those qualities which are least suitable for musical expression—all the outward part of human life; the music demands the lengthened expression of the inward, which must mar the successful presentation of the outward.

The words standing half-way between these two contending parties are continually pulled hither and thither, and are first made to say things which people cannot sing, then to sing things which people would not say. The whole history of opera appears to be one long and tragic struggle to express by means of two arts conjointly what would have been better expressed by each separately. The presence of music has always effectually destroyed the realism of the stagecraft, and the action and scenery have damaged, in proportion as they have detracted from the importance of the reality of the music.

All who have read the classic essays of the *Spectator* will remember the caustic sarcasms levelled therein at the opera of that day. It is scarcely surprising that Addison should have formed a somewhat low opinion of the function of music. He says:

"Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his Commonwealth."

Had he substituted the word "opera" for "music" his indictment would have been more justifiable; but it was only natural that he should lay the blame at music's door, since he was well acquainted with the drama as an art, and saw its degradation when combined with music. He could not realise that music was as much diverted from its true purpose as was the drama which he understood better.

The absurdities of the opera of his day, Handel's day be it noted, which he describes, make most entertaining reading, and rather tend to put us into better conceit with ourselves when we see how the aim was to combine every possible attraction in one performance, from the music of the great Handel to a blind conjurer, a dancing bear, or a flight of real sparrows let loose in an unreal forest. Our position, indeed, is the more dangerous in proportion as the absurdities of it stare us less boldly in the face. Between the year 1710, when Addison wrote, and the present day, opera has undergone many reforms. It has passed through

the hands of Glück and Mozart, of Rossini in Italy and Weber in Germany; it once received the honour of attention from Beethoven himself, and lastly, it has passed through the fiery furnace of Wagner's revolution. And yet we have it to-day, substantially no less absurd than it was when the sparrows flew across the stage in Handel's *Rinaldo*. Can any one witness a performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and fail to be struck by the absurdity of the close juxtaposition of dragons and giants, Rhine maidens and melodramatic villains like Hagen, with music of such mastery as the finale to the *Götterdämmerung*? Yet Wagner reasoned the matter out more fully than any one else. He thought about it, wrote about it, struggled with himself and his fellows over it in his own stormy way, till at last he trampled opera under foot in his rage, and introduced in its place his heroic attempt at the solution of the problem in the "music-drama" of *The Ring*. This solution proved to be nothing else than a more strenuous effort to combine what I have spoken of as the reality of music with the realism of the modern stage; that is, the combination of that which all educated and refined minds seek for in any art with the counterfeit presentment of it which satisfies the vulgar. Being a genius, he knew what his music could do towards the one end; being a man of practical outlook, he saw the allurements of scenic display and believed they might supplement his art. He believed, too, that music and drama, instead of quarrelling for the supremacy, might be made to combine and to yield the supremacy by mutual consent to an ideal greater than either, to the expression of the philosophy of life. Thus he was led on to theorise and to forget that a dragon on the stage is made of coloured cardboard or canvas with green electric lights for eyes; that a stage giant is but a man stuffed out with pillows and perhaps lengthened by walking on stilts; that such things cannot minister to any more profound thought than that suggested by a children's pantomime; that, so far from assisting his music towards the expression of his ideal, they only serve to distract the attention of those who wish to listen, and to amuse the frivolous who do not want to hear. So Wagner, like all his predecessors, failed in the end to perceive the paradox which lies at the root of all opera, and that, in spite of all his thinking and contriving. That paradox is nothing more nor less than this, that opera collects together all the great realities of art, and throws them down in a heap with all the most trivial contrivances of everyday life, such as cardboard, canvas, pillows, and stilts. Just as *The Tempest* cannot be turned into a pantomime without loss to the dignity and beauty of Shakespeare's lines, so cannot music be associated with such follies and keep her "wonted state" among her sister arts. All that Wagner or any one else could achieve was an improvement in detail, an accommodation of the various elements to the nicest point possible, to give fair play to each.

That having been accomplished, there does not seem to be anything more to be done, and modern composers since the death of Wagner appear to have definitely turned their faces away from opera. In England we occasionally hear a cry of: "Shame on us, that we have no national opera," but, when some champion of the cause writes one, it receives polite attention and arouses no enthusiasm; or again, when some public-spirited *impresario* announces a course of English opera, as did Mr. Moody Manners last year, it is not, we are told, a financial success. I venture to prophesy, in conclusion, that music will tend to become more and more dissociated from the stage; that even the Parisian practice of having no music between the acts of an ordinary theatrical performance is significant in this connection; that some day an English audience will listen with pleasure to a performance of the works of their own great dramatist without the introduction of "ballets," just as they already wisely prefer to take their music at Queen's Hall rather than at Covent Garden.

C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE "ANTI-JACOBIN," GILLRAY, AND CANNING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I thank your reviewer for his courteous and kindly review of my little book on Canning? I think, perhaps, some little light is thrown by me on the authorship, &c., of the *Anti-Jacobin*—e.g., pp. 44-5, I quote a letter from the Auckland papers which proves conclusively that the "simile of the Oar and Stream" (quoted by the reviewer) was really made or suggested by Pitt. This same letter also, I think, shows that Frere's contribution to the "New Morality" was very small, because Canning speaks of himself as its "author," and acknowledges only the "occasional assistance" of Frere. I think also that Bartle Frere's memoir of Hookham Frere proves conclusively the real shares of Canning and Frere. It supports other concurrent testimonies and indicates joint-authorship in the "Friend of Humanity," "Mrs. Brownrigg," "The Progress of Man," and "The Song of Rogero." In all those the authorship seems to me to have been really joint and the share of each to have been almost indistinguishable. It is interesting to note that neither of them ever again wrote so well separately. The "Loves of the Triangles" was also written by both, but Frere was, I think, responsible for more than usual.

The "Memoir" gives the assignments of authorship of the different pieces made by Frere in his own copy of the *Anti-Jacobin*. So far as these can be tested they seem to me singularly accurate. "The Meeting of the Friends of Freedom" (from which your reviewer quotes extracts) is claimed by Frere as his sole work, whereas in many other pieces he admits the joint authorship. Hence then my omission to quote from that incomparable travesty, which should, I think, be significant to readers of my little book. The sole authorship of Frere is rendered more probable by the fact that Canning was a great friend of Mackintosh ("Macfungus"), and interested himself in the success of his lectures on the "Law of Nature and Nations." We can then easily understand why Canning should abstain from parodying him as "Macfungus." The matter is one of importance, because it shows Frere could be almost, if not quite, as witty as Canning himself. Had I space I would venture on the assignment of the later pieces with which Canning is credited.

There was nothing I could find in the British Museum to throw much light on the *Anti-Jacobin*. The only thing of any interest, besides the letter of Lord Auckland, which is in the Auckland Papers, was the connection of Canning with Gillray, which arose from the *Anti-Jacobin*. It was perhaps fitting that the wittiest of literary parodists should meet the wittiest of caricaturists. Gillray begun by publishing some unauthorised illustrations to the *Anti-Jacobin*. (Edmond's edition contains some of his caricatures.) This roused Canning to remonstrance and finally led to acquaintance. "I wish," writes Gillray to Douglass, 1797, "very much to retain his (Canning's) good opinion." Then to Canning direct: "Any future work which J. Gillray may engage in, he will take the liberty of submitting before hand to Mr. Canning, very much wishing to publish only that which may give entire satisfaction." Then again to Douglass, "Mr. Canning has acted in the most generous manner. I should have lost a patronage it is my highest ambition to retain." The editors of the *Anti-Jacobin* had threatened Gillray for his unauthorised cartoons. Canning stood up for him, but refused to allow them to be republished. In some other cartoons which Gillray drew Canning interfered to prevent a merciless caricature of Sheridan, for whom he retained all his old affection. On November 1, 1800, Gillray was first personally introduced to Canning, and with this introduction I may close this letter. A new letter in which Gillray corresponds with Canning on the subject of the taste of the *Anti-*

Jacobin is quoted on p. 47 of my book. The letters quoted above are in Add. MSS. 27,337.

Apologising for the amount of space I have taken up,
H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

P.S.—I wish the reviewer or some other could inform me of the whereabouts of Canning's own copy of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which is said to be in existence.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND THE LUNATIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your article on "Bedlam in Literature" in this day's ACADEMY I am sorry to see a statement which ought to have been thoroughly discredited long ago. It is as follows:

"Even the most enlightened men were often guilty of gross cruelty to these unhappy wretches. Thus we find Sir Thomas More relating with much complacency how he had ordered a lunatic beggar, whom he found howling in the street, to be soundly flogged at a public whipping-post."

The only case at all like this which More relates is that of a man who had indeed been in Bedlam but still knew well enough what he was doing when he was guilty, not of "howling in the street," but of some grossly indecent "larks" in churches, which would have been intolerable in any place whatever.

"Whereupon I," writes Sir Thomas, "being advertised of these pageants, and being sent unto and required by very devout religious folk to take some other order with him, caused him, as he came wandering by my door, to be taken by the constables and bounden to a tree in the street before the whole town, and there they striped him with rods till he waxed weary, and somewhat longer. And it appeared well that his remembrance was good enough, save that it went about in grazing till it was beaten home. For he could then very well rehearse his faults himself and speak and treat very well, and promise to do afterwards as well. And verily, God be thanked, I hear none harm of him now" (More's Works, 60r).

Surely it is evident that the "complacency" with which, as you say truly, More relates this anecdote is only satisfaction in the fact that the punishment was effective; and if corporal punishment was ever well applied I should say it was so to a rascal who flung women's petticoats over their heads in a public place—not to say in a church—to the disturbance of a service going on. I state the nature of this case plainly because it is misdescribed to More's disadvantage even by Mr. Sidney Lee in his article on Sir Thomas in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and I must say, I cannot understand how there should be such a conspiracy (as one would almost think it) even now to charge such a man as Sir Thomas More with inhumanity.

March 18.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

[Dr. Gairdner's quotation describing in detail the incident referred to in the article "Bedlam in Literature," serves but to emphasise the truth of the general statement we made as to the deplorable treatment in More's time of the mentally deficient. Here was a man, obviously irresponsible for his actions, publicly "striped with rods till he waxed weary, and somewhat longer,"—the words we italicise sound ominous.

We yield to none in our admiration of the moral grandeur of Sir Thomas More's character, and this instance of cruelty to a proven lunatic must, in common fairness, be attributed to the limitations of the age in which he lived.

The WRITER of the article.

CHARLEVOIX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your number of March 18 (p. 262) you quote a reminiscence of an earlier "Sherlock Holmes." To be sure, Charlevoix, the Jesuit traveller, was known to Voltaire. And Voltaire's "Histoire de Zadig" (Romans de Voltaire, "Zadig ou la destinée," histoire orientale) shows the methods of Sherlock Holmes better than any story written in this manner after him, although written one hundred and sixty years before this modern sensational author.

MAX MAAS.

MR. KIPLING'S TITLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The running to earth of titles is a recreation of peculiar interest, for in not a few instances does the result reveal an idiosyncrasy or characteristic of an author. You quote an instance in the ACADEMY of this week, a correspondent giving the source of Mr. Kipling's title, "Captains Courageous." In this connection, I wonder whether the derivation of the title of Kipling's latest book, "Traffics and Discoveries," has been at all generally noticed. It comes from Hakluyt's Voyages, of which, it will be remembered, the full title is, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation."

It is, of course, quite in consonance with our conception of Mr. Kipling to find his laying Percy and Hakluyt under tribute in his search for titles.

March 21.

T. E. TURNBULL.

AN UMBRIAN LOST ART REVIVED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Alessandro Bellucci writes me that the *Cinquecento* industry of carpet-making (tapestry) by handloom is again flourishing in Perugia (Italy). The zig-zag pattern heretofore in vogue gained for this manufacture (dating from A.D. 1500) the appellation of *Tappeti a fiamme*,—anglicè "Flame-Carpets."

The recent discovery of an antique weaving-machine cast aside in a lumber-room of the *Congregazione di Carità* enabled Count Rossi-Scotti (an old associate, I believe, of Lord Leighton in Perugia) to help forward the revival of a lost art, now in exercise under the superintending care of the Countess del Mayno.

These costly mediæval fabrics composed of either silk, damask, or velvet had long since fallen into disuse, when the remaining relic employed in their production was found in the suppressed convent of the Derelitte Nuns. Happily a surviving pupil of the Nuns, Signora Cangianelli, is still alive to carry on the famous traditional workshop and trade, where these radiant and harmoniously-coloured carpets are once more offered for sale.

Other hand-woven materials made of linen and cotton with fanciful arabesque borders in blue, are also now reproduced, just as in the fifteenth century, under the protecting care of Signora Mary Gallenga Stuart, of Perugia—a lady I know to be the English daughter-in-law of my quondam friend Signor Gallenga, the late well-known correspondent of the *Times* in Italy.

All such choice arts and handicrafts are to be recommended in this utilitarian age of makeshifts.

March 20.

WILLIAM MERCER.

THE CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Coleridge writes of what I once witnessed, "The horned moon, with one bright star within the nether tip."

In a school edition of "The Ancient Mariner," published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., a note upon the quoted lines, from an English astronomer, asserts the impossibility of what is described. The moon when I saw it, indeed, was in the west; but if possible there, might not the same phenomenon appear in the east?

I am told that in Abbotsford the stained glass windows all have the star and crescent, and in the arms of our oldest Greek-letter society the same thing appears. Can any of your readers tell the origin of the design, or refute the astronomer?

March 9.

JOHN B. TABB.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

"ST. JOHNSTON'S TIPPIT."—This, like "Tyburn Tippet," was an expression used for a halter. St. Johnston or St. John's Town was the ancient name of Perth, and its connection with the "Tippet" originated from a vow taken by 300 of the citizens, that they would die rather than give up their Protestant faith, which had been threatened by the Queen Regent and the Popish Clergy at the time of the Reformation. Accordingly the valiant three hundred had halters put round their necks and swore to die by these rather than deny their faith. They went forth to fight with the clear knowledge that if any of them turned traitor the hempen cord would serve to end his career. From the above tradition the phrase St. Johnston's Tippet has originated.—*D. R. Clark* (Glasgow).

M. AND N. TEMP. EDWARD VI.—The replacing of M. by a dash over the preceding letters in the King Edward VI. Prayer-book is a survival of a very general practice in old manuscripts. The copyists, though a trained guild, when not monks of the cloister, used considerable freedom in omitting letters and dividing words; chiefly on account of the scarcity of parchment. M. was an early subject for elision probably on account of the space taken; but also, it is conjectured, because the dash, which in arithmetic signifies subtraction, was often accepted as the equivalent of M. It is represented that, written more and more hurriedly, the letter tends to become a wavy line. Still, greater speed draws it straight; hence we are invited to see in the minus sign the decayed form of M. A line above some letters in a word is often found in old MSS., indicating the dropping of other letters, and not exclusively M. or N.—*S. C.*

AUTHOR FOUND.—The quotation asked for by "J. C., Liverpool," is "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," and will be found in Emerson's *Miscellanies*: "Nature" (section on Beauty).—*Hamel Lister* (W. Derby).

THE WORD "SOCIOLOGY."—This hybrid term was invented, not by Herbert Spencer, but by his great predecessor, Auguste Comte, who purposely derived it from Latin and Greek as indicating the double origin of modern civilisation. The term was first adopted in England by John Stuart Mill, and thereafter popularised by Spencer. It is now in universal use—least so in this country. Spencer had practically no classical knowledge; besides his own language he knew little more than a very little French, which may yield a moral.—*C. W. Saleeby*.

[Replies also from *K. C. B.* (Chingford) and *F. A. L.*]

MONARCH OF THE NORTH.—That is to say, Lucifer; as deduced from medieval comment upon Isaiah, xiv. 13, especially as it stood in the Vulgate version. I have already explained this *thrice*. See *A Student's Pastime*, p. 23; Note to Piers Plowman, B-text, i. 118; Note to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Group D, 1413. The first of these notes appeared in 1867. I sometimes wonder how often and for how many years an explanation must be repeated before it can become generally known.—*Walter W. Skeat*.

CUMBER.—This well-known word has been in use, in five varying senses, ever since 1303. The whole history of it is duly given in a work which deserves to be better known, viz., "The New English Dictionary," now being published at Oxford.—*Walter W. Skeat*.

[Replies also from *C. S. Jerram*, *Mrs. G. A. Jamieson*, and *R. O. A.*]

AUTHOR WANTED.—

"St. George to save a Mayd a Dragon slew,
And 'twas a brave exploit, if all be true.
Some say there are noe Dragons; nay, 'tis said
There was noe George; Pray God there be a Mayd."

The above was found written in a copy of "Dalton on English Law," published 1620, which has recently been acquired by a collector in Northumberland. He states that the handwriting appears to be that of the seventeenth century, and is most anxious to trace where the extract comes from and its probable author and date.—*W. K.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Heaton, Harriet A. *The Brooches of Many Nations*. Edited by J. Potter Briscoe, F. R. Hist. S., with 78 illustrations by the Authoress. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s. net and ros. 6d. net.

Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*. New Edition revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. With numerous Illustrations. Vol. V., S-Z. Bell, 21s. net.

Capart, Jean, Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities of the Royal Museum, Brussels, Lecturer at the University of Liège. *Primitive Art in Egypt*. Translated from the revised and augmented original edition, by A. S. Griffith, with 208 illustrations. Grevel, 16s. net.

Auscher, E. S. *A History and Description of French Porcelain*. Translated and edited by William Burton, F.C.S. Containing twenty-four plates in colours, together with reproductions of marks and numerous illustrations. Cassell, 30s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

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No. 1717

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is interesting to remember that it was in England that Hans Andersen was first allowed to realise how great a man he was. He came here in 1847, stayed at a hotel in Leicester Square, and prowled from that centre as the lion of a London season, being welcomed with equal cordiality at Gadshill and Marlborough House. "Here," he wrote to a friend at Copenhagen, "I am regarded as a Danish Walter Scott, while in Denmark I am degraded into a sort of third-class author far below Hertz the classical and Heiberg the infallible." And now more will wonder, than know, what these Hertz the classical and Heiberg the infallible ever wrote.

For all his popularity, Hans Andersen was very badly remunerated for his work. From the first instalment of "The Improvisatore," he only derived £19, paid in instalments after repeated dunning. He told this to Dickens, who was incredulous. "You mean £19 the printer's sheet, I suppose?" said he. "No, £19 for the whole work," Andersen replied. "We misunderstand each other," Dickens insisted. "You don't mean to tell me that you only got £19 for 'The Improvisatore'; you must mean that you were paid for it at the rate of £19 per sheet?" Again Andersen contradicted him, and Dickens threw up his hands in amazement. "It would be incredible," he said, "if I did not hear it from your own lips." And Andersen, telling the story, adds: "It is a fact that my translator (Mrs. Howitt) got more than I, the author, did."

The wealth of English publishers was another thing which excited Andersen's remark. He stayed with Richard Bentley, who no doubt "did him well," at Sevenoaks. "He has a nice residence," he wrote to his Copenhagen friend, "with such elegance. Lackeys in silk stockings wait upon us—there's something like a bookseller for you."

The Melchior family, with whom Hans Andersen spent his last years have assisted in the publication of an interesting portfolio containing photographs of his humble birthplace in the Danish provincial town of Odense, numerous portraits of the writer, and photographs of his scissor-pictures. In these scissor-pictures he took as much pleasure as the children to whom he presented them. They show fantastic elves and goblins and animals, and are usually signed in his queer crabbed handwriting. Andersen was a strange, peevish, vain, yet lovable creature. His vanity was perhaps his most salient characteristic. He was photographed scores of times in every position and costume, and he never wearied of new presentments of his strong but unhandsome features. His whims were legion.

He had a morbid horror of being buried alive and always set a slip of paper by his bedside bearing the words: "Segerskindöd" (I am in a trance). His hosts often found him an exacting guest, but his little failings were easily pardoned for the sake of his genius and his childlike nature.

Some extracts from an English letter written by Andersen to a friend in New York are quaint and interesting. The letter was probably revised by a friend, for Andersen's command of English was not so great. The letter is dated "Copenhagen, 24 of March 1868," and runs:

My Dear Sir! Excelent friend! You and your noble lady have not forgotten me, I am sure of that, and as one of my friends, Mr. Melchior, whose lovely family I visit nearly every day, is starting for New York. I can't omit to send you and yours my warmest compliments. I am, thank God, still well and youthful in mind. I have been travelling every year, in France, in Switzerland, Spain and Portugal to refresh my mind, thus refreshed return home bringing with me new tales and stories, that fly all over the world. God has been so good towards me, that I am obliged to put the question to myself; What have I done to deserve all the good that befalls me? You will no doubt have read in the *New York Times* some months ago, how beautiful my native town Odense has honoured me, by electing me to citizen of honour in the town. . . . Sending my kindest regard to you, to your lady, and to every one who has room in their heart for me, I remain, yours for ever,

"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

"To Mr. Spring, Esq."

Jules Verne's first dramatic success, though not his first play, was the adaptation of *Round the World in eighty days*. Cadol proposed to adapt it, but could not make a piece that satisfied him. "There is only one man who might be able to do it," he said, "and that is d'Ennery." So d'Ennery was called in, and the drama was produced at the Porte Saint Martin in 1874. "Is it a success?" Jules Verne modestly ventured to ask. "A success? It is a fortune," was the reply. It had a run in fact of four hundred nights, was frequently revived, and earned in all about £120,000 for the theatre. *Michel Strogoff*, produced in 1880, was hardly less successful. The profits divided amounted to not less than £56,000.

The comparison, which has been drawn in these columns, between the newspapers and weekly reviews of the sixties and those of to-day reminds a correspondent of a stately essay on the Press, published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1823. The writer is convinced that the historian of journalism has no cause to be *laudator temporis acti*. "Let any one," he says, "who may be disposed to disparage modern intellect and modern letters, look over a file of old newspapers . . . and compare the poverty, the meanness, the want of style and matter in their original paragraphs, with the amplitude, the strength, the point and terseness which characterise the leading journals of the day, and he will perhaps qualify the harshness of his censure." This was written five years before the birth of the *Spectator*, and the papers which aroused the essayist's enthusiasm must have been the *Times*, the defunct *Morning Chronicle*, and probably the *Observer*. His approval, however, is not unqualified, for in the same article he says, in a style which is worthy of the early quarterlies: "Literature was formerly a sweet heremitess who fed on the pure breath of fame in silence and solitude; modern literature, on the contrary is a gay coquette, fluttering, fickle and vain." The characteristics of the popular novel and the cheap press have evidently changed little in eighty years; but if by literature the writer means literary journalism, as he apparently does by the context, we fear that his ideal is impracticable. For the part of "heremitess" private means are essential.

A well-known novelist has recently protested against the inconsistency with which a daily paper treats his fiction alternately with scorn and praise. The matter may be explained as follows. While a novelist is building up his reputation, his works seldom fall in the way of the severest critics, who have a prejudice against what they are pleased

to consider unprofitable reading, and are able, within limits, to pick and choose the books that they will review. Consequently these novels are allotted to the younger reviewers, who are often disposed to take Macaulay's genial view that there is no such thing as a bad novel, though some novels are better than o'hers. In due course, however, when the novelist has made something of a name, the critic with the higher standards does come to the consideration of his case—either because the reputation has aroused his curiosity, or because an editor has decided that the time has come for weighing that reputation in the balance. And then the case of the novelist is like that of a passman entering for one of the University prizes. New criteria are applied to his performances, and the consequences are not invariably agreeable to him.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary asking how it is that part of a story appearing in a volume by Wilkie Collins accurs also in "The Lazy Tom and Two Idle Apprentices" which—he goes on to say—is given in the Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens's works without any word on the part of the editor, Mr. Andrew Lang, as to Dickens having had a collaborator. The "Lazy Tom" was certainly written in collaboration by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and so successfully that Dickens himself said of one story in it:

"I think you would find it very difficult to say where I leave off and he comes in."

It would be impossible to separate the work of the two now, unless there should be a marked copy in existence in which one of them had already done so, and that is little likely. The descriptive passages, according to the late Mr. F. G. Kitton's "The Dickens Country" were mostly the work of Boz.

Yesterday, Friday, March 31, it was just half a century since the last of a remarkable family quartet passed away on the death of Charlotte Brontë—who had nine months earlier become Mrs. Nicholls. At the time of Charlotte Brontë's death it was fully recognised that she was one of those writers in whose personal history readers felt the greatest interest, and from that recognition sprang Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The passing of fifty years seems to have produced something of a cumulative interest in the Haworth household, justifying a remark of Mrs. Gaskell's in an unpublished letter written when she was engaged upon the biography: "I am sure the more fully she, Charlotte Brontë, the friend, the daughter, the sister, the wife, is known—and known where need be in her own words—the more highly will she be appreciated." In proof of this it would be easy to refer to perhaps a dozen works on the Brontës—of whom Charlotte is the most widely remembered—and their writings, and the spring announcements show that "Charlotte Brontë" is to be added at an early date to the Literary Lives Series. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the English Men of Letters Series yet lacks a volume on the Brontës.

Unquestionably the co-operative History is in the forefront of literary modes. Like other fashions, its contemporary popularity appears to have spread from Paris. Lord Acton's great undertaking was anticipated by Lavissee and Rambaud, and the monumental "History of France," which M. Lavissee is guiding to completion, is only now to have its English pendent in the 12-volume "History of England," entrusted by Messrs. Longman to the editorship of the Rev. R. L. Hunt and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The United States keeps in the movement with the twenty-eight volumes to be issued under the care of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, under the catholic if cock-a-whoop title of "The American Nation." There is nothing in English at all comparable with the "History of French Literature," due to M. Petit de Julleville, or the "History

of the French Language," preparing under the supervision of M. Brunetière, but doubtless embryo counterparts are already germinating at the back of some enterprising publisher's brain.

On the other hand the "Oxford History of Music" has no match in the continental tongues, and Professor Bury's "Cambridge Mediæval History" stands, albeit *in nubibus*, still unchallenged. The German mind which has made the word *Handbuch* synonymous with co-operation in magistral yet meticulous marshalling of minute detail has not yet turned wholeheartedly from medicine and science to history, and the most notable German undertaking of this kind in progress is the not very exhaustive "Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin," which has passed into the editorship of Dr. Max Neuburger and Professor Julius Pagel. In looking at the recent development of the co-operative History one tendency seems discernible. Where the collaborator of a decade ago was invited to contribute a chapter, his successor has an increasing chance of obtaining the ampler dignity and freer range of a volume all to himself.

George Outram, who was born one hundred years ago, was "probably the first in Scotland, since the days of Sir Richard Maitland, to turn the dry processes of law to poetic account." The quality of his verse the English reader must take largely on trust, for Outram was a congener of Lord Glenlee, who, though a "philosophical and abstracted gentleman," never used an English word when a Scotch one could be got. This is to be regretted, in Outram's case, because in ingenuity and fecundity of rhyme he would not degrade the company of Calverley or Owen Seaman. His best known piece is "the Annuity," the woful tale of an old lady annuitant, whose persistence in life threatened to bring ruin to the astute lawyer who sold her the annuity. In despair he contemplates her removal:

"I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbone wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified, an' shakes her head
Sae fast about ye scarce can see't;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity."

Outram was born at Glasgow, but was educated in Edinburgh and called to the Bar there in 1827. After two years' practice he became editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, a post which he retained till his death in 1856. By far the greater part of his verse is concerned with legal subjects, the terminology of Scots law seeming to have a perennial fascination for his peculiar dry humour. After the fashion of the time Outram's verses were handed round in manuscript among a circle of friends which included lawyers and men of letters in Glasgow and Edinburgh. His "Legal and other Lyrics" were first printed privately in 1851, and subsequently were published in 1874.

A few years ago a controversy was carried on in the ACADEMY with reference to the authorship of an epigram "On hearing a Lady praise a certain Rev. Doctor's eyes":

"I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
But when he preaches he shuts mine."

The lines were attributed to various writers, including the late James Crossley, of Manchester. The authorship had, indeed, been discussed in the *Manchester Quarterly* in 1884, and it was alleged that Mr. Crossley had never claimed the lines, which were found in a pocket-book belonging to him. They appear, however, in Outram's "Legal Lyrics," and probably represent the only work from his pen in which readers South of the Tweed have an understanding interest.

All over Germany preparations are being made to celebrate in worthy fashion the centenary of Schiller's death, which occurs in the May of this year. The Swabian Schiller Society announce the issue of Schiller's Poems and Plays in one volume, bound, for the price of one shilling. The first and second editions to appear respectively at the end of April and end of June, and consisting of about 60,000 copies, are already sold out; a third edition will be published at Christmas, and it is expected that the number will then be brought up to 100,000.

The Society for the Diffusion of Popular Culture has bought 1000 copies of "Wallenstein" for distribution among communities possessing small funds. The Swiss cantons have ordered 194,000 copies of "Wilhelm Tell" for distribution in the schools. Schiller Exhibitions are to be held in May, at Weimar, Munich and Vienna. The objects will include autographs, portraits, first editions and manuscripts. A Schiller memorial is to be erected in Nuremberg, and an inhabitant of the city, who desires to remain anonymous, has contributed £1000 towards its erection.

The widow of the well-known and lately deceased Leipzig bookseller, Otto Dürr, has presented his valuable Schiller Library, containing first editions of Schiller's works and books on Schiller, in all besides pamphlets about 400 volumes, to the University of Leipzig. They will be kept together and shown in the same room as that in which the Hirzel Goethe Library is. Pastor Burggraf, of Bremen, is giving a series of sermons on Schiller in his Church. He considers Schiller to be much more than a creator of æsthetic value. His whole work tends to uphold and carry on what the Reformation did for religious Germany: "Luther and Schiller, although men of such different temperaments, are one thought in the plan of Providence."

There will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S., the distinguished surgeon, the volume entitled "Fish Eating and Leprosy," which was heralded in our columns some eighteen months ago. In it Mr. Hutchinson will maintain the thesis which he has defended *contra mundum* for some thirty years, that the consumption of fish is, in certain conditions, the cause of leprosy—a disease from which about one hundred thousand of our fellow subjects in India are always suffering. Another distinguished heterodox student, Dr. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., is also about to undertake, for an important scientific series now being issued in America, a volume on the origin of life, concerning which he also has been at odds with the entire scientific world for some three decades. Whether these two workers be wrong or right in their respective contests with authority, their books will be welcome to those who agree with the dictum of Bacon that truth is more easily extricated from error than from confusion.

We notice with pleasure that the April number of the *Neues Deutsches Rundschau*, one of the most recent and most modern of German reviews, is announced to contain Mr. George Meredith's "Tales of Chloë," and "The Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Even apart from its indication of the fact that Mr. Meredith is becoming more and more known in German literary circles, the inclusion of two translations from the English in one review is a welcome proof of the cosmopolitan spirit in literature.

It is interesting to notice, too, that the Browning Letters have recently been translated into German, that the Sonnets from the Portuguese are already in preparation, and that German versions of "Diana of the Crossways" and the "Egoist" have appeared within the last few months. Apropos of "Diana of the Crossways," the reader's undivided attention is ingeniously called to the theory which

identified the heroine with Lady Melbourne by its express denial on the blank page opposite the first chapter. In "The Egoist," the celebrated "and mark you he has a leg," has proven quite an insurmountable obstacle to one of German reviewers, who cites it ironically as a specimen of the novelist's peculiar view. Would the reviewer, I wonder, change his mind, if told that the point of the epigram lies in the paradox of the dignity, in this special case, inherent in what is in most cases an essentially undignified portion of the anatomy? The fact, however, that an edition of all the most important works of Mr. Meredith is announced would tend to show that the Germans are making great strides in their appreciation of English literature. Having taken the preparatory steps with Browning and Mr. Meredith, perhaps they will eventually finish with Mr. Henry James. The thought of a German translation of "The Wings of the Dove" or "The Golden Bowl" is certainly stimulating.

In England, as recent events have once more shown, we confine our efforts to be rid of the dramatic censorship to expressions of opinion in the press. In Germany they adopt more drastic measures. About two years ago a powerful agitation against the Prussian censorship came to a head. A representative meeting held under the auspices of several members of the Reichstag and such well-known literary figures as Sudermann, Fulda and Von Liszt resulted in the unanimous condemnation of the institution and the presentation of a petition to the Reichstag. The Report of the committee appointed to investigate the matter has quite recently been published.

It was perhaps only to be expected in so bureaucratic and conservative a State as Prussia that they should declare it inadvisable to alter the existing system. A further term of life is thereby given to a very pretty paradox; for each of the different States composing the German confederacy has its own separate censorship, so that a play prohibited in Berlin or Leipzig may be performed with impunity in Cologne or Stettin. In Würtemberg and Hamburg the censorship is non-existent, and the stage is as free as the press.

A propos of the rights and wrongs of the question the following quotation from the resolution passed at the meeting held on March 8, 1903, is illuminating: "The stage censorship shields those managers who endeavour to make capital out of the lowness of the public taste. If a play has once been passed by the censor, the manager is *ipso facto* exempt from all prosecution in the matter. The censorship in fact is the guardian not of morality but of immorality. What happens every day? On the one hand *risqué* importations from France are given the full official sanction, while on the other the public performance is prohibited of plays like Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness*, Björnson's *Beyond our Strength* and Hauptmann's *Weavers*. It is not immorality which shocks the susceptibilities of the censor but that spirit of aspiration which is the result of deep moral emotion." The agitation may no doubt have failed to accomplish all that it would have desired, but that it has none the less borne fruit is evidenced by the fact that the censorial ban has been removed from Hauptmann's *Weavers*.

The news that the Committee of Ministers at Saint Petersburg has decided to abolish the existing regulations against the publication of the Bible in the Ruthenian (Little Russian) language will interest those who are acquainted with Russian ecclesiastical arrangements. There is no difficulty in Russia in obtaining a Bible, and copies of the New Testament lie on the stalls that so often stand outside the monasteries. Nor are any particular difficulties thrown in the way of the British Bible Society, which circulates, or is about to circulate, copies of the Scriptures in Lettish, Russian, Finnish, and Georgian. But

according to present arrangements only songs and folklore may be published in Little Russian. The hopelessness of the struggle, as far as the Russian Government is concerned, is obvious when we reflect that there are seven million Ruthenians in Austria, at liberty to print and speak what they please.

A contemporary lately gave some information concerning the unpublished fragments which will be included in M. Paul Meurice's definitive edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo. We may add that there is enough unpublished matter to fill four unpublished volumes; and that there is to be subjoined to each poem, romance, or play, a note upon its reception by the contemporary Press, with copious extracts from the contemporary reviews. We have once seen an edition of Byron with similar appendices, but the principle might well be applied in new editions of others of the masters. Some of the reviews which could be reproduced in such a case are of the most entertaining character. Of Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, the contemporary reviewer wrote: "The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its lack of quantity." That and nothing more. Of "In Memoriam" again one contemporary estimate was to the effect that its "simple but touching verses" were evidently inspired by "the full heart of the widow of a military man"; while the publication of "Amelia" elicited from Griffiths of the *Monthly Review*—an indignant denunciation of that "flood of novels, tales, romances, and other monsters of the imagination, imitated from the French, whose literary levity we have not been ashamed to adopt."

LITERATURE

WIT AND FASHION

Notes from a Diary, 1896 to January 1901. By the Right Honourable Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF. Two volumes. (Murray, 18s.)

THESE two volumes, ending as they do with the beginning of the reign of Edward VII., bring to a close the author's entertaining series of notes on his time. Though the practice of jotting down for immediate publication the conversations heard in private circles is not wholly to be admired, the result before us justifies what has been done. The author has lived among the most brilliant men of his day, but has retailed only what is unobjectionable in their conversation. His sympathies are very wide and yield him equal delight in a good story, a new scientific fact, and a fine piece of poetry. His is a tale mostly of visits and dinners and good stories. We open the book at random and come upon this:

"An officer at Aldershot, who was too fond of wine, at last attracted the unfavourable notice of the authorities and was put upon his trial. Among the witnesses called for the defence was his soldier servant, who deposed that upon a particular evening he had come in quite sober. On cross-examination the man was asked whether his master had said anything to him after he came in. 'Yes,' he replied; 'he told me to call him early.' 'To call him early,' said the President; 'why was that; he had not to go to parade next morning? Did he give any reason?' 'Yes,' answered the witness, 'he said that he was to be Queen of the May.'"

Here naturally we are inclined to pay every attention to the literary reminiscences of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. They are those of one scarcely of the literary circles, but still intimate with many celebrities. However, he picks up the oddest little facts, as witness the following:

"Murray told us that there was an English poet for whom no fount of type sufficed, a necessary preliminary to reprinting his works being largely to reinforce the 'l's' and 'v's.' This was Tennyson, and the cause was the constant recurrence of the word 'love' in his writings."

This reminds us distantly of the tale told sarcastically about James Mill, that his autobiography necessitated the casting of a new fount of capital I's. The following story about Southey is not new to us, but is so characteristic of Rogers that we cannot forbear printing it:

"Coleridge told me that, after the death of Southey, a committee assembled at his father's, Sir John Coleridge's, house to discuss the best way of doing honour to the poet's memory, and he, then a very young man, was appointed to act as secretary. A number of highly distinguished persons being assembled, there was a knock at the door, old Mr. Rogers was ushered in, and received, of course, with much respect. Just as business was about to commence the new arrival said, 'I once heard the Duke of Wellington speak of Mr. Southey.' 'Oh,' said some one, 'what did the Duke say of Mr. Southey?' 'The Duke said,' answered Rogers, 'I don't think much of Mr. Southey,' and with this encouraging introduction the proceedings of the committee began."

But our author has an ear for pregnant criticism, as well as for amusing anecdotes. Here is a saying from the mouth of William Watson, the poet, over which critics may ponder: "Keats, admirable as was some of his work, was becoming decadent before he died, while Shelley was crescent to the end." The following is a really delightful account of a typical lecture by Ruskin:

"The subject was Sandro Botticelli. The lecturer began by a few words about that painter. Presently, however, he said: 'Before I can make you understand Sandro Botticelli, you must understand Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages,' but ere long he exclaimed: 'Yet what is the good of talking to you about Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages? All your sons have latch-keys'; and the rest of the discourse was devoted to that subject."

Some of the most agreeable passages in the diary are those describing how the writer lighted on treasures in the way of verse. As examples one might quote the following. Miss Soulsby sent him this delicious extract from Ben Jonson:

"Fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court than City,
A little proud, but full of pity."

Lady Gregory found and sent the following very fine translation of a well-known passage in Moschus. He pointed out, however, that the word "scented" did not represent the Greek properly, yet this is scarcely a flaw in a rendering otherwise exquisitely beautiful:

"Alas, alas, when mallows die, when winter tempests kill
The light-leaved tender parsley and the curly scented dill,
They die, and come to life again and bloom each following year.
But we who are the lords of all, we men of wisdom clear,
So strong and great and mighty, in dying once die out,
And lie for ever in the ground, stark, quiet, wrapped about
With sleep that hath no waking up."

Sir Mountstuart ranges far and wide for his matter, and many little jokes crop up most unexpectedly, as for example this:

"Did I record an amusing story which Miss Sorabji sent me from India? Over a baker's shop in Poona she saw an inscription: 'Best English Loafer to His Excellency.'"

Here is a little budget of good things which are set down at random:

"Mr. Nigel Combe, who is staying with us, told me that some one having said of a rather unpopular person, 'But surely Mr. — is at least a cultured man,' received the reply, 'Manured.' Very good was the schoolboy's answer, which he reported as having been actually made when he was at Charterhouse: "'What are the Chiltern Hundreds?' 'Small animals which infest cheeses in great numbers.' Hardly less so was a definition of a cherub as an 'immoral object of strange shape.'"

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells us in his preface that it is with deliberation that he has avoided the more serious interests of his life, which are politics and administration; and no doubt it would have been very imprudent to deal intimately with these topics in view of the fact that it must have been impossible to avoid mentioning men who are living and working to-day. Thus he seems to skim more lightly over the surface of life than is the case in actual fact. However, there are moments when he throws a curious sidelight on political movements, as for example in the amusing anecdote which we quote:

"Lord Balfour mentioned that when the Gladstonian peers deserted their benches in a body, rather than listen to the attack on them made by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, speaking of their small number, said:

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

"'He has completely mistaken,' said Lord Denman, 'the nature of the charge against them. It is just that they were *not* apparent.'"

Very amusing, too, is the remark of Miss Elliot about Mr. Gladstone; though it is too casual to be actually malicious, it leaves something for the great statesmen in the University of Oxford to divide between them. She said that Prince Albert had once said to Lord Russell:

"Mr. Gladstone is a very clever man, and as he was educated at Oxford he is able to believe anything he chooses."

We might write a great deal more about these very entertaining volumes and fill many pages with quotations from them, but must leave the reader to discover that pleasure for himself. Ages hence these will be extremely valuable documents, since they paint the manners of the time more graphically than any novelist has been able to do. They are exclusively concerned with the sunny side of life, and give only an occasional hint of the shadows that fell across the writer as they fall across every man; but for that very reason they are the more delightful to read and none the less valuable for purposes of reference.

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's Marriage: His Departure from Stratford and other incidents in his Life. By JOSEPH WILLIAM GRAY. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GRAY endeavours at great length, and with infinite pains, to disperse the clouds that hang about our knowledge of the precise details of Shakespeare's marriage. He has succeeded, it must be admitted, in adding (to use his own words) "to the great mass of inference and assumption to which few writers on the incidents of the poet's life avoid making a contribution." Yet though he has failed to discover any single new and indisputable fact in the poet's biography, his careful research into the history of the marriage ceremonies of Shakespeare's days refutes many theories which have enjoyed considerable vogue. Mr. Gray has investigated the sixteenth-century records of the Diocesan Registry at Worcester with greater industry than any predecessor, and he has proved clearly that the "bond against impediments" which was deposited there on the eve of Shakespeare's marriage and is still preserved there conforms in all the essentials with the ordinary practice of the time. The irregularities which had been detected in the document are for the most part imaginary.

It will be remembered by students of Shakespeare's biography that according to the Bishop's Register, a licence was issued for the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. On the day before, the "bond against impediments" was signed, by way of preliminary to Shakespeare's marriage. This Whateley entry has puzzled many biographers of Shakespeare. On the strength of it, some have contended that Shakespeare's wife was not the Anne Hathaway of general acceptance, but this Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. Mr. Gray gives some interesting examples of the extraordinary carelessness with which the names of the parties, to whom marriage licences were granted, were entered in the Registers of the Bishops of Worcester at the date in question: within a few months of Shakespeare's marriage "Joan Barbar" the bride of one John Baker, was miswritten by the clerk "Joan Baker;" while two bridegrooms, "Robert Bradeley" and "Humfrey Elcock" were disguised in the Register respectively as "Robert Darby" and "Humfrey Edgock." Mr. Gray suggests that the "Anne Whateley" entry is an irrelevant misdescription of the poet's wife. He ingeniously points out that on the very date that Shakespeare's application for a marriage licence was under the consideration of the Bishop's officials, one William Whateley, vicar of Crowle, was a suitor on other business in the Bishop's consistory court, and was already familiarly known to the Bishop's officials. The careless scribe was thus led by a freak of the pen to enter the name of Whateley in a wrong place. One may regret that Mr. Gray's industry has not produced surer results, but such as they are, they repay the attention of readers or antiquarian

taste. At the same time it is difficult to avoid the depressing conclusion that the likelihood of adding to our existing stock of definite information on the points immediately at issue is very small.

Apart from the vexed question connected with Shakespeare's marriage, Mr. Gray prints much information illustrative of Shakespeare's biography, most of which, although not all, is accessible in other collections of Shakespeareana. He seems to be well acquainted with recent Shakespearean literature, and nothing of importance to his subject that has been published in the last few years appears to have escaped him. He may be congratulated on having exhumed for the first time from a manuscript commonplace book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester (belonging to the end of the seventeenth century) some hitherto unprinted verses which make mention of "famous Shakespeare," and report an incident in Ben Jonson's career which is unknown to his biographers. The extract runs:

"Ben Johnson traveling from London to Oxford upon a Valentine's day, meets an Highwayman.

"BEN JOHNSON. Flee hence or by thy Coat of Steele
I'll make thy heart my brassen bullet feele.
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To Hell to be the Devell's valentine.

Reply by y^e Hman.

"ROBBER. Art thou great Ben or y^e revived ghost
Of famous Shakspeare or some drunken host
That being tipsy with thy muddy beer
Dost think thy rhyme shall dawnt my soule with feare.
Know this base slave that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as proes
And w^h thou art dead wright this upon thy herse
Here ly's a Poet y^t was robb'd in verse."

JOHN KNOX

John Knox. By the Rev. D. MACMILLAN, M.A. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.)

The History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland. By JOHN KNOX. Revised and Edited by CUTHBERT LENNOX. (Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.)

WHETHER the year 1905 is the fourth centenary of the birth of John Knox, or whether he was born sometime in 1513-15, is quite uncertain. Mr. Macmillan defends the former date, his arguments leave the question open. In any case this year has seen several little books on Knox, and will see more. Mr. Macmillan's is "popular." "The popular judgment of the country has been steadily cast against" Cardinal Beaton, he says truly. The popular judgment is nourished on popular books, and has no relation to an historical judgment. The Cardinal "earned undying obloquy by his murder of George Wishart," says Mr. Macmillan. If the nobles had yielded to the preachers after the Reformation, and had put Catholics to death, would Mr. Macmillan call the executions "murders?" If he did, he would greatly err, the law doomed Catholics to death. In his history, Mr. Macmillan reproduces Knox's account of the siege of St. Andrew's Castle (1547) though it is notoriously erroneous. On the kneeling controversy in England (1552), he tells us, truly, that Knox succeeded in getting "the Black Rubric" introduced. He does not tell us that Knox promised to kneel (at the Holy Communion) on certain conditions, and that he got his conditions, but did not keep his promise. He mentions the lingering love of confession: this will account for such a confidence as the following on the part of Knox to Mrs. Bowes: "Call to mind what I did standing at a cupboard in Berwick. In very deed I thought that no creature had been tempted as I was." This suggests that Knox was tempted to steal jam out of the cupboard, or to kiss Mrs. Bowes! The context, not usually quoted, disproves these romantic hypotheses. Of a pamphlet to Knox, we read that "it may appear rough and harsh, but by the men of his day it would not be characterised in that fashion." As a matter of fact it *was* "characterised" much more severely by the men of his day," as well it might, for it contained

incitement to assassination. Reading Mr. Macmillan's account of the famous theological supper at Erskine of Dun's, no mortal could guess at the real gist of the matter, still less imagine that Knox, in 1568, employed, against the English dissenting Puritans, the very argument from St. Paul's conduct at the Temple in Jerusalem, which he had rejected at Edinburgh, as doubting whether St. Paul and St. James were "inspired" in their behaviour. It is true that Knox, as regards his political views, was "a long way ahead of the man of Geneva," Calvin. He was as far ahead of Calvin, in theory, as the murderers of the Grand Duke Sergius. Any godly person, according to Knox, might kill a Catholic if he had an opportunity. Yet Mr. Macmillan writes that Knox "never encouraged bloodshed." Can Mr. Macmillan have read Knox's "Appellation" (Laing's "Knox," vol. iv. p. 501)? He mentions the work, but does not cite the passage. He does not quote Calvin's words about Knox's "First Blast," and so on. We neither see the real Knox nor hear the censures of him pronounced by the leaders of the Genevan Church; censures of Knox's "reckless arrogance" (Calvin) and "fury" (François Morel). If the English public had been foolish enough to accept and act on the doctrine of Knox's "First Blast," the result would have been a revival of the Wars of the Roses. The pamphlet was, in fact, very "objectionable," as Mr. Macmillan says of something else. Mr. Macmillan naturally accepts Knox's story (given in two versions) of the perfidy of Mary of Guise when she summoned the preachers for May 10, 1554. No other contemporary writer appears to hint at any treachery in the matter; the charge is not in Croft's letter, a week later, nor in "The Historie of the Estate of Scotland," nor, of course, in Lesley's History. As to the wrecking of churches and monasteries at Perth, Knox tells his friend, Mr. Locke, that "the brethren" did the deed: in his History, having the fear of Calvin before his eyes, he throws all the blame on the mob, "the rascal multitude." Mr. Macmillan does not give both versions, yet he knows both, for he has used Mr. MacCunn's admirable brief "Life" of the Reformer. Mr. Macmillan (p. 138) declares that the leaders of the Revolution "clearly aimed at the overthrow of her"—the Regent's—"Government." On page 147 he avers that the Regent "had been busy poisoning all whom it might concern" (*sic*), "hinting that it was Rebellion, and not Reformation, that they were contemplating." Yet Mr. Macmillan says himself that they "clearly aimed at the overthrow of the Government." Naturally Mr. Macmillan does not tell us that, in Perth, all priests who celebrated mass were doomed to die, by Knox's party. Knox tells Mr. Locke, but keeps the fact out of his History. Of Knox's amazing conduct in giving to England a thoroughly false account of the terms of treaty of July 24, 1559, and of his attempts to conceal the truth in his History, Mr. Macmillan does not say one word. He writes (p. 160) that Cecil would not "endanger the relation of France and England," by granting an interview to Knox. Cecil arranged an interview, but Knox was delayed by events. ("Knox," vol. ii. p. 32.) Mr. Macmillan knows the facts (p. 162). He defends the frank falsehood of the Reformer's proclamation that they deposed the Regent by the authority of her daughter the Queen. He does not add that they forged the Great Seal, and used the forgery to accredit their proclamations and letters. Of Knox's perpetual insinuations against the personal chastity of the Regent, things on the lowest level of halfpenny "society journalism," not a hint is given. The occasion of Mary's giving a dance, against which Knox preached, was apparently taken to have been the massacre of Vassy (March 1, 1562). This is impossible: the dance was given in December and cannot be connected with any news from France. To summon his armed multitude to menace justice at a trial, as Knox did, "was only an assertion of the liberty of the Church" (p. 264). It was an ecclesiastical sanction of Scottish anarchy.

But criticism is thrown away on history as written by Mr. Macmillan, without a reference to authorities. For

style we may cite, "Lethington was sitting on the fence and riding for a fall"! "The Abbot's giving himself away," was, in fact, the adoption, by the Abbot, of an opinion of St. Jerome.

There is a brief introduction by the Very Rev. Principal Story. If the Principal has read the book he ought to know that Knox did not "come in 1560 from Geneva."

Mr. Cuthbert Lennox has "revised and edited"—and cut down and expurgated—Knox's "History of the Reformation," which he calls "an honest and truthful record." By dropping essential passages, as on page 170, the darkness that envelops the record is made more than Egyptian at this point. Where Knox says that after a sermon preached by himself against Mary of Guise, "began hir bellie and lothsome leggis to swell," (she had dropsy, and Knox's party had intercepted her letter announcing the act to d'Oysel) Mr. Lennox prints, "a few days thereafter the Queen Regent was smitten by disease." She had been smitten before: Knox prophesied after the event, and with a brutality of language that Mr. Lennox dares not reproduce. The language of the Reformer is modernised throughout. "Here we have an inspired record of the dealings of God with men," cries Mr. Lennox. "The spirit was a little foul-mouthed," as some one said of the "inspirational discourse" by James I. and VI.

THESE TWO

The Golden Ass of Apuleius. Translated by FRANCIS D. BYRNE. (The Imperial Press.)

THE work called "Metamorphoses" by its author, but better known as "The Golden Ass," is redeemed only by the beautiful fairy tale of "Cupid and Psyche," which, quite charming in itself, is introduced very inartistically into "The Golden Ass," indeed, dragged in by the head and shoulders, and put into the mouth of an illiterate old hag in a cave of robbers. "The Golden Ass" was written in the reign of Trojan about the same time as "Lucius or the Ass," ascribed, with no certainty, to Lucian. The two tales, no doubt, have a common source: and we are told that one Lucius of Patrae in Achaia composed a book of metamorphoses which may have been used by both the Greek and the Latin writer. The Greek tale is, in our judgment, much the better of the two, if we leave out of consideration the episode of Cupid and Psyche, which does not appear in the Greek. The Latin is much longer, and is embarrassed by subsidiary stories interwoven after the fashion of *The Arabian Nights*—a feature which renders the reading of the Greek novelists very confusing, but from which "The Ass" of Lucian is free. Nothing could be clumsier than the way in which Apuleius permits himself a long digression to tell the history of the woman who was condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts, but whose sentence was commuted to a public exhibition with the Ass as partner. The monotonous episodes illustrating the sufferings of the Ass are tiresome, and the style is tortuous and affected, showing a remarkable tendency to revert to the *sermo vulgaris* of the early Latin comic drama.

The Greek tale is admirably translated in the series issued by the Council of the Athenian Society, 1895-1898. We cannot say as much for the translator of Apuleius. Words of so little authority as "burgling" ought not to be introduced unless the whole rendering is deliberately couched in the diction of slang; and ill-formed words like "unreliable" ought to be avoided. "You rascally, perjured individual" (p. 425) is very stilted; and the husband did not "pray for his wife's health" (429) when she sneezed. "Replete with every virtue" (443) is, to say the least, journalese; and "the affair demands that I should explain" (438) as well as "promised everything in length and breadth" (504) certainly suggests Latin rather than English. Again, what is the meaning of "in rite lymphatic" (182)? And where is the joke for an English reader in:

"Do you know a man called Milo, one of the leading men?" She smiled. "'It's true,' she said, 'you can call him a leading man, for he lives outside the whole city in the suburb.'"

"Jokes apart, mother dear," I said, "'&c. (p. 27.)"

The translator is not sufficiently equipped for his task either in English or classics. "The *Metamorphoses* were composed" is bad English, unless we are to say "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* are inferior to *As you like it*." "Villanious" (431) is probably a misprint, and so is *inspirata* for *insperata* (xxiii.); but can "fratricide" be used of the murder of a sister, as on p. 218? This, too, is very slipshod:

"Her hair was grey and dishevelled and all dirty from the ashes with which they were besprinkled, while a great part of it." &c.

We meet (468) a "lad's" forehead wrinkled with "a senile care." The notes are very poor, and have impossible accentuation such as *καίλας*, *ἑρως*, and *ἄημος* "people" accentuated *ἄημος* which means "fat."

Mr. Byrne professes to eschew expurgation, but in the very objectionable passages he gives only the original Latin (with misprints or mistakes like *appliciore* for *applicitiore*). The writer of the Latin tale was withheld only by lack of skill from rivalling the grossness of the Greek. He was as gross as his limited literary capacities allowed him to be. It seems to us absurd to look for an allegory or moral lesson in such a work. Even "Cupid and Psyche" seems to us to be no more than a romance. It would be a lucky find if some *papyrus* should yield up to us the Greek original of that charming tale.

THE TYRANNY OF THE THESIS

N. Hawthorne: Sa Vie et son Œuvre. Thèse pour le doctorat soutenue devant la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris. Par L. DHALEINE, Agrégé de l'Université. (Hachette.)

THE tyranny of the thesis in the continental universities is a subject which invites remark. Broadly speaking, the condition of things is this: that, in order to profess and call himself doctor, a man must write a prodigiously long book which no one will ever want to read, and publish it in a "format" deterrent to any reader who may accidentally present himself. The pity is the greater because it very often happens that good work has gone to the making of such a book, and that the book might even have been good as a whole if it had not been written for the satisfaction of examiners. A good case in point was the thesis lately written on Sainte-Beuve by Professor Michaud of the University of Fribourg. There was a pearl in that oyster, though the shell was disproportionately large. One could extract the pearl and make an admirable and readable article for a high-class magazine. The thing was done by more than one popular writer at the time of the Sainte-Beuve centenary. But even in that exceptional thesis the distinguishing vices of the thesis were exhibited. The writer quite obviously wrote with one eye on his subject and the other on his examiners. He seemed afraid to be amused, lest the examiners should think that he was laughing at them, or that he despised his task. He crowded his canvas with superfluous details for fear lest some well-informed pedant among them should suppose him to be ignorant of any fact, however unimportant, which he neglected to mention. And that is what always happens and is, in the circumstances, bound to happen. The necessity of pedantry kills the sense of humour. The obvious is elaborated. Theses are "biblia abiblia" in consequence.

The general includes the particular, and M. Dhaleine's thesis on "N. Hawthorne" has already been reviewed by implication. It is accurate and sufficiently sagacious. No Board of Examiners could conceivably have ploughed the author; but no reader can conceivably have any use for

his book, which reminds one of the orator at the debating society who explained, at great length, that he was in agreement with all the remarks of all the previous speakers. Mr. Henry James's little monograph on the same subject is worth the whole of it, though if that delightful piece of personal criticism had been presented as a "thesis sustained for the doctorate," the author would very likely have been "referred to his studies" by the guardians of the Academic gate. Certainly there is no value to be attached, at this time of day, to M. Dhaleine's recitation of familiar biographical facts, or to his laborious progress through the plots of everything that Hawthorne wrote from "Twice-told Tales" to "The Marble Faun." All that is really valuable in his work is concentrated in the short chapters on Transcendentalism and the Transcendentalists. Here at any rate was something worth explaining—especially to Americans, who are so apt to mistake words for things and to imagine that the one thing needful in order to define a man's philosophical position is to pin a label on his coat. They currently talk of the Transcendentalists in the same light and airy fashion in which they talk of the Mugwumps and the Copperheads. They know whom the word denotes—Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and the Concord group generally; but if you question them as to its connotation you will have to pause for a reply. M. Dhaleine at any rate brings them back to that. He shows how the real Transcendentalism arose when Hume's scepticism awoke Kant from his dogmatic slumbers, and called forth the system which began with Space and Time as "forms" of the human intelligence, and ended with the Practical Reason and the Categorical Imperative. He shows also how this system was developed in different directions by Schleiermacher, Fichte, and Schelling, and he finally shows how little the Concord Transcendentalists had to do with it in any of its developments. They were Transcendentalists in the sense of not being Positivists, but hardly in any other sense. Certainly they stood in no conscious and definable relation to the Kantian or any other school of thought. They had thought nothing out as thinking is understood in Europe. Their philosophic standpoint varied from day to day. Emerson's philosophic standpoint often varied from sentence to sentence in a single essay or lecture. Their chief philosophic asset was well described by one of themselves as a nebulous "feeling about the Infinite." It is impossible to say whether, on the balance, they were Pantheists or Theists; while they vaguely and conjecturally anticipated the doctrines alike of Charles Darwin and of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Excellent people who not only meant well but served the world well by their devotion to ideals and their opposition to the coarser kind of American materialism; but people who would never have been called Transcendentalists if they had been born anywhere but in a nation of new journalists who require every man to bear a label for the convenience of the sub-editors in charge of the newspaper headlines.

On this branch of the subject M. Dhaleine writes well and lucidly, though we have taken the liberty of supplementing and illustrating his conclusions. But it is only a small branch of a great subject, and not the most important branch of it, seeing that Hawthorne, looking back upon his relations with the Transcendentalists at Brook Farm, remarked pertinently that "the real Me was never a member of the community." The chapter dealing with it may perhaps be described as a rich "pocket" in a gold mine mostly of low grade ore; though the general poverty of the lode is the fault not so much of the writer as of the conditions in which he wrote. Coming under the tyranny of the thesis, he was conscientiously submissive. They asked him to add to the long list of "biblia abiblia" and he did so. That is the conclusion of the whole matter—a conclusion which makes one desiderate some device for the awarding of the Doctorate of Letters less wasteful of the valuable time of the postulants.

A SCHOLAR AMONG BIRDS

Bird Life and Bird Lore. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH in the last resort the unfailing charm of Gilbert White's letters about his Hampshire parish escapes critical analysis, more than to any other single quality it is probably due to the fact that he writes always as a scholar and a humanist, and thus puts himself unfailingly in touch with observant and cultivated minds, whatever their special bent or interest. The collection of articles and studies which Mr. Bosworth Smith has recast and republished in the present book is distinguished in its degree by the same breadth and sureness of appeal, which marks only a small proportion of the volumes on bird and animal life which have lately been appearing in such numbers. Another of this small company of scholarly naturalists, Mr. Warde Fowler (whose name, by the way, Mr. Bosworth Smith honours but mis-spells) has suggestively described all field ornithology as essentially scholarship, in its unresting conjunction and comparison of generalised principles with new and accurate observation. True though this is in one sense, it is not given to every good naturalist to write books about birds that can pretend to rank as scholarly literature, and it is because many, at any rate, of Mr. Bosworth Smith's bird-studies are distinguished in this way that they are sure of a wide welcome and esteem.

The writer devotes a special chapter in his study of the Raven to "the thoughts which men have had about him and the influence which he has, in turn, had over them"; but this point of view is largely characteristic of the whole book, and it adds precisely that touch of interest which is often somewhat lacking in books devoted purely to field natural history. He was fortunate enough, in his Dorsetshire home and elsewhere, to become acquainted very early in life with the raven, the "King of birds," as he claims him to be, when he still nested in English inland districts; and the acquaintance begun in the great fir-clump on Badbury Rings has matured into a lifelong interest and friendship. Perhaps no man can ever become a true lover of birds unless he learns to know them as a boy, and in after years can feel with Wordsworth as he writes in his ode, "To the Cuckoo":

"And I can listen to thee yet
And lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

At any rate, the writer of these studies confesses that "the heart of my book, the germ from which most of it has been developed," is to be found in the chapter describing his early home, and it is this lifelong continuity and fixity of interest which makes the many allusions to the raven, or the various species of owls, gathered from a wide field of literature and history, to appear not mere extraneous and tiresome tags, but a ripe and inherent part of the whole presentment. Occasionally, but only occasionally, Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his interpretation of literary passages, seems to fall into that pedantic class of error which is the outcome of attaching excessive weight to some one small resemblance or difference, to the neglect of a sane general estimate. Quoting Nash's poem on Spring, familiar to most readers of the "Golden Treasury," he expresses doubt as to what bird is indicated by the mysterious sound "pee-wee" in the refrain:

"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-wee, to-witta-woo,"

and rejects the obvious view that it is the cry of the peewit in favour of the tentative opinion that it is "the familiar note of the young brown owl." The cry of the young owls can hardly have been so familiar and typical a sound of spring to any poet as to lead him to include it in a list of the four commonest notes—"In every street these tunes our ears do greet." In much the same way, he says of Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" (that

celebrated *crux*, till Sir Herbert Maxwell published the poet's own statement that he meant the kingfisher):

It is not a happy characterisation, for so close an observer of birds as Tennyson, of the English kingfisher. The kingfisher can hardly be said to be 'sea-blue'; it never 'flits' from bush to bush, but always dashes like an arrow down-stream; and it is, in no special sense, the 'bird of March.'"

There is no need to dispute about the kingfisher's precise tint of blue, though Alcman's original epithet *ἀλιπόρφυρος* ought to be allowed some weight; but nothing could be more true to life of the kingfisher than to describe it as flitting "underneath" the naked thorn-bushes fringing the bank; while it is in March, when the frosts lose their power, that it often returns to its summer haunts on the smaller streams. These points, however, are in any case but slight blemishes in a well-written and attractive book, of which the only material demerit is the rather patchy and uneven effect almost inseparable from volumes made up of papers originally published at divers times and in divers manners; though even this defect has been minimised by careful revision. The illustrations are excellent, and the shape, print, and paper all that could be wished.

DR. OPIMIAN—WITH A DIFFERENCE

Reminiscences of a Radical Parson. By Rev. W. TUCKWELL, M.A. (Cassell, 9s. net.)

THOUGH not to be compared with his delightful "Reminiscences of Oxford," one of the best books of the kind that has ever been published, Mr. Tuckwell's latest volume is full of entertainment. With much of it as the expression of vigorous party polemics we have nothing to do here; rather are we concerned with the humours and the pathos of Mr. Tuckwell's political tours, and the stories he has to tell of the famous or curious personalities encountered in his wanderings. All unconsciously the Radical parson reveals to us in this book a very charming and thoroughly human personality. A College don, a schoolmaster, and then, in later years, the incumbent of a College living, Mr. Tuckwell first attracted public attention by his unconventional methods of working his parish. He organised dances for the lads and lasses, and was amply rewarded by a rustic criticism, "Tell 'ee, Passon, this be better foon than getting tight"; and he went on to *al fresco* services which often included a whole Dissenting congregation led by its minister. But he was getting on in years before he delivered his first political speech, though he took to the work so readily that he had delivered nearly a thousand orations before he decided to retire. A lofty ideal of politics as the science of human happiness he has always held, his object being to improve the social conditions of the proletariat, especially the agricultural labourer. After hearing one of his speeches a shrewd north-countryman observed that Mr. Tuckwell would never be a bishop, and indeed he does not shrink from Disestablishment, quoting Charles Buller's bitterly ironical saying: "For heaven's sake do not destroy the Established Church; it is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity." Mr. Tuckwell has a pleasant habit of quotation, especially from Horace and Virgil. Thus, in recording his entertainment at a large political dinner-party at Cardiff, he says, "They greeted me with wild flattery. 'Very excellent things are spoken of thee,' said a portly alderman, who sat opposite. He took his wine freely, suggesting at last that we should 'drop the blooming meeting, and stick to the mayor's port.' 'Fortiter occupa portum,' I quoted; but there was no scholar to pick up my pearl." But he does not often take such liberties with the classics. Once Sir William Harcourt suddenly asked him what Dr. Arnold had died of, and when he said "From angina pectoris," Sir William corrected him; "No," he said, "from angina pectoris." Mr. Tuckwell retorted by criticising the word "amabil-

issimus," which occurs on the monument of Sir William's grandfather in York Minster. Years afterwards Sir William wrote to Mr. Tuckwell in great triumph to say that he had found the word in Cicero!

Mr. Tuckwell, who contributed to the *Spectator* for some years, draws an interesting picture of Hutton, with whom, however, he was hardly in sympathy. Hutton met his contributor one day in Trafalgar Square, and, to the astonishment of the passers-by, proceeded to propound in vociferant tones the worthlessness of an historic Christ unless based on a metaphysical *logos*. We have an extraordinary picture of Lady Beaconsfield tasting Trinity audit ale within a day or two of her death. "She was a bright creature," said Dizzy after her death to an old friend; "she had no fears for the future, and no knowledge of the past; she used to tell me that she never could remember whether the Greeks or Romans came first."

Mr. Tuckwell used to stay in the palaces of the great, as well as in tumble-down insanitary cottages, and he gives a delightful vignette of a bookish old squire, who remembered that when Mr. Pickwick—who of course came out in parts—was committed to the Fleet, Charles Buller gravely consulted Sir William Follett how he could be got out again. The great lawyer said it was impossible, and Buller warned Dickens, who responded cheerily, "He will come out all the same, you'll see." Very different was another entertainer, a mighty capitalist, evidently none other than Jabez Balfour, whose tenants were more than contented and loved him as a father. Mr. Tuckwell owes to New College his appreciation of the difference between good wine and bad, and he quaintly complains that many of his earnest Liberal entertainers found no place for wine at all in their *menus*. He recalls Dr. Whewell's apology for his nightly glass of audit ale: "I think that when one takes water so much of the system is poorly occupied." Of course there are many political reminiscences of Gladstone, and indeed of many other famous men, to which we can do no more than allude. The book possesses an index which contains misprints.

THE LION RAMPANT

The Scots Peerage. Edited by the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Vol. II. (David Douglas, 25s. net.)

THE second volume of this valuable work fully bears out the excellent qualities of the first. It is really an entirely new inquiry, though based on the lines laid down in Sir Robert Douglas's old peerage, a wonderful book for the time in which it was compiled. The genealogists whom the Lyon King has gathered round him have assisted to produce a masterly piece of work embodying the results of the most recent researches. All the latest authorities have been laid under contribution, such as the numerous Reports of the MSS. Commission and the recently published Laing Charters. The early historical notices have been verified, sifted and toned down in accordance with the scientific method now introduced into heraldry. But in spite of the insistence of unvarnished records the Scottish peerage is still a romance, there being hardly a family in which there was not some startling incident, some hereditary vendetta to hand down from sire to son. One of the longest and most interesting memoirs in the volume before us is that of the Kennedys, Earls of Cassillis, from the pen of the Marquis of Ailsa, present chief of the name. It is written in the best of taste, all facts well verified and nothing extenuated. A masterful and valiant race, whose long sword ruled all the extensive country from Wigtown to the town of Ayr and from Portpatrick to the cruives of the Chrystal Cree. The memoir on the extinct Carlyle peerage, by the Rev. John Anderson, is also an excellent account of a family long passed away, and now, since the death of Mr. Hildred Edward Carlyle, lately sub-controller of the Post Office Savings Banks, unrepresented, so far as is known, in the male line. The name of Carlyle has had

additional lustre added to it during the last fifty years by Thomas Carlyle. The sage had some grounds for believing that his grandfather was a far-out cousin of the Laird of Brydekirk, the chief cadet of the baronial house. He seems not to have made any effort to complete the missing link, as he himself was no doubt content to hold the patent of nobility he has made for himself. It would have been most interesting if Mr. Anderson could have cleared up the matter in his exhaustive memoir of the parent stock. Those students who examine curiously the rise and fall of families will treasure a book that tells of the shadowy prime of ancient houses—*Omnia sunt hominum pendentia filo*. A feature of this compilation of strange eventful histories is the spirited and artistic heraldic shields and initial letters by Mr. Graham Johnston, of the Lyon Office, who has inspired the great devices of heraldry with something akin to life—something more than the dreary formalism of his predecessors.

FLOWERS IN FICTION

THE works of the poets of all ages and all countries abound with allusions to flowers. Shakespeare himself is an example; nowhere in his pages, perhaps, can we find more lovely lines than those familiar ones which speak of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
And Cytherea's breath."

It would seem that the mere handling, as it were, of such images, the sweeping of such exquisite strings, stimulates the singer to music sweeter even than his theme. Wordsworth, too, portrays daffodils in his own simple and direct fashion, and seizes at once the character of the flowers in question:

"A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

Elsewhere he speaks of his "sweet wild-cherry tree." Here, again, he employs no artifice; the image conjured up before our eyes is that of the tree itself with its faint, woodland fragrance, its airy grace. Other poets lend an artificial significance to the flowers of which they treat; thus Herrick addresses violets as "maiden posies," and Edgar Allan Poe speaks of "puritan pansies," in that strange, wild, fantastic lyric, "To Annie."

It is not, however, the flowers of poetry that I have in my mind to-day, nor the flowers of those old-world gardens chronicled by Bacon and Izaak Walton, nor even the flowers made familiar to us by the fascinating pen of "Elizabeth"—I am thinking of the flowers of fiction, and of the growing propensity among the novelists of the present day to enhance the beauty of their pages by references to these most beautiful of created things. Of the present day, I say, for most of the great masters of nineteenth-century literature were unconscious, or perhaps disdainful, of this art. Thackeray, indeed, seldom troubled himself to describe inanimate nature; here and there we may find a brief reference to a "smiling landscape," or some such phrase; but he was ever in too great a hurry to be dealing with flesh and blood to dally with what seemed to him unmeaning trivialities. It is not that this consummate artist was unaware of the value of a vivid suggestion of colour—he, who has drawn for us Emmie, in her white dress, pressing George's crimson sash against her bosom, and Beatrice descending the stairs in her scarlet stockings, and again, Becky Sharp in her pink silk gown; but as far as I can recollect, he makes no use of the flower in any pictorial sense. We have once or twice a reference to a treasured rose—a withered one—but the flower is used merely as an emblem, a love-token; a lock of hair, a crumpled glove, a

faded note, would have served the purpose just as well. The dream-blossoms of the doll's dressmaker, the scanty blooms of her garden on the tiles, are, like the solitary flower of the lame boy in "Nicholas Nickleby," introduced by Dickens to heighten the sense of contrast between their fresh loveliness, and the sordid lives which they served to brighten; not for what I may call the decorative effect aimed at by the writers of our time. Of these, I would single out Mr. Thomas Hardy as the most notable and admirable example.

When he first presents to us Bathsheba Everdene, she is sitting in a gaily-painted waggon, surrounded by flowering plants. He enumerates these plants—myrtles, geraniums, cactuses—all, be it noted, eminently characteristic of her own vivid personality. He tells us himself that "they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture and girl with a peculiar vernal charm." The reader comes under the influence of that charm from the moment when his eyes first fall upon the page in question—it is indeed this essential quality which marks out Mr. Hardy's work from that of all other writers, which is unattainable, unapproachable, by any of his host of followers. Contrast this picture of Bathsheba Everdene in her crimson jacket, with her bright face and black hair, with the "pale companion" whom Joseph Poorgrass conveys, also in a painted waggon, from Casterbridge Workhouse—poor Fanny Robin, lying in her coffin. She too is surrounded by flowers, and here again the author's choice is noteworthy; laurustinus, variegated box, and yew, boy's-love and bunches of chrysanthemums. Bathsheba, obliged to pause for a few moments on the high road, wiles away the time by inspecting herself in a small swing looking-glass; she smiles at her own image in the sunshine; "the picture," says the author, "was a delicate one." Unforgettable that other picture of Joseph's sad burden looming "faintly through the flowering laurustinus" as the horse plods slowly through "the unfathomable gloom, amid the high trees on each hand, indistinct, shadowless and spectre-like in their monochrome of grey. . . . The dead silence broken only by a heavy particle falling from a tree through the evergreens and alighting with a smart rap upon the coffin of poor Fanny." So the story goes on, gathering tragedy with every line, until the page is reached which portrays for us Bathsheba gazing at her dead rival, suffering as that hapless rival had never suffered in her short life. Here, again, the flowers come in. It is while she is laying them about the dead girl's head that her husband looks in upon her. It is when Troy, falling on his knees, kisses the pallid face smiling so placidly amid the blossoms, that the passionate cry bursts wildly "from the deepest deep" of the wife's heart: "Kiss me too, Frank—kiss me." In all literature I think there is not a page so daring, so absolutely truthful in its revelation of a woman's nature.

But flowers are needed again for the crowning catastrophe of the miserable love-tale of Francis Troy and Fanny Robin. Having set up a tombstone over the poor girl's grave, he proceeds to plant the mound beneath with flowers. "There were bundles of snowdrops, hyacinth and crocus bulbs, violets and double daisies, which were to bloom in early spring, and of carnations, pinks, picotees, lilies of the valley, forget-me-not, summer's farewell, meadow saffron, and others, for the later seasons of the year." The author minutely describes the planting of these by Troy with his "impassive face," on that dark night when the rays from his lantern spread into the old yews "with a strange illuminating power, flickering, as it seemed, up to the black ceiling of cloud above." He works till midnight, and sleeps in the church porch; and then comes the storm and the doings of the gargoyle. The stream of water from the church roof spouting through the mouth of this "horrible stone entity" rushes into the new-made grave, turning the mould into mud and washing away all the flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover. At the sight of this havoc, we are told, Troy "hated himself. He stood and meditated, a miserable

man. Where should he go? He that is accursed, let him be accursed still."

In each of these scenes the writer makes use of the images he conjures up with a double purpose, to enhance the effect of the picture presented to our mental vision, and to convey almost insensibly a deep and hidden meaning. This particular treatment of flowers in fiction seems to me essentially modern.

George Eliot has given us countless pictures of Hetty Sorrel, minutely describing for us her plum-coloured bodice, her rose-coloured ribbons, the exquisite tendrils of her dark hair, the lustre of her eyes. It seems strange that she who had such a strong sense of the picturesque should not have given us flowers in conjunction with this "distracting, kitten-like maiden." Twice, indeed, she would seem to make such a suggestion. Hetty, in rapture at meeting her gentleman-lover for the first time alone, was "no more conscious of her limbs than if her childish soul had passed into a water-lily, resting on a liquid bed and warmed by the midsummer sunbeams"; again, we are told that "hidden behind the apple-blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl"—yet we are not shown Hetty among the water-lilies, or Hetty's delicate dark beauty outlined against a background of apple-blossoms, or Hetty standing breast-high amid golden corn. The present-day writer would have drawn at least one such vivid picture, to heighten the contrast for us between the outward peace and beauty, and the agony within. George Eliot, nevertheless, in ending the story of Maggie and Tom Tulliver, has a phrase that haunts the memory. "Brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one short moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the *daisied fields* together."

Stevenson, that master of language, would seem to concern himself less with the appeal of flowers to the sense of sight than their appeal to another sense: but his words, with the extraordinary power that these instruments have under manipulation such as his, conjure up for us a whole scene. When he speaks of the "hot smell of the heather" we see the great, glowing expanse in all the glories of its crimsons and purples. Again, when he describes St. Ives' escape and tells us how, when he passed within a little distance of a bush of wallflower "the scent of it came over him with that impression of reality which characterises scents in darkness," the reader shares that impression, sees the trembling figure hanging shadowy between earth and heaven, feels his heart beat with infectious fear. And yet again when Will o' the Mill, dying, is "suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes," we share the old man's wonder and bewilderment, we wait breathless for the vision that is coming.

Among living writers, the authors of "Young April," a book as fresh and as thickly strewn with flowers as its name would seem to imply, are foremost in availing themselves of the peculiar form of art of which I speak. One book indeed, "The Star Dreamer," stands out above the rest, for every page of it is fragrant with the scent of the old-world garden which forms a background to the drama of human passion. The heroine dwells among the flowers, the Star Dreamer, her lover, descends from his far-off tower to meet her there. An ineffaceable picture is drawn for us of this dreaming lover, as he comes, at night, full of wild energy and yet not awake, to seek the woman whom by day, in full possession of consciousness, he had forsworn. "His heavy hair was tossed away from his forehead as if wild fingers had played with it. Fragments of moss, a withered leaf here and there, clung to his garments; but it did not need this evidence to tell Ellinor that he was straight from the woods—the breath of the trees and of the deep night emanated from him, fresh and pungent, indescribable."

Again, we have a vision of Ellinor, herself a flower that "had opened wide to the sun of great love," Ellinor, with her arms "full of branching leaves and strange blossoms

... purple and mauve, crimson and orange ... she seemed to bring with her into the room all the breath of the herb garden and all its imprisoned sunshine."

Give us more of such writing, say I, more dealings with beautiful, innocent things, more of Nature in her lovelier aspects. It has been the fashion of late years to cry up those authors who haunt the slums, showing us humanity at its ugliest and most sordid—authors who, when they have defiled their pages with noisome images, appeal to us to admire their strength and daring. Well, every one to his taste; if there be folk who delight in conjuring up pictures of filth and squalor by all means let them read their fill; but human nature is as truly human nature, men and women can live and love with as much strength and passion among the pleasant places of this fair earth of ours as amid the abominations of the city streets. George Eliot's "daisied fields" and Hardy's "vernal charm" will linger in the memory long after the idyll of the slums has been shudderingly dismissed.

M. E. FRANCIS.

JULES VERNE

In the obituaries of Jules Verne which have appeared in England and France since the death of the celebrated writer on Friday of last week, can be noticed a marked diversity of opinion corresponding with a certain vein of contradiction in the author's life. It was perhaps only natural that the appreciations should vary between the enthusiasm of *Le Temps*—which boldly held the Académie Française to have belittled itself by refusing a seat of immortality to its old contributor—and the placid irony of *Les Débats* in defending him against the charge of perverting youthful minds with a specious blend of falsehood and science; for Jules Verne could not but seem great or little as regarded with the eyes of imagination or of fact. The contrast between the adventurous creator of Captain Nemo, and the industrious municipal councillor of Amiens, possessed of no more astonishing passion than an omnivorous appetite for newspapers and a predilection for milk, was assuredly of a nature to perplex the judicious. In psychology, however, all extremes are explained by contraries, and we see Jules Verne in his truest aspect as the precise and welcome converse of that not uncommon type of modern voyager, who, after beating up the world from Patagonia to Japan, has absolutely no adventures to relate. The redoubtable author of "Twenty thousand Leagues under the Sea," hugging the coast of Northern France in his ten-ton sloop, is decidedly the more interesting study of the two.

Born at Nantes in 1828, he was sent off in due time by his father, a Breton advocate, to *faire son droit* in the Quartier Latin. At Paris he discovered more liking for literature and science than for the law, and opened his career as a writer by the composition of a number of unprosperous tragedies in verse. When only twenty-one he succeeded in getting a one-act piece, *Les Pailles Rompues* (written in collaboration with Dumas fils), accepted and played at the Gymnase. For ten or twelve years he maintained his connection with the theatre, writing numerous pieces in collaboration with Charles Wallut and Michel Carré—among them *L'Auberge des Ardennes* and *Onze Jours de Siège*. During this period of dramatic hack-work he held the unsalaried post of secretary to Emile Perrin, then director of the Théâtre-Lyrique, and earned his living by working during the day as clerk to Fernand Eggly, an *agent de change* on the Paris Bourse.

In 1860 or 1861 he met Hetzel, the publisher of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and De Musset, who was then just returning from eight years of exile at Brussels. Aeronautics were in high fashion at the moment, Nadar was exciting Paris with his daring ascents, and Verne precisely hit the popular fancy with a new kind of scientific romance, his "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Editions of the book sold very rapidly, and the generous offer of a twenty years'

contract from Hetzel satisfied the author that the fortunate tide in his life had come. Thereon he took leave of his friends, Aristide Rignard, De Béchenel, Duquesnel, and others, and announced his intention to retire with a wife to Amiens, there to compile the great list of ninety complete novels of adventure which have since delighted the heart of English and French youth.

That list of books is one whose best names are still potent with every hearty boy, and with every man who respects the memory of his immature years. "From the Earth to the Moon," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," "The Clipper of the Clouds," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Michael Strogoff" are to the age of fourteen what "The Three Musketeers" is to twenty-five. All are essentially dramatic, and two of them, "Michael Strogoff" and "Round the World" have been staged with remarkable success, first at the Porte-Saint-Martin, and later in every considerable town of Europe and America. Yet an analysis of their elements yields somewhat mystifying results. In most of the books there is a definite vein of pedagogy which few authors could introduce without annoying or disgusting their readers: the characterisation, though clear and amusing, is markedly theatrical; and, most curious fact of all, there is little or no love interest. It is possibly an impeachment of nineteenth-century gallantry that books containing no descriptions of sweet or wonderful women should have been translated into so many languages; it is unquestionably a paradox of the most tantalising character that a Frenchman should have been their author. Let it stand, however, as a testimony to the fundamental health and freshness of France, that the romances were all clean and invigorating as the sunlight. The name of an inventor or discoverer Jules Verne always modestly disowned, though by his popularisation of mechanical science he might justly have claimed the great distinction of helping forward the perfection of the flying-machine and the submarine vessel. As the founder of a literary school his position is less uncertain, for the obligations of Mr. Kipling to Mr. Swinburne, or of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Edgar Poe, are not more vital than those of Mr. H. G. Wells and others to Jules Verne.

W. L. W.

JULES VERNE: A REMINISCENCE

ALTHOUGH Jules Verne sacrificed everything to his work—he led, at any rate during the last twenty years of his life, an existence of almost monastic seclusion, simplicity and austerity—his personality was interesting, quite apart from the fact of his immense, almost astounding popularity. What that popularity really was could only be gauged by a glance at that corner of his fine library, the library of a cultivated scholar and lover of the classics, where stood the various foreign editions of his books, including those published in Japanese and in Hebrew.

To the end the old man, who physically recalled to a curious extent a more serious-minded, a less self-conscious and ebullient Victor Hugo, was a typical Breton, proud, reserved and silent; a typical member, also, of that curious social caste known as *la noblesse de la robe*, for his father had been a member of the Nantes Bar.

It has often been asserted that M. Verne felt deeply the fact that the magic word "Académicien" was not written after his name. But I believe I am right in saying that he never presented himself for election, and, comparatively early in his life, he turned his back on Paris and all that Paris would almost certainly have brought him. It is, however, a mistake to suppose, as many of his English biographers have done during the last few days, that Jules Verne lived apart from the literary world and its interests. He was the intimate, life-long friend of that wonderful son of a more wonderful father, Alexandre Dumas fils. When both men were in their early twenties they wrote a short comedy together, which is still occasionally played, and

they remained fast friends. Another of his contemporaries with whom he was intimate was Hector Malot, and though he rarely left Amiens, he often welcomed fellow writers to the pleasant hospitable house, No. 1 Rue Charles Dubois, once the French home of a distinguished Englishman, Sir Daniel Lange, the friend and supporter of De Lesseps.

Few of the visitors, however, unless they happened to be real intimates, were ever taken upstairs to the tiny room where the master of the house, following in this the method of so many of his contemporaries, including writers as different as Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, and "Gyp," began and ended each day's work before most of the good townspeople of Amiens were out of bed. For the last thirty-five years of his life Jules Verne did all his creative writing between the hours of 5 and 8 A.M., seated at a plain wooden table placed across the broad window which commanded a beautiful view of Amiens Cathedral. He took an extraordinary amount of trouble over every detail connected with his work, writing always with a half-page margin, so as to leave plenty of room for corrections and additions. More fortunate than most of his fellow authors, he was allowed by his publishers practically to re-write each of his novels in proof. In spite of all the labour he lavished on his manuscripts, he always completed two stories each year, and he must have left many unpublished volumes ready for publication.

The only critic to whom Jules Verne ever listened patiently, and who alone saw any of his work before final publication, was his own wife. No woman ever influenced more happily a writer's career than did this charming, warm-hearted Amienoise, who was, for nearly fifty years, Madame Jules Verne. She and her husband were in the best sense complementary the one to the other, for whereas it was difficult to believe that M. Verne could ever have been in the French sense of the words young and gay, it was evident that Madame Verne had always been too busy looking after his comfort and that of her children to find time to grow old. Indeed she seemed during the last years of their joint life the embodiment of one of the delightful fairy godmothers created by Madame d'Aulnoy.

Sometimes Madame Jules Verne would quaintly lament the absence of feminine interest in her husband's stories, but the listener was well aware that, even as she spoke, there was an underlying pride in the delightful knowledge that she herself, some fifty odd years before, had known how to conquer the heart of the serious-minded woman-hater, of the writer whose only success in drawing "le sexe" was to be "Mistress Branican." There can be surely no indiscretion in now opening the long-closed page containing the simple story of the veteran writer's own life romance.

As a young man, Jules Verne, whose ambition it then was to become a great dramatist—his first attempt took the form of a drama entitled *Alexandre VI.*—solemnly forswore both love and matrimony. In vain his friends with some concern pointed out that "l'un n'engage pas à l'autre;" he declared that to his thinking no man could be at one time both a worker and a lover, and that for his part he had no doubt at all as to which he wished to be. He failed, however, in converting those about him to his views, and as he was a man of ardent friendships he in due course found himself compelled to take, much against his will, the long journey—and in the late "fifties" it was a very long journey—from Nantes to Amiens, to be present at a comrade's wedding.

The stage-coach was late, and when young Verne arrived at the house of the bride's parents he found it deserted save for the presence of another daughter, a young widowed lady who had not cared to inflict her sombre presence on the wedding-party, and who had therefore been left to mind the house. Madame de Vanne, for such was her name, did her best to entertain the stranger; they discussed the drama and literature to such purpose that at the end of an hour the young man began to realise the charm of friendship with a cultivated woman.

The return of the wedding-party took place long before either Madame de Vanne or Jules Verne expected it, and

they alone, so the story went for many a year after, were unaware, during the long day which followed, of what was even then quite plain to those about them, that Providence had indeed made them the one for the other.

A year later Madame de Vanne became the wife of Jules Verne, and he, the most devoted of step-fathers to her two little girls. Comparatively shortly after his marriage was published "Five Weeks in a Balloon," the first of his wonderful adventure stories. His own only child, a son, is also a writer, but he has inherited his father's interest in science without Jules Verne's special gift of embodying his views and theories in the form of fiction.

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

MELANCHOLIA

THE sickness of desire, that in dark days
Looks on the imagination of despair,
Forgetteth man and stinteth God his praise,
Nor but in sleep findeth a cure for care.

Uncertainty, that once gave scope to dream
Of laughing enterprise and glory untold,
Is now a blackness that no stars redeem,
A wall of terror in a night of cold.

Fool! thou that hast impossibly desir'd,
And now impatiently despair'st, see
How nought is changed: Joy's vision is attir'd
Splendid for other eyes, if not for thee:

Not love or beauty or youth from earth is fled:
If they delight thee not, 'tis thou art dead.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE upon a time the famous sculptor Thorvaldsen said to Hans Andersen, "Come now, write us a new and comical story. I wonder if you could make one up about a darning needle!" Andersen's response was the well-known tale of "The Darning Needle," but there is something more in this little fairy story than the mere reply to a spontaneous challenge; the sculptor's request was something more than a sudden whim of fancy. Those two words "I wonder" were in all probability the involuntary exclamation provoked by a thought which had many times flitted about at the back of Thorvaldsen's mind; now the idea found expression as he listened whilst Hans Andersen read aloud "The Sweethearts" and "The Ugly Duckling." "I believe," said the sculptor to himself, "I believe this man could spin a fairy web around any single thing created by God or made by man." Aloud he ejaculated "I wonder," and Andersen replied in the darning needle dialect that his friend had struck the keynote of his genius. Every living and inanimate thing he could endow with the fairy spirit, for this great magician had discovered the elixir of fairy life, and he distributed it with a lavishness born of a real appreciation of the commonplace.

As we look back over the hundred years that have elapsed since the King of the Fairies was born in the guise of a cobbler's son on April 2, 1805, we seek for an explanation of his immortal genius. We know how furiously the walls of his fairy citadel have been attacked by realism during the thirty years since his death in 1875, and we ask ourselves why Hans Andersen has not been buried beneath the ruins of ideal sticks and stones. In

the darning needle story we find a clue to the way in which he was able to erect fortifications which should withstand the fiercest onslaught of mere men. Says the needle when it is in imminent danger: "It is a good preservation against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and to bear in mind that one is something more than a mere human being!" Children are more than human because they have not yet come of age, and as experience has not taught them the full meaning of the word, they are unable to realise its limitations; the grown-up, who knows the weakness of human nature, as well as its strength, finds comfort in the thought that he is "a god though in the germ." It is just because Hans Andersen stands for all that is of a very simple superhuman character that he numbers amongst his friends both the old and the young.

As a human being pure and simple, Andersen had many distinguishing characteristics of the species—ambition, pride, loyalty, devotion, and the like; as a human being of the literary type he was a curious mixture of commendable egoism and inordinate conceit. The story of his life he has interpreted in "The Ugly Duckling," and the ill-favoured bird is certainly an object for sympathy till it develops into a swan and compels admiration. "It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg," comments the author, and we think of Hans Andersen's poor home at Odense, and of the many difficulties he had to contend against ere he was able to rise superior to the circumstances of his birth. We remember the indomitable pluck, the sturdy self-reliance, and the steadfast belief in his own ability which, with but fifteen dollars, were his sole capital when as a boy of fourteen he set out for Copenhagen. We think of the almost penniless lad, handicapped by his unprepossessing appearance, vainly trying to become an actor; then of the bitter disappointments he had to encounter when he tried to succeed as a playwright, and we remind ourselves that he had no educational advantages till he was of an age when many boys leave school. As we read once more the tale of "The Ugly Duckling" we are inclined to imagine that Hans Andersen was very unfairly treated, and to sympathise with his attitude towards his critics in "What the moon saw." But it must not be forgotten that the ugly duckling of Odense had no ambition to be that beautiful swan, the Fairy King, which he afterwards became, even though one of the much maligned critics discovered his real identity at an early stage of his career. "I am sure the little elves will show you the right way through the bright blue sky," wrote Mrs. Ingemann to young Andersen after reading one of his youthful publications, but he had no desire to be guided into the highway of fame and fortune by sprites and elves.

It was as a dramatic author that Hans Andersen wished to excel, for he had been held fast in the theatrical grip from his earliest childhood. Play after play he wrote, and occasionally he managed to get his dramas produced; he believed that they were all masterpieces, and when they were pronounced failures, he thought the critics were in league against him. He was entirely blind to his shortcomings as a playwright, but a very slight acquaintance with his dramatic work is sufficient to justify its condemnation. As a novelist, too, he would fain have been recognised as a great genius, but here again he neither deserved nor received the extravagant praise which he demanded. With his books of travel he was more successful, for hopping about their pages are the little fairies who were calling to him to come and take possession of his kingdom. When he began to publish his fairy tales he only looked on them as a quite unimportant part of his work, although J. L. Heiberg, the famous critic, at once pronounced them the cream of his literary output. As more and more of these stories saw the light, their popularity increased; they were translated into other languages, and very soon Hans Andersen had little cause to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of the great literary critics, and the public in general.

When we come to inquire into the nature of the appeal made by Hans Andersen to his little patrons, we find that its power lies in the author's familiarity with various languages appreciated by the young on account of poetic possibilities, and an unlimited pictorial vocabulary adapted to their requirements. Moreover, the swan language, the language of flowers and trees, of birds and of all manner of beasts, of toys, and of the common objects of daily life have no grammar, and are not fettered by tiresome rules; no wonder then that they are the much beloved mother tongue of children. In this tongue Andersen speaks, and he is able to express himself so forcibly because he is familiar with its every dialect. Then again, he is too great an artist to be a wearisome moralist; his stories are not written in order to point a moral, but morals serve to adorn his stories. We notice also that he avoids "horrors," and his childish public are never frightened to such an extent that a sensible elder has to explain that such and such things are all nonsense. He is an optimist, and children are naturally optimistic; his God is the "Our Father" of the little ones, and he has a strong sympathy with tears, which are the child's refuge in times of distress, and its expression of repentance to be followed as a matter of course by full pardon and complete absolution. But in the story of "The Wild Swans" we find, perhaps, the strongest tie which binds Hans Andersen to every child who makes his acquaintance. Here we are told that Elise dreamed of a picture-book in which "everything seemed alive; the birds sang, men and women stepped from the book and talked to Elise and her brothers." Everything which Hans Andersen puts into his poetic word-pictures is alive, and therefore real. Even when children start to *make believe* they very quickly glide into the actual belief that their imaginary world is full of living things all in possession of the five senses; and it is mainly because children do not feel that Hans Andersen is a mere pretender that they love him so well.

In the Andersen fairy stories the grown-up public discover the philosopher, the poet and the artist, who would have them believe, as they would fain believe, that "life, after all, is the most lovely of fairy tales." They realise that Hans Andersen was not childish, but childlike, and in many women, and more especially in many men, there is fortunately a childlike spirit which responds to the appeal made by such a rare genius. The morals which are not insisted upon in these stories, are nevertheless apparent, and as they are elementary truths common to every creed they go straight home to the hearts of men and women. There is, too, in these fairy tales a fund of humour, and they very aptly illustrate the sense of nonsense which upholds the supremacy of the simpler emotions over the dignity of mere intellect.

To renew an acquaintance with Hans Andersen when the nursery and the schoolroom have been left far behind, may require some courage, for there be many who gibe at the fairy muse. But our good friend Barrie has made it possible for us to handle a copy of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" without blushing, or without resorting to the use of a brown paper cover to hide the title of the book we carry. Who that has made the acquaintance of *The Boy that wouldn't grow up* can plead "Not Guilty" to clapping his hands in order to save Tinker Bell's life? We have seen grave, elderly men, and—even more surprising—"superior" young men startled into enthusiasm and pity by that daring, yet trustful challenge to the spirit of childhood that lives in us all, though we may not know it until some genius—Barrie or Andersen—tears off the wrappings to reveal it. Old and young have responded to Peter Pan's pathetic appeal to acknowledge that they believe in fairies, and old and young alike will be saying on April 2, 1905, "Just a hundred years ago to-day there was born in Denmark the Fairy King, and —" Well, we wonder what sort of a fairy story Hans Andersen would have written about a centenary.

E. A. B.

FICTION

The Dryad. By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. MCCARTHY has found a charming idea for a romance in a legend that tells how in the Eleusinian wood by Athens, long after the old Greek gods and goddesses forsook the country, there lingered still an immortal maid, strong as the heroes, young as the dawn and beautiful as Helen. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Duke Baldwin of the Rock, a Frankish prince, was reigning Duke of Athens, and the story tells how his son Rainouart, "whose spirit swam in the clearest ether of chivalry," met this Dryad in the wonder-wood, how they loved each other, how Esclaramonde, Duchess of Thebes, prevailed over Rainouart by enchantment and deceit for a period, but how in the end Argathona the Dryad won back her lover and became mortal that she might wed him. But Mr. McCarthy's treatment falls far short of his idea: he has not succeeded in creating the right atmosphere. He has emphasised historical details, such as the conquest of Greece by the French nobles, the presence and intrigues of the Catalan Grand Order at the court of Duke Baldwin; he has introduced incidents and characters which have no home outside the most commonplace historical novel, so that when the Dryad, as the Knight of Eleusis, comes to the tourney held in honour of the marriage of Rainouart and Esclaramonde, and triumphs, her triumph leaves us cold and we actually find ourselves thinking of the unfairness of the encounter, where an immortal of godlike strength overcomes a mere human knight. This is not at all the impression that ought to exist. The two elements of French chivalry and of Greek legend conflict, and they defeat their own ends. The presence of the immortal maiden makes the history seem impossible and irritating, while the history takes away from the beauty of the legend. Each element by itself is well enough: the adventures and the murders are sufficiently exciting; and there is considerable beauty in the dream of Argathona, in which all the old Greek divinities appear to her and implore her not to ally herself to a mortal lover; but the union of the two elements is never achieved. Moreover, for a story which appeals primarily to the imagination, absolute simplicity of style is an essential, witness "The Happy Prince" and the fairy tales of George MacDonald; but Mr. McCarthy's style is pretentious and highly coloured: he writes a florid kind of romantic jargon, which less scrupulous critics than the author of "Underwoods" might be justified in describing as no language. He runs the devices of alliteration and repetition to death—such phrases as "hissing hot with haste," "muffled in melancholy musings," "brimmed with admiration of the civilisation," constantly occur, and the jingling assonance would offend the least sensitive ear. "Beraped," "oathing free," "anyways," "hooves" for "hoofs," and many other odd words and usages crop up, some of which may be found in the dictionary and others not. And so the book is a disappointment. Mr. McCarthy has found a beautiful theme and in spite of his cleverness has handled it so roughly that he has deprived it of its external charm and has not developed the possibilities of its inherent beauty.

Wanted: a Cook. By ALAN DALE. (Putnam, 6s.)

WE thought before we read these Domestic Dialogues that we had a Servant Problem in England. We seem to have heard that servants are scarce and inefficient, the terrors of the housewife rather than her support. We have even read amusing articles about the creatures in the monthly reviews, and we have perversely reflected that this was a quarrel where one side was dumb. This never seems to us quite fair, and when we follow a lady's procession of incompetent and insufferable servants we always want a servant's history of exacting and grossly ignorant mistresses. But now that we have finished Alan Dale's

account of "home life" in America, we will never listen to the complaints of our countrywomen again. If he is trustworthy, there are no servants in that distressful land at all: only ruffians who for high wages drink, steal and carouse under your roof for about a week at a time. But it is difficult to believe in the unbroken bad luck of his young couple, and we can only say that if his Letitia has a counterpart in nature she deserves all she gets. No doubt women of her class have reduced themselves both in America and here to a condition of helplessness that would be absurd if the results were not often seriously expensive and uncomfortable. We were told a true story lately of an able-bodied woman whose only resource when her maids deserted her suddenly was to take to her bed in tears. Luckily she had a husband at home to do the work. The unpalatable truth of the matter is that every day girls undertake the important and delightful art of homemaking without knowing anything about it. Perhaps they are not quite as silly as Letitia, who tried to make tea by boiling it in a saucepan with the eggs. But there is no doubt that if a man were as ignorant of his job as his wife usually is of hers, he would soon be begging his bread. Letitia's Aunt Julia is the sensible woman. "Do you think that a mere cook can either make or mar me?" she asks, and without more ado prepares an excellent dinner. Her niece demurs to her slaving. "I don't say that I should select it as a pastime," the shrewd woman answers, "but when it is necessary . . . I am always on hand. The situation is mine absolutely." If the women who employ servants because it is convenient would learn how to train them and how on occasion to do without them, the situation (we have Aunt Julia's authority for saying so) would be theirs absolutely. And servants would not be demoralised by a market driven through scarcity to pay good wages for bad work. But, after all, the question hardly concerns us. Now that we have been introduced to Mrs. Potzenheimer and Anna Carter we know that in our happy homes we still have ministering angels. They do not come from an American Intelligence Office, where one lady, seeing another look dejected, asks her, "Is this your first time in hell?"

The White Causeway. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has accomplished the difficult feat of introducing the supernatural into a story of modern life without producing a grotesque effect of improbability. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he has mastered the subtle art of construction; and so, little by little, he leads the mind of the reader up to the proper receptive point before he brings out his *pièce de résistance*. Very cunningly he uses every device to stimulate the imagination to mystery, using the awe of the mountains with the curious legends about them that are current among the people, as his taking-off place into the unknown spiritual world. He does not approach psychic phenomena in the spirit of the believer, as Miss Underhill in "The Grey World," but rather as an expert writer to whom such matters, though within the mental range of the broad-minded, primarily afford infinite possibilities for sensation; and the result is a capital story, a story which goes with a rare swing, and is all the more pleasant because it is written in admirable English and with wit. Olive Austin and Arthur Garnett are in love with each other; and their love is tinged with the mysterious splendour of the Alpine mountains among which it first finds expression. She is a girl in touch with things spiritual; she has strange premonitions and sees visions, notably the White Causeway, which they say was "built by the spirits of the peaks to enable the spirits of the valley to mingle with them." One day when she is rowing on the lake a sudden storm swamps the boat, and Garnett only just manages to rescue her. For four hours the doctors unceasingly try to revive her, and she is only called back to life by the wild cry of her lover. But she has died, "passed over" as the phrase is. And herein lies the point of the book. Her soul and body are

separate, and only united by her great love ; but the shock has deprived her of memory, so that, while her soul remembers, her corporeal form does not even recognise her lover. The situations which arise are finely conceived and work up to a magnificent climax, which no one who has a taste for the *frileuse* in literature would do well to miss. The whole book is interesting and should be read, for it is an excellent example of Mr. Frankfort Moore's versatile ability.

Elizabeth Grey. By E. M. GREEN. (Blackwood. 6s.)

It has often been remarked that the history of any life whatsoever would afford material for an interesting novel, if only it could be truly written, but as Miss Green says in "Elizabeth Grey," "Self-consciousness generally spoils the effects." Many whose one cry throughout their lives is to be understood are totally unable to break through the thin transparent covering with which convention surrounds every soul among us. When some one does succeed in breaking down this wall and giving us a peep at the real self, we say: "Here is a living book." Simpler in its elements no book could be than "Elizabeth Grey," yet the writer has succeeded in giving us a true picture of a living woman. There is no plot, and the only two events that can be dignified by the name of incidents would have been better away, for they alone are unreal. Here is a picture of a girl almost at her last shilling, who has bombarded editors with her MSS., and stormed them in their dens with but little success. She has a home, but one where money is scarce, and she retires into the wilderness of the quietest of country places to live in a farm-house, in order to do the best that is in her undisturbed. One imagines it must take a grand audacity of mind to write such a book, for it is all so slight and trivial; yet there lies its worth. The author cannot have said to herself: "Who will ever care to read this?" or she could never have gone on with it. She must have written it for the pure joy of painting in words the little details that rose so vividly before her: it is art for art's sake. We seem to smell the fragrance of the lilac wafted in at the open window: we see the still warm and ruffled body of the little dead thrush, a moment before so full of life and gladness; we wander willingly back into the reminiscence of "two children in new jackets, called by them 'wooly-doggy,' with an outside pocket in which a tiny handkerchief is tucked, black turban hats with scarlet wings, scarlet cloth gloves and warm plaid frocks, standing in a pew in an old, old church." The whole book is in a minor key, and there is a certain wistful sadness running through it.

It is possible that it would never have been written had not "Henry Ryecroft" appeared, yet it is not mere imitation. It is a refreshing book, because so natural, with the exception of the two blemishes above noted, namely the ridiculous incident where the great author comes to see the lesser one, and after folding up an uncounted number of her MSS., in big envelopes, directs them to various editors of magazines, who accept them meekly; and the still more improbable dab of colour by which, when the first novel, on the strength of a review in a contemporary, has run into a second edition, the publishers instantly offer a thousand pounds down for the second. Such things may have happened, once or twice, but to bring them into a simple narrative like the present is to mar by crudity what is otherwise a good piece of work.

The Stepping-Stone. By HELEN HESTER COLVILL. (Constable, 6s.)

A PLAGUE upon all meddlers! Suppose a young man rescued from a career of crime by a woman who loves him and for his sake loses, quite undeservedly, friends and reputation; suppose him nursed by her through a severe illness, the result of poor living and remorse for his first considerable fraud: suppose, further, that he professed to love this woman; does it seem equitable that she should be treated merely as a stepping-stone to a life of greater

comforts and amenities? Hardly, we think; nor does it seem likely that Miss Colvill would argue otherwise, for while she is interested in all her characters (as the perfunctory novelist never is), she has reserved her love for Anna Breien, the Norwegian singer, the "stepping-stone" of the title. What is more, she makes the reader love Anna also. Eustace Sercombe, the reformed, after a long and praiseworthy struggle with himself, puts aside the cup with which circumstance tempted him—the love of his beautiful cousin Viola, with position and wealth in England—and is ready to marry Anna and continue the meagre existence of a clerk in Rome. And at this moment there steps in one of those busybodies who love to constitute themselves the viceregents of Providence, and tells Anna (for the benefit of Eustace, of course) that Eustace does not really love her. Anna sacrifices herself; disappears. Eustace, to his credit, seeks her far and wide, only to learn at last that she has died in her own country. How had Miss Colvill the heart to treat gentle, loving, unselfish Anna in this fashion? So much by way of protest; it would be churlish not to add that Miss Colvill has written a clever story, which will often touch her readers and can hardly fail to interest them.

Duke's Son. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS "Duke's Son" is a story of Society, of life among "the best people," which will shock the moralist and yet compel him to read on with ever increasing interest. It records the hard fate of certain members of the peerage, more particularly of younger sons, who discover that the Society into which they were born "will not look at them" unless they can pay for the civility. They find it impossible to maintain their footing upon such poor allowances as a thousand a year; therefore there is absolutely nothing left for them but "to cheat at cards to live." Men and girls, husbands and wives, singly or in partnership, fleece their neighbours and sometimes their friends: other reprehensible things they do, and yet are perfectly happy and unashamed. And some of them are charming people, deservedly popular, and straight and honest in their ordinary dealings. It is not a moral story, but it is an unusually interesting one, gay, cynical, kindly, amusing, and distinctly clever.

A Spoiler of Men. By RICHARD MARSH. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THE numerous readers who delight in Mr. Marsh's tales of mystery and crime have no cause to complain of the quality of the entertainment provided for them in this volume. It is not a woman who is a spoiler of men in this instance, and there Mr. Marsh is wise, since women are almost invariably failures in his pages. There is no definite plot; the threads of the story can be picked up anywhere, and style was never the author's strong point. A wicked Dr. Wentworth hits upon a means of "stopping" any man or woman who displeases him or interferes with his schemes; in a moment "the thing that was a man" becomes speechless, blind, and imbecile. Can imagination go much farther in horror than that? And this operation is performed so many times in the course of Dr. Wentworth's career, that we lose count of the number of his victims, while the details become if possible more sickening in their cold-blooded cruelty with each repetition. But there is undoubtedly a large class of people who like this kind of reading: it amuses and pleasantly shocks them. They will be hard to please if they are not satisfied with the sensational incident here provided.

Widdicombe. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. (Lane, 6s.)

"Do not attempt to put all you know into your first article" was a veteran journalist's advice to a beginner, and the impression that Mr. Willcocks' book leaves is that between its covers are squeezed materials for more than one novel. The stage is too crowded; too many characters play leading parts. The attention of the reader is dissipated; his mind confused. Sylphine and John Saxon,

Rosemary and Nix Calmady—their histories are too equal in value to run through the same book. Both are studies of character that show thoughtful insight into the life and minds of those who live on "The Moor." The ways of men with maids and maids with men, that puzzled even that experienced sage, King Solomon, are followed appreciatively throughout delicate mazes to what in each case promises to be the haven of happy wedded life, though by John Saxon and Sylphine that haven is reached only after long years. Given greater knowledge of what a painter would call the "values" of a picture, this author at no distant date should write a book which will command attention.

THE BOOKSHELF

William Rathbone: A Memoir, by his daughter Eleanor F. Rathbone (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), is too political a book to be dealt with at length in the ACADEMY, but the activities of William Rathbone other than political were many, and this very capably written biography deserves some attention. William Rathbone belonged to a peculiarly modern type. A man of business, he devoted his life to public work, for the sake of no reward to himself, but simply for the good of those whose interests he championed; and throughout a long and active public career he preserved a high modesty that made him, like the late Mr. W. H. Smith and other men, of far more value to philanthropy and politics than more brilliant and less single-hearted persons are apt to be. "The results," he said, "which I have found to follow from principles and modes of action which are open to very many seem to me very encouraging to those who—like myself—have no claim to genius or brilliancy. . . . The men who reap an immediate and material reward for their work are not these great discoverers and brilliant men of genius, but rather those ordinary men whose quick careful observation, common sense and industry just place them a few days, months, or years in advance of what is becoming the general knowledge or sentiment. It is these who see what part of the ideas of the thinkers and specialists of the day are capable of immediate, practical application to the circumstances of their time and country, and who put them into execution." Mr. Rathbone came of Quaker stock; and although his family had ceased to be members of the Society of Friends, the spirit of the Quakers was alive in all he did. His work in Parliament and in various philanthropic movements is too recent to need recapitulation. It is summed up in the following words from the speech made by Professor Wilkins when he presented Mr. Rathbone for his honorary degree at Victoria University. "In workhouse nursing, in local government, in licensing reform, in primary, in secondary and in higher education, both in England and in Wales, his work has been abundantly fruitful, because it has been based on that most accurate knowledge, as well as inspired by the deepest sense of the responsibility, of those who have wealth and culture."

Mr. H. W. Eve, formerly Head Master of University College School, has reprinted in the form of a pamphlet (Nutt) his article on *The Teaching of Modern Languages* which was published three or four years ago in Murray's "National Education—a Symposium." At the present moment it should appeal to all who are interested in education. After contrasting modern languages with the classics as educational instruments under five or six heads—the advantage of a graduated series of problems, accuracy of observation, the application of remembered facts to new problems, the inculcation of the exact idea, the *rationale* of language and the number of problems ethical, historical, political and philosophical which are subsidiary to the study—and deciding that modern languages do not fall far short of the classics on any of these points, Mr. Eve turns to the examination of the German method of teaching known as the *Neuere Richtung* and shows its advantages and disadvantages. It is a contribution, he says, of permanent value to the study of modern languages and not without suggestiveness for the teaching of classics. Of the greatest value in the first stages of learning, it needs to be supplemented, in Mr. Eve's opinion, at a later stage by a system more analogous to that pursued by classical students. Mr. Eve's pamphlet is not only most opportune, but very good reading, being well expressed and enlivened with not a few flashes of wit.

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, of which we have just received the volume for 1905 (S.P.C.K. 3s.), sustained a great loss during the year 1904 by the death of its Honorary Secretary and first editor, the Rev. Canon Burnside. The work is being continued by the Rev. F. H. Burnside, and carried on in the spirit and with the skill which its founder would have wished. A special feature in this year's number is an elaborate list of Church Educational Societies, with an appendix consisting of brief reports on the effect of the Education Act, 1902, upon the Associations of Church Schools originally formed in 1897 to administer the "Aid Grant." The Archdeacon of Buckingham supplies a short account of the Mission of Help to South Africa, and there is a valuable summary of the inaugural meeting of the Representative Church Council last July. The permanent features of the volume remain excellent in

conception and treatment, and the work is wonderfully full and important for so low a price.

Mr. Murray sends us *Murray's History of England, an Outline History for Middle Forms*, by Miss M. A. Tucker (3s.). It is an attractive book and very clearly printed, the pages being broken up into headed paragraphs which will certainly obviate that painful feeling of "never getting to the end," which is always a trouble to young students. The attempt to sum up characters and events in short paragraphs inevitably leads to some little errors of overstatement or under-statement, but after a pretty careful examination of knotty points we have found nothing that amounts to misstatement. An excellent feature of the book is its full outfit of Maps and Plans, and we are particularly glad to see a Map of India, circa 1785. This is perhaps typical of the spirit in which Miss Tucker's work has been done, for throughout she has borne in mind that the history of England is only a part of the history of the world.

We are glad to receive a very handsome reprint of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's *Lorenzo Lotto, An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism* (Bell, 7s. 6d. net). There is little difference in the matter of the present volume from that of the first volume, beyond an increase in the number of works by both Lotto and Alvisse which are discussed; but Mr. Berenson, in an interesting Preface, confesses to a change of view and a change of interest. He concerns himself little now with the work of art as a document in the history of civilisation. He laments the confusion that such an interest is apt to create between the historical and æsthetic standards. He "feels even more greatly bound to warn his readers against the assumption that in Art there is such a thing as progress." "A council of perfection," he writes, "would be to avoid confounding an interest in the history of technique with love of art and most of all to beware of finding beauty where there is only curiosity." The book is a handsome quarto, illustrated with a large number of full-page reproductions, mainly after originals by Lotto and Alvisse.

The latest volume in Bohn's Standard Library is *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare* (Bell, 1s. 6d. net). The special interest of the volume lies in the illustrations, which have been reproduced by lithography from the drawings made by Mr. Byam Shaw for the "Chiswick Shakespeare." It is impossible to agree in many cases with Mr. Shaw's conceptions of character; it is impossible to find him now and then other than a very poor artist; and yet his work is so full of thought and of ideas that he is always interesting, and we are glad to welcome so cheap a volume which contains such good reproductions of his drawings.

Mr. Edward Carpenter has published with Mr. Fifield (2s. net) a little volume on *Prisons, Police and Punishment*. The most valuable portions of it are a note on pages 78 and 79 of the most needed reforms in prison management and criminal procedure (among which it is not surprising to find the complete abolition of capital punishment and the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal), and a chapter on the police system, which asks the question: "*Quis custodiet custodes?*" Mr. Carpenter's chapter vi. concerns what he calls "non-governmental Society"; that is to say, a society ruled not by fear but by its own good sense. On this substitution of the voluntary for the enforced he is very interesting, not the less so because with such a being as man in such a world as the present Mr. Carpenter's ideals are never likely to shake off the title of quixotic.

Another little book coming from Mr. Fifield is *The Higher Love*, by Mr. George Barlow (6d. net). These three papers, "The Higher Love," "The Transfiguration of Matter," and "The Feminine Element in Deity," are reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*. Whether Mr. Barlow is, as he intends to be, scientific in the higher sense of the term, or whether he is setting psychology and physiology at defiance, are matters which readers will have settled for themselves before they begin to read his book, according to the school of thought to which they belong; but to all alike this little volume will prove suggestive.

An interesting and unpretentious little volume on gardening, *A New Zealand Garden*, by "A Suffolk Lady," comes from Mr. Elliot Stock (3s. 6d. net). It hardly pretends to compete as literature with the works of Mrs. Earle and the others who have made gardening a popular subject for books, but there is a pleasant air of sound health and good sense about it. People who, like the author, are practical gardeners will be interested in a great many of her remarks about flowers, birds, and insects.

The three little books by Mr. Hyatt published separately are now to be got uniformly bound in pale green and linen, enclosed in a case. They are *A Garden of Pleasant Flowers*, which we noticed lately; *A Book of Sundial Mottoes*, and *A Garden Lover's Birthday Book* (Philip Wellby, 10/6 net). The *Birthday Book* is an apt and charming collection of sayings, in prose and poetry, about gardens since the time of Solomon. The quaint mottoes on sundials have furnished a little book of sermons on stones. Whether in texts or not, they convey many a lesson, as if their wisdom had slowly matured under the warm sun and wit had gathered in one word. "*Allez-vous*," says a French motto, and the passer-by may read all that is implied; "*Sine umbra nihil*," moralises the Latin, and Grief leaning on the stone catches at consolation. "It is later than you think," warns the English voice.

The fifth and final volume (S-Z) of the new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, revised and enlarged under the supervision of Dr. George C. Williamson, is to hand from Messrs. Bell (21s. net). Considerable space has been allotted to men recently dead, the most important of whom are Watts, entrusted to Mr. Marion H. Spielmann; Whistler, to Mr. G. R. Dennis; Veresh-

chagin, to Mr. H. Rayment; and Frederick Sandys, who has been dealt with by Dr. Williamson himself. The article on Whistler is particularly full and able and the list of his etchings is claimed by the editor to be far the most complete that has yet appeared. The revision has been very thorough throughout the volume, many articles having been entirely re-written and much new matter which has recently come to light having been added. An interesting example of this is Mr. Langton Douglas' article on Sassetta, a painter to whom connoisseurs and historians have only lately begun to do justice. The proposed supplement, dealing with artists who have died while the book was in the press, has been postponed, but the editor hopes to produce it in time. A word should be added for the very fine full-page illustrations, over a hundred in number, which make the handsome volume a still more desirable possession.

A useful little book for amateurs of music is *The Concert-Goer, A Handbook of the Orchestra and Orchestral Music*, by William H. Daly (Paterson and Sons). Mr. Daly's object is to give the concert-goer a little more notion of what he, or she, is hearing, by explaining in a simple, brief fashion what an orchestra is and what forms of music it is intended to express. He begins by tracing the development of the orchestra from the close of the sixteenth century and examining its constitution; he then describes the instruments and combinations of instruments of which it is composed, and passes on to analyse a Symphony, an Overture, a Concerto, and various forms of what is known as Programme Music. His chapter on the conductor (seeing that the conductor—especially when he is Mr. Henry J. Wood—is of quite as much interest to a large number of the audience as the music) will be read with avidity. The book is elementary, but none the less likely to be useful on that account.

Many will be glad to hear that Messrs. Routledge have issued a cheap edition of the late Stepniak's book, *The Russian Peasantry, their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion*. It is now nearly ten years since Stepniak died and the work is therefore not strictly up to date; but, as the writer of the Preface remarks, the Russia of to-day remains the same as that of ten years ago.

With spring in the air a very timely publication is *The Camera in the Fields*, a useful guide to nature photography by F. C. Snell (Unwin, 5s.). Mr. Snell's aim is to provide an elementary and at the same time practical little book for the express purpose of guiding the efforts of beginners in the practice of Natural History Photography. His book is not confined to the art of "stalking," for he recognises that if study of animals, birds, and so forth is the object, much may be done at home and with sitters in captivity; but he gives both sides of the question their due, and his sensible remarks on matters of which he is clearly a master himself should be of great value to students of ornithology, zoology, entomology, and botany. The book is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of photographs, which we presume to be of Mr. Snell's own taking. If that is the case he is an exceptionally clever and artistic photographer and the results are inspiring.

BOOK SALES

ON March 23 at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's sale, a set of first editions of Harrison Ainsworth's novels, 106 volumes, realised £66; E. B. Browning's *Sonnets*, privately printed at Reading, 1847, excessively rare and apparently the only copy sold by auction in the country, £33; S. Daniel's *Poetical Works*, 1718, formerly belonging to Charles Lamb, with MS. notes by him and Coleridge and three letters from the latter to the former, £39 10s.; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, first edition, 1848, with original corrected proof-sheets, £29 10s.; Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, *Select Observations on English Bodies*, first edition, £25; Lord Lilford's *Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands*, 1885-97, first edition with index, £51; Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, apparently a presentation copy from the author to John Davies of Hereford, £55.

ON March 24 at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's sale, Edmond Malone's copy of the *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens's edition of Shakespeare*, 1780, with autograph notes by Malone and original miniature portrait of Lord Southampton painted for Malone by Sylvester Harding, was sold for £91; Dr. Watt's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, first edition, £43; the Kelmscott Press *Chaucer*, 1896, £45.

ON Saturday, March 25, more Kelmscott Press books were sold, the result being to show that the prices, even of vellum copies, are at present falling. The vellum copy of the *Chaucer*, which fetched £520 in 1902, went last week for £300. *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, 1891, one of six copies, inscribed "Frederick S. Ellis from William Morris," fetched £51 (Ellis sale, £114); W. Morris, *Poems by the Way*, 1891, £25 (Ellis, £60); W. Morris, *The Defence of Guenevere*, 1892, £20 (Ellis, £40); W. Morris, *A Dream of John Ball*, 1892, £19 10s.; *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, 1892, translated by W. Caxton, £40 (Ellis, £61); *Shakespeare's Poems*, 1893, £61 (Ellis, £44); *Life of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop of York*, 1893, £35 (Ellis, £44); *Sidonia the Sorceress*, by William Meinhold, 1893, £25 (Ellis, £48); W. Morris, *The Wood Beyond the World*, 1894, £21; P. B. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1895, 3 vols. £61 (Ellis, £89); R. Herrick, *Poems*, 1895, £30; W. Morris, *The Well at the World's End*, 1895, £40; *Laudes Beatae Mariae Virginis*, edited by S. C. Cockerell, 1896, the first Kelmscott book printed in red, black and blue, £20; W. Morris, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, 1897, £40; W. Morris, *The Sundering Flood*, £20; *Some German Woodcuts*

of the Fifteenth Century, 1897, £25. All these were on vellum. *The Romance of Syr Percival de Gales*, 1895, fourth edition, printed by J. O. Halliwell, Morris's own copy, on paper, £26.

At the same sale, *Poems; Written by Wil. Shake-speare Gent.*, 1640, with an original impression of the portrait by Marshall, original edition, slightly defective, fetched £205; a second folio, 1632, £108, and a fourth folio, 1685, £47. R. Allot's *England's Parnassus*, original edition, 1600, sold for £50; Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648, first edition, £75; Milton's *Poems*, 1645, first edition, £86; More's *Utopia*, first edition, £49; *Coverdale's Bible*, Antwerp, 1535, the first edition of the Bible in English, £80.

The sale of the extensive and valuable library of John Scott, Esq., C.B., Halkhill, Largs, Ayrshire, was begun on Monday the 27th March by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

A very large collection of books relating to the name and history of Mary Queen of Scots, is exciting attention, and further on there will be every reason for a large crowd.

The following were the highest prices given on the first day of the sale (March 27). John Adamson's *The Muses Welcome to the High and Mightie Prince James King of Great Britain, &c.*, at his *Happie return to Scotland* in 1617. First edition, £15 10s. Eight entries appear under the name of St. Augustine: *De Civitate Dei lib. xxii.*, fine printed in roman letter, 1486, £52; another edition, 1470, £45. Another edition, 1473, £16; another, 1475, £20: a set of the Bannatyne Club Publications, £139; Barbour's *The Actes and Life of the Most Victorious Conqueror, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, &c.* &c. Edin., 1620, £10 10s.

Venerable Bede's *Opera*, £12; the *Geographia de Francesco Berlinghieri* (1480), £100; the Holy Bible, King James's or Authorised Version, 1633, £25.

Blundeville (Thos.); *His Exercises, containing Sixe Treaties to the furtherance of the Arte of Navigation*, 1594, £9 15s. Boeces *History and Chronicles of Scotland*, 1531, £11 10s. The same, 1536, £24. Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiae, &c.*, 1476, £15 10s.

Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Poetica Geo Buchanani Scoti. James Boswell's copy, with signed inscription by him on fly-leaf and "James Boswell, 1763. I bought this for 2d. at Greenwich when I was walking with Mr. Samuel Johnson," £15.

Bourne's book called *The Treasure for Travellers*, black letter, 1578, £10 10s. Rev. Zachary Boyd's *Last Battell of the Soule in Death*, first edition, 2 vols., 1628, £13 5s. (this book once brought fifty guineas when two booksellers competed with each other for the same customer); Breydenbach's *Sanctarum Peregrinationum*, 1486, £145; and Brunet's *Manuel du Librairie*, 9 vols., £10 10s. Altogether on the first day, £1569 14s.

The interesting MSS. sold lately by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge include Thackeray's autograph MS. of part of *Pendennis*, and also six rough and traced sketches for the same novel; these were sold for £52, while the manuscript changed hands at £290. The original notes for the *Four Georges* brought £199. A carefully finished pen-and-ink drawing of a "New York Loafer," dating from Thackeray's first visit to America, went earlier in the same sale for £15. It was accompanied by an autograph description of the subject. Other drawings sold at the same time were a pen-and-ink portrait of Evans, of Evans' Rooms, on a sheet of notepaper (£7), and a small sketch of a little girl blowing bubbles, signed in full and dated May 10, 1850 (£10). On the same day a christening mug was sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's rooms, with a letter from Thackeray to "My dear Mrs. Fairfax" asking her acceptance of the mug for her little girl, and signed "W. M. T. and Fammely."

The most characteristic of all these relics was a pair of water-colour drawings, placed in Messrs. Sotheby's hands, depicting "M. Solomons, Gentilhomme Anglais, avec Mme. Solomons et M. Ab. Solomons, voyageant sur le Continent." In these drawings Thackeray developed a particular variation of a theme to which he constantly returned, both with brush or pencil and pen—the insular Briton of the first half of the nineteenth century setting out in full insular war-paint for the chosen resorts of our countrymen at that period in France, in Italy, on the Rhine. Another variant of the same picture is the drawing of "Major and Mrs. Hobkirk for the Continent," included by Mrs. Ritchie in her introduction to *Vanity Fair* in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works. These drawings of the Solomons family were sold for £41.

The Charles Reade MSS. sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on Friday 24th included *Gold, A Drama*, and the opening chapters of *It's Never too Late to Mend*, on which the play was founded, £10 5s.; *Love me Little, Love me Long*, £33; two portions of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, £24; and *Hard Cash*, with agreement signed by Charles Dickens and W. H. Wills for the appearance of the work in *All the Year Round*, 1864, £95. Charles Reade's letter book was sold for £38.

THE DRAMA

"LADY BEN" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

It would be an interesting but enormously lengthy task to trace the influence of Scribe on our English plays down from its inception to the present day. M. René Doumic has done something of the kind for his influence on French plays, but to do it in full would take volumes. That

influence has almost faded out now on the other side of the Channel; here it is fast fading, but there is still enough life in it to affect any author who does not approach the stage as a stranger, with a mind that is a blank so far as the traditions and forms of the drama are concerned. It is impossible, of course, for Mr. George P. Bancroft, the author of the clever and ingenious *Lady Ben* produced on Tuesday, to approach the stage in any such manner. He has grown up, one may wager, in an atmosphere of the stage, and it must have been just about during his most impressionable years that the Scribe influence became of the greatest weight and power in England by the production at the Haymarket and elsewhere of a number of plays by Scribe's great follower, M. Sardou. The result is that Mr. Bancroft cannot, if he would, come with a perfectly open mind to the making of a play. He may bring a score of fresh and first-hand ideas on life, gathered for himself by independent observation; he may aim most whole-heartedly at depicting not incident but character, at providing not good "curtains" but good "psychology"; and all the while as he develops his play he must be fighting against traditions, against the cast which his mind has taken through descent and years of association with the stage, against the Scribe and Sardouesque pieces of ingenuity which insist on presenting themselves to his quick imagination as necessary things in a play. It is one of the penalties of coming of a famous theatrical family.

In *Lady Ben*, for instance, we are asked to accept the possibility of a father and son having handwritings so exactly alike that the orthographical experts in a law-court would certainly be unable to tell which was the writer of a certain packet of love-letters. Such cases may be not only possible, but common, and yet one is no sooner asked to accept the fact in *Lady Ben* than we catch the old influence at work. In the third act again the situation is saved by what is really nothing other than an extraordinarily ingenious and positively brilliant piece of stage-trickery, the abstraction of that same packet of letters from the pocket of a fur-coat and the substitution of a bundle of receipts. It had been most carefully and cleverly prepared for; when it happened it seemed completely natural; and yet it was, as a fact, nothing but stage-trickery, the kind of thing, at any rate, upon which, one feels, the great issues of life do not really hang. A less ingenious piece of trickery is the device which makes a woman write a note, in the hall apparently, to a man she has only just left upstairs, and a note which contained things that no sensible woman, even when in love, would be likely to put on paper. Whatever the proportion of things like these to the central ideas of a play, their very presence in it inclines one, and in this case quite unfairly, to put it down not as a piece of original observation and thought, but as a made-up thing, a thing inherited from playwrights of a superseded school.

Now it was very obvious that such things as these are not the things which came first in the author's mind as he wrote, not the things which really interested him. He was really interested in the delightful, indulgent father—brewer and baronet—whose hobby, whose idol, is his only son. How far will a father's love go? Is it, like a woman's, ready to go all lengths, to bear even undeserved shame and disgrace, for the sake of the idol? Mr. Bancroft's answer is: Yes, it is. There was something very attractive about this picture of Sir Henry Ballantyne, the devoted father, with all the little eccentricities and oddities of a man with an overmastering passion carefully noted and humorously displayed. Interwoven with this story of father and son is the story of the love of Lady Ben, an ill-treated and all but deserted wife, for young Harry Ballantyne. The effect on an unhappy woman of thirty-two (for that we learn in an amusing scene is Lady Ben's exact age) of the love of a really "nice" and honest boy of twenty-two—Mr. Bancroft was clearly interested in that, and he has painted Lady Ben's passion with great sympathy, delicacy and insight. But then again he has had to fight with his preoccupations. When Harry Ballantyne, as boys will, sees a new pretty

girl, who happens to be, for him, *the* girl, and falls straight-way in love with her, it is not Lady Ben's feelings and thoughts to which the attention of the audience is directed so much as the contrivances for the *dénouement*. A scene in which Lady Ben explains to her friend what she feels passes almost unnoticed because we know that Sir Henry Ballantyne is coming every moment to see her, and that her husband is in the house, waiting to catch them together in circumstances which have been engineered with no end of cleverness to make the pair look guilty of an intrigue. There again Mr. Bancroft's ingenuity—his theatrical inheritance—has been a little too strong for him.

It is a strange and peculiarly interesting case. Mr. Bancroft was born with what it takes other people years of work to acquire—the "sense" and the craft of the theatre. He has ideas, too, in plenty, and no lack of humour, and the story of his dramatic development will be the story of the adjustment of his ideas with his stage-craft; of his desire to treat his characters as men and women, with his inherited temptation to treat them in the Scribe manner, as pieces of wood to be fitted together in a puzzle. Clever and thoughtful as *Lady Ben* is, it seems to show that the adjustment is not yet complete. When it is, we shall have a sterling playwright.

Lady Ben was not, in one respect, very fortunate in its actors. Miss Darragh, who played the leading part, has no little charm and emotional expressiveness, but she lacks force, weight and personality. She was hardly strong enough to stand up against the Sir Henry Ballantyne, on the whole an admirable performance, of Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and the Sir Benjamin Allix of Mr. Frank Cooper. Mr. Charles Maude brings a popular name and an unaffected, pleasant manner to start him in what we hope will be a successful career, and in Miss Betty Callish, who played the French maid in the piece, the stage has gained from Mr. Tree's Academy a very pretty, bright and intelligent *soubrette*.

FINE ART

MR RACKHAM'S COLOUR DRAWINGS

It was Kipling (was it not?) who once said, "To write a child's book, to write a book that will truly please children—ah! that is something worth doing." And to illustrate a child's book, to illustrate it in a way that will truly please children, that is another thing worth doing. For the Child is no mean critic, nor a lenient. If the drawings in her fairy book are displeasing to the nursery princess, she will make no allowances for the illustrator. Her father, a man of superior culture and intellect, may appreciate the fact that the illustrator has "studied the best models," may recognise here the influence of Durer, there the influence of Japan; but these considerations weigh not at all with his little daughter who less learnedly, but assuredly not less effectually, criticises the artist's work with her queries: "What's that meant for?"—"What is he doing?"

Such questions rarely rise to the lips of children so fortunate as to possess a book illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham. In their stead we hear delighted murmurings: "Oh! look at this funny old woman!" "Did you ever see such a nose?" For Mr. Rackham is as keenly interested in noses as Mr. Shandy. It is in his treatment of this prominent feature that he finds vent for his most mirth-provoking talent. The other afternoon at the Leicester Galleries, where Mr. Rackham's illustrations to "Rip van Winkle" are now being shown, little ripples of laughter broke forth spontaneously from the grown-up children who were looking at the drawings. And what made their laughter so eloquent a testimonial to Mr. Rackham's art was that to provoke it no reference to the catalogue was necessary. The humour of Mr. Rackham's drawing is intrinsic; it does not depend on the text like a sketch in some "comic" paper which requires two or three lines of

type for the elucidation of the joke. In the humorous illustrations to "Rip Van Winkle"—and all, it should be noted, are not humorous nor intended to be so—the fun is there independent of all externals, in the expressions and attitudes of the quaint little gnomes and elves. Indeed, of Mr. Rackham, as of Rossetti, it might be said that "he draws just what he chooses, taking from his author's text nothing more than a hint and an opportunity." We can read this determination in the very lines which the artist has selected for illustration. Occasionally, it is true, we find him taking from the text some such well-defined action as "He would sit on a wet rock and fish all day." And when this is the case the drawing will be efficient rather than *épatant*. But more often he chooses some indefinite phrase which gives the greatest possible scope to his inventive powers, and it is in illustrating these that he shows his varied gifts to the greatest advantage. "The Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings" . . . "Their visages too were peculiar" . . . "He preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour": these are the lines which inspire him to his happiest compositions and his most telling imaginative conceptions.

How charmingly he depicts old Rip "making friends among the rising generation!" In one corner of the drawing the old man sits in his chair, leaning forward, gesticulating, the firelight, coming from the direction of the spectator, throwing his shadow grotesquely upon the wall; in the other corner a group of children sit nestled at his feet, completing the balance and continuing the rhythm of the composition. In some ways this is the most arresting of Mr. Rackham's illustrations, for the lighting, arrangement and character of the drawing are handled with consummate skill. It is intensely dramatic too, and the shadow introduces a touch of that grotesqueness in which the artist excels. But his inventiveness, shown subtly here in the lighting and arrangement, is more obviously visible when he deals with the "strange beings" who haunt the Kaatskill mountains. Far away now from the world of the real, no limit is set to his creative whimsicality, and he can people "these fairy mountains" with the weirdest and most grotesque creatures which his brain can conceive. And here, perhaps, Mr. Rackham most clearly shows his rare discretion and self-control; for though indulging his fancy to the full he is careful not to overstep the narrow boundary line which separates the grotesque from the repulsive. There are draughtsmen who, endeavouring to amuse children, merely frighten and repel them. Mr. Rackham is not of their company, and though he shows us sights which frighten Rip Van Winkle, the nursery connoisseur will not share his alarm.

To insist on the attractiveness to children of Mr. Rackham's drawings is not to belittle his art. On the contrary, in art, as in literature, the difficulty is not in coming down but in coming up to the level of the nursery. To compete for its favour with the "Arabian Nights," "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and "Alice in Wonderland" is to aim at classic rank; at what in this transient existence we call immortality. It is because of this that one fears lest Mr. Rackham should be led astray into catering for grown-ups, lest he should take adults too seriously and children not seriously enough. One grows suspicious at his appearance in an *édition de luxe*. His work is certainly worthy of reproduction with all possible honours, but . . . One thinks of the Caldecotts of days long past, and wishes to see "Rip Van Winkle" in some such format, that may be dirtied, and prized, and loved.

No, Mr. Rackham is too good to be taken from the child by the book-collector, from the nursery into the library. At present his art shows no signs of deterioration, rather of increased concentration and strength. But in these days of limited editions there is always a fear: a fear not that his illustrated works should become scarce, but that his illustrations should become more elaborate, more complicated, and so lose that simplicity and directness which form so great a part of their present charm, qualities which

a child audience imperiously demands, qualities never found wanting in great art.

A little colour is a dangerous thing, and the transition from pure black and white to colour is ever perilous to the draughtsman. Mr. Rackham, who won his spurs in pure line work, has accomplished the passage very successfully and shows himself as versatile in colour as in line. He will paint you landscapes in pure water-colour, mediæval figure subjects in body colour, tinted drawings like these "Rip Van Winkle" illustrations, all soundly executed and pleasant to behold. But here again he must beware of elaboration, more especially when he is working for reproduction. It is a charming convention, this pen-and-ink outline with slight washes of colour, but its charm is largely dependent on its simplicity. For purposes of reproduction flat washes are desirable and the purer the colour the better for the reproduction. Subtleties of modelling are apt to be lost in the process, when the final result is less pleasing than that produced by simple contours. When an artist is working expressly for reproduction it is always a doubtful compliment to say that the original is better than the reproduction. In the originals the colour is always pleasant and has often a sombre mysteriousness well suited to the subject. Consequently it may be urged that the process and not Mr. Rackham should be blamed for any imperfections in the reproductions, and to this one can only reply that an artist never errs in remembering the limitations of his art, and that when he is working for reproduction in colour he must consider the possibilities and limitations of that medium, and work with an eye not only to the original but to the reproduction. Mr. Rackham is too accomplished an artist not to be aware of these facts, and from the very variety of styles in this series of colour drawings one may imagine that he is still experimenting with this newest and least known of media. One can only wonder respectfully at his varied accomplishments, accomplishments which show grace and beauty as well as humour and invention, and finally congratulate him on the success of his experiments.

ART SALES

A MINIATURE oval portrait of Dryden was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on March 23 for £20 10s. At the same sale 63 French engravings, by Cochin, Coypel, and others, were sold for £76; 200 of Hogarth's engravings, collected in 1772 by Dr. Ducarel, £25, and 87 drawings in water-colour and pencil made for Howitt's books on natural history, &c., £35 10s.

At Christie's on March 24 a pair of Old Worcester circular bowls, painted with fan ornaments in colours and gold in the Japanese taste, fetched 18 guineas; a set of three oviform vases and covers and two beakers in Old Nankin, 75 guineas; a pair of cylindrical vases in Old Nankin, 180 guineas; a pair of bottles in Old Nankin, 30 guineas; a vase and cover in Old Nankin, 46 guineas, and a set of three oviform vases and two beakers, 100 guineas. A Louis XVI. clock by D'Heilly of Paris in ormolu case on marble plinth sold for 64 guineas, and a German seventeenth-century agate bowl, silver-mounted and part enamelled and painted, 59 guineas.

On Monday last Messrs. Christie's sales included a gold snuff-box with miniature by G. Engleheart, 56 guineas; and the following miniatures: Lady G. Fitzpatrick (G. Engleheart), 56 guineas; Sir Elijah Impey (John Smart), 39 guineas; Lady Jane Murray (G. Engleheart), 42 guineas; Maria Countess of Coventry, 38 guineas; Master Fielding (Plimer), 42 guineas; Mrs. Daniell, wife of James Daniell, Governor of Masulipatam, 56 guineas; and Madame Récamier (Augustin), 120 guineas. A pair of Manton pistols, *circa* 1784, fetched 20 guineas, and a pair of duelling pistols by A. V. Leheda of Prague, 1833, from the Duke of Cambridge's collection, 36 guineas.

On Tuesday last Messrs. Christie sold the Bishop of Truro's choice and complete collection of engravings after Sir T. Lawrence; many of which had been presented by Lawrence to the owner's father. A proof of Master Lambton, by Samuel Cousins, first state, fetched 220 guineas, a record price. Other engravings by Cousins were: Lady Acland and family, presentation proof, 90 guineas; Countess of Blessington, 41 guineas; the Calmady Children, 35 guineas; Lady Harriet Clive, 31 guineas; Miss Rosamund Croker, 86 guineas; Lady Dover and Child, proof before letters, 150 guineas; Harriet Countess Gower and her Child, whole length, first state, 155 guineas; the same, engraver's proof before letters, 105 guineas; Lady Grey and Children, similar proof, 115 guineas; Elizabeth Countess Grosvenor, similar proof, 78 guineas; Miss Julia Peel, whole length, as a child, proof before letters, 62 guineas;

Lady Peel, proof before letters, 82 guineas; the Right Hon. William Pitt, proof before letters, 52 guineas; Richard, Marquis of Wellesley, 25 guineas; and Arthur Duke of Wellington, 20 guineas. By G. Clint: *The Masters Antrobus*, whole length, 27 guineas; Mrs. Jessop, 40 guineas. By J. Ward, R.A.: Sir Francis Baring, with Mr. C. Baring and Mr. Wall, 56 guineas. By J. R. Smith: J. P. Curran, 30 guineas. By C. Turner: Marchioness of Exeter, proof before letters, 42 guineas; the same, engraver's proof, 90 guineas; Mrs. Stratton, 40 guineas. By F. Bartolozzi: Miss Farren, in stipple, proof before letters in bistre, 76 guineas.

SCIENCE

A BELATED EXPOSURE

MEDICINE is one of the most difficult of the sciences—rivalled only by sociology in this regard—and it dates from the non-scientific era. It has a history of centuries as an art for every year that it can boast as a science. For these and other reasons—such as the notorious necessity for “bluff,” “putting a bold face on it,” “gaining the patient's confidence,” and the like—physicians of the past have ever been ranked amongst the dogmatists; this in spite of their compendious ignorance and incessant retractions, mutual contradictions and even self-contradictions. It was part of their business to ape omniscience, a proceeding which pays as well to-day as ever in the past. If there was any subject of which they knew less than another—though, indeed, I doubt whether the assumption is justified—it was the action of drugs on the normal body; and conspicuously was this true of the actions of alcohol. Now it is the peculiarity of this compound that all the indications which it appears to furnish to empiricism and superficiality are falsified by serious and systematic study. Nevertheless our professional forefathers held certain beliefs and inculcated them into a willing audience. The laity—small blame to it—holds those beliefs almost without reservation to-day: but experimental pharmacology, supported by every other relevant branch of modern science—experimental psychology, clinical medicine, the study of insanity, criminology and a host besides—now repudiates them. Thus it comes about that though the first gropings for the truth did not proceed from the medical profession—which thus resembles all other institutions and authorities and established things—and though the first few medical men who, sixty years ago, stood up against alcohol and lies, were laughed at and branded, like the worthy of all ages, as cranks, yet recently some fifteen thousand doctors presented a petition to the Government, praying that the truth about alcohol be taught in our schools, whilst the leaders of the profession in this and every other country have declared themselves against alcohol—erstwhile the vaunted panacea—and last week there was held in London a medical conference, presided over by the King's physician, at which it was resolved that the profession must set its shoulder to the almost superhuman task of educating the Board of Education in this matter. I have been itching to write about this subject in the *ACADEMY* since my first opportunity twenty-seven months ago, and my only excuse for what may fairly be impugned as a dereliction of a positive and imperative duty is that it was necessary, in the first place, to establish a presumption that the writer was neither a fanatic nor pecuniarily interested in the matter. It is still widely believed that no one can write against alcohol without one or other of these antecedents, and I have even heard it declared that the interest of one of our foremost students of the question—Mr. Joseph Rowntree of York—is due to the fact that he has a pecuniary concern with a rival beverage. Some of us, who have the honour of Mr. Rowntree's acquaintance and have read his famous book, may be excused for the contempt which such insinuations inspire in us. Further, we may be excused for despising the methods by which we are governed when we remember the pronouncements on this subject to which the names of our leading politicians are attached,

and which are left in indecent obscurity so soon as their partisan value is seen to be dubious. With the attitude of the English politician and publicist we may contrast that of their French brethren, who are now conducting a magnificent campaign against one of the most hideous evils of the day.

My present concern is not with the sociological aspects of the question, though they are as truly scientific as any other. It is for others, who speak with greater weight, to combat the absurd delusion that the appetite for alcohol is unlike all other phenomena in being a first cause, and not itself a consequence of many fell causes. But leaving this, and merely remarking that there is no physician of my acquaintance that does not use alcohol in his practice, and quoting Sir Thomas Barlow's opinion of last Friday—how weighty only the initiate can know—that he would not care to be without alcohol in cases of collapse, I pass to the purely pharmacological aspects of the question.

Perhaps the most intelligible and certain of the pharmacological actions of alcohol is that it is a certain reducer of the temperature. It is such in virtue of two actions. In the first place, it increases the stability of the compound in which oxygen is carried in the blood. The red colouring-matter of the blood—hæmoglobin—normally forms a loose compound with the oxygen which it acquires in its passage through the lungs; and this compound, oxy-hæmoglobin, is readily broken up when the blood reaches tissues avid of oxygen. Then oxidation and consequent production of heat can take place. But alcohol, in some unknown manner, increases the stability of oxy-hæmoglobin, thereby lessening combustion, lowering the temperature, and tending to the familiar accumulation of superfluous tissue so characteristic of the beer-drinker.

The second manner in which alcohol lowers the temperature has led to the almost universal delusion that it “keeps one warm.” The drug paralyses the muscular tissue of the blood-vessels of the skin, so that they dilate and flood the sensitive surface with warm blood. This action necessarily cools the blood, whilst making the skin feel warmer. In this, as in other matters, our judgments tend to be superficial; our wisdom but skin-deep.

The most important property of alcohol is, of course, its action on the nervous system; in which its presence can be detected after death when there is no trace of it elsewhere. Here it is of interest to observe that the drug which is so universally abused as a stimulant, is used by the physician as a sedative. In fevers it is alike one of the most valuable of foods, of febrifuges, and of hypnotics.

The most characteristic action of alcohol on the consciousness is its heightening of the “organic sense of well-being,” and its weakening of the powers of inhibition, that is to say, of the control exercised by the higher centres upon the lower. Whoso knows the rôle of inhibition in cricket, and the outer and inner history of the Yorkshire eleven since Lord Hawke has controlled it, will appreciate this fact. But it is the remarkable fact that alcohol weakens the mental power in normal conditions; a marked contrast to the action of coffee. Numerous experiments in psychological laboratories have shown that whilst the subject imagines that he is adding up the column of figures or solving the equation with exceptional ease and rapidity, he is actually taking longer than usual, and with a larger number of errors. One is tempted to speculate on the explanation of this fact, but the whole question of the sense of ease, well-being, and efficiency, with its disorders, is too long for present discussion.

Of course it is not possible to condense a text-book into a brief article; and I have merely been able to offer two or three facts for consideration. If one left the pharmacology of alcohol to consider its pathological effects it would be to write a treatise on pathology and insanity. But I would rather omit further details, and consider the general issues. The facts I have stated are disputed by no competent person. They are to be found rehearsed at length in any modern text-book in any language—whatever the personal habits of the author, whether he be Hedonist or fanatic. They have

now been familiar for many years, and are acted upon by competent physicians everywhere. If the reader should wonder how it is that the modern teaching so entirely contradicts that of the past, I would refer him to the former non-existence of the pharmacological or experimental method. Should he think—bless him!—that this *volte-face* of the doctors is unique, I will give him a parallel instance—relatively trivial, but instructive. Foxglove, or digitalis, the most valuable and universally used of cardiac stimulants, which every one of us is assuredly destined to take some day, unless he be hanged or drowned, was introduced and used for decades as a cardiac sedative in supposed cases of over-action. The reason was that it *slows the pulse*. Pharmacology has now shown that it owes its strengthening action on the heart-beat to this very fact which was once taken as the index to its weakening power! This, too, was a surface-judgment.

The main question raised is involved in the appearance of this article. If I cudgelled my memory for the data and wrote an unoriginal article on the life of King Henry VIII., no editor would print it. For me solemnly to inform the reader that that redoubtable monarch had six wives would be an impertinence which would never pass the editor's table. The details of Henry's life are essentially nugatory: they are no more than glorified gossip, illustrating no principle, confuting no error, unveiling no truth which any one may not observe in the course of his daily round. But it is possible for me, without a spark of originality, to recite commonplace facts which are to be found in any primer, which do illustrate principles, the neglect of which blights millions of human lives and personally affects every inhabitant of these islands; and yet to insult nobody. I am happy to think that no one will be paid for writing such an article as this fifty years hence—when we have educated our educators.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

A MODERN SYMPHONY

[A Symphony by Sir Hubert Parry, performed by Mr. Charles Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra.]

ON March 21, the third of an interesting series of concerts given by Mr. Charles Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra took place at Queen's Hall. This was the last of the set as originally advertised, but probably all who were present noted with pleasure that the programme of a fourth to take place on April 7 was sketched out on the last page of the analytical programme of this concert. Mr. Williams is at present little known as a conductor in London and may in this connection be considered an amateur in the highest and most real sense of the word, since he undertakes these concerts from sheer love of the work. They are given by him, and the programmes, at any rate as far as the orchestral items are concerned, represent his own taste in music. When we see a set of programmes, of which the first begins with a suite by Bach and the third ends with a Symphony by Parry; when each concert includes important works by Brahms, the Symphonies in F and D, the "Tragic" Overture and Variations on a theme by Haydn; when the rest is made up of a rarely heard Symphony by Mozart and shorter specimens of the work of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Weber and Dvořák, we can feel sure that we are in the hands of a true lover of the classics and prepare our minds for a more restful enjoyment than modern concert-givers often allow us. Nor are Mr. Williams' practical powers as a conductor unworthy of his task as a musician. Throughout, he conducted with the greatest care and reverence, and in the third concert he evidently profited well by the experience of the earlier concerts to add confidence and strength to his painstaking attention to detail. For this reason I was sorry that we heard the F major Symphony of Brahms, that bold and rugged giant, in the first concert; it would have come better later, but

as it would necessarily have turned the Parry Symphony out of the programme of the third, one cannot complain, since that work, being almost unknown to performers and audience alike, required all the mastery of an experienced conductor to make it successful in its effect. Mr. Williams must be congratulated on the result. Its reintroduction to a London audience was certainly the event of the concert and it is to be hoped that it will not be laid on the shelf for another period of eight years before it is heard again, but that it may now take a real and permanent place in the *répertoire* of the London Symphony Orchestra and in the hearts of the people. It suffers, however, from the too prevalent complaint of "programme." It is only natural that when Sir Hubert Parry was asked to write a Symphony for production at Cambridge, the thought of University life and all that it means to a young man should be uppermost in his mind and that consequently an atmosphere of high spirits, youthful enthusiasm and noble aspiration should pervade the work. Not only is it natural but right and inevitable, since music must make its appeal by being in sympathy with the tone of mind of the hearers. But the zealous analyst need hardly have wearied us with the details of undergraduate life in term and vacation which he has managed to append to the various sections of the work. The fact is that these qualities I have mentioned, this genial warmth of good spirits, this lofty aim and manly bearing, are not only the attributes of any hypothetical undergraduate, rather they are the qualities by which the composer of the Symphony is known and loved by all who are privileged to come into personal contact with him. If the Symphony is programme music, then it is autobiography; and it was the subject of the Symphony who was so hardly persuaded to step to the front of the dress-circle and bow acknowledgments when it was all over. It is just himself, and so ought to be loved and honoured by all with whom it is now the fashion to profess this ardent enthusiasm for English music about which we hear so much; an enthusiasm which like other patriotism often degenerates into mere "jingoism." Sir Edward Elgar, speaking at the new Birmingham University the other day, paid an eloquent and fitting tribute to one "whose name shall always be spoken of in this University with the deepest respect and affection, the head of our art in this country—Hubert Parry." Most people now admit that English music is a subject which Sir Edward Elgar understands, and therefore his words are worth quotation; and I give them since they may carry weight with some who have not yet taken the trouble to make a serious study of Sir Hubert Parry's music. But to return to the Symphony. The writer of the programme notes lays stress on two points, its "geniality" and "ingenuity." The first is apparent to all, the second, though true, does not protrude itself upon the attention; the music never becomes academic. There are perhaps places where the complexity of the score rather clouds the directness of the music and where the average listener gets a sensation that there is a great deal going on without quite knowing what, but such places are not frequent. The Symphony opens with a short introduction in F minor couched in the real Parry spirit of noble purpose, in which the interval of a rising sixth plays an important part. This is again used in the slow movement. The first Allegro which follows the introduction is full of life and spirit, for the most part direct and simple sounding, though it is really contrapuntally developed. In the later movements the points at which the note of inspiration sounded clearest were in the Trio of the Scherzo and in the slow movement. The theme of the first of these is a delightful duet between the clarinet and horn, most refreshing after the bustle and jollity of the earlier movement. The slow movement is always a special test of a composer's genius; it is so easy to become wearisome, so difficult to keep the interest sustained upon so exalted a level. It is like the much abused and rarely attained art of preaching. But here Parry rises to great heights and allows all the inward dignity of his nature to appear. The ending,

especially, is very beautiful and brought with it some of that repose of feeling which one experiences in listening to the slow movements of Beethoven and the great masters at their best. The finale is developed in a broad manner and works up to an exhilarating ending. It was here, however, that the complexity seemed a little tiring; but it was late and at the end of a long programme, so that it is probable that the tiredness was in the hearer, not made by the composer. My object has been to call attention to this fine work and to Mr. Williams' enterprise in reproducing it and generally in conducting these concerts. Were I attempting a report of the series there would be many things to mention, but I will only mention one in a few words and that is the extraordinary violin playing of the child Mischa Elman. There always seems something sad and unhealthy in these marvellous child performances, but nevertheless the power and mastery over the instrument which this boy possesses are something wonderful. He played Tchaikovsky's Concerto in D, which is a work containing almost every difficulty possible, and did so with the utmost assurance and ease. I cannot believe that the choice of this work was in accordance with Mr. Williams' taste, and it seems a pity to bring up a musical child on such a diet. It is neither milk for babes nor strong meat for men: rather it is a musical stimulant, pernicious for children, dangerous to adults. It was refreshing to hear the boy play a bit of Bach and the Beethoven Romance in G afterwards.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"JIM BLUDSO": A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are at least two bad mistakes in the quotations from Colonel John Hay's "Jim Bludso," which appear in your issue of to-day.

The first destroys the metre, the second annihilates the sense of the line in which it appears. The correct readings are:

Of the line—

"And her furnace crammed with rosin and pine."

"And her furnace crammed—rosin and pine."

Of the line—

"He seen his duty a dead sure thing."

the correct reading is—

"He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing."

With reference to the supposition that the author of these ballads wrote them as "skits on the dialect poems then current in America," I fancy this is only the case with one of the number—that entitled "The Mystery of Gilgal"—and in that case the skit is not so much upon the dialect as upon sentiment of the Western poems of that date, cf. Joaquin Miller *passim*—and the delightful parody of him—was it Lowell's?

"For I've killed most all folks who care for me,
And I'm just as lonely as I can be,
So pass the whisky—let's have a spree."

"Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" are, despite their note of exaggeration, genuine and sincere work—not conceived in any vein of parody, and it is a curious fact, for the truth of which I can vouch, that even in the England of to-day the latter poem, used as a recitation, rarely fails of its effect, and that too with the most dissimilar audiences.

Apologising for the length of this letter,

HARRY QUILTER.

March 25.

[Our contributor writes: I quoted the last stanza of "Jim Bludso" from the authorised edition of Mr. Hay's poems (London, John Lane; Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897), revised by Mr. Hay himself. If Mr. Quilter will refer to this volume he will see that his memory has entirely misled him—that the text reads, "He seen his duty,"

not "He'd seen." With regard to the latter part of Mr. Quilter's letter, I cordially agree that both "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" would be excellent for penny readings and similar entertainments, but what has that to do with their literary quality? Only Mr. Hay himself can say exactly what he had in his mind when he wrote these ballads, but I am so fortunate as to possess among my papers the following extract from the *New York Times* of September 25, 1898: "His (Mr. Hay's) production of 'The Wreck of the *Prairie Belle*' and 'Little Breeches' has been explained as the outcome of a desire to parody in a spirit of fun some of Bret Harte's dialect poems. He wrote a few poems of that kind in the expectation that they would be read in the same spirit in which they were written, and, after causing a little amusement, would be forgotten. His friends say he was greatly surprised to find that they were accepted by the public seriously as productions of literary merit." The authoritative character of the literary columns of the *New York Times* is beyond question.]

[We have to add that the mistake in the first line criticised by Mr. Quilter was not our contributor's doing.—The EDITOR.]

ENGLISH WORDS IN ITALY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The author of a note in your issue of March 18 ascribes the Italian use of the word "raid" to the Jameson incident. The word was used in French long before the Jameson raid was thought of. It never did mean raid—and does not now—but is apparently a phonetic spelling of the English word "ride"—raid being as near as a Frenchman can get to our diphthongal rendering of the third vowel. The word is chiefly used to denote a long ride—say 100 miles—as a trial of strength and endurance of horse and man, but entirely without any idea of what is called a raid in English. I have seen it used for long bicycle rides, &c., in the sporting press, but the separation from the horse is quite modern.

"Smocking" is simply "smoking" (jacket), and is now the accepted word in France for the tail-less dinner jacket—vide any French tailor's advertisement. The garment, being a modern English invention, came across the Channel as a smoking (jacket), and "smoking" it has been ever since. Pronounce smo-kan(gue) as near as our alleged alphabet can express it.

March 22.

H. E. F.

MR. HARRISON'S "CHATHAM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I quite agree with you that Mr. F. Harrison is not an ideal biographer of Lord Chatham. But may I call attention to a curious mistake in the book? Mr. Harrison says quite reasonably that Lord Chatham's peerage was not only well deserved, but quite according to precedent. And then he goes on:

"Peel and Gladstone are the only examples of Prime Ministers who at the end of their careers have rejected the honour on principle. William Pitt and Canning died in office quite young. Melbourne and Palmerston were peers."

Now no one would imagine from this that Lord Palmerston spent his whole career in the House of Commons, and died Prime Minister like Pitt and Canning. He was, of course, an Irish peer, but he never sat in the House of Lords like Lords Grey, Derby, Aberdeen, and Salisbury, as well as Lord Melbourne. It is also said that Addington, among others, "retired late in life to the Upper House." When Addington became Lord Sidmouth he was about ten years younger than Canning was when "he died in office quite young," and was afterwards Home Secretary for many years, and he survived his elevation about forty years.

March 25.

H. B. F.

THE CRESCENT STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "English astronomer" to whom Mr. John B. Tabb refers cannot be refuted. An ordinary star can never be seen within the cusps of the moon, since they of course embrace the dark remainder of the disc; but it is not

impossible that, by catching the sunrays before illumination of the lowland around, some tall lunar peak just within the terminator (*i.e.*, the mutual boundary of the bright and shaded areas) might give the effect of a "star" in this position.

With a telescope I have often observed this effect, not only "within the nether tip" but all along the line, so to say; though I am not sure that the phenomenon could be seen with the unaided eye.

It is difficult (for the present writer, at all events) to say what was the origin of the design to which Mr. Tabb directs notice.

The national flag of Turkey takes the form of a white "crescent" and star on a red ground; and that of Egypt a "crescent" and three stars, also on a red ground. The Byzantine origin of the Turkish emblem, in so far as the "crescent" is concerned, is well known—or may be found in any reference book—but I have not learned whence the Egyptians derived the device.

As a religious emblem the "crescent" evidently took its origin from moon-worship. Some pictures of the Madonna represent her with a "crescent" at the foot, and twelve stars above the head.

Maybe, in the "dust of systems and of creeds" the emblem—as with so much else originally Pagan—has insinuated itself into the Christian structure. The star is probably quite adventitious, put in to complete the design, and placed—with more regard for symmetry than actuality—midway between the cusps of the "crescent."

J. B. WALLIS.

THE FAILURE OF OPERA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With regard to your correspondent C's letter on opera we must distinguish, as the Italians say. No doubt Wagner in choosing mythological themes failed to see that what is fine as poetry will not bear representation on the stage, but this is not true of all such themes. Surely Glück's *Orfeo* and *Iphigenia* are admirable.

So in other ways are *Don Giovanni* (considered as it should be as music), *The Huguenots* and *Il Barbiere*, and many other grand operas might be named. It must however be admitted that the German taste for the romantic differs from English taste.

A German, a great admirer of Wagner, said to me, "You English do not care for the romantic," nor do we in the sense he meant. It is the choice of themes that is all important in the composition of opera. The Greek drama surely presents admirable themes.

H. D. BARCLAY.

MR. KIPLING'S TITLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The sources of Mr. Kipling's titles make an interesting note. The origin of "Traffics and Discoveries" was new and delightful to me. May I add that the title "Many Inventions" comes from the Book of Ecclesiastes, vii. 29, "Lo this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

Will some one discover "Life's Handicap" for us?

FRIDA WOLFE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Berenson, Bernhard. *Lorenzo Lotto. An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism.* Revised edition, with sixty-four illustrations. Bell, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 368.)

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Notes from a Diary, 1896 to January 23, 1901. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. Murray. Two Vols., 18s. (See page 356.)

Coke, The Hon. Henry J. *Tracks of a Rolling Stone.* With a portrait. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
Gray, Joseph William. *Shakespeare's Marriage: his departure from Stratford and other incidents in his life.* Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net. (See p. 357.)
Wildman, W. B. *Life of S. Ealdhelm, first Bishop of Sherborne.* Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.
Vignaud, Henry. *Vie de Colomb.* Paris: H. Wetter, 10f.
Tighe, Harry. *A Queen of Unrest. The Story of Juana of Castile, Mother of Charles V. Born 1479, died 1555.* Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.

CLASSICAL.

Aristotle's Politics. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. With Introduction, analysis and index by H. W. C. Davis, M.A. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

Croker, B. M. *The Old Cantonment. With other stories of India and elsewhere.* Methuen, 6s.
Roosevelt, Florence. *The Siren's Net. A Novel transcribed from life.* Unwin, 6s.
Graham, Winifred. *Wickedness in High Places.* White, 6s.
Leaf, A. *A Maid at large.* Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
Rawson, Maud Stepney. *Tales of kye Town.* Constable, 6s.
Glanville, Ernest. *A Rough Reformer.* Constable, 6s.
Hamilton, Cosmo. *Duke's Son.* Heinemann, 6s. (See p. 367.)
St. Clair, William. *Bendish.* Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.
Rouse, Adelaide L. *The Letters of Theodora.* The Macmillan Co., 6s.
"Iota." *Patricia: A Mother.* Hutchinson, 6s.
Green, E. M. *Elizabeth Grey.* Blackwood, 6s. (See p. 367.)
Marsh, Richard. *A Spoiler of Men.* Chatto & Windus, 6s. (See p. 367.)
Torriani, Rassac. *The Pains of Happiness.* Elliot Stock, 6s.

HISTORY.

Bradley-Birt, F. B. *The Story of an Indian Upland.* With twenty Illustrations and a Map and an Introduction by the Hon. H. H. Risley, Home Secretary to the Government of India. Smith Elder, 12s. 6d.
Parnell, Col. The Hon. Arthur. *The War of the Succession in Spain during the Reign of Queen Anne, 1702-1711.* Based on original Manuscripts and contemporary Records. New edition. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.
Maude, Aylmer. *A Peculiar People. The Doukhobors.* With Illustrations. Constable, 6s. net.
Goodspeed, George Stephen, Ph. D., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Chicago. *A History of the Ancient World, with Illustrations, Maps, and Plans.* Constable, 7s. 6d. net.
Mason, Arthur James, D.D. *The Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church.* Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.
Select Documents illustrative of the History of the French Revolution. The Constituent Assembly. Edited by L. G. Wickham Legg, M.A. Two Vols. Clarendon Press, 12s. net.

LITERATURE.

Dhaleine, L. *N. Hawthorne: Sa Vie et son Œuvre.* Thèse pour le doctorat soutenue devant la faculté des lettres de l'Université de Paris. Paris: Hachette. (See p. 359.)
Dhaleine, L. *A Study on Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."* Paris: Facdouel.

PHILOSOPHY.

Whitby, Charles J. *The Logic of Human Character.* Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
Barlow, George. *The Higher Love, a Plea for a Nobler Conception of Human Love.* Fifeild, 6d. net. (See p. 368.)
McDougall, W. *Physiological Psychology.* Dent, 1s. net.

REPRINTS.

Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb. With illustrations by Byam Shaw. Bohn's Standard Library, 1s. 6d. net. (See p. 368.)
The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty. Transcribed by the late Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A., from the Shorthand Manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vols. VII. and VIII. Bell, 5s. net each.
Beaconsfield, The Earl. *Sybil, or the Two Nations.* With an Introduction by the Earl of Idlesleigh. The New Pocket Library. Lane, 1s. 6d. net.
Rose, Mary. *The Women of Shakespeare's Family.* Lane, 1s. net.
Mérimée, Prosper. *Colomba.* Préface de M. Augustin Filon. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. *Anelida and Arcite.* Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.
Augustini Dacti Libellus. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.
Steele, Robert. *Medieval Lore, from Bartholomew Anglicus.* With preface by William Morris. The De la More Press, 1s. 6d. net.
De Lahontan, Baron. *New Voyages to North America.* Reprinted from the English edition of 1703, with facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, and the addition of Introduction, Notes and Index. By Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. 2 Vols. Chicago: McClurg, \$7.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Sedgwick, Adam, M.A., F.R.S. *A Student's Text-Book of Zoology.* Vol. II. Swan Sonnenschein
Macpherson, Hector, Jun. *Astronomers of to-day and their Work.* With twenty-seven portraits. Gall & Inglis, 7s. 6d. net.

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De Séincourt, Beryl D. *Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the borders of Tuscany, and the northern Marches.* With 13 illustrations from photographs. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
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No. 1718

APRIL 8, 1905

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Genz (T., of York). Any of the Books printed by him.
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George St. Julian, in monthly parts or cloth, 1814, or any odd parts.
Gerard's Herbal, 1597, or 1636, folio.
Germ (The), 4 parts, 1850, or any odd parts.
Germain (P.), Elements d'Orfèvrerie, 4to, Paris, 1748.
Gheyn (J. de), Maniement d'Armes, d'Arquebuses, Mousquet et Piques, folio, 1607.
Gilbert (H.), New Passage to Cataia, 4to, 1576.
Gilbert (J.), Dolomite Mountains, 1864.
Gilbert (Wm.), The Angler's Delight, 8vo, 1676.
The Young Angler's Companion, 8vo, 1682.
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Gilchrist (A.), Life of W. Blake, 2 vols., 1863.
Girard (P. J.), Traité des Armes, 4to, 1740.
Glaistone (W. E.), Studies on Homer, 3 vols., 1858.
Glaphorn (H.), Poems, 1639.
Goddard's Military Costumes of Europe, 2 vols., folio, 1812.
Goefrey Malvern, 1843.
Godolphin, 3 vols., 1833.
Good-Natured Man, 1768.
Goldsmith (O.), She Stoops to Conquer, 1773, first edit'ion.
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Incorporated Society of Authors held its annual general meeting last week under the presidency of Sir John Bergne, the newly elected chairman of the Committee of Management. The chairman's theme was copyright and the practical difficulty of procuring the reform of the copyright laws recognised as theoretically desirable—a subject on which he knows more than most men, as he has represented the Foreign Office in most of the negotiations relating to the Berne Convention. It is, it appears, the fear of the Colonies that stays the hand of the reformer. They are not in love with the system of Imperial copyright; and though they admit that they are bound by the Act of 1842, there is an apprehension that they would object to further Imperial legislation, and would proceed to make their own domestic laws on the matter. Canada, in fact, has already more than once given trouble by doing so. Whence some infer that it is no time for stirring Camerina.

Meanwhile Mr. Heinemann has been discussing copyright in America, and trying to prepare American opinion for some concession in the vexed matter of simultaneous publication. It is suggested that there should at least be a period of grace—say a couple of months—during which the English author should be protected from piracy. At its expiration the pirates should have a free hand if publication had not, in the meantime, been effected. This proposal, however, suggests another question which America will hardly fail to raise: Where does America "come in" if the English publisher uses the period of grace for the purpose of flooding the American market with imported copies of the provisionally protected book?

Perhaps the difficulty might be got over in this way. In the first place it might be forbidden, during the period of grace, to import either sheets or bound copies in excess of the small number which the author's American representative would require to show to American publishers with a view to the negotiation of the production of an American edition. In the second place the period of protection might be extended if, at the end of the two months' grace, an American publisher produced evidence that he had agreed with the author to produce a *bona fide* American edition. This provision would sometimes save the American publisher from the necessity of rushing out a book at an inconvenient season, and he would in consequence be more willing to treat.

We have received a volume of "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature" (Asher). The contents consist of essays on various subjects by Professor Dowden, and a number of other authors whose names are less familiar to us. There is nothing to review; but the

occasion seems one for reviving the question: Why is the Royal Society of Literature a failure? Can nothing be done to give it a position of dignity in the world of letters?

The Society started under sufficiently good auspices. It is a Royal Society; it has a Charter; it has an endowment—the accumulated funds amounting, we understand, to about £10,000. Eminent men have, in the past, been connected with it—such men as Southey, Hogg, Hallam, Hookham Frere, Austen Henry Layard, Crabbe, and Lingard. It has granted medals to such men as James Rennell, the geographer, Sir Walter Scott, and Mitford, the historian of Greece. Its list of foreign honorary members has included Bunsen, Guizot, Thiers, Ranke, and W. H. Prescott. It was, in fact, intended that it should be to the literature of the United Kingdom that which the "Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres" is to the literature of France; and it did once get so far as to publish two volumes, in 1839 and 1846, of a Dictionary of National Biography. But it has never succeeded in making itself really important, and nowadays it is little more than an Essay Society.

Evidence of the insignificance of the Society was afforded at the time of the institution of the Nobel Literary Prize. One would have expected the Swedish electors to go to the Royal Society of Literature for the nomination of the English candidates. They went instead to the Society of Authors—a body which has no royal Charter, and which exists not for the encouragement of literature but for the protection of literary property. There could be no clearer proof that the business of the Royal Society of Literature has been badly bungled. It wants new members, a new Charter, enlarging its powers, and a new determination to do something more worthy of its proud appellation than the reading of essays by literary antiquaries. At present hardly any author of any reputation belongs to the Society. Why cannot such authors join it and reconstitute it? Does no leader among them feel tempted to take the matter up?

Landor was not a popular writer but his admirers are no doubt still numerous, and so we may infer that the "Villa Landor" which is for sale will not remain long upon the agents' books. It is on the high road from Florence to Fiesole, and within its grounds is "the valley of the ladies" known to readers of Boccaccio. Landor lived there off and on from 1829 till 1859—a familiar figure to the natives, who regarded him as the maddest of mad Englishmen. Here he collected much of the matter that appears in the "Pentameron," and here he nearly fought a duel for using more than his proper share of the water of the fountain, to which a French neighbour had an equal right. Here, too, when he was once robbed of some plate, he denounced the police with such vigour, that they expelled him from Tuscany.

The interest of the Villa is enhanced by memories of the visits paid to it by famous men. Chief among them is Emerson, who found the "gigantic schoolboy" in "a cloud of pictures," and Monckton Milnes, who spent some time at Fiesole recovering health after illness. When Landor, after quarrelling with his wife, went back to England, he kept as a souvenir of the Villa a big yellow Pomeranian, his constant companion in his walks near Bath, to whom he used to talk French and Italian. Finally, when the irritable poet fled abroad to escape the results of a libel action, he returned to the Villa. But Landor, whatever his merits may have been, was not the man for family life, and stung to madness by the sense of his many ills, he took refuge in apartments in Florence, where he remained until his death.

The Rowfant Library has so long stood, with book lovers, as one of the finest private collections, a kind of monument to the late Frederick Locker-Lampson who made it, that the announcement made by the New York correspondent of the *Times* that it has been sold will come as something of an extremely unpleasant shock. In 1886 Mr. Locker-Lampson published his fine catalogue of "The Rowfant Library" and when, after his death, there was published in 1900 an "Appendix to the Rowfant Library" it was felt that his successor was going to keep up the proper Rowfant traditions, and that Mr. Andrew Lang's tribute was to be justified at any rate during the present generation. Alas, Mr. Lang's closing words have already become untrue:

"Behold a special act of grace,
On Rowfant shelves behold
The well-loved honours keep their place
And new-won glories half efface
The splendours of the old."

Now, we are told not that the rich contents of "Rowfant shelves" are in the market, but that they have actually been sold to an American firm; and that, if not disposed of as a whole within the next few weeks, the collection will be broken up. This means presumably that it will be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, a fate which will surely be regretted by many people, though it may be hoped in such a case that some of the treasures will find their way back to English collections.

It is impossible within the space of a few lines to enumerate anything more than two or three items from such a collection as that of the Rowfant Library. Numerically the collection is by no means a large one, but in the number of its rarities and its unique first editions, &c., it is far richer than many which are larger. It includes a fine copy of the Shakespeare first folio of 1623, and a wonderful series of quartos and separate first editions. Dekker and other seventeenth-century writers are represented by rarities. There are the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" and "Lives," with old Izaak's own manuscript corrections which appealed to Mr. Lang more strongly than anything else:

"Fair first editions, duly prized,
Above them all methinks I rate
The tome where Walton's hand revised
His wonderful receipts for bait!"

Many are the rare Byrons, Shelleys, and Blakes—including a first edition of the "Songs of Innocence and Experience", together with which we are told that "this volume was cut down by an earlier owner to meet the dimensions of an old weekly washing book from the covers of which Mr. Locker has rescued it." There is a unique copy of Goldsmith's "Traveller" dated 1764—or a year earlier than the date of the "first" edition. In Eliana the Rowfant collection is particularly rich, including as it does half a dozen of the Commonplace Books in which Charles Lamb made extracts from the old dramatists, &c., and a series of thirty-two letters written by him between 1827 and 1833. It is sad indeed to think of the dispersal of all these literary treasures, "each worth a monarch's ransom," as Mr. Austin Dobson wrote.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's reminiscence of his friend may well be quoted here, indicating as it does something of the character of the collector: "He never boasted of his treasures, and, indeed, was fully alive to the touch of human weakness they might decorate but not wholly conceal. I can see him now before me, provided with a finely graduated foot-rule, measuring with grave precision the height to a hair of his copy of 'Robinson Crusoe' (1719), for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was taller or shorter than one vaunted for sale in a catalogue just then to hand. His face, one of exquisite refinement, was a study, exhibiting alike a determination to discover the

exact truth, however humiliating, and the most humorous realisation of the inherent triviality of the whole business." Locker-Lampson, by the way, came of a "collecting" stock, for his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, had such a number of books that when they were sold in 1806 they formed nearly 10,000 lots, and the sale lasted for thirty-nine days.

Our congratulations are due to our contemporary *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, which has attained a circulation of one hundred thousand copies, and has celebrated the event by a soirée at the Hôtel Continental. It began with twelve hundred subscribers in 1883, and gave them four folio pages for their money. Success began to come when it adopted a "format" like our own, and has continued ever since. Its purpose is to introduce literature to the great public which does not read the expensive reviews, and there is hardly an eminent Frenchman of letters who has not contributed to its pages. Its most popular contributor was the late Francisque Sarcey, but its other writers have included MM. Paul Bourget, André Theuriet, René Bazin, Emile Faguet, Camille Flammarion, Henri Lavedan, Jules Lemaitre, Paul and Victor Margueritte, and Jean Richepin. Among the most valued possessions of the editor is a letter from a subscriber who dates from the desert. This writer regrets that he cannot pay his subscription as there are no post offices in his part of the Sahara, but begs that the paper may still be supplied to him on credit. He can occasionally get it sent up by a native porter, and it is his only consolation in his exile.

Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires has just declared the result of a *plébiscite* organised to select the lady most worthy to be admitted to the Academy of Letters. It is interesting to see that the popular choice has fallen not on a popular novelist, but on a biographer and historian: Madame Arvède Barine. The ladies "placed" were Mesdames "Daniel Lesueur" and Alphonse Daudet.

Meanwhile one of the "fauteuils" is vacant, and most of the candidates are men whose names are well known on this side of the channel. Among them are three dramatic authors: MM. Maurice Donnay, Alfred Capus, and Brieux; and three novelists: MM. Lamy, Maurice Barrés, and Marcel Prévost. M. Lamy is said to be the favourite.

A new volume of Wagner letters, rich in interest, may be expected shortly. Some extracts from them communicated to the Press show the composer reckoning up the allies on whose support he may depend, on the eve of the production of *Tannhäuser*. These included: "The poet Baude-laire, who has written me two admirable letters, but refuses to be presented until he has finished the poems which he is writing in my honour," "a young painter named Gustave Doré, who has already made a great reputation, and has drawn a picture for the *Illustration*, representing me as conducting a choir of spirits in the Alps," and "Gounod, a gentle creature, good and pure, but not very highly gifted."

Count Tolstoy apparently aspires to be the Slav Carnegie. He has started two shops for the sale of cheap books, one in St. Petersburg and the other in Moscow, and has also promised to give cheap books to any village in Russia that will ask for them. The offer, however, is not likely to prove very onerous. A very small percentage of the peasants can read with ease, in spite of the really heroic efforts of the Zemstvos to open schools, which have in many cases been promptly shut by the Government. Bookshops in Russia, if not numerous, attract attention partly because of their vast size, and partly because of the great number of French works contained in them. Russian books are badly got up and ridiculously dear.

In spite of the war literature flourishes in Japan. Several novels have lately appeared at Tokio which aim at showing the difference between the Japanese and European minds and points of view. The most successful writers in this line are Mrs. Onote Watanna, whose "Wooing of Wisteria" is familiar to English readers, and Gensai Murai, who, in 1895, published a story describing an imaginary war between England and Japan which results in the loss of Hong Kong and India, the appearance of a Japanese fleet in the Thames, and the payment of an enormous indemnity by the terrified Britisher. Is it because of the alliance and the amicable feelings conjured up thereby that we find no trace of a translation of this popular work in the catalogue of the British Museum?

In a recent number of the Danish fortnightly, *Det ny Aarhundrede*, Georg Brandes continues his recollections of France in 1870. It was the year of the last meeting at Longchamps under the Empire, and he describes that climax of senseless display, when for four long hours a continuous stream of carriages, often five deep, rolled up the Champs Elysées.

John Stuart Mill was passing through Paris:

"he sought me out . . . stayed two hours, and fascinated me. He was exhilarating to talk to. It struck me at once as characteristic, that whereas all the French writers were opinionated, he would listen attentively to dissent; it was only with regard to his attitude towards the emancipation of women that he refused to submit to contradiction, and overwhelmed his opponents with scorn."

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This foundation for the subsequent masterly series naturally contained some arbitrary and crude generalisations:

"However this classification and grouping appeared to me at that period as a discovery, and great was my disappointment when I . . . laid it before Renan, who contented himself with the remark: 'No, no! Things do not evolve so systematically.'"

Among the most interesting books recently published in Paris are "Félicien Rops, Graveur," by Erastène Ramiro (Floury, 25f.) a quarto work with numerous illustrations; the second part of vol. i. of M. Brunetière's "Histoire de la Littérature française classique—Era Pléiade" (Delagrave (2f. 50c.); Emile Gautier's "L'Année scientifique et industrielle" (Hachette, 3f. 50 c.); Henri de Regnier's "Le Passé vivant" (Mercure de France, 3f. 50c.); a choice little 16mo volume, for subscribers only, of Marcel Schwob's "Le Parnasse Satyrique du quinzième siècle: Anthologie des pièces libres" (H. Welter, 25f.), and "Sodom; a play by the Duke of Rochester," published for the first time with a German introduction by Dr. Von Roemer (H. Welter, 10f.)

There is probably no language in which books on military history are more plentiful than English; but these books are of a very varied quality and the difficulty of knowing what to buy is great. The dearth of professional works at many stations, the expense of buying them, and the impossibility of an officer frequently on the move carrying about with him a library as part of his kit, are facts which make the difficulty greater. The Secretary of the Royal United Service Institution is collecting lists, of "the 20 best military books for an officer's portable library" from officers acquainted with military literature, and hopes, by a process of comparison, to obtain the ideal list. The lists thus being collected are for officers generally, for artillery officers, and for cavalry officers, and cover French and German literature as well as English. It will be interesting to see what books are selected, for although there are a few favourites certain of inclusion in the first half-dozen, the field of choice is so wide that it will be extremely difficult to complete the twenty.

The interest which such eminent Frenchmen as M. Glasson, M. Émile Boutmy, Comte de Franqueville, and M. P. Leroy-Beaulieu have displayed in our political and administrative institutions is further illustrated by an important work which M. Étienne Martin is bringing out with Berger-Levrault et Cie. called "Les Impôts Directs en Angleterre." M. Martin is already favourably known in this branch of literature for his works on monopoly in alcohol and the Egyptian Question. In the latter he reviewed the relations between England and the Suez Canal, while in the present work, which is a really important contribution to the study of comparative legislation, he gives a remarkably complete analysis of our whole system of direct taxation, both local and imperial. The book is characteristically *documenté*, but M. Martin has not been content with the mere selection and presentation of statistics; he has spent a large part of the last ten years among us, mixing with all classes of society, seeing the machinery of taxation at work, and continually checking and revising his documentary evidence in the light of actual experience.

A correspondent sends us the following limpid little essay on the *chimaera bombinans in vacuo*, which he states to be more or less sanely strung together out of words he has met in his recent reading. It may serve as a lesson in style: "In the noetic universe of writers, there seems to be a dichotomy, which I count it no parergon to scry. Are the allotropic and isomeric capacities of the English language to be used dynamically or kinetically? Shall the reboant conchimarion horns of a neologistic caucous of mugwumps establish their hegemony upon our honest littoral—shall their operose chitine be allowed to pullulate into tuberosities? It does not arride me that our palmary plainness should suffer deliquem, and that these metics, these tumid microcephalic denizens, with their megalomaniac tongues, who regard sound as ancillary to the quite exiguous sense, should flourish, while the autochthonous inhabitant dwines. This is an opodeldoc for our mattoids, a question for our alienists. No Board School erethism can add to the velleity of the cynegetical squire or the crapulous hooligan, or lessen their ineluctable nescience. True, the imago reaches perfection by ecdysis, and patines make mellow the coin. Not to commit the pravity of fioritures in this gnomon, I contend that subter the phasis of the alb, the mansuetude of sporadic anilities is only hebetated plangency, following on the feral machicolations that happed the papaverous halitus of the eudæmonistic advoutress. So that this homiletical eirenicon, formed from the scree of eximious demiurges, may be a rifacimento of protervities—a propugner of blague might call it an insane protocol, but I advance this disparate and discrete proposition, that it is not a bourdon. All the words of this pleonastic fascicle have been culled as met in many various writers. There remain fifty times as many in the polymeric imposthume of my commonplace book."

We need do no more than call the attention of our readers to the letter from Professor Butcher on the subject of Bedford College for Women, which appears in this number of the ACADEMY. The letter speaks for itself. The present moment is one at which it is more important than ever that a standard of taste should be created, and, as experience shows, there is no better way of influencing the tastes of a nation than through its women. It is not only a question of men of letters, who have been proved over and over again to owe a great deal to the influence of their mothers, but of the whole position of literature as an invaluable influence for good on the national character and development. We commend Dr. Butcher's letter to the earnest consideration of our readers.

The attention of all art lovers is drawn to the fact that the copies reserved by the publisher (Mr. Heinemann) of the illustrated *de luxe* edition of the catalogue of the

Whistler Memorial Exhibition, have long since been taken up, and that the only way now to obtain one is to inscribe one's name at the New Gallery. As the catalogue will be strictly limited and will never be reprinted, every one who is interested in art in general or in Whistler in particular should make a point of subscribing, otherwise they cannot be certain of securing a copy. The Exhibition closes on the 15th inst.

Visitors to Rome this spring should on no account fail to visit the substantial remains of the Curia, in connection with which some fresh discoveries have recently been made by judicious exploration. All Roman antiquities are profoundly interesting to those who possess the sense of history, and the Curia, though not one of the oldest monuments of the ancient State, teems with great memories of the Empire from Augustus to Diocletian. In the course of centuries the level of the earth about the building has risen very high, and a church—that of S. Andriano al Foro—has been built over it, but the original walls of the Curia remain, and earnest students of Roman history may be glad of the opportunity of contributing small amounts to the sum of 500,000 lire—little more than £20,000—required for their effective restoration.

LITERATURE

A NORTH-COUNTRY SQUIRE OF QUEEN ANNE'S DAY

Blundell's Diary. Edited by the late Rev. T. E. GIBSON.
Published by G. G. Walmsley, Liverpool.

ON the panelled stairway of a certain old-fashioned Lancashire country house there hangs the portrait of a bluff old gentleman in brown velvet. His round rubicund face looks out from beneath his curled periwig with an expression of mingled good-humour and pomposity: his eyebrows are faintly arched, his lips are pursed, but there is a dimple in the middle of his chin and a knowing twinkle in his blue eyes. He seems uncommonly well-pleased with himself and the world, and carries himself with so lofty an air that one would judge him rather a frequenter of courts than an honest country gentleman, who seldom went abroad, and only visited the metropolis at rare intervals. The published diary of this worthy—Nicholas Blundell, Squire of Crosby—gives many quaint records of his doings. They are recounted very simply in the briefest, not to say baldest, fashion, yet the peculiarity of the phraseology and the extreme originality of the spelling lend vividness to his style. These pages gain moreover a special interest from the fact that they present a faithful picture of the country life of the period. We hear of Goose Feasts and Merry Nights, of Coursings, and Buckhunting, and "Hors-racings;" of the Breaking of the Flax, the Flowering of the Village Cross, the Weaving of Wool spun by the Squire's wife and daughters from his own Jersey Sheep into a "homs Made Sute" for his wear.

The Diarist relates with precision his own courtship of a lady whom he had apparently never seen before he set out to pay his addresses to her. His preparations for the business are set down with great exactness. On March 5, 1703, he "Payed 7s to Ri: Woods for making a Duple Brested Coat;" three days afterwards he "discoursed James Nicolson concerning a Mourning Saddle and Houlters" (Mr. Blundell's father was not long dead). On March 28 we read: "I writ to Lord Langdale, inclosed it to Coz: Eyre, ye lawyer, and sent it to the Post." On April 6 he received permission through three intermediaries to "wate of Mrs. Fr: Langdall" as soon as he pleased. On the following day his chaplain went to Liverpool to buy cloth for another black coat which had to be entrusted to two tailors before it was successfully fashioned. The wooer next borrowed a pair of "pistolls"

which, however, proved "Rather too larg and so Extraordinary Fine" that he decided to leave them behind. His journey from Liverpool to Oxfordshire occupied six days, and shortly after his arrival he "Discoursed Lord Langdale (the father of his intended bride) in his chamber, and Lady Webb (her sister) in ye Dining roome." It is a pleasure to read that after this the discreet suitor at length made his "first Adress to Mrs. Fr: Langdale" herself. After another interval of two days "Lady Webb discoursed me in ye garden. I Discoursed Mrs. Langdale in ye kitchen garden." This last proceeding seems to have brought matters to a practical issue, for the very next day "Lady Dowager Webb Read ye Heds of Agreement of Marriage to be between Mrs. Fr: Langdale and me, N. Bl: in presence of Lord Langdale and Sir John Webb." Next "Mr. Trynder ye Lawyer came to Haythrop for instructions to draw Artickleys of Marriage," and a day or two after "I presented my Dimond ring to Mrs. Fr: Langdale."

In the brief interval between betrothal and marriage the Squire visited London where he "Saw the *Silent Woman* acted, walked to Westminster and saw ye Tombs; Went at night to Will's Coffy Hous," and in fact spent a deliriously exciting week. Then back again to his fair one, to be regaled by morris-dances and kindred performances by "the Lords and Ladys of May."

"I presented my Guilt Coffy Spoons," he writes: "we danned after ye Taber and Pipe . . . I payed Mr. Person for a Weding Ring. . . . Tried On my Weding Sute there and in other Places."

On June 16: "Lady Dowager Webb acquainted me ye marriage was to be ye day following."

On June 17 indeed the triumphant entry appears: "I was Married to Lord Langdales Doughter by Mr. Sloughter a Clergy-man."

On the 25th: "My Chariot came to Haythrop to carry my Wife home to Crosby."

Such good speed, indeed, did the young couple make that the chariot, drawn no doubt by the four blacks which were then considered indispensable to a gentleman's equipage, arrived at its destination in a corresponding number of days.

The lady who was courted with such ceremony seems to have at once assumed the subordinate position proper to the female of the period. There is indeed frequent mention of "my Wif" in the Diary, but it would appear that she had a dull time of it. She rode out behind her husband here and there, and occasionally "fell of the Hors," after which she was immediately "Bluddied," the infallible remedy for almost all disturbances whether of mind or body. Her portrait, which hangs beside that of her lord, presents a depressed and anæmic appearance. She made frequent "Visets and How-do-you's" to her neighbours, particularly after a birth or a death; she went by stealth to Mass and prayers, more often than not in "Disgise"—the Blundells of Crosby being always staunch Roman Catholics. She spun Jersey and tried to make Red Gingerbread. On February 20, 1704, the following tragic entry suggests that delicate ladies of Queen Anne's time had certain qualities in common with those of the present day. "She quarreled with me about her not tacking Phissick and my not coming to see and pitty her."

On September 22 Mistress Blundell presented her husband with a daughter, the future heiress of Crosby, for no son blessed the union. The record of a certain sporting transaction which took place on September 14, 1711, would seem to prove, however, that Squire Blundell did not relinquish hope of a male heir for many years.

"I sold my Mare Punsh to Rich: Westhead for Four Pounds in hand and Eleven Pound more to be payed on ye Birth of my first Son by my now Wife."

Two days afterwards:

"Ned Hatton came to me to Petission I wold be off ye bargain had made with Ri: Westhead, but I would not consent to it."

On the 21st, being anxious to clench the matter:

"I sent Wm Ainsw: to Rich: Westhead with my Mare Punsh, being he had bought her of me some time agoe but he sent her back in

hopes I would come upon a new Bargan but we stuck to ye first bargain."

On December 4:

"I sent my Mare Punsh to Rich: Westheads, he was not at home but after some time his Wife took charg of her."

Another daughter, Frances, presently appeared upon the scene, and we have many pretty pictures of the little damsels. On one occasion:

"They buried one of their Babbys with a great deal of formallity. They had a Garland of Flowers carried before it and at least twenty or more of their playfellows were at ye Burryal."

At another time they are taken to a Poppet Show. Again, to view "ye strange Creatures as were to be seen at Ormskirk Fair." The girls were taken to a foreign school and on their way homewards after escorting them thither the Squire and his Lady had quite a festive time in London. "My Wife bought a Red Satine Sute and I a Dove Colour Cloath Sute." They saw a play called "*Titus Andronicus* acted at ye Play hous in Drury Lain." They went to Tatham Fair and Bartholomew Fair; to

"Malburgh Hous—'tis a pritty little Hous and some good pictures drawn by L'Gar thence to Buckingham House wch is really Noble and Fine."

On another occasion the pair had still greater excitements in London; Mrs. Blundell being taken to see a Poppet Show and a Hanging on the same day.

A kindly, good-natured busybody was the Squire, for ever trying experiments, and being invariably cheerful when they failed, as they always did. Now he is taking the clock to pieces, now tinkering with the kitchen jack which he could not contrive to put together again. Anon:

"I helped to set some Tulop roots as were dressed with Ink after different manners and some as were order'd other wayes in hops to change their cullor, but to no good effect."

Yet again:

"It being near Full Moon I cut my Wives hair of."

He was not above doing a little smuggling on occasion.

"This night I had a cargo of 16 Larg ones brought to Whit Hall . . . W: and Ca: covered the Cargo very well with straw."

Hardly a day passes that he does not mention drinking with this one and that one; sometimes the statement is followed by the remark "Extreaimly merry," at other times "Ill drunk." He seems to have been on most friendly terms with all the neighbouring Parsons, albeit that every now and then he was obliged to retire to a hiding-place in the panelling while his house was searched. Notice was generally given of the impending visit of the soldiers by some obliging neighbour, who as likely as not gave hospitality to the Squire's horses to prevent their being seized.

It is impossible not to laugh when we come upon such an announcement as this:

"It being Saltford Fair I light of a Palsing (pacing) Gelding there I rode him into Manchester and bought him. I call him Pesient Grissell."

A domestic tragedy is succinctly set down in three entries:

"Aug. 14th, 1724. Before three this Morning I disturmed two Cupple of Woosters Jane Withington, Nelly Howerd and their Sparks. Aug. 15th. Mat Withington came to chapter his Doughter for Courtin in ye Night. Aug. 17th. Jane Withington and Nelly Howerd left their Service and went to Darby Waikes."

Though Mr. Blundell appears to have been frequently called in to negotiate difficult transactions, such as the making peace between husband and wife, the adjusting of disputes among friends, the drawing-up of wills for his poorer neighbours, and the generous bestowal of advice on all who sought it, he does not seem to have ruled his own womankind as sternly as was customary in those days. Fanny, the second girl, was evidently a poor-spirited, hysterical creature, always ailing and complaining, going into "convulsions" at sight of a mouse, afraid to "ride out Single," always in the doctor's hands. Mally, on the contrary, seems to have known her own mind, which

was not always in accordance with that of her father. Great was his desire to arrange a marriage between her and young Mr. Standish of Standish, when Mally was just twenty-one. But though Mr. Standish the elder "made a Proposall to me," and friends and neighbours interested themselves in the affair, and the young man himself "payed several Visets," the lady would have none of him. Mr. Blundell seems to have been in some measure deceived by her, and indeed to have prematurely counted his chickens.

"Being Matters are now lickley to goe forward Coz: Gillib: and I began to Consider what proposalls were proper to be made to Mr. Standish."

Cousin Gillibrand, who seems to have been the intermediary in this delicate transaction, subsequently dined at Standish with Mr. Blundell. "Old Mr. Stand: I: etc.: discoursed of Proposals for my Doughter Mary's Settlement." The wooer stayed at Crosby shortly after, and was fêted by the family, going with them to the play at Liverpool, helping to "Toos Wm: Roostick in a blanket," riding out with his would-be father-in-law to the seaside, and otherwise diverting himself.

On November 29 the entry stands ominous: "Mr. Standish went hence, this was his last Viset," and on the 25th: "Mally discoursed me seriously and told me her Mind."

The Diary comes to an abrupt end three years later, no doubt owing to the failure of Mr. Blundell's eyesight, which was accelerated by sundry experiments carried out by the advice of his friends. We read that he began:

"to use spectacles but not as a constansy only when ye print is too small for me or that it is too dark to see my Letters plain without ym:"

also to use "Eye Bolsom," and to put Clary seeds in his eyes "without great benefit."

He lived, however, for several years longer, and it is to be hoped that he consoled himself with the simple pursuits in which he always seems to have found delight; raising flowers, playing Tick-tack, wandering over his fields, where he discoursed the Songoers (gleaners) and Marlers, drinking that "extraordinary good Ale," which he so often mentions, always busy, ever full of importance, ever, in his own estimation at least, the centre of his little world.

M. E. FRANCIS.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

The Spenser of his Age, being Selected Poetry from the Works of Phineas Fletcher. (J. R. Tutin, Cottingham, near Hull. Limited to 500 copies. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. WALTER JERROLD, who may, as the author of the Introduction, be presumed also to be the compiler of this modest little volume, has done a kindly action—he has revived the memory of a worthy poet and at the same time has been careful not to ask too much of the "general reader," for whose benefit the present selection has avowedly been made. The general readers of former generations have passed judgment on Phineas Fletcher with no uncertain voice; they have perhaps glanced through specimens of his work in anthologies, but they have not encouraged any printer to publish the body of his poetry in a cheap and accessible form. There is therefore no need to apologise (as the compiler is inclined to do) for tempting the appetite of the public with only a morsel of ninety pages—the public would certainly not relish very much more.

Born in 1582, Phineas Fletcher passed amid stirring times an uneventful life. Eton and Cambridge gave him a sufficiency of learning, and a Norfolk rectory (1621-1650) supplied the appropriate *milieu* for the cultivation of an elaborate and ever-gentle Muse. In 1633 appeared the poet's main work "*The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man*," and it is on this that such fame as he possesses is chiefly based. Many a reader must have been misled by this

curious title, which does not allude to any Utopian island in a faery sea nor yet encroach on Mr. Hall Caine's literary preserve, but simply covers a minute description of the whole nature of Man, who is himself the Purple Island. A piscatory play, "piscatorie eclogs," some religious verse in English and Latin, and a few miscellaneous pieces complete Fletcher's acknowledged achievement.

The poem "Brittain's Ida" appeared in 1628 as a belated work of Spenser, who has now been relieved of the attribution. One can easily understand that the real author preferred to screen his reverend identity when describing with quite irreverend unction one of the little gestes of Venus. It is curious to note how easily the verse dedicated to this facile goddess trips along, as compared with many a passage of the poet's more sober work—one is led irresistibly to think of a truant running gleefully down a sunny lane whilst his fellows are chained to their desks beneath the master's eye. Not that our author's muse cannot enjoy an innocent holiday—there is genuine ease and freshness in the lines (from "The Purple Island") describing the Shepherd's life:

"His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent;
His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blest he lives when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him."

Again, Hymen makes a brave entrance:

"See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a saffron-coat, in's hand a light;
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth;
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright."

But ever round the corner is lurking a conceit, which, like an uninvited dog, follows the reader through three lines or even a stanza. We can bear such a slight play as the following:

"Ease thou my wound: but (ah!) what hand can ease
Or give a medicine that such wound may please?
When she my sole physician is my soul's disease?"

but it is too much for us when antitheses are piled one upon the other, as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, e.g.:

"Love is life's end, (an end, but never ending)
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding," &c.

There is much of this kind to forgive in Shakespeare—there is a terrible amount of it in Fletcher. He is like a bee drowning in excess of his own honey, and the reader himself begins very soon to feel positively sticky.

Nearly half the present selection consists of elaborate personifications of various Virtues and Vices, which afford much scope for ingenious devisings, but little for poetic feeling. For our last quotation we will avoid even the most lurid of the Vices and hear Fletcher's fine lines on the fall of Lucifer himself (which were well known to Milton):

"Thus fell this prince of darkness, once a bright
And glorious star: he wilful turned away
His borrowed globe from that eternal light:
Himself he sought, so lost himself: his ray
Vanish'd to smoke, his morning sunk in night,
And never more shall see the springing day:
To be in Heaven the second, he disdains:
So now the first in Hell and flames he reigns,
Crown'd once with joy and light: crown'd now with fire and
pains."

A poet capable of such flights can never be wholly forgotten, but his faults will equally prevent his being generally remembered.

There is a Bibliography, a List of English and Latin Poems, and a page or two of explanatory notes. We would point out that the "Crambe" which Hæreticus repeats (p. 53) has nothing to do with Crambo (as the writer of the notes seems to think)—it is the "Crambe repetita" of Juvenal. The photographs of Hilgay, Norfolk, and of the Cam, are out of keeping with the rest of the book, which is neatly got up and most readably printed.

LAHONTAN'S VOYAGES

New Voyages to North America. By the BARON DE LAHONTAN. Reprinted from the English edition of 1703. With Introduction and Notes by REUBEN GOLD THWAITES, LL.D. In Two Volumes. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$7.50 net.)

To the general reader, the name of the Baron de Lahontan will probably be as unfamiliar as that of the locality from which he sprang, but both the man and the village are worthy of some attention. This the labours of Dr. Thwaites may secure them: and, indeed, for many reasons these volumes are very welcome. They display enthusiasm as well as erudition, and render accessible a great quantity of curious information. Few pages of history are more deeply scored with episodes of romantic interest than those which record the early developments of European activity in North America—and here, where the author is a Frenchman, who owes and eloquently proclaims his gratitude to England, the fact that his work now reappears under American auspices cannot fail to render all he did peculiarly interesting at the present time. Of its value we will speak hereafter.

Lahontan lies in the heart of the Pyrenees. Here, of noble but not always prosperous stock, the baron, third of his line, was born in the year 1666. As a child, he enjoyed the sunshine of aristocratic favour, though his father fell on evil days some time before his death. Litigation naturally involved loss, and before he had reached his prime young Lahontan learned not to put much confidence in princes. Even so, he hoped to win his way to success by means of his own adventurous spirit. Conscious of gallant purpose, stout heart, ready tongue, and persuasive pen, he saw the world as a highway for conquest to an adventurer so well equipped with the necessary passports. But luck and Lahontan were almost always strangers to one another. He certainly rendered service to France. More than once his services were handsomely recognised at Versailles. But on the whole, as soldier, diplomatist, or man of the world, he cuts a strange and rather sorry figure, in spite of the fact that the story of his wanderings brought him fame while yet living, and remains to bear witness to his intrepid spirit and his by no means insignificant achievements nearly two centuries after his death. Neglect, however, has been Lahontan's portion, and such neglect it is not a matter of great difficulty to explain.

Lahontan lied. The historian may well be puzzled when he has to deal with the deliberate and artistic liar. But of course there are lies and lies, and wit may serve to cover a multitude of sins. Dr. Thwaites exercises an uncommon ingenuity in explaining the methods of his hero, whose first—and authentic—documents of travel were hailed with joy by an untravelled world, to be succeeded by narratives glowing with "the light that never was, on sea or land." And naturally, when Lahontan invented the Long River, to mislead a whole generation of discoverers, allowance must be made, first, because the thing was wittily done, and next, on account of the position in which he found himself—penniless, yet with a name to sustain and with a traveller's reputation. Unfortunately, this fictitious story is not a solitary blur. There is a curious parallel in the account our author gives of the survivors of La Salle's last expedition, admittedly untrue: and then there is his general lightness of touch, delightful in itself, but critically dangerous. Mankind at large must not be

indefinitely exploited. New France, in Lahontan's vivid pages, could be realised by his contemporaries—but, if the narrative were false in other respects, if chapters were added for the sake of gain, what is the use of Lahontan at all? Without much conviction, Dr. Thwaites suggests that the Long River fragment was allegorical, a phantasy, an intelligent anticipation of Swift. This will hardly do. Where Lahontan had a mind to satire, his weapons were already to hand. He is hardly flattered if, for the sake of stimulating a belief in his veracity, you belittle the ingenuity and power which enabled him to pen the exquisite dialogue between himself and the noble Huronian, Adario. It is worthy of Lucian.

"I envy the state of a poor savage, who tramples upon laws and pays homage to no Scepter." This is the keynote of Lahontan's style, the point of his grievance against the world as he found it. To him, as Dr. Thwaites shows, a true Arcadia existed that could be taken for an ensample of brighter life by the saddened denizens of camps, courts, and cities. Here,

"each man was a law unto himself, and did what seemed good in his own eyes. Here were no monks and priests, with their strictures and asceticisms, but a natural, sweetly reasonable religion. Aboriginal marriage was no fettering life-covenant, but an arrangement pleasing the convenience of the contracting parties. Man, innocent and unadorned, passed his life in the pleasures of the chase, warring only in the cause of the nation, scorning the suppositious benefits of civilisation and free from its diseases, misery, sycophancy, and oppression. In short, the American wilderness was the seat of serenity and noble philosophy."

Such a theory gives fullest play to an observer cultivated to the finger-tips, lively, brilliant, and socially popular, and Lahontan's own febrile personality is interwoven with the story he has to tell. He reports acutely and caustically, he celebrates brilliant exploits in which he bore a part, he makes no secret of his aversions and preoccupations, and shows us his Savages naked and unashamed in more than one sense. As a human document his work will remain invaluable. He laid bare the flaws and vices of his age unsparingly; he erected as an ideal the free and splendid life of the forest. Little as this can serve us in our day, there lies within it the germ of a fine philosophy, and Lahontan deserves to be enrolled among the pioneers of thought. "The *Zeitgeist* from the hills of the future descended upon him." Those who have now reissued his work and have thrown upon it the light of modern research may well claim that for picturesqueness and charm it contains passages which are unequalled in the literature of travel: that these are qualities hardly diminished at all by blemishes which are obvious: whilst the labour that has been bestowed both on the letters themselves and on the bibliography is worthy of the highest praise.

THE LAND OF SAINT FRANCIS

Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the Borders of Tuscany and the Northern Marches. By BERYL D. DE SELINCOURT. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.)

It is at Foligno—Foligno where young Francis Bernadone sold his father's goods in the service of the poor little chapel of S. Damiano of Assisi; Foligno now of the "dead churches"—that Mr. Maurice Hewlett pauses a little in his "Earthwork out of Tuscany" to muse and wonder on the riddles of Umbria. As he watches "these gray towers and the grand purple line of the hills hemming in the Tiber valley" he feels the folds of the soft Tuscan mantle slipping from off him; feels that from a land that has assimilated pagan and christian religious influences alike, to blend them into something comely and serene he has passed to places where men have outworn all the ecstasies, sensuous or ascetic, of the earth. He speaks of the old Umbrian passions—two ends of the candle indeed—for killing in this world and living in the next, of "the unquenchable Umbrian thirst for some spiritual nutriment, for some outlet for their passion to be found only in blood-

shed or in fainting beneath the cross." In illustration of all this he has the terrible, beautiful, Baglioni of the sixteenth-century Perugia before us again, slaughtering in the market-place or confessing in a rapture of weeping at St. Brigida's meek feet; and, finally, hastening back to St. Francis and the thirteenth-century, he bridges seven hundred years or so with a wonderfully comprehensive little landscape with figures—

"Renan saw the gentle cadence of the landscape—violet hills, the silver gauze of water, olive yards all of a green mist; read the *Fioretti* and the dolorous ecstasies of Perugino's Sebastian, and straightway adapted the high-flown parallel worked out in detail by Giotto. Umbria for him was the Galilee of Italy, and Francis son of Bernard an avatar of Christ."

"But Renan," concludes Mr. Hewlett, "was apt to allow his emotions to ride him." This Mrs. de Selincourt never does. She will forgive us, we hope, for approaching her demesne, as it were, by way of neighbouring properties. Whenever Mr. Hewlett approaches Francis of Assisi he holds a fine bright candle, while the detailed descriptions of scenery and topography, with which the "*Vie de Jésus*" abound, are of the essence of the conceptions of this book. But emotion? It is no longer of service to any end to treat emotionally a figure which to some less imaginative minds must always seem a little ridiculous. Hallam has dismissed St. Francis in half a sentence as "a harmless enthusiast, pious and sincere, but hardly of sane mind." Mr. George Moore has, we believe, stigmatised him with shocking rudeness as a "squint-eyed Italian saint." Isaac d'Israeli was as flippant as might be when he found a prominent place for him among heroes of ecclesiastical legends. It takes a most imaginative sympathy and better art to see his life as John Richard Green saw it, falling "like a stream of light across the darkness of the time," or to glimpse in his rapt and joyful "*imitatio Christi*" a religion "perfectly sane, at bottom practical, with a base of plain, everyday ten-commandment morality." But that, we think with Mr. Hewlett, was the base of St. Francis's good brown life, and it is in this spirit that Mrs. de Selincourt treats him, both in her discriminating and sympathetic introduction and in the pages in which she has set him with his companions against the background of the haunts and hills he knew. "No one can hope to know S. Francis," writes M. Paul Sabatier in his preface, "without knowing and loving the places where he lived," and it has been Mrs. de Selincourt's method to traverse at leisure the whole region of his Italian harbourage, describing each convent or chapel, village or mountain solitude, setting each in its proper landscape and transcribing from the two chief contemporary biographies, the "*Speculum Perfectionis*" and the "*Legenda Trium Sociorum*," and from the *Fioretti*, the little flowers of Francis (popular legends probably gathered together in the fourteenth century) the associations of each with the earliest members of the Franciscan order. We almost think that in attempting this archaeology of the open places, if such an expression be permissible, she has essayed a task as difficult as it is fascinating—more difficult, in a sense, because more subtle, than those eager and arduous researches among the archives of Umbrian interiors which have made M. Paul Sabatier the first authority on the subject of S. Francis. Continuous topographical description draws largely upon many qualities, and though Mrs. de Selincourt's style, in any liberal spirit of criticism, is of a high average—broken, too, as her pages are by extracts of great interest—the broad illumination of her descriptive passages is not often flecked with those inspired lights and shades which sometimes make the turning of every fresh page of a book an anticipation of delight. That she can write well, however, any one of many passages would serve to show. Take this, for example, with its fine appreciation of the successive waves of efflorescence and fruition that flood a southern spring:

"The spring which is the youth of all herbs and green leafage, is the autumn and old age of the olives. The hoary leaves shake out their silver, half-crumpled to the sun, awaiting their dismissal; a warmer

age is upon the gnarled trunks, luxuriant in deep rich garment of lichen and bedded moss, while the fresh green of the young corn breaks in waves round their feet, with here and there a poppy gem or a sprinkling of crimson clover spikes."

Another drawback to the topographical basis of presentment is that it almost inevitably tangles the thread and so spoils the continuity of the story. Let us take Assisi and its environs for instance, among which we pass most of our time. Its various chapels, convents and localities, are connected *inter alia* with St. Francis's quarrel with his father, with his influence over St. Clara, with his relations and controversies with brother Elias, whose ambitions for the order did so much to subvert its original ideal of simplicity, and with his death. Yet all these exits and entrances are spasmodic and slightly disconcerting to the uninitiated, who would like to know something more of the story of Clara, or of the difficult question of the exact position and motives of Elias, than they can learn without reference to some such book for example, as Mrs. Oliphant's vigorous and well-sustained narrative. In this connection a brief continuous account of St. Francis's life (it would go into a nutshell), together with a few notes concerning the more prominent of his companions would, we think, have been of great value. The outline map, too, of Umbria and the Tuscan borders (which should by the way have been a folding map) might well have been supplemented by one of Assisi and the country in its immediate vicinity.

In conclusion let us pay a tribute to the excellence of the selection of the various passages alluded to above. The famous dialogue between Francis and Leo on the Perfect Joy, "the sum and flower," as M. Sabatier has said, "of the Umbrian Gospel," is here of course, but one does not often see the beautiful legend of the feast of the brethren with Lady Poverty, transcribed at length from the "Sacrum Commercium," and many a quaint and beautiful little legend from the Fioretti adorns this book like a true and fragrant "little flower."

INDIAN STUDIES

The History of India: the Hindu and Mahometan Periods. By the Hon. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE. With Notes and Additions by E. B. COWELL, M.A. Ninth Edition. (Murray, 15s. net.)

Cities of India. By G. W. FORREST, C.I.E. (Constable, 5s. net.)

THE enthusiast who seeks to interest a discerning public in Indian history labours under several disadvantages. There is the initial difficulty, of course, that India is a sub-continent peopled by so many and so various native races that any attempt to produce a synoptical record would be a very bewildering and otherwise unsatisfactory process. The Sikh and the Madrassi, for instance, are not only as far apart in language, religion, and character as a Tyrolean peasant and a Cossack of the Don, but they have progressed through the centuries of their historical existence on lines so utterly dissimilar that any co-ordination is practically impossible, at any rate until a comparatively late stage of British supremacy is reached. But the continental character of India is beginning to be well understood in these days when no longer a Member of Parliament could be found to say, as one did not so very many years ago: "I know a great deal about Burma because I have a brother stationed there—but *he* always spells it 'Bermuda'!" Less generally grasped is the fact that Indian history has a good deal in common with Chinese painting. There is the same flavour of immemorial antiquity, the same brilliance, the same want of perspective. Any epoch in the annals of India prior to the British occupation can by an artist be made to captivate the eye and stimulate the imagination. But there is lacking the true relation of distances, and the result is a flat inconsequence which is very disappointing. Moreover, the student who looks for results other than those which come from "drum and

trumpet" performances cannot but swiftly appreciate the reason why Indian history will never rank with classical histories in a truly educational sense. In battle records the annals of India are equally prolific with those of Rome, they afford instances of kings and governors not less heroic and hardly less exemplary. But they are singularly deficient in any hint of a national striving for constitutional improvement, and in any sort of popular effort to check the growth of some of the simplest forms of unadulterated tyranny the world has ever seen. Neither Hindus nor Muhammadans have ever howled as the Romans did for tribunes: the revolutions of India have had their origin not in constitutional yearnings but in palace intrigue; and expansion has usually been along the lines not of imperial conquest but of pure rapine and mere extortion of dues from a broader area. Similarly India, like Greece, can point to a mythology enshrined in epics which will always remain monuments of world literature, and which are familiar to many English readers in the paraphrases by Talboys Wheeler. She has produced some notable dramas, such as Sakuntala, of which the late Monier Williams made an agreeable translation. Her art has merits which are widely and some times enthusiastically recognised. But no comparison is possible between the educational value of the tedious *slokas* of, say, the Ramayana and "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." No such intellectual benefit will ever be derived from the conceits of Kalidasa as from the irony of Sophocles. As for Indian art, "humorous, amorous, obscure, subtle, and refined" it may be, but it has never reacted upon us as Greek art did upon *agreste Latium*, and we may well be thankful for the fact.

Yet with these limitations Indian history has a strange attractiveness. For sheer variety it is incomparable. In its earlier phases the student seems to be watching a horde of insects, busy after a mixed fashion, some in a patient struggle for existence, others in building strange and more or less sumptuous structures for the more dominant members of the crawling community. From the historical standpoint the Hindu period is mostly a drab assortment of lower organisms, from which the Brahmans, the supreme caste, stand out as law-givers and statesmen, as poets and philosophers, the creators of the language, the grammar, the literature of Hindustan, as well as the founders of its religion. Of the Hindu period the era of Buddhist supremacy with its humaner views, its missions and monasticism, constitutes to many the redeeming feature. It carries us along for some fifteen centuries, from about the date of Alexander's invasion to the Brahmanical revival in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. Next comes a succession of early Muhammadan dynasties brought to an inglorious end in 1398 by the invasion of the great Timur, the Tamburlaine whom Marlowe brought on the stage in a chariot drawn by "pampered jades of Asia," in the fair persons of captive Indian damsels of high degree. Of Muhammadan India the apotheosis is, of course, the Moghul dynasty founded at the close of the fifteenth century by Babar, a dynasty which began to decline after the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, and the fall of which paved the way for British supremacy. It is in this period that the more spectacular attributes of Indian history assert themselves. The court of the Great Moghul will ever be surrounded by traditions of decorative magnificence, coupled with some military display and great artistic ostentation. This splendour reached its zenith in the reign of Shah Jahan, whose throne in the shape of a peacock with a jewel-studded tail was valued by Tavernier at six and a half millions sterling, and of whom so many lovely architectural memorials are to be found at Agra and Delhi. But the Moghul Emperors did more than hold gorgeous courts and build stately mosques and tombs. The far-seeing Akbar founded a new religion of his own, displayed astute imperial statesmanship by his conciliation of the Hindus, settled the land tenure, and even established judges and a police. Aurangzeb, too bigoted to be conciliatory, was still a fine vigorous ruler of the would-be absolute sort, a capital man of business, and well-fitted by

personal character for such a throne as that of Delhi. But his very activity and his restless anxiety to subject Southern India to his sway brought him into troublesome contact with the Mahrattas, and clouded with failure a career which, with some modification, might have been one of singular beneficence and progress.

With the advent of the French and English and the struggle for supremacy in the eighteenth century Indian history underwent a kaleidoscopic change, not unhappily exemplified by the difference between the two volumes whose titles are set forth at the commencement of this article. For while Elphinstone has dealt studiously, though by no means exhaustively, with the Hindu period, and has given us perhaps as good an account of the Muhammadan Emperors as is yet available, Mr. Forrest describes some of the cities, past and present, of India, largely by the light of our own Government records of which he formerly had official control. Of course there is in both cases a degree of overlapping, just as there is in the actual eras themselves, but the reader who has taken his impression of the Hindu and Muhammadan periods from Elphinstone will not require much further instruction in this direction from Mr. Forrest. None the less will he find real interest in the latter's description, brightly tinted with local colour, of the establishment of the early British factories at Madras, of the growth of Calcutta from the time of sturdy Job Charnock, of early days at Surat, so valiantly defended by Oxinden in 1664 against the great Mahratta freebooter, Sivaji, and of other early British developments until, in the accounts of Lucknow, Delhi and Cawnpore, the story of the Sepoy Revolt is reached, and elaborated with no mean skill. To the more advanced student of Indian history it will always be an interesting circumstance that the same Elphinstone who wrote the history of India up to about 1761 was himself half a century later a prominent figure in Indian political life. In 1808 he was sent on a famous mission to Afghanistan; later he became Governor of Bombay, and he might have been Governor-General of India had he wished. There are few finer figures in the annals of British India than Mountstuart Elphinstone, and, if his History had no other merit, it would always be esteemed as the work of one who himself left a real mark upon India, and who was distinguished as much by his habitual moderation and good sense as by his genuine appreciation of the native character. As an additional link between the two books coupled for the purposes of this sketch it may be mentioned that the best available account of Elphinstone is one prefixed by Mr. Forrest to his former selection from the State Papers written during the time when the future historian was Governor of Bombay.

We turn from these two books, one by no means a perfect history, the other little more than a glorified, though highly creditable, guide-book, with a renewed sense of disappointment. For the reasons lightly stated above it may be too much to expect that a work about India will ever be produced, of the same class, for instance, as Green's "English People" or Bodley's "France." But we ought to be able to approach more nearly what is wanted than we have done as yet by means of unsatisfying histories and discursive travel-books. To some it may seem that the right line has yet to be taken, in that, with the exception of the late Sir William Hunter, none of the writers on India seem to have grasped the effect of geographical conditions upon the various growth of the Indian peoples, while even Hunter did not keep this aspect as steadily in view as is necessary. The writer of this brief sketch recalls a trip to the Marble Rocks of Jubbulpore in company with Hunter, who discoursed very eloquently on this topic, illustrating with the aid of a walking-stick the fertilising function of the Indian rivers to which the capacity of Northern India to support a dense population is to be attributed. But even Hunter might have gone further than he did in his published works to demonstrate the true relation of their geographical environment to the growth of the various Indian races, an environment which made

them sometimes content to remain stationary for ages, sometimes impatient to lay hold on other parts where the conditions of life seemed easier, rendering them now meekly tolerant of any sort of oppression, and again frankly pugnacious and domineering. Nowhere, too, can the influence of geography upon the sort of religion that makes history be more easily traced than in India. The forests of India alone are hotbeds of beliefs so fantastic and monstrous that no race holding them could hope to offer prolonged resistance to conquerors rejoicing in wholesome and practical creeds. Geography is probably at the bottom of the relapse from pure Buddhism into Brahmanism with its many vulgar mysteries and obscenities, and the fact that Islam to-day flourishes freely in the mountainous Indian borderland, to the entire exclusion of the easier religions of the plains, has a distinct historical significance.

THE CREDIT SIDE OF THE AMERICAN LEDGER

The Americans. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. Translated by EDWIN B. PH.D. (Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d. net.)

SOME years ago Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, drew up a comparative balance-sheet in which the moral assets of Germany and America were contrasted, with the result that not a few of the American values were rather severely marked down, somewhat to the chagrin of the American public, who are, perhaps, more than any other people liable to accept supposed national virtues at their face value. The audit no doubt was a little one-sided, not because the auditor was in any wise unfair or impartial, or because he was unduly drastic in writing down or writing off certain questionable items, but because a comparison was not always feasible. American strong points, unless fundamentals are compared with fundamentals, are often prime numbers which refuse to be expressed in German factors. Professor Münsterberg has very wisely brought out a supplementary estimate of American ideals in which special stress has been laid on those which are least obvious to Germans. The book has been Englished, or rather Americanised, by his assistant, Professor Holt, as may be seen from such phrases as "to budge the masses, to come round obstacles, the more brilliant plays (points in the game), there was never any let up (stop)," as well as from such comical words as muckers (the reverse of millionaires), pinctile and labile. The work, in spite of its undoubted merits, lacks the keen incisiveness that distinguished the "American Traits." At times the style is rather diffuse, and in place of brilliant generalisations one gets somewhat barren generalities. The attack is often scarcely pressed home, and even when the Professor is tilting at the worst abuses, one feels he does it with a blunted spear. For instance, he hardly seems to us to insist sufficiently on the hopelessness of breaking down the unholy alliance between the party "boss" and the low-class voter, which has made some of the most thoughtful Americans regard the disenfranchisement of the latter as the only remedy against chronic corruption. What is better housing to Mr. Dooley and his tribe compared with the blandishments of a "thorough gentleman," who has always a nod and a shake of the hand for every one, finds his clients work, gets them out of trouble if they fall foul of the police, and never misses sending them a substantial Christmas present? We have heard of one boss who gave away yearly sixteen tons of turkey together with corresponding quantities of beef, mutton, etc. etc. If open speculation and misappropriation are on the decline, blackmail which furnishes the bulk of the funds goes on as merrily as ever. Nor is there any freedom outside party; the honest clergyman who denounces corruption finds his assessments rise in proportion to his rhetoric. In the struggles between organised capital and labour one hardly thinks that Professor Münsterberg has taken into account the possibility of

high prices bringing into existence a certain number of free labour shops, an eventuality which would effectively prevent employers and employees combining to exploit the general public. To an English reader the Professor's remarks on Trusts in Germany are certainly misleading. They may not have assumed in that country the American form, but that they are not only powerful but extensive we know to our cost from the operations of the Kartell system. Professor Münsterberg is pretty sure that Western Canada will soon form part of the United States. The reasons he gives are largely economic. But much depends on which side of the border the economic pressure falls. As long as Canadian wheat is taxed, the new settlers may desire reciprocity or even union, but recently, in order to keep American mills supplied, a system of wholesale drawback on imported wheat has been introduced which neutralises the tax. In these circumstances the new settler may be quite content to tax American goods as heretofore, as long as he can export his grain on such favourable terms.

Such criticism apart, Professor Münsterberg has been remarkably successful in the general purpose of his book. It should certainly conciliate American opinion, though it be an epode rather than a palinode. For here we have laid bare the four-square foundations from which really springs the greatness of the American character; self-direction, self-realisation, self-perfection and self-assertion. The first pervades all political life. Its motto is the refrain of "Rule Britannia" with Americans substituted for Britons. It reveals itself in its strong love of freedom, its respect for the rights of other individuals, its readiness to enter into association, which is the voluntary subordination of the free man. It is ethical rather than logical, based on the will rather than the intellect. Strong in its hatred of impalpable State control, it is equally strong in its longing for self-government, in its insistence of the individual as an integral part of a government which is of the people, for the people and by the people, with the necessary corollary that every office of State is open to anybody. Its merits are the direct interest it gives to the average individual in political life; its defects that it brings every question down to the level of the man in the street and thereby tends to rule out genius. Yet there are not wanting signs in American Democracy, which we are rather surprised to see unnoticed by Professor Münsterberg, that the *Übermensch* is rising in value. The need of fixing responsibility somewhere, which the American has discovered to be necessary from his business experience, has led to the putting at the head of affairs, in more instances than one, a strong mayor or governor with almost dictatorial powers. The present struggle between Mr. Roosevelt and the Senate is largely a clash between the old and new conceptions of political management. The spirit of self-initiative dominates the economic arena. The magnificent economic life of America is not a sordid worship of the almighty dollar, but the dollar is the standard by which a man measures the intrinsic value of his activity. In a word, dollars are but counters in the game which the American plays for the love of playing. To marry for money or to gamble in a lottery is not regarded as legitimate speculation, for neither can be considered a game of skill. Nor is the *leit-motiv* one of enabling one's posterity to dispense indefinitely with work. By not a few it is held almost a sin to die rich, and more than one millionaire, like Mr. Carnegie, is putting back his counters into the common pool. Rivalry is everywhere, but envy is almost unknown. The beaten man in America is a sportsman; he knows how to lose. Business in Europe is looked upon as honest but not noble. The merchant always sinks the shop when he can. Work in America, however, with the exception of shaving, waiting, and boot-blackening, is never regarded as degrading. No one is ashamed of his calling, however humble. The dignity of labour is a real thing. This, however, is no reason why Professor Münsterberg should indulge in a sneer at "the æsthetic conception of the Japanese who teach their youth to despise mercantile business and tastefully to arrange flowers."

The third corner-stone is the spirit of self-perfection. Here the predominant influence is that of Boston and New England throughout the country, just as it is the example of New York and Chicago which counts in the economic sphere. But economic influences are also a force to reckon with in this, the intellectual arena. It is they which give backing to those utilitarian ideals which are ever doing battle with the Puritan. Is the kingdom strictly of this world? Is outward and immediate success the real and only goal? Is not culture as necessary as technics? And so we find in the higher schools a never-ceasing struggle between fixed courses for general education and elective courses in which specialisation is freely permitted in view of business and professional training. Association—whether in the form of church, school, or institution for mutual improvement—plays an enormous part. The churches cater not merely for Sunday wants, but also by means of clubs, guilds, societies, for all the spiritual everyday needs of their members. Each is a little spiritual and social *imperium* in the body politic. The common school takes the rough metal of European emigration and mints it into American citizens. The free library which is to be found in every town is in many cases the working man's club and takes the place of the pot-house with us. To show how Americans read, it is only needful to state that the number of periodicals published in America exceeds the numbers for all Europe.

The spirit of self-assertion concludes the list of corner-stones. It may be summed up in the phrase "a man's a man for a' that." The day labourer is no less, and the President no more than a man. The arc of one is insignificant, and of the other extensive, but manhood subtends them both. American humour, which is really that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, is ever reminding the members of American society of their common humanity. To them the State is no intricate *patrimonium* of accumulated benefits and duties, but a naked collection of citizens, each equally free and independent, with no sense of responsibility to either past or posterity, but absorbed in a workaday present. Hence their comparative obliviousness to two very serious problems. The first concerns the schools. Three-fourths of American education to-day is administered by women. Even in the schools for pupils from 14 to 19 the female teachers are in the majority, and in the training colleges 71.3 of the professors are women. Such a preponderance of female teachers cannot fail to have a profound effect on the race. The best woman teacher can only appeal to the chivalry of boys, to their respect, and perhaps to their admiration. A man alone can teach them obedience for the sake of obedience, and loyalty to an ideal. Again, by his manners and conduct, his *obiter dicta*, his general criticisms, his passing judgments on men and matters, he alone can unconsciously mould a class to look at things in a certain masculine fashion. A woman may well make a boy more sensitive to influence and suggestion, but she will rarely be able to implant the same regard for logic and principles as a man. If the present state of things continues, the Americans, who are already highly emotional, may pass one day from the category of masculine to that of feminine nations, of which Bismarck was so fond of speaking. The other change is very clearly indicated by Münsterberg. It concerns the whole future of the race. While the negro population in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, shows an excess of 1.74 per cent. of births over deaths, and the emigrant class, which is mainly non-Anglo-Saxon, an excess of 4.56 per cent., the real American stock shows only an excess of .38 per cent., and in some places an actual decrease. The cause of this alarming state of things is probably the upbringing of the American woman. From her youth up she is treated and educated as a superior being. In reality she is the last word of ultra-individualism. Reared in an atmosphere of privilege rather than duty, even before marriage she enjoys all the social freedom of the married woman. Marriage to her often means union with one who is intellectually her inferior, while her marriage duties appear but little better

than a *corvée*. She has in fact been trained for everything else except the purpose for which nature intended her. Not the least factor in this undesirable result is the co-education she has received. Motherhood must necessarily be a neglected subject in a school given over to male or epicene ideals. Yet if America is to save herself, motherhood must be made the corner-stone of her girls' education.

TALES FROM THE NEVER, NEVER, NEVER LAND

Mediaeval Lore. FROM BARTHOLOMEW ANGLICUS. By ROBERT STEELE. With Preface by WILLIAM MORRIS. (Moring: The King's Classics. 1s. 6d.)

IN this collection of extracts from "De Proprietatibus," a "famous knowledge-book of the Middle Ages," we obtain an interesting insight into various mediæval theories concerning the problems of nature. Modern research has indeed proved many of these theories to be entirely erroneous, but the book is none the less valuable on account of the light which it throws upon the daily life and customs of that time. "De Proprietatibus" was the work of a Franciscan friar. It dealt with a heterogeneous mass of general knowledge as "approved by the books of great and cunning clerks, and by the experience of most witty and noble philosophers," and its plain yet forcible language gained a great reputation for the author throughout Europe. The translator of the present series of extracts has preserved as much as possible of the simplicity of the style adopted by Bartholomew Anglicus, despite the difficulties raised by the mediæval Latin in which his book was written.

The chief aim of early philosophy was to explain how everything was generated, and how "the properties of things follow and ensue their substance." The number of elements of which things were composed was generally estimated as four, these being earth, air, fire, and water, which were said to be present—two, three, or four together—in all substances. The science of chemistry was still in a most elementary stage, although it had commenced some four hundred years before the date when Bartholomew laboriously compiled his encyclopedia, and alchemists were regarded as magicians by the common people. "The wondrous Michael Scott," whose writings and translations from the Arabic were of great service to Bartholomew, had gained such an awesome reputation from his learning that the wildest legends gathered around him, and he was regarded as:

"A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

Marvellous supernatural properties were ascribed to inanimate things as well as to human beings, and probably the great popularity which Bartholomew's work achieved was mainly due to the numerous occult influences mentioned in it. Facts and superstitions mingle freely throughout the book. The scientific explanation of the rainbow is enlivened by the tradition that it will disappear forty years before the Day of Judgment. Then, too, people loved to hear wondrous tales of the strange lands beyond their ken, especially of India, that land of marvels, where the trees were so high that men could not shoot to the top of them with an arrow, and where the beasts were all leviathans. Here lived men with the soles of their feet turned backwards, as well as the race of mouthless men mentioned by Pliny, to whom Camoëns in a more enlightened age referred thus in "The Lusiad":

"By Ganges' bank, as wild traditions tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell;
No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose
Rich from the flowery lawn where Ganges flows."

The ancient notion that the earth was an extended plain, to the edge of which bold travellers might make their way

and look over, was not entirely exploded at this period, although Bartholomew quotes the fact that "The Highest made the world in the likeness of a sphere," and that against the course of the sun in the south where lies Ethiopia, the blue man's land, "fables tell that there beyond be the Antipodes, men that have their feet against our feet." Yet the credulity of the Middle Ages could easily believe in the real fables; those tales of monstrosities which united the different parts of known animals in contradiction to every established law of nature. The griffin, half eagle and half lion, which guarded hidden treasures in the Mountains Hyperborean; the satyr, shaped like a man save for the feet and horns of a goat; the cynocephali, men with the heads of hounds; headless men; the cynopodes, beings with one foot only, who were "yet so swift that they be likened to hounds in swiftness of running;" men with ears so huge that they could cover their whole bodies with them, all possessed an actual existence in the simple minds of the Franciscan friar and his fellows, as did also the cyclops, sirens, mermaids and the phoenix. But he rejected stories of "one Orpheus that pleased trees, woods, hills, and stones with sweet melody of his voice."

In everyday life too, the supernatural element strongly predominated. Baleful influences were at work, which could only be guarded against by

"The powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,
For nought so ill that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give."

Heliotrope was regarded as "The herb that gives invisibility," if certain enchantments were properly observed by the bearer of it. The adamant or diamond was "a precious stone of reconciliation and love," whilst the sapphire acted as a powerful talisman against poisonous bites and stings.

"If thou put an adder in a box, and hold a very sapphire of Ind at the mouth of the box any while, by virtue thereof the adder is overcome and dieth, as it were suddenly. And this same I have seen proved oft in many and divers places,"

observes Bartholomew. The crystal was supposed to be made of snow and ice, which was permanently hardened by time.

The rough-and-ready methods of surgery practised in those days appear to have been somewhat barbarous in their nature. As Bartholomew quaintly observes: "A good leach leaveth not cutting or burning for weeping of the patient." The crude state of mediæval surgery is plainly set forth in a standard medical treatise which was published some years after Bartholomew had compiled his encyclopedia:

"The practitioners in surgery are divided into five sects. The first apply poultices to all wounds and abscesses. The second use wine only in the same cases. The third treat wounds with ointments and soft plasters. The fourth promiscuously use potions, oil and wool. The fifth cure old women and ignorant people who have recourse to the saints in all cases."

Even the greatest physicians of the day prescribed curious remedies, such as eating a red adder with the head and tail smitten off for the cure of leprosy or blindness. And Bartholomew ends the eighteenth book of "De Proprietatibus" with a eulogy upon the medical value of the fox or Vulpes: "Though he be right guileful in himself and malicious, yet he is good and profitable in use of medicine."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Personal Story of the Upper House. By KOSMO WILKINSON. (Unwin, 16s.)

"How the Peers of England, from being an estate of the realm, grew into an independent parliamentary assembly; how and by what personal agencies the hereditary Chamber became in a sense the parent of the elective; on what issues, by what degrees, it co-operated with other agencies

to establish the House of Commons; how then, from seeing in that Chamber its natural ally, if not its political offspring, the Upper House gradually discovered in the Lower a rival and a foe." It is in these terms that Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson describes the main purpose of his book, and we cannot improve upon them. All that is promised is performed—in Mr. Wilkinson's own way; which, as he says, is less in the spirit of a constitutional historian than from the point of view "most likely to find acceptance with those who read to be interested as well as informed." This means that Mr. Wilkinson concerns himself almost entirely with the "personal agencies" which at and from the time of Stephen Langton founded and established the Peers House of Parliament. The other agencies are not and of course could not be altogether neglected. Historic personages must have an historic setting, especially where they have to be presented in conflict with each other or as retarding or advancing the influences of their time. These influences are just what the constitutional historian is most careful to inquire into—in our day, indeed, more careful than ever before; and perhaps Mr. Wilkinson would have done better had he sketched them a little more broadly. However, his plan was a "personal story." His aim was to marshal before his readers' eyes the long procession of great Churchmen and puissant nobles who brought the House of Lords into existence as an organic constituent of the State or contributed to its stability and its authority. Many great spirits march through his pages from Simon de Montfort, Clare Duke of Gloucester, Bohuns, Bigods, Nevilles, Beauchamps, Stanleys, Howards, Cecils, and so forth to the nearer day of Walpole and the Pitts, and then more faintly and feebly to the threshold of the twentieth century. All these personages are swiftly and most often deftly sketched in person and character, and therewith, of course, the part they played in their day and generation according to the judgment of their reviewer. In so doing he contrives to say a great deal in a very small space, minutely parcelled; for the whole survey is comprised in fewer than three hundred and fifty pages of large type. It is evident that in that compass there can hardly be scope enough for safety. By venturing on such limitations the most accurate of historians and the skilfullest of penmen must expose himself to considerable risk from cramp; moreover, he is likely to hear of personal and other agencies which should have been admitted into his story and yet have no place there. The later chapters of Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson's book do, indeed, challenge criticism of that kind; not, however, on account of the influential personages omitted from these pages of the record, but because of the comparatively unimportant and entirely unromantic peers who are included. Why these, if not those others? is the question which arises rather pressingly. However, we do not read far in this volume without perceiving that the author makes no pretension to any great measure of comprehensiveness; and he has undoubtedly succeeded in his intention of writing what is most likely to find acceptance with those who read to be interested as well as informed. The origin, nurture, and development of our parliamentary institutions are not among the things most generally known, and there is certainly no shorter or pleasanter way of obtaining a good general idea of the matter than by reading this romantic and "personal story of the Upper House."

THE CULT OF THE NYMPHS

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XV. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

FOR unrelieved dullness the thesis of an American classical scholar cannot easily be surpassed. There is only one subject which he allows himself to treat with lightness and that, by some strange freak of nature, is the usually uninspiring one of syntax and grammar. But in the volume before us there is no grammatical thesis. In it Mr. Rand is dull when he treats of Boethius, Mr. Capps is clever and dull on a lost play of Cratinos, Mr. Pease gives a dull

account of Mr. Morillot's book on Bells in Antiquity, and Mr. Baker is dull in Latin on the Greek Comic Poets as Literary Critics. All of these are at least excusable, for their subjects do not lend themselves to light treatment and their work is valuable in other respects. But Mr. Floyd G. Ballentine is the dullest and saddest of them all, for he has chosen as his subject "Some Aspects of the Cult of the Nymphs."

Yet we cannot declare that he has no love for his subject because he is dull about it. Other men may be inspired by the Nymphs to be poetical, but a fair object does not always meet with fair worshippers and devotion finds queer ways in which to show itself. Mr. Ballentine may be as true a lover of the Nymphs as Theocritus or Keats and the very thoroughness of his attitude, the unrelieved dullness of his treatment, is probably only a proof of the genuineness of his devotion. A poet would scorn to be prosaic about his mistress, but a dull man would think it unworthy to descend to mere poetry in serving or praising her. Each gives what he thinks best, and Mr. Ballentine has chosen to worship as an ascetic, to honour with prayer and fasting. He has chosen to be what is called scientific in his attitude towards his subject and, though he quotes poetry on almost every page and his subject is as poetic as any that can be found, he never lapses into a sentence which might injure by a touch of feeling the rigid lifelessness of his treatment. He wishes to do honour to the Nymphs by strictly proving that they were more than mere poetical abstractions, and it would detract from their character and from the honour that he does them if he were for a moment to use means which were not quite honest or fair. His method is to quote evidence from ancient writers and whenever he can exclaim after producing some passage from an obscure author which he has discovered with toil and pains: "this proves, I think, that the Nymphs were believed to preserve and care for the water of springs" he seems to have hung a fair jewel about their necks and is prouder than he would have been had he composed a sonnet. It is his way of proving his devotion, of showing himself worthy of his subject, and his whole-hearted sympathy will some day bring him glory. Unfortunately his devotion is too exclusive both in its object and in its means and it has blinded him even in his praise. No one except himself could ever have doubted that the Nymphs were more than mere inhabitants of spring and tree, that they were active in providing and withholding their blessings of fertility and increase. A little less scientific accuracy and a little more poetry would have made this clear to him without all his laborious and insignificant compilation; and had he not so jealously separated the Nymphs from their Greek sisters the Graces, the Hours and the Muses and from the thousand similar fairies of other lands, he would have seen how unnecessary it was to bring together his obscure passages.

But, dull as his pages are, they cannot be quite lifeless since they tell of the Nymphs. Even in the excerpts which he has culled from Byzantine lexicographers they appear as active deities. From Homer downwards the words of the poets are living which speak of them as mistresses of springs under spreading trees, and art keeps alive for us the fair form with which Greek fancy clothed them. Doubtless among the classical poets the subject was to some extent a literary artifice, and so far Mr. Ballentine may be justified in his attempt to restore to them some of their real virtues. But in rustic life and even in the cities the Nymphs were real deities, attached generally to some greater god, Apollo, Hermes or Pan, but probably regarded as kinder and more intimate, more local and accessible than the great god in whose train they served. It was they to whom gifts, images figured and described, or sacrifices and offerings of almost anything but wine were devoted, and it was they who gave in return the water upon which the life of man and beast and tree depended. In a thirsty land where water is conducted by little channels from a well to each tree the value of it as the precious gift of a personal and beneficent power can easily be understood.

Nor did the Greeks regard water as merely possessing this power of giving life to vegetation. The chief feature of Greek marriage rites was connected with springs and with the Nymphs. They were regarded both as the givers and the nurturers of children; offerings were made to them for the conception of children, and for the successful passing of the dangerous age of childhood, though here also the great gods stepped in and robbed them of their due. Bride and bridegroom bathed in streams or were sprinkled with water brought from some especially sacred spring. At Athens marble copies of the vases in which this water was brought from the famous spring called the Fair flowing, were placed above the tombs of maidens who died unwedded, and in a cave in Attica there were recently found miniature vases of the same type dedicated to the Nymphs. They were the givers of fertility to human beings as well as to trees, nor did their gifts affect the body alone. Water brought mental life and activity, and the Nymphs were inspirers of poetry and prophecy before the Muses became marked off as the special patrons of the one, Apollo the chief if not the only source of the other. Egeria, the Romanised Greek nymph to whom Roman matrons prayed when pregnant, is better known as the deity of a spring and grove whom the King Numa consulted when he was meditating some great change in the laws.

It is no wonder that these figures became centres for legend. There were many nymphs who honoured mortals with their favours, and heroes in Homer are as often sons of men and Nymphs as of rivers and mortal maidens. Cœnone who married and mourned her desertion by Paris was a nymph of Ida; but it is not always the goddess who suffers. The nymphs carried off the fair Hylas, favourite of Hercules. Daphnis, the poet shepherd of Sicily, wedded and suffered for his marriage with a mountain maiden. He enjoyed her love on one condition, that no mortal woman should share it, but in a fit of passion and drink he fell a victim to some fair princess, and was not the only poet who paid dearly for his return to Earth. Generally, indeed, the sad aspect of the Nymphs predominates in legend. Death is spoken of on sepulchral stones as seizure by the Nymphs, and they were regarded, like all rustic deities, as distributing equally the good and the bad. Even their gift of prophecy and poetry was not entirely beneficent. As their brothers, the "heroes," caused epilepsy by their onslaught, so did they bring madness upon those who looked upon them. That this belief in nympholepsy was deep and lasting appears from the inscriptions—not quoted by Mr. Ballentine—dating from the fifth century, carved in a cave near Athens, which tell how one Archædamus originally of Thera and now of the deme of Cholleidæ, a victim of the Nymphs' cruel favours, had at their suggestion contrived a grotto and planted a grove to do them honour in the land of his adoption.

Probably there are no nymphs in America. If there are, Mr. Ballentine must walk warily, for he will find that it is simpler and less dangerous to examine them in the dry pages of obscure commentators than to meet them face to face at some fair spring on the mountain side where a tall plane tree gives shade to weary travellers.

PORCELAINS OF THE PALACE

A History and Description of French Porcelain. By E. S. AUSCHER. Translated and edited by WILLIAM BURTON, F.C.S. (Cassell, 30s. net.)

IN adding this book to the excellent series on ceramics which already contains the editor's works on English porcelain and earthenwares, the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's book on Chinese porcelain and Mr. Solon's history of French faïence, a considerable service is done to the collector personally and to the cause of art as a whole. Whatever one's opinion may be of the æsthetic value of even the finest productions of Sèvres, of Vincennes or Chantilly, there can be no doubt the vogue and prestige which the Royal interest created in the eighteenth century and which—after

a hiatus of depression—was continued by Brongniart under Napoleon, still exists. The dainty rogues in French porcelain are as much worshipped at the present time as in the brave days when the Pompadour patronised the arts and

"Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,"

vied with each other in the possession of the finest examples of native workmanship. Although the author does not think it too much to say that ninety per cent. of the so-called soft-paste porcelain of Sèvres to be found in collections to-day is not of genuine Sèvres decoration, with the passage of time the cult increases. For those interested in it, the history that M. E. S. Auscher, so long *chef de fabrication* at Sèvres, has written and Mr. Burton, the accomplished potter and experienced writer on the subject, has translated and edited, will prove extremely valuable.

The faïence-makers of the seventeenth century in France were among the many European experimentalists who sought to reproduce the exquisite Chinese porcelain that had already found its way to the West a few centuries earlier, and they were the most successful. The porcelain they made was in reality entirely different from its Oriental model, being compounded of glass, chalk and clay in place of the natural kaolin and felspathic ingredients of Eastern productions. This costly manufacture was supported for some time by the Royal House of France and great nobles before it was replaced by the hard-paste porcelain comparable to the Chinese but of native materials.

Although the development of the technical qualities of these French productions is of the greatest interest and admirably told in M. Auscher's book, it is rather the decoration which attracts the wide appreciation of collectors. In this connection, the author and editor are highly informative and no artist of merit or skilful workman is neglected, no branch of colouring or gilding passed over without valuable criticism or notice. The large number of coloured plates and black and white illustrations is taken from specimens in English museums or from those of Sèvres, the Louvre, the Cluny, and Versailles. Thus the student, with the knowledge which this history affords him and the experience which the actual sight and, if possible, touch, of the best examples will give, may come forth fully armed against the sea of frauds and troubles which the collector of fine French porcelain must encounter. The skilful attempts which the forgers have made upon the pocket of the would-be connoisseur are dealt with in an especial chapter which should be committed to the memory of all collectors. But whether, decoratively speaking, what is considered the finest French porcelain deserves to be collected at all is another question. We think its qualities immensely overrated. Take for example Plate VI. of this work, a typical *Jardinière* on a pedestal, of the *pâte tendre* of about 1758-59; the ground is Rose-Pompadour with bands of *vert foncé*, the groups of flowers are by Bertrand. It is Sèvres at its best period, painted by a famous artist and now in the Wallace collection. The wealth of kings and the knowledge of the world has been brought to its production, and yet its value as a thing of beauty is less than the meanest work that the humblest potter of the Celestial Empire has ever produced. Or turn to the well-known Sèvres Inkstand (Plate VIII.) in the Wallace collection. This may be supposed to be the fine flower of the manufactory, for it was especially made for Louis XV. to present to the Dauphiness Marie-Antoinette. It bears the King's portrait and the monogram of the Princess; it is decorated by Falot. The result is absolutely contemptible and vulgar. In perhaps a lesser degree this is true of the majority of pieces of the grand period of French porcelain. The most satisfactory designs are those that copy the Chinese as in some of the Chantilly pieces, the rare examples of Rouen and the early productions of St. Cloud. The grace of the figures, especially in "biscuit," is another and better affair.

In these no great effort has been made to obtain a gorgeous effect and frequently some of the most pleasing work that Europe has produced may be found in this department. But as a whole the grandest efforts of French porcelain are spoilt by a lack of the artistic spirit, an over-elaboration, a vast display, and a crowding of detail, that rob them of the highest place.

Of course there is a large class of connoisseur that does not agree with this point of view. A man of this more general mood has been typified by Mr. Austin Dobson in some pleasant verses of his which describe two friends, who, having accomplished the feast "not full but fitting," are discussing the treasures of the host.

"Then I produce my Prize, in truth ;—
Six groups in *Sèvres*, fresh as youth.
And rare as Love. You pause, you wonder.
(Pretend to doubt the marks, forsooth !)

And so we fall to why and how
The fragile figures smile and bow ;
Divine, at length, the fable under

This history will tell the "why and how" to many an after-dinner connoisseur and constantly aid the amateur collector who is inclined to doubt those marks which have provided so prolific and, we fear, remunerative, a field for the subtle forger and trickster of accomplishment.

THE GLORY OF SOMERSET

The Story of Somersetshire. By W. R. RICHMOND. (Wake and Dean, 2s. 6d.)

It would be kinder to forget county history entirely ; but it is as impossible as it is unnatural to do so, for counties are very human and many of them have a past. Somerset (and it's better to have done with it at once) forms no exception ; nay, it is sprinkled with reminders in cold grey stone which forbid forgetfulness. The pen, too, has proved mightier than the trowel, and to all but a Westerner the very name of Bath, for example, suggests Jane Austen, Beau Nash, and a score more shades rather than one of the most beautiful cities in England—or, even worse, it suggests thermal baths and Roman civilisation. There is but one cure for such a frame of mind, and that is to know the county well from personal observation. Somerset's natural face is her fortune. Ride on a summer morning over Lansdown, the hill which stands sentinel over Bath, and know the meaning of "God's glorious oxygen" : stop for a moment on the far edge of the plateau and, if you will, moralise as you gaze on the Bristol Channel and the smoke rising from the great city across the plain below you. Then turn off to the right and in the hedgerow you will see flowers in profusion, especially campanulas—tall strapping stalks set with bells of a more lovely blue than any of your Mediterranean tints. Homeward, whichever way to Bath you may choose, you will see the relics of a past age of frivolity. On Lansdown itself, fairest of all the hills in a county which has hills to boast of, there is the tower built by the Caliph of Lansdown, the quixotic Beckford : in sight across the valley Brown's "folly" and Sham Castle, the latter looking in the morning mist a little more real than is its wont. At such a time, however, there is no opportunity to think of the past glories of the county and of all those quaintly named folk who made Somerset famous ; while even the be-tableted houses in the town seem unreal ghosts of the dim ages long ago. We may grant the truth of *ἀριστον μὲν ὄψωρ*, praise the beauty of Wells Cathedral and of St. Mary Redcliffe, and be stirred ever so deeply by the sacred quiet of Glastonbury, but we cannot deny that Nature is the making of Somerset. And this is the more surprising, for there has been a pretty determined attempt to pitchfork Nature out. "The finger of taste," of the kind advocated with such zeal by Mr. Milestone in "Headlong Hall," has been allowed to "wave the wand of enchantment" over many places in this fair land, but the result, with the exception of some gaunt early

Victorian churches, is visible for the most part only in the "follies" of an earlier generation of foolish men.

Be modern—that is, commercially minded—by all means if you like. Climb Lansdown, and talk as you go of the Education Act, which will afford an opportunity for a dissertation upon the work of Hannah More in the Cheddar Valley, observing by the way a catholic collection of schools. The school for Officers' daughters first : here pause for breath and turning, as if to admire the view, behold, beyond the town, Prior Park, now the home of certain Roman Catholic brethren, and then on up the hill to the Wesleyan School. On the tower of this school there is a clock which the Benedictine prior at Downside, some twelve good miles away as the crow flies, can tell the time by with a glass from the beautiful but unfinished tower of his church. But Bath is merely one of the county's jewels : what of Wells, Glastonbury, Dunster, and a dozen more places ? There is only one Glastonbury in the world ; a place of most sacred associations, of the most beautiful ruins, above all of the most profound quiet. To visit it, even from the episcopal calm of Wells, is to enter an older world. Of Wells, as of Glastonbury, no new thing can be said. Every American globetrotter knows the Early English west front of the Cathedral, the stone *Te Deum*, the clock, and the Saxon font. This is all Wells. There is besides a handful of houses, a market-place quaint enough, and the Bishop's palace and garden surrounded with moat and battlements. But here it is where good Somerset is talked. A spoken, though unhappily a dying, tongue, not to be associated in any way with the grotesquely spelled words with which the modern novelist delights to fill his pages, and a tongue which the barbarian can never hope to acquire. Witness the Londoner's attempt to pronounce so simple a word as Taunton.

Mr. W. R. Richmond, the latest historian of the county, writes confessedly a popular history, but he has missed, or cannot express, the county's charm. King Alfred, the early Tudors, the literary associations of Clevedon, are all excellent subjects, but they savour strongly of the lamp and are hard to reconcile with the present natural glories of the West. Even his list of the "Worthies of Somersetshire" is incomplete, for it excludes the author of "Vathek" and includes some whose names only go to show that worthies are not a specialised product of the county. Beckford, even if he was born in Wiltshire, may well claim a place in the list by reason of his residence in Bath, and, as a token of gratitude, because he did not disdain in his humbler circumstances to build on Somerset soil.

From so rugged a land it is natural that soldiers should have sprung, and there is no better fighting county than Somerset. "Here," as Mr. Richmond says, "the British held for a time the masterful Saxons at bay, and retired with honour to the western hills ; here Alfred emerged from the Athelney marshes to free England and win lordship over the hitherto unconquered Danes." The monument to Sir Bevil Grenville on Lansdown is a record of another fight in the county where, "on the King's part, were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than private men." Best of all to recall is the battle of Sedgemoor when "the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers." Most tragic of battles, but not without humour ; for there was "Old Patch," the warlike Dr. Mews, Bishop of Winchester, who lent the horses from his coach for the artillery, and who, if he had thought of it, would, no doubt, like Pendleton in the American Civil War, have prefaced the command to fire with the benediction of "The Lord have mercy on their souls." And now, since the custom of fighting in our seagirt island has died out, it rests with the gallant Thirteenth to maintain the county's reputation on the field of battle : this twentieth-century idol may well be worshipped by the good folk in the hills and dales of Somerset together with the ever present idol of Nature.

LITERARY LOVE-STORIES

Stories of Authors' Loves. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. (Isbister, 6s.)

To each of us there comes a time when, like children in the fairy tale, we journey to the end of a rainbow to find a pot of gold. Sometimes it is the reflection of the rainbow we follow, and at the end we do not find a pot of gold, but of dust. These stories of Miss Laughlin's are records of such journeyings in the light of rainbows and of some who found the gold and of some who found the dust.

Taken separately, each story has a fascinating interest, for it is evident that the book has been written, not for the purpose of bringing any new scandal to light, but for the "love of love." There runs, indeed, throughout the whole book an undersong, *diminuendo*, as it were, in praise of love, becoming *crescendo* only here and there, as in the story of the Brownings, which is chosen as the most ideal of all love-stories, or in the case of George Eliot, where the old story of the monk who heard the bird sing in the wood, and, listening but for a moment, found that fifty years had passed, is quoted as a parallel, for George Eliot was as little likely as any monk to hear "that time-devouring bird" which sings to most of us once, perhaps, in a lifetime.

Taken as a whole the book loses strength and coherence through its utter lack of foundation or plan. It is a jumble of names taken from all countries and all history, American notoriety rubbing shoulders with Dante and Beatrice, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, while the immortal loves of Petrarch and Laura, Catrina and Camoens, Heloise and Abelard, or even of such as Swift and Stella find no place.

Among the "Lights that failed," Thackeray's saddest story is retold, with Ruskin's fruitless love for "little Rosie," and Fitzgerald's somewhat amusing solution of the problems of guardianship. The Carlyle tragedy is merely suggested, a reticence for which one is grateful; so also that of Charles Lamb, but one is glad to know that he too was one of those to whom there came a time when they heard at least a few notes of the bird singing in the wood, however soon it fell silent and the wood grew dark.

"SCARRON"

Scarron. Comédie tragique en cinq actes. Par CATULLE MENDÈS.
Produced at the Gaîté, Paris.

It is impossible not to admire the fertility of M. Catulle Mendès' genius. Forty-six years ago he began a singularly vivid career by founding his *Revue Fantaisiste*, and since then he has ventured with uniform daring and much success into every literary field. Fiction, verse, drama, and even history have engaged his talent by turns, and in the intervals of literary work his picturesque life has been diversified by such events as a sentence of a month's imprisonment and some admirably chosen duels. Now, in his sixty-fourth year, he throws down the gauntlet to Rostand and the other young writers of the romantic school with a drama in verse of the semi-historic vein which Victor Hugo made popular. When *Scarron* shall appear in England, audiences and critics will at once compare it with *Cyrano de Bergerac*; but perhaps some foolish charge of plagiarism, based on certain obvious resemblances in action, atmosphere, and spirit, may be forestalled by the reminder that Mendès preceded Rostand in the romantic domain to which he now returns by the production, in 1870, of an *opéra-comique* founded on Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse*.

Scarron is a remarkable *tour de force*. The difficulties which the story presents to the dramatist are so excessive that few authors would have attempted what M. Catulle Mendès has accomplished with wonderful cleverness and almost complete success. In his task of evoking interest in the figure of the crippled satirist, M. Mendès has

properly refrained from subduing its repellent features. The first scene of the play—that of the market-place at Le Mans—is a picture of kermesse, in the midst of which the young canon Scarron, garbed as an ape, recites a blasphemous burlesque ending in the lines:

"... Sur un mont pelé
De l'Inde, en un féroce et grimant entourage
De noirs êtres hideux, rauquant des cris d'outrage,
Il vit, à trois gibets, formés d'un double épieu
Entre les deux larrons-singes, le singe-dieu."

The sacrilegious verses are reproved by a childish voice: "Fi! monsieur, que c'est laid!" It is Françoise d'Aubigné, the future Mme. de Maintenon, who speaks, and Scarron—not as yet attacked by the terrible malady by which he is fated to be tortured and paralysed—is fascinated by the strange, calm child whom he is later to marry. Françoise, in the second act, is the wife of Scarron, who has taken compassion on her friendlessness, and has saved her from the convent, but the marriage is not consummated and the inevitable fine lover is prompt to appear, as usually in such circumstances. Villarceaux, the gallant, wins sufficiently on the cool and complex disposition of Françoise to be given an assignation, but the meeting is interrupted at a critical moment by the appearance of Scarron, his paralysis temporarily dispelled by a cruel passion of rage and jealousy. The death of Scarron, reassured as to his wife's fidelity, ends the piece: in which history has been treated with more respect than English playwrights commonly accord it.

Less fresh and ebullient, less romantic in spirit than *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the drama of M. Mendès takes a higher place as a piece of literature. In reading the fluent, delicate, inspiriting verse, one is tempted to wish that some dramatist would endeavour to acclimatise the play in rhymed Alexandrines here—surely neither an impossible nor an undesirable feat. There are scores of couplets in *Scarron* which delight the reader by their sonorous and sweetly sententious rhythm—couplets which fall from the mouth with perfect melody and at the same time gratify the mind with a sense of their exquisite aptness and amenity. These qualities of French dramatic verse are, as it happens, both enunciated and exemplified in Villarceaux's description of Francine:

"Fière, non pas farouche, elle a sans nul défaut
Le geste qui convient, la parole qu'il faut."

Even the most ordinary phrases become dignified and transformed when cast in the mould of the Alexandrine:

"Que craignez-vous, monsieur? Je suis bonne chrétienne
Et je pense être d'âge à tenir un serment."

These are everyday thoughts and words, but in the graceful cadences of M. Mendès they are conversation sublimated—a species of angelic recitative. But the play is not lacking in nobler, prouder effects, in music which recalls the divine high-mindedness of the heroes and heroines of Corneille. Thus Francine speaks of her marriage vow:

"... de l'Ancêtre
J'ai, comme un grand trésor, qui tiendrait dans un dé,
La loyauté fidèle et l'honneur point fardé.
Au foyer de Scarron, où l'hymen n'est qu'un pacte,
Je viens irréprochable et je demeure intacte."

It is hard for English people to understand how lines like these thrill the intrepid hearts of Frenchmen. There is a fine air of gallantry and frankness about the description of Villarceaux by Françoise:

"... Au Carrousel, droit sur un genêt blanc
Qui piaffe, l'on voyait de loin sa tête brune,
Arrogante et jolie.—Oui, la vie opportune
S'émeut. Les bourgeois, c'est de petits cœurs battants,
La sève rêve. Une heure, et tout aura vingt ans.
... Mais à qui porte une âme généreuse
Sont de bel air, comme aux reines leurs favoris
Des amants de haut rang, valeureux, bien épris."

Our quotations must end with the admirable couplet with which Léoile—Léoile of the "Roman Comique," brought into the play by a poetic artifice as a *sœur hospitalière*—

consoles the pitiful, outworn Scarron at the approach of death :

"La chimère est réelle, et c'est le vrai qui ment :
Et le rire est divin s'il n'est vil ni méchant."

It would, perhaps, have been as well if the author of "Pour lire au bain" had realised the truth, which he expresses here so admirably, some forty or more years ago, for M. Mendès, like Scarron, has many scabrous works upon his conscience, and has very often set himself to provoke the laughter which is vile and perverse.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THE subject of these remarks is not the Peacock of such stiff and dreary poems as "The Philosophy of Melancholy," "The Genius of the Thames" and "Rhododaphne," but the Peacock of seven novels which are models of severe but not unkindly satire, salted with a humour at once reflective and gay, essays in the true Pantagruelism, inspired by scholarship and good sense, and written in concise prose. Peacock, who was born in 1785 and died in 1866, is a connecting-link between the eighteenth century and the twentieth, for at one time he served on board the fleet before Flushing as secretary to Admiral Popham, he was the friend and correspondent of Shelley—and without their correspondence the half of Shelley had not been told us—and, finally, the father-in-law of Mr. George Meredith, who dedicated his earliest poems to him. It will surprise many who from the novels are aware of Peacock's wide and thorough knowledge of the classics to learn that, having but little schooling, he taught himself not only the dead languages but Italian and French—the last to such purpose that although he frequently quotes Rabelais he never refers to a translation. It is evident that he also knew Welsh. His scholarship was not merely grammatical: he read the Greeks for their skill in expressing the great facts of life, for their humanity, to use the word in its classic sense. In addition to all this he was a trusted servant of the East India Company, and frequently appeared before Committees of the House of Commons, generally carrying the Company's point. Many pleasant things are told of him. He was an idly inclined man, professedly so in summer. Sir Edward Strachey says: "A kind-hearted, genial, friendly man, who loved to share his enjoyment with all around him, and self-indulgent without being selfish." All the qualities here mentioned appear in his books. Mr. Sullivan's portrait prefixed to the collected edition of his novels shows a singularly handsome, white-haired old gentleman, habited in broadcloth, with eyes that must have been always a-twinkle, a firm mouth and a broad, decided chin. It reminds us that Vernon Whitford said: "Dr. Middleton has one of the grandest heads in England," and Dr. Middleton is understood to be Mr. Meredith's portrait of Peacock. He is certainly like Peacock's own Dr. Folliott—they had the same belief in drinking champagne while it sparkles, the same love of the Athenian drama and Greek verse.

"The Rev. Doctor (Middleton) was a fine old picture," says Mr. Meredith; "a specimen of art peculiarly English; combining in himself piety and epicurism, learning and gentlemanliness, with good room for each and a seat at one another's table: for the rest, a strong man, an athlete in his youth, a keen reader of facts and no reader of persons, genial, a giant at a task, a steady worker besides, but easily discomposed."

This is Dr. Folliott of Crotchet Castle, or Peacock; and I always think that Peacock spoke his true self through the mouth of Dr. Folliott of "Crotchet Castle" and thirty years later in the words of Dr. Opimian of "Gryll Grange"

"No reader of persons." Dr. Garnett, writing of the novels, makes the same criticism as Mr. Meredith. It is true that in "Headlong Hall" (1816), in "Melincourt" (1817) and to some less extent in "Nightmare Abbey" (1825) the characters are abstractions—intelligent phono-

graphs which set forth the particular opinions of Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviewers, of Benthamites or Transcendentalists, with an admirable gravity—yet they always strike one as real people. The fact is that Peacock could create, if he could not read, persons. In "Nightmare Abbey," Mr. Cypress is a caricature of Lord Byron and of Byronism as well, but only a real man could have said: "Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country." The Hon. Mr. Listless is meant to be a mere type, but no mere type could have said: "I find that Dante is growing fashionable, and I am afraid I must read him some wet morning." Peacock's aim was generally to hold absurdity up to ridicule. He delighted to make game of Coleridge who is his Mr. Flosky and his Mr. Skionar. Only Coleridge could have said: "Except my works and those of my particular friends, nothing is good that is not as old as Jeremy Taylor: and, *entre nous*, the best parts of my friends' books were either written or suggested by myself," or have proposed that he should make a speech to disperse a mob, because "I never failed to convince an audience that the best thing they could do was to go away." Equally delightful is the satire on Lord Brougham and the "march of mind":

"I have a great abomination of this learned friend; as author, lawyer, and politician, he is *triformis* like Hecate: and in every one of his three forms he is *bifrons*, like Janus; the true Mr. Facing-both-ways of Vanity Fair."

"Maid Marian" and "the Misfortunes of Elphin" are real romances, simple in plot, full of sunshine, song and merriment, with now a good fight and now a pretty passage of love-making, showing a wholesome delight in the pleasures of the table, blunt common sense and a radiant humour. But to me the best of the novels is always "Crotchet Castle," where one finds satire and wisdom, romance, a good plot, Dr. Folliott and Mr. Chainmail, who was surely an unconscious prophecy of Mr. William Morris. In this novel, too, Peacock expresses with best effect his truly English passion for "the River." I quote the opening sentence in all its old-fashioned stateliness as a specimen of his solid, sufficient and harmonious prose:

"In one of those beautiful valleys, through which the Thames (not yet polluted by the tide, the scouring of cities, or even the minor defilement of the sandy streams of Surrey) rolls a clear flood through flowery meadows; under the shade of old beech woods, and the smooth mossy greensward of the chalk hills (which pour into it their tributary rivulets, as pure and pellucid as the fountain of Bandusium, or the wells of Scamander, by which the wives and daughters of the Trojans washed their splendid garments in the days of peace, before the coming of the Greeks); in one of these beautiful valleys, on a bold round-surfaced lawn, spotted with juniper, that opened itself in the bosom of an old wood, which rose with a steep, but not precipitous ascent, from the river to the summit of the hill, stood the castellated villa of a retired citizen."

Such writing is not for to-day; but I find here many qualities of dignity that our modern prose misses and that unflinching, reticently expressed delight in the beauty of England which always animates Peacock's work. The rich, prolonged music of the sentence absolutely reproduces the cultivated charm of an English landscape. Peacock rarely permits himself such essays in pure prose. As a rule his style is concise and almost rapid, as befits a writer who supported his Toryism with the weapon of a Voltairean wit. I always enjoy his humour; which is not Voltairean but exceedingly English, and have laughed again and again over the following almost practical joke. Mr. Glowry has forbidden his son Scythrop to think of marrying Marionetta, who is to be sent off from Nightmare Abbey at once because she is not sufficiently gloomy:

"When Marionetta hinted that she was to leave the Abbey, Scythrop snatched from its repository his ancestor's skull, filled it with Madeira, and presenting himself before Mr. Glowry, threatened to drink off the contents if Mr. Glowry did not immediately promise that Marionetta should not be taken from the Abbey without her own consent. Mr. Glowry, who took the Madeira to be some deadly brewage, gave the required promise in dismal panic. Scythrop returned to Marionetta with a joyful heart, and drank the Madeira by the way."

I have said nothing of Peacock's women, but who could fail to love Marionetta O'Carroll, or Maid Marian, or Miss Touchandgo, or Lady Clarinda, archest of coquettes, or the doubting Morgana Gryll? They anticipate Clara Middleton and Rose Jocelyn, but one wishes that their creator had taken a little more trouble with their personal attractions. Maid Marian and Miss Niphet and perhaps Dorothy among the enchanting seven sisters of "Gryll Grange" are realised, but the others exist for us only by force of the charm of what they say.

Dull poet as he was when he wore the "learned sock," Peacock sprinkled his novels with delightful lyrics, not of the first order, perhaps, but exceedingly musical. Every one knows "Seamen Three," and "The War-Song of Dinas Vawr," and "In his Last Bin Sir Peter lies," but this song of Lady Clarinda's is not so well known:

"In the days of old,
Lovers felt true passion,
Deeming years of sorrow
By a smile repaid.
Now the charms of gold
Spells of pride and fashion,
Bid them say good morrow
To the best loved maid . . .

Now one day's caprice
Weighs down years of smiling,
Youthful hearts are rovers,
Love is bought and sold:
Fortune's gifts may cease,
Love is less beguiling;
Wiser were the lovers
In the days of old."

If that, for all its rather antiquated style, be not verbal music, if it be not deserving of a place in any collection of *vers de société*, I must confess to some unsuspected dullness of ear. In "Gryll Grange"—written in his seventy-fifth year—we find several masterly pieces of translation. Take this rendering of the *Dei virgo Catharina*:

"Virgin bride, supremely bright,
Gem and flower of heavenly light,
Pearl of the empyreal skies,
Violet of Paradise!"

The English version is sweeter and more concise than the Latin. And here is a quatrain from Peacock's favourite Nonnus. It reads rather like Fitzgerald:

"Where wine is not, no mirth the banquet knows:
Where wine is not, the dance all joyless goes.
The man, oppressed with cares, who tastes the bowl,
Shall shake the weight of sorrow from his soul."

Here I leave him—reluctantly: this proud, high-hearted, sensible, humorous Englishman, the merciless but never cruel satirist of folly, a master of sarcasm as Fielding and Swift were masters of irony, the lover of old times and old customs, of the old plain speech and of the landscapes of his country, scholar, humanist and Pantagruelist, the "kind-hearted, genial, friendly man who loved to share his enjoyment of life with all around him," and who still shares that enjoyment with the lovers of his novels.

J. S.

THE MAD SPINNER

HUMMING wheel, oh! humming wheel,
—Hush my heart, for I must not feel—
The wind is driving in from the sea
And it drives the sound of a voice to me.

Flickering flame, flickering flame!
Did you start and whisper a name?
I wait by the fire as I sit and spin
For the latch to lift and the Dawn come in.

Howl and crack! howl and crack!
The waves are strewing the shore with wrack,
But they hold my life and the heart of me
Fast, fast, fast in the heart of the sea.

Whirling wool! whirling wool!
White, white, white, and soft and cool!
God's fingers turn in the whistling sleet
And He spins and I spin for a winding sheet.

Spin, spin! I am Fate who spins,
Spins till the Judgment Day begins
And the great sea, shrinking, gives up her dead
And my Love comes back to me out of her bed.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

FICTION

Patricia: A Mother. By "Iota." (Hutchinson, 6s.)

MRS. Mannington Caffyn has written a most moving story, full of feeling and insight into human character. Patricia is the widow of Gervas Portal, a man who can only be described as "slimy." She, on the contrary, is a woman in a million, magnificent in her strength, her striking physical perfection, and her great loyal heart. Portal, who was both the idol and the tool of his exquisite mother, a perpetual *poseuse* of the most curiously sublimated conventionality, had married Patricia by mistake, while away from his mother's protection. By a will of almost incredible meanness, he contrives to cast an appalling slur on his widow, for he leaves

"To Richard Curtayne Venour the memory of a certain night in June spent in the company of my wife Patricia; also the Malacca cane carried by myself upon that memorable occasion, but which, unhappily, I was prevented by circumstances from putting to its legitimate use."

Mr. Portal also leaves practically everything, including the guardianship of his son, to his mother, arranging matters with fiendish malice so that his widow shall have an allowance of but £100 a year. Under such conditions begin the joint lives of Patricia and her mother-in-law in the Manor house. With a word Patricia could explain that night in June, could tell how she had been forced to receive a cast-off mistress of her husband's and the wretched, neglected baby, and how in her frenzy she had fled to the neighbour, Mr. Venour, whose land marched with the Portal estate, to ask him for money with which to flee away. Mr. Portal had followed her, armed with the Malacca cane, but before he could attempt to use it he had sustained a stroke which ultimately killed him. Through his long illness Patricia had nursed him with heroic devotion, separated all the time from her boy, whose presence irked the invalid. Secretly, too, she provides out of her narrow means for the cast-off mistress and the diseased child. But Patricia would not have been Patricia if she had told a word of this, if she had sought to destroy, even by a hint or a look, the elder Mrs. Portal's sublime reverence and veneration for her dead son. The great struggle between the two women comes over the boy Tom. Patricia, who is a daughter of the Australian bush, can swim, and hunt, and fish better than the schoolboy, but it is the dowager's full purse which is open to Tom when he falls into bad company. Mr. Venour's influence, entirely good as it is, is naturally hampered at every turn by that dastardly will; it is Patricia who has to save her son, and the way she does it and wins him for her own is one of the finest passages in a remarkable book. Enough to add that Mrs. Caffyn has not the heart to deprive Patricia of her just reward. There is a touching picture of a faithful old butler, through whom the dowager ultimately learns the truth, both about her dead son and about Patricia's nobility of silence. Where Mrs. Caffyn has not altogether succeeded is, we think, in the picture she has endeavoured to draw of the county society who strongly disapproved of Patricia, with her red hair, her brilliance, and her independent ways, and who naturally put the worst possible construction on the husband's will. Vulgar people there are, of course, in her society of all counties, but they are not usually vulgar in

the rather stupid manner which Mrs. Caffyn represents so mercilessly. We doubt, for instance, if a creature like Philip Gore, with his feline ways and devastating gossip-mongering, would really be tolerated, much less welcomed, by people with any pretensions to good breeding. Still, he gets the thrashing he so richly deserves, and, after all, the real power and originality of Mrs. Caffyn's story are to be found in the principals, not in the subordinate figures. Certainly it is a story that "counts."

Tales of Rye Town. By M. STEPNEY RAWSON. (Constable, 6s.)

"Bourg délaissé au milieu des marais. Delaissé! the word is untranslatable; it is carved upon every stock and stone of Rye. To-day she is like a soldier left by the roadside, who raises himself on his elbow to shade his eyes and watch his troop vanish in the dusk. So does Rye gaze after the sea that has turned his back upon her." So writes Mrs. Rawson in the preface, in which she tries to catch and express in words the evanescent charm of strange restfulness, that broods over the spot which she has chosen for the background of the stories contained in her book. There are stories of all centuries. One tells how on May day when the lads of the old town were wrangling about the choice of their May Queen, the great Queen Elizabeth rode by with her courtiers and settled the choice in her own splendid capricious manner, making the girls vote instead of the lads, and crowning the only one who did not write her own name on the voting tablets. Another story is of modern times; 'How the spring calls to Lawyer Thursby,' who is a landlord, harsh and grasping and hated by all, until his heart is softened by reading letters that he finds, written from his mother to his father in Egypt just before she bore him and died. And then again, there is the old legend of Cantator, the young monk with the beautiful voice who ran off with the rich burgher's daughter that she might not wed Master Diggy; but they are caught and brought back to Rye, and Cantator is punished by a terrible death. And over each of the stories hovers the charm of the old town, among the marshes, abandoned by the sea, with something of its simplicity and beauty; for Mrs. Rawson writes with keen love of Rye town, and knows how to impart to the reader the old-world atmosphere which has fascinated her. After reading her book "The Apprentice," we looked forward with considerable pleasure to the appearance of this volume of stories, and we have not been in any way disappointed.

A Maid at Large. By A. LEAF. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

A MINX at Large would have been a more descriptive title of this novel: a minx with improper eyes and a large red improper mouth. Like Elisabeth, she pays visits in smart country houses, bowls over men of the world as if they were ninepins, and says outrageous things with an air of apparent innocence. But there is a subtle difference between this minx and her clever prototype. Elisabeth came from the clouds. Marjorie Wade had a conventional mother and a governess called Miss Rumbles, who ought to have taught her to behave herself. But perhaps when you are born with improper eyes and a large red improper mouth you are unteachable. Perhaps at seventeen you are so ingenuous that you contrive to get rid of your maid in order to have a *tête-à-tête* drive with a strange young man and thank him sweetly when he holds your hand and calls you darling. In our opinion there is a little confusion here between ingenious and ingenuous, but we do not wish to complain of a confusion of terms for which we have Shakespeare's authority. Besides, for the biographer of minxes, it is obviously useful. But it was neither ingenuous nor ingenious of Marjorie to consult an elderly and inflammable *roué* about the risky *décolletage* of her gown. We suppose she "had to do it," like an Ibsen heroine, and that her birthright of impropriety was responsible. By descent and education the girl is said to be a gentlewoman, yet on various occasions she shows a want of sense and refinement that would surprise us in a respectable scullery-maid. However, she refuses a Marquis and marries an Earl, so her

little adventures lead her to the popular paradise. The author's style is not distinguished. He talks of "syrenic" allurements, and "puelline" costume, and his sentences are interminable. But his story is brightly told, and will please people who can be made happy by a minx and a Marquis.

Monarch, the Big Bear. By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. (Constable, 5s.)

MR. THOMPSON SETON'S is a name with which to conjure in America; and he bids fair to become a popular force in this country among boys. His intimacy with savage life, together with his familiarity with animals of the wilds, renders him an attractive figure to youth. Under his patronage the boyhood of the United States plays at "Injuns," lives in "teepees" and hunts and shoots all manner of game. It may be that we shall witness the introduction of Sabre Indians, cut to circumstances, in our country. Meanwhile Mr. Seton's book gives us something to go on with. "Monarch the big Bear" is very characteristic of the author. It is the life-history of a grizzly, from the time when on the Tallac slopes he was captured as a cub to his last inglorious and pathetic end. Mr. Seton's knowledge is beyond criticism. It would take a bear himself to convict him of error. And (what to our mind is the most valuable point) he does not paint his knowledge with the sentimentality so dear to this kind of book. The bear is a bear, not anthropomorphised out of its feral nature. The bear does not think or remember, except in so far as he thinks with his nose. In vain you will look for the maudlin here; Mr. Seton has no room for it. And his writing gains in dignity by that abstinence. Perhaps it is a little too elaborate at times, a trifle over-adorned; but it is not given to all to resist the fascinations of the purple patch. Howbeit this is a most entertaining and engrossing story and should charm the hearts of old and young alike.

BOOK SALES

SALE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE JOHN SCOTT, C.B., OF HALKSHILL, AYRSHIRE

THE most remarkable feature of this remarkable library was undoubtedly the section gathered together under the heading of Mary Queen of Scots. The lots numbered 392 and the sale of them occupied a day and a half.

Two well known booksellers, Mr. Quaritch and Mr. Pearson, bought nearly every item of exceptional value, blighting the hopes, and obliterating the efforts, of the smaller bookbuyers who expect to buy books for next to nothing.

Mr. Quaritch's name figures for about £2500 worth of Mary Stuart literature and Mr. Pearson's for about £1100 worth. The first item sold brought £100 and is a contemporary manuscript of twenty-four neatly written pages entitled *Against the Scottische Queene, that she ought not to live, that mercy in that case is both dreadfull and dangerous*. Half a dozen numbers farther on came the most important and the most valuable of the Stuart collection. It is described as follows, and was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £900:

Autograph letter of Mary Queen Scots, 14 pp. (unfinished and unsigned), beginning: "Mon Oncle ayant envoié guerir sellon se que dessa par St. Cosme je vous avois adverti que je deliberois faire une grande Partie de la Noblesse et de l'Eglise empescher que a cause du brenl l'Eglise il ne quelque brouillerie." (Jan. 1562.)

An important and valuable document from Dawson Turner's collection. A facsimile of it, with exact typographical reproduction, a translation and illustrative documents, edited by Father Pollen, forms vol. xciii. (1904) of the Scottish History Society's Publications; a copy of which accompanies the lot.

Another book of extreme rarity realised £201. It is by Patrick Cockburn, and was published at St. Andrews in 1555. It seems to be the first book which mentions Queen Mary by name, and is the second known book printed by John Scott in St. Andrews. It is dedicated to the Queen Mother, Mary of Guise.

Other notable Mary Queen of Scots books purchased, were:

Collections relative to the Funerals of Mary Queen of Scots, 1588, edited by Robert Pitcairn, only 125 copies printed. 1822. £75 (Pearson).

Copie of a letter written by one in London to his friend concerning the credit of the late published detection of the doynages of the Ladie Marie of Scotland. [by Geo. Buchanan]. 1571? £14.

Copie of a letter, written by Sir Francis Walsingham, Principall

Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, unto the Chancellor of Scotland, for dehorting the King of Scottes from his suspected intent to revenge the death of the Queene his Mother. *Contemporary copy* (19 pp.) (1587.) £105 (Quaritch).

Defence of Queen Elizabeth for the beheading of Mary I. of Scots. *Contemporary manuscript* (1587-1588). £36 (Pearson).

Discours du Grand et Magnifique Triumphe fait au Mariage de tresnoble . . . Prince Francois de Valois Roy Dauphin, et des tres-haute . . . Princesse Madame Marie d'Estreurt (*sic*) Roynne d'Escosse. *Contemporary reprint of the original edition*. £85 (Pearson).

Discourse de la Mort de tres-haute et tres-illustre Princesse Madame Marie Stouard (*sic*) Roynne d'Escosse fait le vint troisieme jour de Fevrier 1587. *Original edition*. 4 vols. 1587. Of this excessively rare tract issued immediately after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, only three copies are known. £114 (Pearson).

Documents relating to a Robbery of Jewels of Mary Queen of Scots, 1576. 4 original paper documents with signatures of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, &c. 1576. £108 (Pearson).

La Harangue de tres noble et tres Vertueuse Dame Madame Marie d'estuart. 1563. £101 (Quaritch).

Harryson (James, *Scotlisheman*) An Exhortacion to the Scottes, to conformme themselves to the honorable expediet, and godly union, between the two realms of Englande and Scotlande. *Black letter*. 1547. £39 (Ellis).

Lesley (John, Bp. of Ross) A Defence of the Honour of the righte highe mighty and noble Princesse Marie Queene of Scotlande and Dowager of France, with a declaration as well of her own right title and intereste to the Succession of the Crown of Englande, &c. Extremely rare, not more than four copies being known. 1569. £127.

Lesley (J., Bp. of Ross) "A register of the Proceedings in the charge of Ambassadors of a reverend father John Leslie Byshoppe of Rosse, containing the whole Preceedings from his entrees into Englande in September 1568 to December 1573; the double of this booke was sent to the Queene of Scottes in more ample forme of discourse written in November, 1573." *Manuscript on paper* (113 11), 1573. £164 (Pearson).

Norfolk and Q. Mary. The whole of the proceedings at the trial of Thomas Duke of Norfolk. *Contemporary official report in handwriting of the time, written on 9 large folio sheets*. 1571.

This interesting MS. reports of the trial the Duke of Norfolk for high treason in designing to marry the Queen of Scots. £126 (Pearson).

Original Letters and Papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots, &c., 1546 to 1572. £355 (Quaritch).

Stubbs (John) The Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf, whereinto Englande is likely to be swallowed by another French Marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banns, by letting her Majestie see the Sin and Punishment therof. 1578.

The extremely rare original edition of this book against the proposed French Marriage of Q. Elizabeth. The author and the publisher each had their right hand cut off, Stubbs shouting "God save Queen Elizabeth" on the occasion. £101 (Quaritch).

Udall's Historie of the Life and Death of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, 214 portraits. 1624. £76 (Walker).

During the first six days of the sale, *i.e.*, from March 27 to April 1, 1822 lots (including the Mary Stuart books) were sold at a very satisfactory price—a total of over £13,000. The most notable prices obtained were for:

The Disputation betwix the Praetendit Minsters of the deformed Kirk in Scotland and Nicol Burne Professor of Philosophie. *Original edition*. 1581. £14.

Caesar Libri Commentariorum de Bello Gallico. *The second edition of Caesar's Commentaries and a beautiful specimen of Jensen's Roman Type*. £29 10s.

Caxton (Wm.) Chronicles of England. *Black letter*. Imprinted by Wm. Caxton in the Abbey of Westmestre, 1482. £102.

W. Caxton. Higden (Ranulph) Polychronicon [translated into English by John Trevisa]. *Black letter*. £201 (Quaritch).

(Westminster, W. Caxton, c. 1483) An Extremely Rare Caxton of which about thirty copies exist, mostly imperfect.

Cologne Chronicle, 1499. £27.

Chronicon Nurembergense, 1493. £26.

The Confessione of the Fayth and Doctrine Beleved and professed by the Protestantes of the Realme of Englande, exhibited in thee States of the same in Parliament, &c. *Black letter*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 17 Augusti, 1560. The last leaf contains the following imprint: "from Edinburgh, 17 Aug. 1560."

The Acts and Articles ar red in the face of Parliament, and ratified by the three estatis." £126.

Darien. Caledonia, or the Pedler turned Merchant, a Tragi-Comedy as acted by his Majesty's subjects of Scotland in the King of Spain's Province of Darien. *Very rare*. Sm. 4to. *Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster*, 1700. £10.

Darien. Original Documents connected with the Scotch Darien Expedition at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, with the signatures of Paterson and the other promoters. £52.

The Palis of Honoure, compiled by Gawayne dowglas Bysshope of Dunkyll. *Black letter*. Imprinted at London at Fletstreet at the Sygne of the Rose Garland by Wylliam Copland, God Save Queene Marye, n.d (1553). £95 (Quaritch).

Ferguson (David, Minister of Dumferline) Scottish Proverbs gathered together and put *ordine alphabetico*, anno 1598. Edinb. 1642. £14 (Quaritch).

Sir William Fraser's Scottish Family Histories were fairly numerous and brought good prices. The Sterlings of Keir, £21. The Carnegies £18. The Book of Carlaveroch, £15. The Scots of Buccleuch, £12. The Douglas Books, £25. The Melvilles and Leslies, £9.

Glanville's (Bartholomaeus de) De Proprietatibus Rerum. *Manuscript on vellum*, 265 11 10 by 7 in. *written in small much contracted Gothic letters*. £11 15s.

Sam: again, 1485. £80 (Quaritch).

GOUPIL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS

Mary Stuart, by John Skelton. £19.

Masson's Cavaliers de Napoleon. £12 10s.

Queen Elizabeth by the Right Rev Mandell Creighton. £38.

Hakluyt's Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation. Made by Sea or Overland . . . anytime within the compasse of these 1500 yeeres. 1598-1600. £33 10s.

Hamilton (John, Archbishop of St. Andrews) The Catechesime. 1552. The excessively rare first edition of the celebrated Catechesime, of which not more than four copies appear to be known. £14 (Quaritch).

Hay (George) The Confutation of the Abbots of Crosraguels (Quintin Kennedy) Masse. *Original edition, black letter*. Edinb. 1563. £27 (Quaritch).

Hollinshed (Ralph) Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland. *Black letter*. 1577. £44 (Maggs).

Hume (David, of Godscroft) The Origin and Descent of the most noble and Illustrious Families of Angus and Douglas. 1633. £60 (Johnston).

James VI. and I. Basilikon Doron, divided into three Books, title within woodcut border, original vellum gilt, a large copy with margins (title written on). Sm. 4to. Edinb. printed by Waldegrave, printer to the King's Majeste, 1599. £174 (Quaritch).

James VI. and I. The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poetry, first edition. Edinburgh, 1585. £68 (Quaritch).

James VI. and I. His Majesties Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres. *First edition, &c.*, 1591. £80 (Quaritch).

Johnson (Ben) B. Jon; His Part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment through his Honorable Cittie of London, Thursday the 15 of March, 1603. £68 (Quaritch).

(Knox's Liturgy). The Book of Common Order. The CL. Psalmes of David in English Metre, with the Forme of Prayers, etc., used in the Church of Scotland, whereunto . . . are added sundrie other Prayers. Edin. 1575. £109 (Quaritch).

Maitland Club Publications. £87 (Steven).

THE DRAMA

"HAMLET" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

It may be true that no actor has ever failed in the part of Hamlet—though some must have come perilously near it; but it is at least equally true that very few have really succeeded. The present writer cannot pretend to a long theatrical memory. It embraces only five Hamlets—and he was not present on that great night in October 1874, when the young Mr. Irving of those days threw moribund traditions overboard, leaped into his place as a great actor and stamped himself on the character of Hamlet for all time. Since that night, the task of succeeding Hamlets has been, if not easier, at any rate less drastic. Hamlet was thenceforth established as a prince, a scholar, and a gentleman; it only remained for each succeeding actor of intelligence to see how much of the inexhaustible wealth of meaning in the character he could bring out. Well, of all the five (remembering that this article does not pretend to reach back to 1874) Mr. H. B. Irving seems to us to be the nearest to perfection—to bring out the most.

But before we come to the actor, a word about the play. The version of *Hamlet* produced at the Adelphi on Tuesday night is a very good version. Parts of *Hamlet* have necessarily to be cut out, except on the rare occasions when enthusiasts like Mr. F. R. Benson can collect a public at five in the afternoon and keep them, with intervals, till midnight to see the whole of the play. At the Adelphi they cut out Fortinbras and all that concerns him, which is a serious loss. They cut out nearly all the references to Hamlet's voyage towards England, the pirates, and the fate of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, which is a still more serious loss. For the inevitable result of maiming Shakespeare's fourth act is that the audience, willy nilly, lose a certain amount of interest in Hamlet himself. Shakespeare knew very well that the force and beauty of the madness

and death of Ophelia were so stupendous as to drive out anything but themselves; and to prevent this he inserted the meeting of Hamlet with the army of Fortinbras, and the letter which the sailors bring to Horatio, so that Hamlet should be kept before the minds of the audience. As it is (and it cannot be helped) he fades away; and to say that when Mr. H. B. Irving appeared again at the graveside we had *not* lost interest in him, and did *not* feel him to be something of an interloper, is as great a tribute to the intense impression he had created in previous acts as we know how to pay. So much for the losses. Among the gains we may count the speech to the players, and—welcome retention!—the scene in the King's closet, which is a scene we cannot conceive any one having the face to cut out. A dignified simplicity of scenery and admirable management (all gratitude to people who have everything so smooth and perfect on a first night!) enable a fuller version of the play than most to be played in very reasonable time.

And now for Hamlet himself. At last, in Mr. H. B. Irving, we have a Hamlet who is really young. He is "young Hamlet," a gracious, princely figure, courtier, soldier, scholar. He is gentle, because of his breeding, and because he is, first and foremost, a man of thought; but beneath that gentle exterior lie ardent feeling, and a dignity that can at times be terrible. He loves passionately, and when he loves he idealises: overthrow his ideals, and you shake a sensitive nature almost beyond bearing. You poison the whole world for him, when you thrust ugly facts into his realm of dreams and ideals. Show him that one woman is unchaste, and the whole sex is to him rotten; force on his notice the evil of one or two, and the earth is a steril promontory, the heavens a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. As he can love, so can he hate; hatred drives his ardent soul into fury. But even while he rages he is thinking, always thinking, looking at himself from the outside; and he will break off, to laugh at himself, for he knows, like all men of thought, that there are two sides to every question, that in earthly things the absolute has no place. Yorick is chap-fallen, Queen Gertrude is licentious, and Ophelia can stoop to be a tool in the hands of her father.

But was Hamlet mad? As we read Mr. Irving's performance, he believes that he was not—but with a qualification. The obvious madness, the talk of fishmongers and the rest, which might delude Polonius and Claudius and their like into believing him insane, was a mere pose adopted for their benefit. But Hamlet was nearer to genuine madness than he himself supposed. The case is best explained by an instance. Take the scene with Ophelia in Act III., which in our opinion was one of the finest pieces of acting it is possible to imagine, and see what Hamlet's state of mind is. First, he loves her, as Hamlet could love, with an infinite tenderness of which Mr. Irving lost nothing; then he is determined to prove to her, by bitterness that is at first only put on, that he does not love her; then he finds that, after all, she is but her father's decoy; and then she stands to him for womanhood in general—the thing that his mother had poisoned in his mind for ever; and last, the old ideal is not yet utterly dead:—cannot there be one woman, and that one Ophelia, who shall live to fulfil it? A man with all these thoughts and impulses in his mind at once is, if not mad, at least so overwrought as to be near madness. He loves Ophelia, and he heaps upon her all his scorn of her sex; he will lash her into terror of him, and he takes her face between his hands, yearning over its pure beauty. The striking feature of Mr. Irving's performance of this scene was the way in which he showed every one of these feelings, intentions and emotions racing together through the mind of one, who, pretending to be mad in one manner is, unknown to himself, all but mad in another.

The temptation to follow him scene by scene is great, for every scene was worth dwelling on; but want of space forbids. It must be enough to say that now for the first time the younger generation of playgoers is able to

sympathise with Horatio in his love for the prince, to realise that *Hamlet* is after all, the most appealing, the most human of Shakespeare's tragedies. Dignity and tenderness, sweetness and power, strength and weakness, lofty ideals and bitter disappointments, fresh, gracious youth and the sorrows of the whole world—all these were found to the full in the prince whom we saw on Tuesday night. The audience were right to pocket their handkerchiefs as each curtain fell, and call and call for Mr. Irving till their throats were hoarse. It was the great and deserved triumph of a performance, which was exceptional at first sight, and will prove more interesting at every visit.

For the rest, Miss Lily Brayton has a peculiar gift of unforced but compelling pathos, which made her Ophelia a pure delight. And, in her mad scene, she, at any rate, was really mad—not playing at it with the consciousness that she was being observed. The distortion of that charming face was pitiful, not grotesque; she turned thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favour and to prettiness, not to absurd antics. About the whole performance there was something virginal and sweet; she would have made a fit wife for Hamlet. Mr. Oscar Asche is not the usual slimy Claudius, but a rugged, brutal and rather fantastic king, one of those powerful animals from whom the Ophelias of this world would, as this Ophelia did, shrink in horror in the unguarded truth of madness; and the Polonius of Mr. Lyall Swete was a kindly, self-important and pompous old man, not an utter fool. Mr. Walter Hampden as Laertes, Mr. Charles Rock as the First Gravedigger, Mr. H. R. Hignett as Horatio and Mr. Alfred Brydone as the Ghost all deserve praise.

FINE ART

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PROCESS ENGRAVING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

THIS exhibition is the fourth of a series arranged by the Board of Education at the suggestion of the Society of Arts to illustrate the rise and progress of certain of the graphic arts. The last exhibition, held in 1903, consisted of etching and engraving, and illustrated all methods of *intaglio* engraving by hand.

The present exhibition is devoted to photogravure, photo-lithography, and kindred processes of reproduction by means of photography, including half-tone colour-printing, and comprises works from foreign contributors. It is held in the usual gallery in the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is arranged with the care and completeness that one expects from a body with such resources as the Museum authorities. The only criticism one can make is that it would perhaps have been better if fewer examples had been shown, as the light upon some of the end screens is not nearly good enough to enable small technical points to be studied.

The Historic section consists of some eighty examples of plates and prints, commencing with an impression from a pewter *héliograph* plate by Monsieur N. Niépce, dated 1824, and will perhaps be found the most interesting part of the exhibition. In studying this, as indeed the whole collection, the introduction to the catalogue supplied by Major-General J. Waterhouse will be found of great interest. It is well done, and the thanks of all those interested in the history of photographic reproduction will surely be due to him for the clear setting forth of what could only be obtained by wide knowledge and careful research. There are instructive and well-arranged exhibits of plates, tools, and materials by the London County Council School of Photographic Engraving, illustrating various stages in photogravure and three-colour block work, with colour-filters, screens, &c., and other exhibits of a like nature illustrating varieties of these methods.

In all, there are some six hundred examples, representing,

one must suppose, the best that has been done by photographic methods and therefore furnishing a good opportunity of judging what these methods have accomplished—if anything has been gained, or anything lost.

One section is devoted to the process engraving of maps, exemplified by some thirty specimens lent by the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton; wherein are shown the manuscript maps or plans, negatives, copper plates, zinc transfers, and finished impressions. All very perfect work photographically considered.

Here one would expect the photographic methods to show to most advantage, but it must be sorrowfully confessed that compared with the "old series" of maps printed from electros of hand-engraved plates, the new series are a terrible falling away. One misses the clear lines and varying qualities of darks that belong only to etched and engraved work on metal—lines of a fineness and precision that no pen or brush-work on paper can ever equal. The new series baffle and repel the eye by a mass of coarser lines, black and lifeless. There is no seeing beyond the flat surface they present; the information they should give is difficult to extract and they are exceedingly tiring to the eyes. In 1901, Mr. Charles Hawksley, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his address to the members, said:

"It is to be regretted that the beautifully engraved 6-inch maps (of the Ordnance Survey) produced in the earlier part of the century have, to accelerate the rate of publication, given place to maps produced by a quicker but coarser method."

There is no doubt that this regret is felt by most people who loved the old maps, and it is to be hoped that in a newer series the question of speed of production will not be considered against perfection of execution, and that the older methods will be revived.

In the more complex matter of the reproduction of paintings and drawings, with which this exhibition is more particularly concerned, the qualities belonging to the photograph are more in evidence. The camera observes facts microscopically, coldly and impartially, recording them (or such of them as the plate is sensitive to) with an optical accuracy and searching conviction that even in the case of distortion is almost convincing. Yet it amounts to no more than a repetition of words without understanding, of forms and tones without knowledge of what they represent.

What a photograph is, that is a photogravure, with the loss of some detail, and a gain in the use of such paper and ink as is used in engraving; and a half-tone block is a lesser thing still.

There are in the gallery fair examples of photogravure from portrait oil painting. In these the first thing insisted upon is the grain of the canvas—next the light and shade of the paint as an applied pigment—then some varying sense of the colour as tone; last—as an accidental conclusion—the portrait. A good engraver never sees the picture he is engraving from as a surface at all. He sees beyond it to what the picture represents to him, be it portrait or landscape; and the impression the picture makes on his mind is transferred to whatever material he is working in just as though he were looking at the real person or scene. The photograph should be as accurate, as regards the forms on the picture, as any hand work could ever make it, but it records things the eye was never meant to see, and misses much that appeals to an understanding brain.

The colour-printing in the exhibition should not perhaps be too closely criticised, as it is admittedly in an experimental stage; but the results that have been obtained cannot be considered very encouraging, and some of them are truly distressing to the eye. The most refined seem to be those sent from Holland. Fine colour, as understood by a painter, has never yet been represented on any print, hand engraved or otherwise: and most likely never will be. It is sometimes said that photography has superseded engraving. It is true that it has practically killed wood-cutting, and in a lesser degree

wood-engraving—with some loss to the world, as those who care for the wood-engravings of the sixties well know.

Let it be admitted that photography is an amazing and fascinating business, that the processes of its application to *intaglio* engraving are a continual source of wonder (and startlin; surprises) to the workers therein; and a never ending incentive to experiment. Yet the results obtained, however good in themselves, can never compare with fine engraving. A good photograph of a picture may be more interesting than a bad engraving, but the best photograph the world will ever see, will never have the same interest as a thing worked with the skill and intention that go with an understanding heart and eye.

In the last paragraph of Major General Waterhouse's introduction he says:

"It may also be noted that with most of the photo-mechanical processes more or less hand work may be required to produce a satisfactory result. Photography is used only as a means of facilitating accurate reproduction."

Well, yes! But what of the accuracy that needs hand work to make it satisfactory? And what is facility as compared with final quality?

MUSIC

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

WE know that a city seated on a mountain cannot be hid, But the difficulty is to get there. In music, as in religion, this simile holds good. People born to an inheritance of talent are born climbers. Their mountain city—a certain pinnacle of artistic perfection which they apprehend, but do not easily reach—this city of their dreams haunts them like a vision; and however arduous the path, a restless and unconquerable ambition for which they are altogether irresponsible—which indeed we may term one of the morbid conditions of talent—draws them onwards by every fibre of their hearts.

"For every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath."

Onwards does not always mean upwards, however, and the proverb, "all roads lead to Rome," has sent many a musical student into the quagmire. This brings us to the vexed question of school in general, and in particular to schools of pianoforte-playing.

Rubinstein, being once questioned on the subject, is reported to have said: "Il n'y a qu'une seule manière de jouer—c'est de *bien jouer*!"—a remark typical of this genial giant's large and somewhat loose views on matters of detail; and his brother Nicolas showed equal disdain of minutiae to a pupil who stumbled badly over an octave passage, and then asked if it should be played with a stiff or flexible wrist. "Play it with your feet if you like, so long as you *do* play it!" was the master's impatient reply. We venture to say that Paderewski, or Sauer, or Tausig in his life-time, would have answered differently, and given moreover a physical as well as a musical reason why one movement rather than another was proper to the passage under discussion. But then Tausig was Liszt's most brilliant pupil; Sauer is an exponent of the Deppé method; Paderewski in his youth, though already an artist of standing, withdrew from the public to give two laborious years to Leschetizki.

Here are three schools already mentioned; we may add to the list the English, the German, and the French, besides a curious hybrid known as the Anglo-Schumannesque. All these have their qualities and the faults of their qualities. The French is sparkling, and delicate, and perhaps a trifle thin both in tone and thought; the German, possibly from being over-weighted in the other direction, lacks at times limpidity and vivacity; the English is extremely thorough-going in ground-work and theory, but it is conventional. Those national characteristics on which we plume ourselves

—a shame-faced dislike for manifestations of enthusiasm which it seems almost indecent to violate, and a conscious reasonableness amounting sometimes to non-existence of imagination—are misplaced in music, inducing as they do a want of flexibility in the mind which occasionally communicates itself to the wrist and flexors. Remain the Liszt, the Schumann and the Anglo-Schumannesque methods, which have certainly produced some great and good musicians, the best known of whom are Rosenthal, the Vernes and Miss Fanny Davies. These schools have, moreover, inculcated a certain respect for muscle which, when it does not degenerate into that solid thumping so incomprehensibly dear to its perpetrator and so painful to the inactive listener, is one of the first steps achieved in the long climb. Of the Liszt method, as expounded by Tausig and Liszt himself, and the Deppé method, much interesting information has already been given in two delightful books, the "Letters of Miss Amy Fay," and "My Musical Experiences" by Bettina Walker.

These several schools agree more or less amicably to differ on certain points; their belief in each other's laws not interfering disagreeably with faith in their own. But there is one system, the most arduous because, as we would somewhat timorously suggest, it may be the most thorough of all, which when mentioned raises a chorus of disapproval from disciples of almost every other; its home is in Vienna, and its high-priest is Theodore Leschetizki. Leschetizki is a Pole by birth, and music runs in his veins; besides this he was a pupil of Czerny, who was a pupil of Beethoven; hence it is the delight of Leschetizki students to term themselves great-great-grand-pupils of Beethoven. Higher commendation cannot certainly be bestowed in Vienna or elsewhere, and perhaps the feeling of personal resentment manifested by other schools to the Leschetizki school is slightly justified by the attitude of serene superiority assumed by that body itself; what it receives in condemnation it gives back in irritating tolerance. This possibly is excusable in a system which besides its Slivinski, its Mark Hambourg, Paula Szalit, Essipoff, and other notabilities, has bestowed on the world as its noblest gift such an epoch-making name as Paderewski.

Enemies of the school hasten to say that gems of this water need no lapidary; they emerge from beds of earth already polished, faceted, and ready-set. Poets are born, not made, they aver. Tennyson gave it as his opinion that poets were born *and made*, and Paderewski himself is the first to acknowledge his debt to a system of which his most intimate, most personal interpretations are the crowning lustre. In the whole world of relationships there is no tie so beautiful as that of master and disciple, and that the bond between them should be mind and not matter makes it the more likely to endure.

Obviously though school may be the matrix of young talent, no system, however comprehensive, can create genius, which is indeed the offspring of the "womb beyond the day-star," its origin is wholly divine. But whatever law from outside sources helps genius to the most perfect self-revelation must be accounted its master. "Know thyself," wrote the Greeks who more than any other nation realised that knowledge is power. In school, then, we find, if not the source of power, the best means of putting it into action; and the more laborious the system, the more freedom it affords pure inspiration hereafter. "A pupil from whom nothing is ever demanded that he cannot do, never does all he can," says John Stuart Mill. The first condition demanded by Leschetizki of the pupil, whom, whatever his proficiency, the professor after his initial interview, at once hands over to a *vorbereiter* or trainer, is absolute concentration. An elaborate, and it must be owned, wearisome set of gymnastics for the arm and hand are imposed upon him in daily routine, with the injunction: "Think of your muscles." Here the uninitiated are wont to raise objections bearing on the danger of all musical sense being thus destroyed. The school replies first, that without complete elasticity of every tendon the musical sense cannot find its proper development; secondly, that

the "light finger," often a youthful aspirant's best possession, is not imperilled by these exercises, as there is no touch so limpid as that which is the result of muscles under perfect control. Delicacy does not flower on weakness, rather is it the crown of strength reserved. Thirdly, this routine for beginners is a valuable discipline for the mind. There is a proper muscular or nervous movement for every tone, and every touch, and a satisfactory reason for those movements; and the motto "Brain before fingers" is constantly on the Professor's lips. After a time this habit of consciously directed movements becomes second nature to the neophyte; then begins his grand initiation into the mysteries of tone.

If in this article we appear to have dwelt over-long on the necessity of highly elaborated, highly thought-out technique, let it be remembered that technique is only a means to an end. The text: "It is the spirit that quickeneth—the flesh profiteth nothing," can be literally applied here. In the end the musical soul must dominate all else; its sensibility must increase under severe training, in the same proportion as its virility; and a great master is quick to discover and discard those whose limited store of vitality could not survive. "Le cœur des saints est liquide," wrote one who was a saint himself, alluding to the molten heat of heavenly desires which a long life of discipline only makes more fervid. Art, which is after all simply the religion of the Beautiful, has also its martyrs and devotees. Even under vigorous treatment a truly gifted temperament cannot be blunted or obscured; rather must it gain in concentration and brilliancy by its obedience to restraint. Every real talent may be compared to a sun—fluid fire revolving by its own impetus, but kept in shape and balance by pre-existing laws.

These suggestions are not written for the average musical pupil—a young person whose chief desire is to make art "fit in" with ordinary conventional life; who, being gifted with certain abilities, thinks that perhaps six months study or a course of lessons will "finish" him. We speak to those who already apprehend something of the spur and lash of musical stimulus, whose breath is aspiration, who, alternating between success and failure, know the intoxication of a glorious moment, and "tears from the depth of some divine despair." To such as these we say emphatically: "Go up higher!" Choose your school, and see that you are well schooled. All roads are open to you, but in this article we have with intimate conviction put up a finger-post to one. Never mind the difficulties—the fainting and falling by the way. The freedom of the city lies before you, and the city herself, though so high above, beckons imperatively from her seven hills.

E

CORRESPONDENCE

THE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the *Times* of April 4 an appeal was published above the signatures of Lord Rosebery and others on behalf of Bedford College for Women. The facts disclosed in that appeal are of deep concern to all who are interested in the university education of women. It appears that the college is now confronted with the danger of having its existence cut short at the very moment when its activities are at their highest point.

The crisis which has arisen is of this kind. The lease of the existing premises expires in the near future, and cannot be renewed. Nor is the freehold to be bought. A new site and new buildings are essential if the college is to continue its work. It is estimated that the site may cost £150,000, and that an endowment of £100,000 will also be required to keep pace with the expansion of the college.

I may remind your readers that the college dates back to

1849. Its numbers have steadily grown; the national value of its work has been recognised by a Parliamentary grant, and it is now one of the colleges of the University of London. It includes in its instruction courses both in Arts and Science, qualifying for degrees. Out of about 280 students, 173 are preparing for degrees, a larger proportion than in any of the other colleges. Nor has any other college so many students in the Faculty of Arts, the number in the last session being 95.

If I venture, speaking for myself, to lay special stress on the Arts side of the college, it is because the claims of science will find many powerful advocates, while there is, to my mind, a peculiar reason why the humanistic training of women is an affair of national concern. From the nature of the case woman's influence in laying the early foundations of literary education has always been great. And the signs in the teaching profession all now point to women having an increasing share in forming the literary taste of the young. While the older literary tradition, resting chiefly on the classical languages, is being impaired or modified, the study of literature and language is taking a variety of new forms. As yet, ideas are fluid and methods experimental. A standard of taste has still to be created. People are casting about and beginning to take fresh bearings. And so it becomes of cardinal importance that literature, for which women have often so marked an aptitude, should be made a sound and solid discipline; that the feeling for it should be developed into a reasoned appreciation; that it should not be looked on merely as a showy accomplishment, and that fluency should not be mistaken for mastery. In making the literary education of women more thorough we shall do much towards transmitting a true tradition and standard of humane letters. This must be my excuse for pleading in your columns the claims of Bedford College as a place where humanistic learning, ancient and modern, holds a prominent place and is conducted on academic lines.

Donations to the fund may be sent to Miss Henrietta Buck, hon. secretary of the appeal fund, Bedford College, York Place, W.

S. H. BUTCHER.

A STOLEN ITALIAN MISSAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hear this morning from Siena that the stolen pages torn from an illuminated fourteenth-century missal on July 1, 1904, at Pienza have at last been happily recovered.

This glaring circumstance reminds me of a similar theft twenty-five years ago of a very valuable cope (*piviale*), presented by Pope Pio II. of the Piccolomini family to the Cathedral of this same city of Pienza, in token of love and remembrance for his native place, which ever afterwards altered its name in order to celebrate and carry his distinctive papal title to far distant posterity. I saw this cope (said to be worth some £4000) displayed in open court at the trial of the official thieves in Siena, and, through the friendliness of the presiding judge, examined its embroidery minutely. The treasured *piviale* was henceforth kept securely under lock and key, but it taught no caution to the Cathedral authorities at Ascoli-Piceno, whose splendid cope, the gift of Pope Nicholas IV. (1288-92), was purloined lately in an exactly similar way.

Both these art treasures, the *piviale* of Ascoli, and the stolen fragments of this costly mediæval missal of Pienza, have been restored to their careless custodians, through the disinterested probity of two foreign collectors, viz., Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Goldschmidt—rather, it may occur to some of us, an expensive method to waylay Italian misdemeanants.

Only, before total restitution can be made, the Pienza people must reckon with Signor Orlando* (the Minister of Public Instruction), who, I hear, still retains in pledge the

* Signor Orlando is reported since my writing above letter, to have resigned his office in the late Italian Ministry.

Ascoli *piviale*, threatening forfeiture of these local heirlooms to the tenderer care of a Government museum.

Let collectors and foreign restorers take warning! Signor Orlando, the special minister who forgot his promises to Mr. Waldstein (see *Times*, March 28) on the excavation of Herculaneum, has, I am told, proposed to grant an "adequate" compensation (purely honorary, of course) to these two gentlemen who stipulated for no personal reward in exchange for their generous sacrifice to art.

March 29.

WILLIAM MERCER.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

QUERIES

THE MAID OF LOCH LOMOND.—Could any of your readers say if there is anything known of the name or the life of the Highland maid of Loch Lomond, who was the subject of Wordsworth's beautiful poem:

"Sweet Highland Girl a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower?"

R. J. M. (Dunedin, N.Z.).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—The theme of one of Browning's "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day" is Christopher Smart's "Hymn to David," written by him with a key on the walls of a cell in which he was confined when insane. I have been told that this is one of the most remarkable pieces of poetical composition in our language, and judging by the fragment of it quoted in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," there appears to be some justification for the statement. Can any one say where I can meet with the complete poem?—*Litterateur* (Sunderland).

A LITTLE WORM.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, scene 2, lines 64-66:

"Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not halt so big as a round, little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid."

What is the meaning of "worm" in the above passage, and under what circumstances would it be found in the "lazy finger of a maid"?—A. C. *Mattheus*.

AUTHOR WANTED.—

"The mountain cheer, the frosty skies
Breed pure wits, inventive eyes;
And then the moral of the place
Hints summits of heroic grace.
Men in these crags a fastness find
To fight corruption of the mind,
The insanity of towns to stem,
With simpleness for stratagem."

I have seen these lines quoted. Can any one tell me whence they come, and the writer?—*Outis* (Liscard).

TAXES ON BEARDS.—In the Burghmote books of Canterbury the following entry appears: "2 Ed. VI. the Sheriff and another person pay their fines for wearing their beards; viz 3/4 and 1/8." What was this tax, and why were there two rates; did it depend on the length of the beard?—*Dane John*.

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.—Who is the bard referred to in the following lines from "The Bagman's Dog"?:

"But still on the words of the bard keep a fixed eye,
'Ingratum si dixeris omnia dixi!'"

Mulgar.

AUTHOR WANTED.—The expression "Property has its duties as well as its rights," has been attributed to Thomas Drummond, to Baron Woulfe, and to Lord Mulgrave. Has it been proved authoritatively who was actually the author?—S. T. H.

ANSWERS

CHARING.—It is worth consideration that *Charing* meant a mere "crossing," at a turn of the roadway in Roman times. We have cross roads in plenty, and at the village of Charing the road splits; one branch bending sharp to the left or south to cross the river for Stangate and Dover; while the straight line, if continued, would reach Staines and Bath. Added to this Charing continued the line through St. Martin's Lane, from the Edgware Road and St. Albans, called Watling Street.—A. Hall.

"GALLEYFOIST" and "BULLION."—A "galleyfoist" was a state barge, or a pleasure barge. In the quotation from Massinger, however (taking it with the context), it appears to mean a kind of dress, probably the costume worn by the gallants of the period when they went on the river. "Bullion" or "bullion-hose" were trunk-hose, puffed-out (bouillonnés) at the upper part. "In Quirpo" signified "without the cloak or upper garment," or "in clothes that fitted the body," as well as "in undress."—G. A. Jamieson (Cheltenham).

ELDER.—The garden shrub called the judas tree—is a mere blunder for *quamos tree*, i.e., the bean tree; but the corrupt name has given rise to the legend that Judas hanged himself on one of these trees. This legend, however it originated, was generally received. To be crowned with elder, was anciently a disgrace. Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, has "he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on." The elder is not mentioned in the Bible; but it is common to all Europe, and also parts of Asia and Africa.—K. S. (Bristol).

GUBBINS, taken literally means fragments, parings; it is spelled "gubbing" in Halliwell; at school a "gub" is an ill-mannered boy. See French *gobier*, English "gobbet"; as compared with townspeople these old miners were rough, uncivilised; cf. yokels, chaw-bacons, &c., as terms of reproach.—*Portinax*.

HENRY FIFT.—With this numeral compare "twelf" for *twelfth*, as in "twelf tyde," quoted by Halliwell. "Arch; Dicty" from "Aubrey's Wilts" ms., or Vernacular in Salisbury.—A. Hall.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Owing to pressure on our space the list of Books Received is unavoidably held over.

The Williams Typewriter

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THE LITERARY WEEK

LAST Saturday's banquet showed how large is the host of Mr. Frederick Greenwood's friends—how many the men who regard him as their discoverer or "inventor." Perhaps one of the secrets of his popularity has been his readiness to sit down and write a letter with his own hand even to strangers who offered him unacceptable communications. Many of the rejected who have since "arrived" treasure his autograph as their first piece of evidence that editors were actually looking out for good things, and did actually read the manuscripts that came to them with an unfamiliar image and superscription. The writer of this note is one who does so. Long ago Mr. Greenwood returned to him a set of verses which his own maturer judgment recognises as worthless; but he was, in his own handwriting, "sorry," and that removed the sting.

Perhaps "the editor as letter-writer" would be a good subject for a "causerie." Not only individuals but newspapers have their distinctive styles. There is the *Times* style, for instance, belonging to no individual, but handed on from one editorial secretary to another—a grand style, suggesting the exchange of despatches between rival potentates, and causing the recipient to wonder that his correspondent does not go one step further, and address him as "Dear Cousin." The *Standard*, for a long time, adopted the same style—but in "oratio obliqua." At the *Saint James' Gazette* office, Mr. Greenwood established a style which was imitated and developed by two of his subordinates—Mr. Sidney Low, and the late H. D. Traill.

In the case of H. D. Traill, however, one difficulty was always arising. He refused to have his letters copied; and none of his colleagues ever knew exactly what he had written to anybody. Occasionally, therefore, a contribution which he had solicited with flattering uncton got returned to the puzzled contributor with a printed form, and another four-page letter, full of compliments, had to be written to clear the matter up. Even these misunderstandings, however, were preferable to the practice of the editor of whom Besant somewhere relates that his method of signifying his rejection of a proffered manuscript was to scrawl across the front page the cabalistic letters "u.b.d."

To return, however, to Mr. Greenwood: There never was an editor, except W. E. Henley, who gave so much pains as he did to the altering, cutting, and polishing of other people's work. As a rule he re-wrote their prose; and occasionally, as one of his contributors mentioned at the dinner, he re-wrote their poetry. It speaks volumes for the respect entertained for an editor's judgment when contributors of ability put up with that sort of thing. In the case of Mr. Greenwood, they not only put up with it,

but regarded his correction of their "copy" as a part of education. We have heard one of the most eminent journalists of the present day relate that when, in the days of his youth, he was writing for Mr. Greenwood, he used to walk about the streets for hours composing sentences with the true epigrammatic ring. For no other editor, he added, did he ever think it worth while to take that trouble.

In answer to a question asked in the House of Commons, Mr. Akers Douglas declined not only to introduce a Copyright Bill for the prevention of musical piracy, but also to secure facilities for any private Bill which might be introduced, dealing with the matter. Such a Bill, he said, "must take its chance with other Bills, very likely of much greater importance." To some extent our comments on this response must be restricted by the fact that the ACADEMY is not a political paper; but strong observations of a non-political character may fairly be made. The chief of them is to the effect that it is deplorable that any decision affecting artistic property should rest with any one so indifferent to artistic interests as the Home Secretary shows himself to be.

The present condition of the law relating to Musical Copyright is nothing less than iniquitous. Any one may pirate anything, and sell it openly in the streets—taking no other risk than that of the confiscation of the copies found in his possession, if the owner of the copyright takes proceedings against him. If shoplifters were allowed to practise their nefarious industry, provided that they restored any goods which they were caught carrying away, the parallel would be almost exact; Mr. Akers Douglas would doubtless be the first to hurry through an Act of Parliament altering such a condition of affairs. Because the property that is being daily stolen is only artistic property, he considers that other Bills are "very likely of much greater importance" than this one, drafted in the interest of common honesty. One wonders what sort of a mind a man can have who talks like that.

The new Headmaster of Eton is not unknown to the literary world. Some lectures that he delivered at Reading on religious subjects have been published, as well as some notes on the gospel of St. Mark and a preface to an English grammar. But his more important works may be divided into two classes, those in which he deals with boys in their relation to the family and those on purely scholastic subjects. To the first belong "Mothers and Sons" in which such varied problems as school religion, the "Tuck Shop" or the size of collars are treated in an easy, simple style. In "Training of the young in the laws of sex," the former Headmaster of Haileybury has made a courageous attempt to grapple with a knotty problem of no small importance.

With regard to subjects that are purely scholastic mention should be made of "Principles and Practice" which appeared in "Thirteen Essays on Education." In this he deals with the relations that exist between schoolmasters, the public, and educational theorists. In another essay on "Compulsory Greek" he points out that the substitution of history, geography and English for Greek is perhaps all that the advocates of culture can hope to obtain, should there be an alliance between the faddists, who want, say, Icelandic taught, and the worldlings, who are never tired of insisting that boys must "get on." "Are we to go on with Latin Verses?" is "an attempt to estimate the value of Latin versification by means of an analysis of its educational effects."

Glancing over publishers' advertisements the casual reader may have sometimes wondered what, if any, is the difference between an "impression" and an "edition." General uncertainty clearly exists on this matter, as may

be inferred from a recommendation made at the last general meeting of the Publishers' Association. It was then agreed that an "impression" should signify "a number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new 'impression.' On the other hand an 'edition' should mean an impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset." A "re-issue," again, is defined as "a republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market." Publishers are advised by the Association to adhere to these definitions in their catalogues; and it would certainly conduce to greater clearness if those who talk and write about books would follow suit.

"Arcady in Troy" is the title of a little, thin, precious-looking volume that a day or two since blushed shyly in upon us from the far side of the Atlantic. Intoxicated with the gentle comeliness of its exterior, and the fragrance of its superscription, we brought trembling fingers to the holding of it. Here, we said to ourselves, is some delicate, rare thing, some exotic from a land, where, amid the rush and roar of commerce, the fields of literature find no lack of loving hands to till them—a voice from some innermost corner of the brain of a people which would give its soul could Shakespeare's cottage be bought and conveyed bodily to its midst. So we mused, and musing, vivisected its pages with a paper-knife. And lo! the bitterest disappointment in a life of disappointment—for such, in truth, is the critic's life. We hoped for some sweet, sad story of young loves. We looked to be able to cry with Faustus:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

And we got the veriest piece of vain-glorious bookmaking! This Troy is not the Troy of Homer and of our dreams. It is that Troy which is situate in the state of the Union that appears usually in type as "N.Y." Arcady is the back-garden of a residence in Second Street. The matter is three newspaper articles—two of them not even passably well written—reprinted verbatim from the *Troy Times*, the *Troy Record*, and the *Budget*, and dealing in the florescent verbiage of the junior reporting room with the cultivation of wild flowers in a city garden.

Let it not be supposed that we are by way of sneering at the cultivation of wild flowers in a city garden, nor that we regard that as too mean a subject for a book. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts. The cultivation of wild flowers deserves every manner of encouragement—every manner, that is, which does not clash with the art of making books. And "Arcady in Troy" does clash with it. It is issued under the supervision, ostensibly, of the owner of the garden, who signs with his initials a prefatory "Note." That, excepting an excellent quotation at the end, from Sydney Smith, is the extent of his editing. The rest, as we have said, is word for word reprinting. The book begins, for instance, thus: "The June number of 'Country Life in America,' which is the leading periodical of its kind in this country, contains an article by the Hon. George B. Warren of this city on cultivating wild flowers in a city garden." Follow certain bombastic tributes to the "refined taste" of Mr. Warren (the owner of the garden), and several instances of the worst sort of interviewing in existence—the kind in which the interviewer puts his own purely journalistic and wholly unnatural expressions into the mouth of the interviewed. Now, in a newspaper that sort of thing is bad enough, but in a book—a thing of binding and numbered pages—it is technically wrong; and it is so technically wrong that even the person who is least concerned with the stage-craft of literature can hardly come upon it without a sense of irritation. Let us by all means have a book about the cultivation of wild flowers, a book which shall tell the dweller in towns (as this book does not) how to make

friends with nature, but may heaven save us from the paltry vanities of one who is drunk with the joy of seeing himself in print.

A correspondent writes: The dramatic critics have been almost unanimous in their praise of Mr. Irving's Hamlet for its naturalness, its absence of pose and affectation, and indeed this is one of its most welcome and effective qualities. It is the more to be regretted that when so many of the bad old conventions of Shakespearean acting have been cast aside, one particularly irritating should be retained. I mean the mispronunciation of the word "my." The tragic actor of the old School, of course, never condescended to call it anything but "mē," "Mē heart!" "Mē sword!" "Mē prophetic soul, mē Uncle!" and the rest of it. But with a Hamlet of the new School, a Hamlet who holds the mirror up to nature, who has thrown over the old tricks and approaches the part simply and sincerely, surely this trick should have gone with the rest? "Mē" for "My" is now a vulgarism. It has no place in the cultivated speech of to-day and it is high time it disappeared from the actor's stock-in-trade.

We have received news of the formation of a society for the reproduction of the drawings of the Masters of the Renaissance. The circular of "The Vasari Society," as it is to be called, ascribes the neglect of the study of drawings in England very largely to the absence of any proper organisation for their reproduction in a form accessible to persons of moderate means. It is the object of the Vasari Society to remove this disability. For a subscription of £1 1s. (5 dollars, 21 marks, 26 francs) the Society proposes to furnish as many drawings as its funds—in other words, the number of its subscribers—will allow it to publish. In return for the first year's subscription the committee calculate that they will be able to issue at least twenty reproductions in collotype, a means by which a very large number of drawings can be reproduced without the loss of any important quality.

The field to be covered is described as the Renaissance, interpreted in a wide sense, and, of course, not confined to Italy. It is intended to make a beginning with drawings preserved in British collections, since there is in this country an enormous wealth of drawings, a comparatively small number of which have been reproduced in a form accessible to students. The reproductions will be executed by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and accompanied in each case by a brief critical note, discussing the attribution of the drawing and mentioning the more important literature relating to it. They will be suitable either for binding or for keeping in portfolios. The paper is to be 18 inches by 15 inches, and the size of the originals will be adhered to in all cases, except in that of drawings exceeding 12 inches by 10 inches.

The first year's issue is to include drawings in the British Museum by the following masters:—Pisanello, Jacopo Bellini, Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Mantegna, Pontormo, Veronese, Timoteo Viti, Guardì, Lucas van Leyden, Hans Holbein I. and II., Ambrosius Holbein, and Rubens. The Chairman of the Society is Mr. Sidney Colvin and the Honorary Secretary, to whom requests for information, suggestions as to the selection of drawings, and subscriptions should be sent, is Mr. G. F. Hill, 10 Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, S.W.

The poem "Ricordi," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which appears in our columns to-day, coincident with a review of his new book "Penthesilea," is taken from a number of lyrics which are to appear in volume form on or about May 1. The book is to be called "Dream-come-true," and is to be published by Mr. Lucien Pissarro at his Eragry Press. Since the lamented close of the Kelmscott Press

and the Vale Press of Messrs. Hacon and Ricketts, Mr. Pissarro's press occupies a unique position, and his little volumes are eagerly snapped up by collectors.

One of the highest honours ever bestowed by the Italian Government upon a foreigner has just been granted to Professor Charles Eliot Norton by King Victor Emmanuel. Professor Norton, who is perhaps best known in England as the friend and biographer of Ruskin, has been made a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his distinguished services in translating Dante's works into the English language, and for his studies in Italian art and history. Two other Harvard graduates, the late Mr. William Wetmore Story and Mr. William R. Thayer, were some years ago made Knights of the Order of which Professor Norton has just become a Grand Officer.

A notable event for Scotland was the opening of the new sculpture gallery at Aberdeen on Saturday, primarily due to the efforts of Mr. James Murray of Glenburnie Park, Aberdeen. Every care has been taken to make this gallery worthy of the ideals of its promoters, and the collection of casts illustrative of the history of sculpture cannot probably be equalled in England outside London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Mr. Murray, whose enthusiasm cannot be too highly praised, had the advantage of the services of Mr. Robert F. Martin of South Kensington, and, we may add, the good sense to give Mr. Martin a free hand, subject to the occasional advice and opinion of Sir George Reid, R.S.A. The exhibition is, in fact, a practical argument for the "one man" system of administration—when the one man is a good man.

A propos of our recent note on the identity of the characters in *Madame Bovary*, a writer in the *Globe* suggests that further information on this branch of the subject would be interesting. A letter giving very full particulars, written by M. Robert Duquesne, has been published in the *Mercure de France*. M. Duquesne interviewed the wife of the original of the conductor of the *diligence* in the novel:

"The woman guessed what we wanted, and greeted us with:
 "'Ah!' (clasping her old withered hands). 'You've come to talk about this Flaubert. Please don't speak of him to my husband. That always makes him angry.'
 "'So we had no need to explain, and she politely gave us the information which we sought.
 "'Yes, he used to fetch Madame Bovary's novels from Rouen for her. That was what turned the poor woman's head.'
 "'Emma, in fact, has left very definite recollections in the country, where all the residents of the period devoured the novel, reading between the lines, putting the dots on the i's and the names to the portraits, and supplementing them from their independent knowledge.
 "'An old neighbour of Madame Bovary tells me the following story, which occurred when she was quite young: 'Emma, one week-day, without rhyme or reason, dressed up her little girl in her Sunday best—in sailor costume, as was the fashion of the time. She also had on her own best dress, and the two went out together.
 "'You are going to a party, no doubt,' asked the neighbour, much impressed, 'as you are not in your week-day clothes?'
 "'Emma drew herself up.
 "'Madame,' she said, 'you should really know that I am not an ordinary every-day woman.'
 "'The same neighbour told me that Madame Bovary was extraordinarily beautiful.
 "'Quite like a wax doll,' she put it."

The editor of the *Mercure de France* adds the information that the little girl of the novel, Berthe Bovary, who married a pharmaceutical chemist at Rouen, has just died.

These stories are not only the evidence of a revival of interest in Flaubert. He has also been made the subject of a thesis for a degree in medicine by Dr. Felix Dumesnil, who writes of the novelist, not from the literary but from the pathological point of view. In particular he combats the general belief that Flaubert was an epileptic. This story, he says, was spread by Maxime Ducamp, out

of malice, when the two had quarrelled. The truth he holds to have been that Flaubert was a full-blooded person who took no exercise, and who died of apoplexy at the age of fifty-eight, as a full-blooded person who took no exercise might be expected to do. He adds—what is interesting—that Flaubert, that enemy of the bourgeois, had himself many bourgeois traits: "Like his father, and probably like his father's fathers for many generations, he spent thirty years in one room, engaged in hard and most methodical work." There certainly the bourgeois heredity told.

Both the *Mercure de France* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have been reviving the love-story of Lamartine. One thinks of him usually as the man who crushed the Red party at the Revolution of 1848, with an epigram: "Le tricolore a fait le tour du monde; votre drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du Champs de Mars." But, at an earlier date, he was known as "the lover of Elvire," and was once even so designated at a session of the Academy of Letters. Elvire was, it seems, a Madame Charles, the wife of a physician, whose acquaintance Lamartine made at Aix-les-Bains, where they were both sojourning for their health, in another physician's house. His room was next to hers. They "cured" together on the balcony, and rowed together on the lake. The finest lines in "Les méditations" derive their inspiration from those meetings.

It was a love-story, however, which came to a sad end. Elvire was consumptive, and grew worse. She was very religious, and, with death in sight, the feeling grew that it was very wicked of her (in spite of the fact that her husband was a savant old enough to be her father) to let her heart go out to the young poet. She refused to see him, and in December 1817 he heard of her death. "For three days and three nights," we read, "he wandered, like a madman, in the woods of the neighbourhood." Then he returned to Milly, and there wrote the immortal stanzas on the crucifix which his mistress had been clasping to her bosom when she died. Her real name was Julie, and when Lamartine married, he called his daughter after her. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* prints her letters; and, in the *Mercure de France*, M. Léon Séché relates all that is discoverable about her family history.

The students of Paris have been amusing themselves by persistently hissing one of their professors at the Sorbonne. It is interesting to recall that the same annoyance has previously troubled two professors of the highest literary eminence. One of them was Sainte-Beuve, whose imperialistic sympathies made him "persona ingratisissima" with Republican youth. His remarks on Virgil were drowned by the uproar, and he had to resign his chair. Nor was that all. Though bold as a critic, Sainte-Beuve was a timorous creature in private life; and for weeks after the demonstration he never walked abroad in the streets of Paris without carrying a dagger hidden in his sleeve for his protection against an assault which he believed to be contemplated upon his person.

The other hissed professor was no less a person than M. Brunetière. His offence was that he had severely criticised the works of Zola. The students at that date preferred Zola's novels to M. Brunetière's essays, and they therefore laid themselves out to make things unpleasant for the essayist. He held his ground, however, with the support of the Minister of Education and the Prefect of Police. Student opinion gradually veered round under the influence of the Dreyfus case, and it was the novelist's turn to be "conspewed."

Next week being Holy Week, the ACADEMY will be published on Thursday, April 20, instead of Friday, April 21.

LITERATURE

MR. BINYON'S NEW POEM

Penthesilea. A Poem by LAURENCE BINYON. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. LAURENCE BINYON is one of the most cultivated and the least flamboyant of our younger poets. His work is marked by a finish, a reticence, and a thoughtfulness that are rare distinctions at the present moment. It certainly does not contain many jewels five words long, nor can we imagine that at any time it will become, as Gray's *Elegy* has become, a storehouse of stock quotations. Exacting criticism would, perhaps, say that Mr. Binyon lacks just that vital touch of fire and enthusiasm that turns out the glowing and immortal phrase. His aim would rather seem to be at a dead level of excellence, where every word has been carefully chosen, every line moulded and pruned with that capacity for taking pains that is said to be in itself genius. He has in the present volume chosen a subject that is picturesque, and is eminently suitable to his methods. The fable of the poem is given briefly at the beginning, and may be even more concisely stated here. *Penthesilea*, an Amazonian queen, having by misfortune killed her own sister, resolves to lead her troops to Troy, there to throw away her life in battle with the victorious Achilles. She is received by the sorrowful Priam, who begins by doubting her success, but is at length almost persuaded by her enthusiasm. Andromache at first supposes her a goddess, but on finding out that she is a woman, leaps to the conclusion that love of Achilles has brought her. Explanations are offered and taken and the two women become fast friends. *Penthesilea* finds Achilles eventually in the ranks of the Greeks and is killed by him. Such, leaving out the details, is the story that Mr. Binyon unfolds in this poem. In the making of it he suffers somewhat from the certainty that only one end is possible for his heroine, and in this way he loses any charm of the unexpected that otherwise he might have gained. But the beauty of his workmanship consists mostly in the pictorial quality of the writing. This note is struck in the very first lines of the poem, where the city of Priam and Hector is thus described:

"Dark in the noonday, dark as solemn pines,
A circle of dark towers above the plain,
Troy sat bereaved."

Hector is dead, and the dirges of women sound through the streets of Troy. Sentinels stand idly on the towers, in despair at the loss of their hero: altogether one is made to feel the hopelessness of Troy, and, while the poet is as it were gravitating in this sentiment, the Amazons arrive.

"Now thronging heads appeared
Beneath the temple steps; and they beheld
Framed in the wide porch men and women pass,
And over them, proceeding proud and fair,
Like goddesses indeed, a wondrous troop
That glorified the sunlight as they rode
With easy hips bestriding their tall steeds,
Whose necks shone as they turned this way and that,
Bold riders on bold horses; light mail-coats
They wore upon loose tunics, over which
Where to the throat the stormy bosom swelled
A virgin shoulder gleamed."

Among them is *Penthesilea*, "queenlier than the rest, with steadfast eyes superb." She seeks out Priam, who at first is almost incredulous of her mission.

"What hast thou said? Abuse not these old ears.
Thou know'st that I have suffered—who art thou?
A woman! Art a woman, and would lift
Thy hand against Achilles? Never hand
Of man prevailed against him yet, and thou
A woman made to bear and suckle babes,—
'A woman,' she broke in, 'but not as those
Who spin at home and blench to see a sword.
Penthesilea am I called, and am

An Amazon, and Amazons I rule.
They call me queen; but I like them was reared
To suffer and to dare; my body bathed
In cold Thermodon can outrace his speed;
And I have slain the lion in his lair,
Yea, and have fought with men and have prevailed."

It is no wonder that Andromache has taken this splendid woman for a goddess, and she seeks her when they all retire for the night. The Amazon is thus pictured:

"*Penthesilea* sat beside the bed
Whereon her coat of mail, now laid aside,
Shone keenly crumpled into glittering folds
Next the smooth texture of a coverlet
Embroidered in dim Indian town with shapes
Of golden lions thronged by suns and stars;
A Tyrian rug was soft to her bare feet
When kneeling by her side Harmothoe
Had loosed their sandal-thongs, and bathed them both
In warm clear water from a brazen bowl."

She who had been Hector's wife passionately addresses the supposed goddess:

"O Goddess, help! Ah, surely thou art come
From heaven to avenge me, for the gods in heaven
Loved Hector well; thou hast a woman's shape
But mov'st not like a woman, no, nor look'st.
O certify my heart, my wounded heart,
Fill me, for I am empty; turn again
The water of life into this stony bed
Where my days used to run. I am alone.
Reveal thyself, if to none else, to me."

The interview between the two women is very spirited, though it would be unfair to make any comparison between the Andromache of this poem and the Andromache of the *Iliad*, the superb and immortal picture of womanhood that Homer drew with a few touches of his pencil. Perhaps the best passage here is that in which *Penthesilea* repels with scorn the allegation that some romantic passion has brought her into Troy.

"Love, love! Think you I have been wont to bathe
My body in snow-brooks to temper it
True as a sword-blade, slept on forest leaves,
Raced the wild colts to break them, chased the deer,
The lion even, seen the red blood spirt
Of men into whose murderous eyes I looked
And did not quail, think you that such as I
Have hung my life's joy on another's smile,
Pining with fancies such as in close walls
You women fill slow days with feeding on,
Who lie upon soft couches and dream dreams?"

Needless to say Andromache believes her, and in new-born confidence *Penthesilea* relates the sad story which accounts for all she has done. Naturally enough the Greeks receive the intelligence that women are going to fight them with mockery, which Mr. Binyon renders fairly well, though not with inextinguishable laughter.

"Greek challenged Greek to hurling of the quoit,
To wrestle and race; not a sole trumpet rang,
For Troy since Hector's slaying kept her gates
Fast-barred, nor sent her files forth to the war.
So now the battle-weary Greeks prepared
Their meal beside the trenches, eased at heart,
When single scouts came running from the plain:
'Arm, arm!' they cried, 'for Troy will fight to-day,
The Amazons are come to succour them.'
Then sportful laughter leapt from mouth to mouth
Among the gay-eyed youth, mocking to hear,
And one to another shot a mirthful word.
'The hawk is dead, the twittering swallows come
To harry us! We will go garlanded
To battle and will hale these women home.'"

The battle itself fluctuates, and the Amazons appear to be getting the better of the Greeks, which of course was a literary necessity if the valour of Achilles were to be thrown into relief. He does appear at last, however, and at once changes the fortunes of the battle, which in it has many incidents that at least recall the Homeric style. As for example the death of Antandra—

"Black-haired Antandra there, forced with the rout,
Strove ever like a raging lioness
To turn on her pursuers; on the bank
She stayed her horse, and some Thessalian youth,

Stung by her beauty, caught her by the belt
And dragged her from the saddle; she, so spent,
Let fall the axe from her dead-weary arms,
But with sobbed breath caught him so desperately
That both together in a blind embrace
Fell plunging in the shallows, rolled among
Marsh-marigolds; she thrust upon his face
Under the water, laughed and strove to rise,
When even then a javelin bit her breast
And clove her through; so died Antandra."

But fate is not to be evaded; Penthesilea and Achilles meet at last. And it says something for Mr. Binyon's skill that the Greek hero kills the woman without exciting more than a moderate amount of dislike on the reader's part. Nothing could have made the action fine or noble, and even the falling in love with the woman, at the end, scarcely reconciles us to it. On the other hand the battle of sex is cunningly intermingled with the clash of arms, and the poem carries the reader on to the end. There is something, however, not quite satisfactory in the climax, and it might be quite worth the consideration of Mr. Binyon whether it were not possible to obtain his catastrophe by means less open and obvious.

A ROLLING STONE

Tracks of a Rolling Stone. By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE.
(Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

It is no small thing to the credit of a book of reminiscences that one should be able to read it without a sense either of tantalisation or of satiety. Diarists and writers of autobiography seldom strike, as Mr. Coke has done here, the pleasant mean between too much and too little. He has so selected and condensed the incidents and memories of a remarkably busy life that very few indeed of his pages are uninteresting. He has come into intimate contact with a great number of men and women whose names count for something in the world's estimation, and of that number there are not many of whom he is unable to give a picture which biographers can ill afford to neglect. Too many writers of memoirs hurry you past the scenery of their lives as the train from Spezia to Genoa hurries you past those glimpses, through windows in the rocky tunnel, of the Mediterranean. Your feeling is one of longing to get out and see more.

Mr. Coke is not of this category. Many of the personal sketches he gives are necessarily small, but they are almost invariably touched in with a very nice sense of the essential detail. Most of them have, moreover, the charm of individuality—that presentment of the subject in relation to the writer which should distinguish the eye-witness from the delver among historical papers. He presents to us Captain Marryat, in the midst of his family circle, spinning with an imperturbable sedateness impossible yarns which grow more and more preposterous as he notes his listener's credulity. He tells how he called upon Leighton in Rome, and found him on his knees, diffident and almost desponding, rolling and buttering, preparatory to sending it to the Academy, his Cimabue procession—the picture which was accepted, and bought by Prince Albert before the Exhibition opened. He shows us Garibaldi, dressed in a red flannel shirt, among the chosen ones of society, and Bulwer-Lytton sauntering apart, envying the Italian hero the obsequious reverence paid to his miner's costume. He paints for us in a very few words a portrait of Sir Richard Burton, which convinces one of the inevitability of the most incredible adventures that befell him. He shows us Tennyson—not only Tennyson the poet, but Tennyson the smoker—whose matutinal indulgence in tobacco inspired Sir William Harcourt's remark on "the earliest pipe of half-awakened bards." Mr. Coke was with George Cayley in the latter's rooms in Parliament Street.

"One night after dinner quite late, we were building castles amidst tobacco clouds, when, following a 'May I come in?' Tennyson made his appearance. This was the first time I had ever met him. We gave him the only armchair in the room; and pulling

out his duodeen and placing a foot on each side of the hob of the old-fashioned little grate, he made himself comfortable before he said another word. He then began to talk of pipes and tobacco. And never, I should say, did this important topic afford so much ingenious conversation before. We discussed the relative merits of all the tobaccos in the world—of moist tobacco and dry tobacco, of old tobacco and new tobacco, of clay pipes and wooden pipes and meerschaum pipes. What was the best way to colour them, the advantages of colouring them, the beauty of the 'culotte,' the coolness it gave to the smoke, &c. We listened to the venerable sage—he was then forty-three and we only five or six and twenty—as we should have listened to a Homer or an Aristotle, and he thoroughly enjoyed our appreciation of his jokes."

But one could cite and quote indefinitely. Mr. Coke's experience of men and things ranges from the Emperor of the French, with whom he spent a week at Compiègne, to Heenan and Tom Sayers, whose last fight he witnessed; from Prince Esterhazy, whose diamonds attracted attention at Queen Victoria's coronation, to the conjurer who invented the "Mysterious Lady" illusion at the Egyptian Hall; from a children's ball at St. James's Palace, where he received a sugar-plum from King William IV. and asked questions about Queen Adelaide in very audible stage-whispers, to the public garrotting of a murderer in Havana, or a lynching in Marysville, on the Sacramento River.

On the day the peace was signed after the Franco-German War he called with Sir Anthony Rothschild on his brother Lionel, the head of the firm:

"He took no notice of his brother, but received me as Napoleon received the emperors and kings at Erfurt—in other words, as he would have received his slippers from his valet, or as he did receive the telegrams which were handed to him at the rate of about one a minute.

"The King of Kings was in difficulties with a little slip of black sticking-plaster. The thought of Gumpelino's Hyacinthos, *alias* Hirsch, flashed upon me. Behold! the mighty Baron Nathan come to life again; but instead of Hyacinthos paring his mightiness's *Hühneraugen*, he himself, in paring his own nails, had contrived to cut his finger.

"Come to buy Spanish?' he asked, with eyes intent upon the sticking-plaster.

"Oh no," said I, 'I've no money to gamble with.'

"Hasn't Lord Leicester bought Spanish?'—never looking off the sticking-plaster, nor taking the smallest notice of the telegrams.

"Not that I know of. Are they good things?"

"I don't know; some people think so."

"Here a message was handed in, and something was whispered in his ear.

"Very well, put it down."

"From Paris?" said Sir Anthony, guessing perhaps at its contents.

"But not until the plaster was comfortably adjusted did Plutus read the message. He smiled and pushed it over to me. It was the terms of peace, and the German bill of costs.

"'200,000,000!' I exclaimed. 'That's a heavy reckoning. Will France ever be able to pay it?'

"Pay it? Yes. If it had been twice as much!' And Plutus returned to his sticking-plaster. That was of real importance."

Not the least interesting thing in the book is a side-light on Thackeray's methods. At the end of 1849 Mr. Coke went to the West Indies in company with Lord Durham and one Andrew Arcedeckne, a mutual friend and member of the old Garrick, then but a small club in Covent Garden. Arcedeckne, pronounced Archdeacon, and abbreviated to Archy, "was about five feet three inches, round as a cask, with a small singularly round face and head, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes—in a word, so like a seal, that he was as often called Phoca as Archy." And Phoca is no other than Mr. Harry Foker, of "Pendennis."

"Would you like to hear him talk? Here is a specimen in his best manner. Surely it must have been taken down by a shorthand writer, or a phonograph:

"Mr. Harry Foker, *loquitur*: 'He inquired for Rincer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rincer a riddle, asked Miss Rincer when she would be prepared to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, another young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these young ladies in a giggle. 'Have a drop, Pen: it's recommended by the faculty, &c. Give the young one a glass, R., and score it up to yours truly.'"

"I fancy the great man who recorded these words was more afraid of Mr. Harry Phoca than of any other man in the Garrick Club—possibly for the reason that honest Harry was not the least bit afraid of him. The shy, the proud, the sensitive satirist would steal silently into the room, avoiding notice as though he wished

himself invisible. Phoca would be warming his back at the fire, and calling for a glass of 'Foker's own.' Seeing the giant enter, he would advance a step or two, with a couple of extended fingers, and exclaim, quite affably, 'Ha! Mr. Thackry! litary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbings?' and likely enough would turn to the waiter, and bid him, 'Give this gent a glass of the same, and score it up to yours truly!' We have his biographer's word for it that he would have winked at the Duke of Wellington, with just as little scruple.

"Yes, Andrew Arcedeckne was the original of Harry Foker; and from the cut of his clothes to his family connection, and to the comicality, the simplicity, the sweetness of temper (though hardly doing justice to the loveliness of the little man), the famous caricature fits him to a T."

It is scarcely the part of a critic to sit in judgment on the manner of such books as this. The matter is everything. They stand or fall purely on the question of interest, and it is enough to say that by that test this book stands firm. But Mr. Coke published his first book of reminiscences some fifty years ago, and it is entertaining to note the development of his ideas. The style which irritated the early Victorian reviewers when he issued a little account of his doings in Vienna in 1848—irritated them because they looked for a political treatise, and got instead a delightful personal record—has become matured without losing any of its freshness and charm. Mr. Coke tells a somewhat blunt narrative with vigour and humour. His anecdotes are related with no mincing squeamishness. His moralisings and criticisms, where they occur, are direct and outspoken. They are a combination of blows straight from the shoulder, and blows straight from the head—the result, one may guess, of a naval training tempered by the leisure of a cultured man. That is the kind of material that makes a good book.

A MODERN UTOPIA

A Modern Utopia. By H. G. WELLS. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. WELLS has the gift of making his philosophical, or rather sociological, speculations of absorbing interest to the general reader. His literary imagination, which was born in him, works on the positive, scientific education to which his mind was subjected at its most receptive period, and the rare combination gives to his writings a peculiar distinction. Perhaps it is this which causes him to be better appreciated on the Continent, and especially in France, where he has had the honour of appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, than by his own countrymen. The English public, it is to be feared, prefer Jules Verne, whose method of utilising scientific facts and scientific possibilities it would be interesting to compare at length with Mr. Wells' method. But that would be too long an inquiry; it must be enough here to point out that M. Verne did not really try to go down into the heart of things, his aim being merely the immediate excitement and amusement of the reader. Mr. Wells' reverence for science is beyond all comparison greater. In his romances, quite as much as in what he calls his sociological essays—"Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," and this present work—the reader is made to feel the vital importance of science to every conceivable human relation. M. Verne was extraordinarily skilful in merging scientific fact into scientific fiction, so that the lay reader could not tell where the one ended and the other began; but the incidents narrated do not matter to any one except the characters in the story. Mr. Wells would never have overwhelmed Captain Nemo and his submarine ship; he would have shown us a world in which people travelled under the sea or up to the moon with as much unconcern as they do now by underground railway. It may be urged that M. Verne appealed to a wider public, but it is plain that Mr. Wells is not less anxious that what he has to say should reach as many people as possible, as is shown by the mere fact that it is presented always in six-shilling novel form, and not, as would have been the case a generation ago, in a heavy and expensive quarto, which would have been read only by specialists.

"A Modern Utopia" is, he says, in all probability the

last of his sociological essays. It has grown naturally out of the two earlier works, in which the treatment of social organisation was purely objective. It has brought him back to his art or trade—he does not care which you call it—of an imaginative writer, a writer who tries to present an ideal which is both possible and more desirable than the world in which we live. It is said of some of George Meredith's works—notably of "Diana of the Crossways"—that the first chapter should be read last, and that it can only so be understood. Mr. Wells has adopted the converse of this; it is his last chapter, called an appendix, which should in our opinion be read first, for it furnishes a most illuminating statement of the writer's whole attitude towards metaphysical speculation. This appendix consists of the principal portions of a paper read to the Oxford Philosophical Society some eighteen months ago, which was afterwards published in *Mind*. It is amusing to reflect upon the consternation which this bombshell must have caused in those academic groves where the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is still venerated. How many promising "firsts" Mr. Wells was the means of reducing to the ruck of the third class is a matter between himself and his conscience; certainly the paper is a most disturbing one to

"the wretch who collates
"His 'Republic' and Mill;
"Who dreams of the *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι*,
"And wakes to discourse of the Will."

The interesting autobiographical passages in which he shows how he approached logic and metaphysics over what he calls the bracing upland of comparative anatomy, prepare us for his frank rejection of the objective reality of classification. His conception of evolution, his conviction of the vagueness and instability of biological species, naturally led him to reject the fixed genera and species of the logicians, and by consequence all the elaborate syllogistic superstructure which has been raised upon such classification. And so he came to regard number, definition, class, and abstract form as regrettable conditions of mental activity rather than as essential facts. He is entirely sceptical of the powers of the mind as the instrument of thought. He regards it as capable only of dealing with ideas by projecting them upon the same plane, a process which leads to an infinity of error. The molecular physicist whose mind is at the level of atoms, is in the presence of a universe which has none of the shapes or forms of our common life. What we call stable and solid is in that world a freely moving system of interlacing centres of force; and what we call colour and sound is there no more than a varying length of vibration.

All this brings us to Mr. Wells' intense conception of the uniqueness of individuals. Nothing is fixed, everything is a little link in a vast chain of evolution, of perpetual modification, adaptation, perhaps degeneration. In his "Utopia" it is profoundly interesting to see how widely he has departed from the Utopia-makers of the past. Perhaps the most essentially modern note is struck in his conception of it as a world-State using a universal language. This is, of course, the necessary result of scientific progress and mechanical invention. We can no longer imagine a Utopia subject to invasion from outside, and confined within the limits of a little city-State of ancient Greece, or even within the limits of a large island or continent. Plato would have been unable to conceive the possibility of mechanical invention profoundly modifying social conditions: and in an interesting passage Mr. Wells shows us the great Greek philosophers as the necessary complement and corrective of our own abundance of machinery and deficiency of thought. Again, Mr. Wells' Utopia is kinetic, not static, as are those of his predecessors; not a permanent state, but a hopeful stage leading to a long ascent of stages. But it is, we feel, unnecessary to describe in detail the social arrangements, the manners and customs of this fascinating other world. Mr. Wells has chosen to present it through the medium of two vividly realised personalities, both Englishmen, of the middle class, and from this present twentieth century. One of them, indeed, has had an

unfortunate love-affair at Frognal! We prefer to send our readers to the book itself, which seems to us to mark an advance even on the high level of excellence which Mr. Wells had before attained. We have been particularly struck by the courage and breadth of mind with which he has grappled with some of the great outstanding difficulties confronting every one who essays to formulate an ideal State. His whole State is, of course, based upon the substitution, wherever possible, of mechanical for human labour, but naturally there remains a great deal which not even the most ingenious electrical contrivances can do, and his treatment of this labour problem, including, of course, the question of the distribution of labour, appears to us to be masterly.

The book is illustrated with some remarkable drawings by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, which have to our eye a curious reminiscence of Cruikshank—at any rate, the artist certainly deserves the warm tribute which Mr. Wells pays him in his prefatory note.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Tome I. De l'époque Latine à la Renaissance. Par FERDINAND BRUNOT. (Paris: Armand Colin, 15 f.)

It is no wonder that M. Gaston Paris—the best representative possessed by any country in Europe, for the last half-century, of that happy marriage of philology and literature which is so often turned into a disastrous divorce—should, when some years ago he had to notice M. Brunot's articles in the great co-operative "History" of M. Petit de Julleville, have expressed an ardent desire and hope that these articles might form the basis of a regular treatise on their subject. Many persons, of all degrees of competence below that supreme one which M. Paris had attained, must have been led by these articles, and by M. Brunot's equally admirable monograph on "La Doctrine de Malherbe" (Paris, 1891), to the same desire, which is now happily gratified or in process of gratification. The study of words in themselves, like the study of things in themselves, is, if not exactly a black art, one which is rather dangerous to meddle with. There is the left-hand Charybdis of sciolist pottering and the right-hand Scylla of pseudo-scientific aridity. The first in old days had more victims, the second has fattened at her sister's expense of late. But in M. Brunot we were pretty certain to find no prey of either: and our confidence is not deceived.

To say too absolutely *why* it is not would involve laying down general principles, a thing not to be risked in a short review. But we may say that in M. Brunot we find what is the only safe combination in such a book, a clear view of the subject in general together with a liberal and reasonable elasticity in particulars. If he is ever too peremptory on these latter—for instance, on the notion that actual Bas-Breton is not originally Gaulish, but Welsh, imported by fliers from the Saxon invasion—it is in the fringes of his subject where he follows others, not in the main body of it where he speaks for himself. He makes, of course, and could make, no compromise on the cardinal doctrine that "French is spoken Latin," but on almost every page, in reference to persons and things alike, there are to be found tokens of a sweet reasonableness too commonly absent in that extremely "arbitrary gent," the modern philologist. An admirable phrase in a note of M. Brunot's on p. 147, in which he says that his book "doit servir autant que possible à donner le sentiment de la transformation lente et continue telle qu'elle a lieu dans la réalité," expresses the effect which the pistolling ways of these gentlemen of the linguistic road make impossible.

Many incidental good things, such as the defence of Ménage—a person far too commonly slighted—result from the maintenance of this habit; but they are, of course, subsidiary to the exposition of the real subject. The First Book, on the characteristics of the "spoken Latin" itself—

that is to say, not the actual *lingua Romana*, but the stage between the last age of post-classical written Latin not yet quite "Low," and the *Romana*—is a model handling of a subject as to which every proposition has, so to say, to be a guess founded upon more or less evidence, but in which you must always make it easy for the reader to distinguish the evidence from the guess, and not, as is too commonly done, muddle them up as much as possible so that he may take the whole for evidence. There is necessarily less groping, less hand-and-knee work, when we come to the actual early texts; but M. Brunot, if he walks more confidently, does not walk any the less cautiously. And both here and everywhere there is a welcome abstention from the endless and disgusting effort to prove that all other guides are not to be trusted, which is usual. Knowing M. Brunot's work before, we had not much fear of stumbling on the too common demonstration or insinuation that all persons who have previously dealt with the subject are asses, and that if there is an *asinus*, *pulcher et fortissimus* in asinity before all others, it is Mr. So-and-so. But we can assure all readers that they need not be under any such fear at all.

Where all is good it is perhaps rather idle to single out parts for commendation; but a review which is merely general praise is not a very good compliment to the author, and perhaps not the most convincing proof of the reviewer's competence. The chapter on the first texts of French (especially, of course, the venerable and familiar Strasbourg Oaths) could hardly be better done; and both in it and in its neighbours M. Brunot not merely inculcates in principle but illustrates in practice that extreme and, we may almost say, treacherous *fluidity* of linguistic change which mere linguists are so apt to forget in constructing their grammars and lexicons. The same principle of cautious equity presides later over his handling of the dialects; and, at the close of the volume, over his account of the way in which the fifteenth century, wishing to classicise, really helped to barbarise the admirable language of the Middle Ages proper. But the best part of the whole volume, to our thinking, lies in the eighth and ninth chapters of the Second Book, which treat respectively of the linguistic value of this very language which we have just called admirable, and of the position and influence of French abroad. To the extraordinary richness of the vocabulary, beside which modern French, except for terms of science or terms of slang, is even since the Romantic movement rather poor, and before it was poor to beggarliness; to the significance of the separate pronunciation of forms now merged in speech even if distinguished in spelling; to the flexibility and liberty of the syntax; to all the other luxuriant amenities which were sacrificed to bring about the monotonous clearness and neatness of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—to these M. Brunot does justice after a fashion which is a joy to see. But it is not less of a joy to see, in reading the following chapter, that his enthusiasm for his subject has by no means induced that prejudice which so often comes in its train. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence and importance of French language and French literature in the Middle Ages as regards other literatures and other languages. Yet they have been exaggerated: and that by ignorant or incompetent persons. It is all the more satisfactory to find a man of the competence of M. Brunot taking quite a different line. His account, for instance, of early Middle English, if corrigible in a very few minor points and perhaps amplifiable in a very few more, is on the whole absolutely sound and fair. And when we come to the phrase, "sa riche, on pourrait presque dire son incomparable, synonymie," we recognise yet another of those equitable perspicacities which distinguish M. Brunot so often and so honourably. For there have been critics of language, native as well as foreign, who have actually lamented the riches of English in this way, and have scornfully asked or regretfully panted for a hide-bound lexicon in which every word shall mean one, and only one, and only one narrowly defined thing; and no thing is to be

so impudent as to demand, no writer so licentious as to supply, a plurality of word-wives for each thing-husband, each possessed of slightly different qualities and attractions.

M. Brunot's next volume will be expected with particular interest. The history of the further changes, through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which resulted in "classical" French, is a subject which requires, in even a higher degree than the subject of the present volume, the qualities of knowledge, patience, and freedom from prejudice. And these, as we have seen, are exactly the qualities which he can bring to bear on it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

TWO PSYCHOLOGISTS

Physiological Psychology. By W. McDougall, M.A., M.B. (The Temple Primers. Dent, 1s. net.)

The Logic of Human Character. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, B.A., M.D. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE two books, which well illustrate the vast range of psychology, since neither even impinges upon the subject-matter of the other, may be welcomed both for their own sakes, and because it is a pleasing sign of the times to find the science of mind passing into the hands of those whose education and training have led them to study those physical facts in which mind unquestionably, if inexplicably, inheres.

Mr. McDougall's tiny little volume, to which he has given the title of Wundt's masterpiece, is sufficient justification for his recent appointment to the Wilde Readership in Mental Philosophy at Oxford. It presents a clear account—somewhat marred, perhaps, by the author's methods in punctuation—of the elements of scientific psychology, and is thoroughly up to date, as is evidenced by the account of the recently discovered distinction between the functions of the rods and cones of the retina. Small and unambitious though it be, this book is worth more than the little space it would fill in the library of the student of mind. We suppose that it is well not to burden the reader of a primer with authors' names, but, on the other hand, we have repeatedly observed the educational value of attaching a personal interest to doctrines and researches. Mr. McDougall, however, has completely suppressed all references with the solitary exception, if we remember aright, of one to a paper of his own. But neither to this, nor to certain of his own speculations in the text does he attach any indication of their authorship. Such modesty is, we think, to be deprecated. Clearly to tell the reader that, on such and such points, the author is speaking for himself, unquestionably endows with saliency the individual and original portions of a book. We would merely maintain that whilst the personality of no author, be he a Plato, is of the slightest absolute importance, or has the remotest bearing on the truths which he enunciates—be they truths: yet in practice it is found that the love of personalities, which reveals itself in gossip, may be turned to excellent account in education.

From Mr. McDougall's solid and unadorned pages—"stodgy," we had nearly called them—we turned to Dr. Whitby's volume with the well-sounding but quite meaningless title. The table of contents further assured us that we were to be entertained. We quote the titles of two chapters: the others are like unto them. "Fifth or Transcendent Category. Individual Character. The Logic of Freedom. Sixth or Absolute Category. Universal Character. The Logic of Creation."

But the reader must not be deterred. In point of fact this book of Dr. Whitby's is very much out of the common. Its style is marked by a dignity and resource, rising at times to the heights, which must impart a singular distinction to the author's papers on hydrotherapeutics in the medical journals where these appear. Locke had a style unmatched for its fitness, Sir Thomas Browne did not know Latin for nothing, and Huxley, who could speak his mind,

had a medical degree likewise: but we did not suspect that a living English physician could write as Dr. Whitby does; whose thinks us unkind should spend sixpence on one of the leading medical journals. But this is a matter apart. Though Dr. Whitby's title and table of contents create the presumption that he has more manner than matter, he is indeed a deep and discerning student of character. We venture to say that he displays more real insight into human character in any one of his chapters than your boasted novelist in all his output. In truth, it is sorry trash that passes for psychology in current fiction: bearing much the same relation to the real thing that the ability to identify the moon bears to the knowledge of a Newton. But Dr. Whitby, when he writes of distinction, detachment, tenacity, wisdom, consistency, passion and their congeners, really illumines the matter. We have read this volume through twice, partly for the mere æsthetic pleasure afforded by the author's English, partly for its intellectual interest, and partly because of the pleasant taste it leaves in the mouth. We would suggest that the man who writes this book must surely find the compilation of papers on the use of mineral waters in lithæmia, let us say, rather a bore: but one never knows.

We notice that Dr. Whitby uses the term "ethology," and we wonder whether he is interested in the new Ethological Society, to which such distinguished men as Mr. George Meredith have lately lent their names. Hitherto we have remained unconvinced that this society is meeting the want which undoubtedly exists. There is still room, despite the existence of the Sociological Society, the folklorists and the psychologists, for true amateurs and lovers, like Dr. Whitby, to form a society which shall devote itself to the study of human character and conduct as known to-day. This society would probably not interest Mr. McDougall, who is, so to speak, engaged in the basement; nor the academic philosophers, who are ever trying to soar in a vacuum: but it would attract the many thoughtful folk who are interested in the purely subjective analysis of human conduct, which is the subject-matter of ethology proper. In this high and occult region of inquiry, Dr. Whitby's book would prove as sincere and competent a guide as any we know. Is not this good, for instance?

"Humility is by no means incompatible with self-respect, or even with pride: the vulgar conception of humility as a spirit of craven and abject self-depreciation betrays an entire misunderstanding of its true inwardness. And, in fact, to vulgarity as such, the nature of rational humility is in the last degree unintelligible; for whereas vulgarity is presumptuous, arrogant, self-deluded, fain to assume positions for which it possesses no real qualification, liable to the rebuffs which inevitably ensue—humility, on the contrary, is the sign-manual of true nobility of soul; and since it claims only what rightly pertains to it, *and never disdains to justify its claim*, can hardly be taken at a disadvantage. Humility is to character precisely what reticence is to art—the condition of all distinguished and adequate expression."

We have italicised what appears to us to be one of the many instances of the inner vision which adorns this modest book.

BY THE RIVER'S BRIM

An Angler's Hours. By H. T. SHERINGHAM. (Macmillan, 6s. net.)

A VOLUME composed of articles that have already appeared in magazines is not always what a book should be. Sometimes, if it be not a mere "miscellany," it begins afresh with every chapter. Then it is limp and tedious. When the theme is Angling the risk is great. In that sport there seems to be some quality prompting a man to write an exordium each time he takes pen in hand. Perhaps it is a feeling that those who do not fish are not to be expected, unless something is done to rouse them, to approach the subject in proper mood; perhaps a consciousness that it requires some genius to convey a vivid sense of the joys to be found on stream or lake. However this may be, Mr. Sheringham has to be complimented. He begins his work once only. He begins it well, too. "At the Dawn of

Day," in which an angler, seemingly one of the elders, is breakfasting in a weird old country-house two or three hours after midnight, is very attractive. One is glad that his basket is full when examined by the household at the usual morning meal. True, they are "coarse fish" only he has to show; but we have been much entertained by witnessing his capture of them. Mr. Sheringham, indeed, being a sportsman of catholic sensibilities, imparts a fresh interest to the less-esteemed fish. He is as happy when catching dace or roach or jack as when seeking trout on Exmoor or in the unnamed Midland brook. A three-pound chub caught in the Thames makes excellent play in a merry tale; and Old Billy, on the pike-pool, becomes an agreeable memory. Of course, the book is not flawless. Mr. Sheringham is not at his best when he is most ambitious. He makes a text of the lines,

"Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade;"

figures the shade as a grayling, finds the hope "in some danger of being left in its cradle permanently," and is otherwise tortuous and tiresome instead of achieving a success of ingenious fancy. Three things in one chapter are "gargantuan"; a fishing comrade, "indomitable" in almost every paragraph of another paper, made a bag which was almost "phenomenal"; and the perversity of human nature insists on "trying conclusions" with fate. Mr. Sheringham, who has good taste and an observant mind, will admit that these are lapses.

RICORDI

Of a tower, of a tower, white
In the warm Italian night,
Of a tower that shines and springs
I dream, and of our delight.

Of doves, of a hundred wings
Sweeping in sound that sings
Past our faces, and wide
Returning in tremulous rings:

Of a window on Arno side,
Sun-warm when the rain has dried
On the roofs, and from far below
The clear street-cries are cried:

Of a certain court we know,
And love's and sorrow's throe
In marbles of mighty limb,
And the beat of our hearts aglow:

Of water whispering dim
To a porphyry basin's rim;
Of flowers on a windy wall
Richly tossing, I dream.

And of white towns nestling small
Upon Apennine, with a tall
Tower in the sunset air
Sounding soft vesper-call:

And of golden morning bare
On Lucca roofs, and fair
Blue hills, and scent that shook
From blossoming chestnuts, where

Red ramparts overlook
Hot meadow and leafy nook,
Where girls with laughing cries
Beat clothes in a glittering brook:

And of magic-built skies
Upon still lagoons; and wise
Padua's pillared street
In the charm of a day that dies:

Of olive-shade in the heat,
And a lone, cool, rocky seat
On an island beach, and bright
Fresh ripples about our feet:

Of mountains in vast moon-light,
Of rivers' rushing flight,
Of gardens of green retreat.
I dream, and of our delight.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

THE following verses with their accompanying "translation" by the same hand appeared last week in a well-known evening paper, and would seem to prove, even more conclusively than recent political events, the warmth of the relations existing between ourselves and our neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

Les cieux pleurent
Tendres larmes,
Les fleurs meurent
Toujours calmes.

Tears of life
Sheds the sky,
Free from strife
Flowers die.

Larmes aux yeux
Sont amères,
Les adieux
Dernières (sic).

Sorrow sends
Tears we weep,
Grief attends
Our last sleep.

The voice is ostensibly the voice of a Gallic Jacob, while the hand which penned these lines is unmistakably that of a British Esau.

Wisely judging that in moments of such friendly enthusiasm it is best to let the heart speak unrestrainedly, the writer disregards the irksome shackles of traditional French versification and pronunciation, ignores grammatical trammels, boldly alters genders to suit the exigencies of the rhyme, and in fact triumphantly demonstrates to the world at large that Britons, even when masquerading in French garb, "never, never will be slaves." The admiring reader's only cause for complaint will possibly be that the poem, like Mr. Weller's valentine, is too short. I therefore venture to subjoin an additional verse or two, adhering as closely as possible to the methods of the original. The "translation," undertaken in the same spirit, may be supposed to be the work of a French author bitten with the like enthusiasm, and following in his own way the notable example set him by the Saxon.

Oui, l'amour
La plus tendre
En un heure
Devra fondre.

Dolour's plough
True love's path
Has made rough—
Weep at that.

Toute le charme
Doit finir—
C'est la palme
Du martyre.

Grieves real
Here I vomit
Yet not all . . .
Some I omit.

Observe that the supposititious Frenchman adheres rigidly to the national pronunciation of the "th" and makes a dissyllable of the word "real." "To vomit," it will be noted, is far the most forcible dictionary equivalent for the verb "s'épancher."

All thinkers must perceive that this new development opens out wide vistas to the inhabitants of both countries. Remembering the old adage that they were created to be friends "parce qu'ils se tiennent par La Manche," the result of such closer hobnobbing as these recent indications seem to forecast will be varied and delightful. Some tender-hearted English "gun" may yet tearfully beseech his friends to spare a female hare in the words of the "Propriétaire," who thus set forth the sporting prospects of his estate:

"I have three hares," said he, "and two of them are at your service—Vous pouvez tuer Albert, vous pouvez tuer Victor, mais ne touchez pas à Mathilde, parce qu'elle est mère!"

Tom and Harry will perhaps embrace each other on both cheeks at railway stations, while Jacques and Pierre assume the kilt, each of the last-named being careful, like a certain cautious compatriot of theirs, to draw the stocking over the knee "à cause de ses caleçons." "Rosbif" and "plum-pouding" will no doubt figure more frequently than before on French tables, while frogs'-legs and snails will lend an agreeable variety to our ordinary.

Some years ago Mr. J. M. Lely, in the pages of "The Author," recommended his country-folk to "english" various familiar dishes, and proposed, to begin with, that "Hors d'œuvres" should be translated into "Uncooked Morsels." Indeed, we have for long been accustomed to draw out our daily *ménu* in a somewhat curious travesty of the French language; as a result of the *Entente Cordiale*, let us imagine that the reverse state of things obtains, and set forth the future bill of fare of a French dinner. All Frenchmen with the literary instinct admire the Saxon element of our language more than such words as have a Latin origin, and therefore it seems to me that Mr. Lely's "Uncooked Morsels" might more profitably be rendered "Raw Bits." The word "Soufflé" is a stumbling-block and is best represented by a kind of paraphrase, "inflation" being too bombastic, and "swelling" unpleasantly suggestive.

MÉNU. (Old style : obsolete.)	BILL OF FARE. (New style.)
Hors d'œuvres	Raw Bits.
Pot au Feu	Pot on the Fire
Purée de petits pois	Mash of little Peas
Bouchées aux Huitres	Mouthfuls of Oysters
Chaud-froid de Saumon	Hot-cold of Salmon
Vol-au-vent de Volaille	Fowl Fly-to-Wind
Petits Filets mignons à la Maître d' Hôtel	"Ducky" little Fillets to the Butler
Noix de Veau à la Jardinière	Nut of Veal in the way of the Gardener's wife.
Pommes de terre sautées	Jumped Potatoes
Asperges en branches : Sauce Mousseline	Asparagus in branches : Muslin Sauce
Timbales de Fruits	Mugs of Fruit
Crème renversée	Turned-up Cream.
Petits Soufflés de Foie gras	Little Blow-outs of fat liver.

Such a meal as this, to be thoroughly appreciated, would no doubt have to be prepared by a *Chief* or a *Blue Cord*.

BULL-FROG.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR

EVERY man of woman born believes that, whatever other quality he may lack or possess, he is endowed with an unflinching judgment as to what is the proper object of laughter, what is really funny; but he is convinced that this unerring sense of humour is granted to very few indeed beside himself. Personally, I have frequently been told that I have no sense of humour, because I have always held (and been so injudicious as openly to express) the belief that every humorous tale should be susceptible of analysis, that it should be credible as a possible occurrence, and that it should not conflict with dramatic propriety. When quite a boy I was taken to task rather severely (I remember it still) by a reverend (and honourable) jester who related to me how a cobbler put over his door the motto "Mens sibi conscia recti," and how a rival artisan, not to be outdone, adorned his lintel with the legend "Men's and women's sibi conscia recti." I was injudicious enough to urge that the rival, who apparently thought the Latin words indicated some form of apparel (the joke herein lying), would not have advertised wares which he knew he had not for sale. The reverend anecdotist told me that to look

into a funny tale in that way displayed a lamentable want of the sense of humour, and that jokes "never went on all fours." I felt much humiliated at the time, but I have found myself since wholly unable to accept the reverend gentleman's point of view, and, having declared my dissent from it, have often incurred a similar censure spoken or implied.

Difference of opinion as to what is really funny is, as has been remarked by George Eliot, a great dissolvent of friendships, greater than those differences of view which separate Platonists from Aristotelians, Free Traders from Protectionists, even Protestants from Roman Catholics. I have been so formed by nature and perhaps by education that I am unable to welcome with laughter an example of the undeniable fact that in our tongue, as in others, a word has often more than one meaning. But we must not assume that those who seem tickled by that which appears to us to be almost sad, or certainly not laughable, are always feigning an amusement which they do not feel, lest they should seem dull or unappreciative. I am convinced that there are people who are convulsed at the reminder that *box* has several significations, and who think that a man is dull if he fails to accept a chance of saying: "I like it but it does not like me," or "Last not least." Then there are those who enjoy the Madison-Mortonian *genre*. Such an one, when his ace is trumped, will say, "May I be permitted by the favour of the chair briefly to ejaculate a monosyllable unmentionable to ears polite?" Those who feel, with Aristophanes, that such attempts at humour make one suddenly feel years older, are thought to lack a sense of humour. I am convinced that the spectacle of a man pursuing his hat which has been blown off his head touches in many a source of laughter which would not flow for the most ingenious quip in Aristophanes, Sheridan or Gilbert. Woe to the dullards who see in it only an embarrassing misadventure! Then, the *raconteurs* who tell long stories (in dialect) of the type of "How Tim Murphy done the gauger"—to many these are more tiresome than bimetalists, but to some they are *merum sal*. The good talker resents them most. "Of all the plagues" (I quote De Quincey from memory) "whom God in his inscrutable wisdom has allowed to exist and even to propagate their species, the worst is the professed story-teller." How he must have suffered when the conversation, in the phrase of another great table-talker, "fell into its anecdotage."

Even in the mind of one individual the sense of humour seems to undergo strange changes. It is amazing that the creator of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Codlin and Dick Swiveller (who, however, begins to show signs of a tendency towards the Madison-Morton type) should have thought it funny to call Veneering's butler the Analytical Chemist; and to make Rogue Riderhood, having designated one person as Tother Governor, call another Tothurest Governor. Yet Dickens had not lost his humour when he wrote "Our Mutual Friend." Silas Wegg is a perfect type of the characteristic humour of Dickens when he speaks of his friend Venus as "floating his powerful intellect in tea," and declares that his trestles, which he is about to sell, were pronounced "by a Irish gen'leman as was a judge of trestles to be beyond price." The appeal to the Irish gentleman is delightfully characteristic of the cunning of Wegg. Irishmen often are (or are supposed to be) good judges of horses, dogs, &c. Besides, it would be very difficult to verify the appeal, as the referee would presumably be in Ireland. It is a pity that Aristotle did not analyse the proper object and occasion of laughter in connection with his doctrine of the Mean. He would have begun with the unquenchable laughter of the Olympian gods at the limping Hephæstos, and would have brought it into relation with the last sally of the Agora or theatre; and Theophrastus would have told us what the funny man was "such as" to do and say. But alas! he has not analysed the *when*, the *where*, the *how*, and the *what* of laughter, and we do not even know what he thought of puns.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THOMAS FULLER

FEW men have been gifted with such a fund of wit and an abundance of humour as Dr. Thomas Fuller, who was able to be a man of learning without a taint of pedantry, a man of the world, a man of shrewd common sense whose wisdom and common sense did not cause him to waver for a moment in his devout allegiance to religion and his Church; he was learned as Lipsius, witty as Sheridan, sane as the self-made merchant, and wrote prose buoyant as his own personality, and varied as his gifts, for like George Herbert he lived and wrote and relished writing. He sat down to write a compendious account of the Church in Britain with all the enthusiasm of a modern novelist who knows that he has in his mind a plot so good that his novel will tell itself; and never through the innumerable pages of the mighty folio does his gusto abate for an instant; but his history runs on sparkling and bright with here a quaint aside and there a witty observation or a turn of phrase, over which one knows the old fellow, as Hazlitt lovingly calls him, was obliged to lay down his quill, rub his hands and chuckle: one sees the twinkle in his eye as he wrote:

"and a palm-tree served Deborah for her Westminster Hall wherein she judged Israel,"

or:

"Needs then must religion be in a doleful condition in Britain; for he who expects a flourishing Church in a fading commonwealth, let him try whether one side of his face can smile when the other is pinched."

Or, after having recounted the sad experiences of one Bishop Wilfrid at the conclusion of the seventh century, he begins, after the customary dedication, his history of the following century with the sentence:

"Painfull Wilfride was no sooner out of one trouble than he was engaged in another."

He is always on good terms with his "good reader"; not at all the terms upon which a modern writer is almost bound to be. The public was not Fuller's patron; those were the days before Pope introduced the independence of the writer—or to speak more accurately—shifted his dependence from the patron to the public: a reform, like many other reforms, of questionable value. For the public taste is notoriously fickle and vulgar, akin rather to a whim than a judgment, and the individual of wealth or position, though he may have a taste that is precarious, is yet more easily trained or stimulated because he has at any rate the advantage of being one. Fuller had no cause to be bitter about the public: if they were foolish enough not to read and relish his good things, the loss was uncontestedly theirs; and mattered but little to him. And so he wrote happily along, saying what he had to say in his own peculiarly attractive manner, confessing his own limitations, being at no pains to appear wiser than he was or to please any one but himself. Nothing illustrates this sublime attitude of benignity more delightfully than his preface to the second volume of his "Introduction to Wisdom": he begins by a formal preface to the reader in which he offers proof that the collection of wise sayings contained in the volume is quite invaluable, and then "Good Reader," he writes, and he is not starting another preface, rather is it the vocative of affection:

"Good Reader. I suspect I may have written some things twice; if not the same in words yet in sense, which I desire you to pass by favourably, forasmuch as you may well think, it was as difficult and dull a thing for me in so great a number of independent sentences to find out the repetitions. . . . Besides the pains such a search would cost me more time than I can afford it; for my glass of life running now low, I must not suffer one sand to fall in waste nor suffer one minute in picking of straws. And moreover my aged eyes being grown weak and dim I fear they will become quite dark by much perusing and poring; or at least so far as to render me unable to perfect several papers now lying by me, which I would willingly make a present of to you."

"But to conclude this; since in matters of advice, Precept must be

upon Precept, and Line upon Line, I apologise in the words of St. Paul, 'To write the same things to you to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.'"

And there are 3152 of these maxims each one worthy of a Rochefoucauld or Solomon, together with an appendix on Sincerity and Deceit. The marvel is how the man who wrote tremendous volumes of history in the spare time left him from the discharge of his parochial duties found opportunities for gaining his extraordinary wisdom and insight into the world at large. Certainly Fuller's ears for all his learning were not

"nailed to his books; and deadened with the sound of the Greek and Latin tongues and the din and smithery of school-learning;"

no man kept himself more fresh and vital: no man was less narrow-minded; nor had many a keener eye to the truth of things. Though a staunch Protestant, he writes of Queen Mary without bitterness or fury but with deliberate judgment—giving a verdict which is not wholly due to his faith in royalty, though doubtless coloured by it.

"Indeed she knew not the art of being popular and never cared to learn it. . . . She hated to equivocate in her own Religion and always was what she was without dissembling her judgment or Practice for fear or flattery. Little beloved of her subjects . . . she had been a worthy Princesse had as little cruelty been done under her as was done by her."

Fuller's style is vivid, and, as might be expected from a scholar of his calibre, elaborate and involved; but his prose is never heavy; it is always leavened by picturesque expressions and epithets of genius: here as everywhere his humour is his salvation. But his style is absolutely suited to his subject-matter; where there is need for simple narration, the embellishments and tricks vanish and he shows a mastery over effect that is memorable. What could be more simple or more telling than this passage, that ends his church history, in which he narrates the burial of King Charles?

"All things thus in readiness, the corpse was brought to the vault, being born by the soldiers of the garrison. Over it a black velvet hersecloth, the four labels whereof the four Lords did support. The Bishop of London stood weeping by, to tender that his service which might not be accepted. Then was it deposited in silence and sorrow in the vacant place in the vault (the herse-cloth being cast in after it) about three of the clock in the afternoon; and the Lords that night (though late) returned to London."

H. DE S.

FICTION

Fond Adventures. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT has gained a considerable reputation and much popularity by his writing, both of which he has undoubtedly deserved: he has a knowledge of his craft and ability: moreover there was charm and beauty in his "Little Novels of Italy," in his "Forest Lovers"; there was vigour of treatment in his "Richard Yea-and-Nay," a certain gusto breathed through his work, like the spirit of youth, and made it vital: something of that splendid blithe-heartedness that makes Stevenson's romances a never-ending source of joy. But in "The Queen's Quair," for all the turmoil of praise it evoked on its appearance, there were signs of decay—not of ability—far from it: the book is a monument of skilled craftsmanship, not of inspiration. It is not easy to gauge the reason of this. Perhaps Mr. Hewlett, conscious of his power of execution, is not at the pains to conceive deeply enough: perhaps he knows that he has taken the public ear, knows its stability and lack of taste and is content; perhaps he is suffering from a transitory staleness; probably it is due in a measure to all these reasons; but from whatever cause it arises, the result is to be deplored most heartily; for artists are not so frequent that the sight of one slipping from the high ranks to the low can be witnessed without a feeling that is akin to dismay. And this we experienced in reading the four stories—*Tales of the Youth of the World*—contained in the present volume. Three of them have already made their

appearance, two in *Harper's Magazine* and one in the *Cornhill*, and they certainly do not appear to merit preservation in any more lasting form. "The Heart's Key" is thin in the extreme, and will not bear the weight of cunning writing which has been lavished upon it; moreover, there is a taint of something very like vulgarity that takes away from the effect of fragile beauty which the story might otherwise have contained; a certain insistence upon external points which reminds us of an adroit auctioneer, disposing of a work of art. The story is of a proud lady humbled by the great love of a lowly suitor. The second and third tales are likewise disappointing, though they are written with much cleverness, and a knowledge of the times with which they deal. The last story in the book is "The Love Chase," which has not hitherto been published: it is the longest and by far the best, approaching Mr. Hewlett's own early standard of excellence, though by no means attaining to it. Simone della Prora, the Black Dog of Cittadella, is a splendid romantic figure, and the scene where he is cowed by Gonzaga the Cardinal in his own fortress is as capital as the final scene in the wood where the Cardinal's wiles are discovered. But the story drags, hindered in its progress by a display of erudition which is out of place, and in spite of the excellence of these two scenes and much good writing, leaves the reader unsatisfied. Knowing well the possibilities of Mr. Hewlett's fine ability, we lay down this latest volume with great disappointment.

A Rough Reformer. By ERNEST GLANVILLE. (Constable, 6s.)

THIS is a story of absorbing interest, touching life at many points, and told with equal vigour and feeling. Westmacott Vane descends on the City of London from the backwoods of Canada, and quickly makes himself a great financier, with smart society running after him for "options." We do not know whether Mr. Glanville has done the financial details right, and we do not care, for he has certainly drawn an extraordinarily impressive picture of a real man, simple, brutal, unscrupulous, and yet absolutely compelling in the sheer strength of his character. How he is ultimately induced to make restitution to the shareholders he has defrauded by a colossal "bear" *coup* is admirably told, and it is true instinct that made Mr. Glanville bring a not unhappy ending out of the purely selfish schemes of organised emigration which the great financier set on foot at the zenith of his prosperity. These schemes are described in too much detail, in spite of their interest for the sociologist and the statesman. But there is much more in the book than a kind of reconstruction of Cecil Rhodes. We cannot remember anything in recent fiction more charming in its way than the idyll of little Tam, the cripple, with his marvellous knowledge of birds and beasts, and his atavistic reminiscences of the manners and customs of the ancient Britons, partly subjective, and partly drawn objectively from books. His friend, the gentle old vicar, is sympathetically drawn. Excellent, too, are Vane's parents, the wise, patient, homely old mother, and the vain and foolish old father, while Mary Lee is a winning type of strong young English womanhood. Certainly in not a few places the book reads too much like a pamphlet, and yet it is curious how Mr. Glanville manages to invest dry figures and details of land settlement and the training of young farmers with that kind of interest which belongs, or ought to belong, to everything that vitally concerns the fortunes of real human beings.

The Bell and the Arrow. By Mrs. W. H. CHESSON (NORA HOPPER). (Laurie, 6s.)

THERE is a freshness and sincerity about this book that is decidedly agreeable, while the story conveys the impression that it is drawn from personal experience, and is the outcome of strong individual opinion upon certain subjects and emotions. It is a quiet family chronicle with two love-stories running through it—their complications are many, and arise from perversities of mood and developments of character. To Margaret Butler and Tony Ward we are

chiefly attracted. Tony is the son of a tramp adopted by Margaret's father, and he falls in love with her, for a time. They are both fascinating, fickle creatures, not unlike in temperament, and beloved beyond their deserts by their little world. When we finish the story we are inclined to suspect that Margaret was nursed all through her waywardness for the sake of the last few pages, and so to end upon a note that will ring true or false according to the ear that listens. Most of the characters are lifelike, photographically distinct, but they do nothing—and that is the fault of the book; there is little that is strong or definite. The reader wanders, as it were, through a gently undulating country, picturesque enough, but never presenting a bold or striking feature, or even one fine point of view; yet it is a pleasant ramble too, in cheerful company, which yields some pretty fancies, amusing turns of phrase, and occasional shrewd observations on men and things.

The Master Mummer. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Ward-Lock, 6s.)

MR. OPPENHEIM knows how to keep his readers thoroughly entertained, and his present story will be counted among his most successful mysteries. It has an ingenious plot, and a steady stream of romantic and dramatic incident; he writes well, too, without exaggeration, and with pretty touches of sentiment. Here the story opens with the rescue of a charming child from a wicked baronet. The scene takes place in a restaurant, and there's murder in it. Thereafter the rescuers have work enough for their hands and wits in defending Isobel de Sorrens from her enemies, who are persons in high places, entirely unscrupulous and audacious. Why they resort to desperate measures to obtain possession of an apparently friendless girl it would be unfair to disclose here. The description of Isobel's happy life in the studio with her three self-appointed guardians, the mystery that surrounds her, her strange experiences, and her ultimate fate, are all skilfully set forth; and will be found of absorbing interest to those who love a story of action and romance. In construction, management, style, and variety of incident, we can recommend "The Master Mummer" as one of the best stories of its kind that has appeared for some time.

The Letters of Theodora. By ADELAIDE L. ROUSE. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a girl who has some of her manuscripts refused and some accepted and who finally marries John. We consider it wrong to tell the plot of a novel in a review, but it will be seen from what we have said that this novel does not depend on plot. The girl is an American and she naturally writes in her own language. She says one of her friends has "considerable to do" in her house, and she refuses to "enthuse" over children. We cannot understand any one with Theodora's ear "enthusing." For Theodora has the literary temperament and can write. Therefore, though she really has nothing much to write about, her letters make pleasant reading. They bring to this country a picture of New York life that leaves out the hustlers and the millionaires: and, by the way, they let us peep at country interiors that are fragrant and old-fashioned. The girl herself is clever, natural and pleasing. She is wrapt up in books and writes as if she expected the world at large to share and understand her interests. This has the effect of narrowing her outlook and will assuredly narrow her audience. We cannot explain why manuscripts should make duller ware in fiction than, for instance, the vegetables on a hawker's barrow; but there is no doubt about the fact, at any rate as it stands in the minds of people to whom, through practical acquaintance, manuscripts have ceased to be things of a charming mystery. The struggles of Theodora hardly touch us, while Crainquebille stirs us to the depths. Perhaps we know from the beginning that Theodora will marry John and wear "come-into-the-garden-Maud" hats.

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. JOHN WARD'S advice to the readers of *Our Sudan: its Pyramids and Progress* (Murray, 21s.) is, "skip the letterpress, the pictures will teach you all you need to know." The book is indeed copiously illustrated, but the author's suggestion ought not to be followed for two reasons: first, the photographs are often too small to be instructive, and, secondly, they are accompanied by a most interesting and useful narrative. Mr. Ward is a conscientious student of antiquity and a thoroughgoing admirer both of Lord Kitchener and of the able officers who are carrying on the work he set afoot. Unfortunately, he errs in the matter of arrangement. An official despatch or a really sound treatise on irrigation elbows something that approaches perilously near the manner of the guide-book, but that obstacle being surmounted one comes upon a delightful discourse about the pyramids of Nuri and Jebel Barkal, the temples at Ban Nogo with their singular but attractive carvings, and passes from such pleasant subjects (which show Mr. Ward at his best) to a historical narrative of Lord Kitchener's campaigns. Here, then, is fine confused reading. Mr. Ward has collected his facts with such thoroughness that a careful reader of his book will be thoroughly equipped for a visit to the Sudan, and he who perforce must stay at home will be provided with as sound a knowledge of the country as can be acquired without personal observation. The index is rather scrappy, and the despatches and précis ought to have been put into an appendix, which might well have been strengthened by the essential statistics.

The Brooches of Many Nations, by Mrs. Harriet A. Heaton, edited by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.Hist.S., &c. (Murray, Nottingham, and Simpkin Marshall) is dedicated to the lovers of art in miniature—an unnecessary differentiation, for those who have some knowledge of the spirit of art can appreciate it in the monument of a Ptolemy or the tiny bronze pin that engages the tangles of Neæra's hair. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Heaton's book should make a wide appeal at the present time in England, for, after two generations of degraded taste in personal ornament, the dawn of better things is visible. The study of antique examples is as great an advantage in regard to brooches, earrings and the like, as in any other branch of applied art, and the present book collects within its covers much of the history of many of the most interesting periods and places connected with the subject. Beginning with a general review of the brooches of many nations, the author passes to the jewellery of Assyrian workmanship and so on to the designs, largely sacred of course, of Egypt, and thence by an easy step to Greek *fibula* and Græco-Roman brooches. The considerable varieties included in this survey are in many cases illustrated by the writer with clear and bold drawings from examples in the museums or from the works of well-known authorities such as Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs" and Birch's "Fac-similes." It is a far cry from the *fibula* with which Hecuba put out the eyes of the children of Polymestor to the brooches of Scandinavian men and women, but Mrs. Heaton traces the connection with an easy mastery of her subject and follows the gradual influence of Roman motifs upon the purity of the far-off northern style. The forms of ornament at one time peculiar to the north are well illustrated here and might be imitated to-day; some of the snake *fibula*, too—such, for example, as those shown in Figures 43 and 45—would form excellent models for modern reproduction. Indeed, this recommendation also applies to the interesting Celtic brooches, such as the *fibula* which the writer reproduces, and to the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon work with which she deals in a full and fitting fashion.

"To London town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by . . ."

and the author of "The Brooches of Many Nations" notes the procession of each dynasty as it passes and traces, with acute observation, the genesis of the particular ornament in which she is interested. So careful and full a piece of work, in whatever department of art it is carried out, will certainly be of value alike to the student and the amateur.

Among the masses of reprints which the publishers are vying with each other to produce, there is none so well planned or with so much promise of continued excellence as Messrs. Methuen's "New Standard Library." We have before us five little volumes: Graves's translation of *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*; *The Pilgrim's Progress*; vol. i. (containing the first fourteen chapters) of *Gibbon: Sense and Sensibility*, the first volume of a complete set of Jane Austen; and Bacon's *Essays and New Atlantis*, which is the first volume of Bacon's English works. We have only two small complaints to make: the type occupies a little too much of the page, and the tops are carelessly cut. For the rest, we can offer this enterprise nothing but praise and good wishes. The type is clear, the volumes are light and handy, the paper reasonably opaque, and the red bindings, which may be had for sixpence extra, neat and pleasant in colour. More important still, it is practically guaranteed by the publishers that the text is complete and exact. Mr. Sidney Lee is the general editor of the series and contributes a short introduction to each book; and when, on casting our eye down the list of promised volumes, we find the names of Dr. J. B. Bury, Mr. A. R. Waller, Dr. Paget Toynbee, and Mr. E. de Selincourt as editors of separate items in the series, we can rest assured that as much scholarship will be devoted to the preparation of these little sixpenny and shilling volumes as if they were *éditions de luxe* in large paper quarto. It would take too much space to give a list of all the most interesting features of "The Standard Library"; but it looks as if,

at last, the happy time were coming when any one who wants an English classic of any kind will know exactly where to go for it without fear of disappointment or deception.

Lhasa and its Mysteries, by Lieut.-Colonel L. Austine Waddell, LL.D., C.B. (Murray, 25s. net), is the fourth book recently published on Tibet, and it is undoubtedly the book. Colonel Waddell has devoted many years to the study of Buddhism in Burma, India and Tibet, and the result is, as has already been pointed out elsewhere, that he knows more about the religion of the Tibetans than the Tibetans themselves know. His account of the expedition is full and graphic; but the real value of his book lies in the account of the Buddhism of Tibet. He shows how immeasurably inferior it is to the Buddhism of India; how minor details (as will happen when religion becomes debased) are magnified into things of the first importance, and how the whole system of the religion, and therefore of the politics, of the country has been diverted into a means of aggrandisement for one individual, the Dalai Lama. It is good to be able to see the truth, the sordid truth, of what once was an impressive mystery; if only because it raises one's hopes that light and air may be let into a corrupt and effete system. Colonel Waddell's book must long remain the classic work on Tibet. He writes not only with learning and scholarship but with a delightful literary style and a sense of humour strong enough to enable him to draw plenty of amusement out of the corruption which must, at the same time, have been keenly disappointing to so ardent a student and keen admirer of the best in Buddhism. His book is admirably illustrated, and has some excellent maps; and the appendices of scientific results and notes to the text are most valuable.

For three and a half years Sir Charles Eliot acted as H.M. Commissioner for the East African Protectorate, and these years were, in his own words, "perhaps the happiest and most interesting years of my life." Into the reasons for his resignation it is unnecessary to enter; it is quite sufficient to assert that the administrator was entirely in the right and the Foreign Office entirely in the wrong. His book, *The East Africa Protectorate* (Arnold, 15s. net), is in no way a vindication of a perfectly justifiable revolt against red-tape; on the contrary, it is a fair and honest statement of the prospects and possibilities of a vast tract of country, much of which is still imperfectly known, and which yields, even to those who have special knowledge, a series of continual surprises by the discovery of new districts, healthy, fertile, and suitable as a residence for Europeans. The Uganda Railway, trade, and missionary work, and the imminent political possibilities and dangers, are treated in a thoroughly workmanlike and honest fashion. There is no *indaba* of unnecessary trivialities, but a clear, plain statement of fact, at once illuminative and enlightening. The dominant note is rightly that of East Africa as a European colony, its adaptability and products, food-supply, minerals and climate. Sir Charles Eliot had of course exceptional opportunities for a thorough examination of such part of the vast tract of country as came under his immediate purview, and he has been aided by the reports of sub-commissioners in the various districts. As a result we have a trustworthy, sane, and carefully edited account of a country which ere long is bound to loom large in colonial history. The book is provided with good pictures, interesting maps, and a careful index.

BOOK SALES

CONCLUSION OF THE SALE OF THE LIBRARY
OF THE LATE JOHN SCOTT, C.B., OF
HALKSHILL, AYRSHIRE

To the six days' sale recorded in the ACADEMY last week, numbering 1822 lots bringing over £13,000, remain to be added four more days of selling comprising 1701 lots, realising £5210, making a grand total of £18,262, an unexpectedly large one.

The notable books sold were as under:

Ovid. Aldus, 1502-1503. £10 10s.

Parker. Annales Typographici, &c. 1793-1803. £11 15s. (Pearson).

Passe (Crispin de). Regiæ Anglicæ Majestatis Pictura et historica declaratio (Germanice), fine engraved title and portraits of Queen Elizabeth, King James I., Queen Anne (of Denmark), and Prince Henry, and genealogical tree. 1604. £23 (Quaritch).

Petrarcha. Sonnetti, Canzoni et Triumph, edizione prima. Venet (Vind de Spira). 1470. £12 10s.

Shakespeare. Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies, the first folio edition, all the preliminary ll. and the last leaf in facsimile, lower right hand corner of first 2 ll. mended, text perfect and in good and genuine state (12½ by 7½ in.), crimson morocco extra, ornamental gilt panels, in the Harleian style, g.e. by R. de Coverly. Folio. Printed by Issac Iaggard and Edw. Blount, 1623. £255.

Phillips (John). A Commemoration of the Right Noble and Vertuous Ladye Margrit Duglas Good Grace, Countess of Lennox, daughter to the renowned and most excellent Princesse Margrit, Queene of Scotland espoused to K. James the fourth of that name, in the daies of her most puissant and magnificent father Henry the Seaventh of England. Original edition, black letter (at end: "Yours at Commande (in the Lord) John Phyllips"). 1578. £15 (Quaritch).

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, from the commencement in 1665 to 1861. 102 vols. Various bound (1841 to 1861 in parts), and Maty's General Index to vols. 1-70, numerous plates. 4to. 1665-1861. £138 (Wesley).

Plinius Secundus. *Historia Naturalis lib. xxxvi., editio princeps.* Large folio. Venet. Joannes de Spira, 1469. A very fine, large and sound copy of this beautifully printed editio princeps of Pliny. £168 (Bland).

Plinius Secundus. *Historia Naturale, tradocta di Lingua Latina in Florentina per Christiforo Landino. Venetiis, opus Nicolai Jansonis (Jenson) Gallici impressum.* 1476. £58 (Maggs).

Prayer. Henry VIII.'s Primer. Grafton, 1545 (1546 on title). £21 (Quaritch).

Prayer; and Psalters in English, Greek and Latin, Originally belonging to Sir Robert Naunton, author of "Fragmenta Regalia." N.D. £36 (Quaritch).

Psalterium Davidis Regis, Cantica, Hymni (with the Commandments), Latine, cum Versione Scotica et Paraphrasi. Manuscript on vellum. Latin and Lowland Scotch. Folio. Saec. XV. An interesting manuscript representing probably the earliest rendering of any portion of the Bible in Lowland Scotch. £38 (Quaritch).

Purchas, His Pilgrims, in Five Bookes, containing Voyages and Peregrinations in all parts of the Globe. With the Fine Engraved Title (dated 1625). 1625-1626. £45 (Hopkins).

Rodericus Sancius de Arevalo; Episc. Zamorensis; Speculum Humanae Vitae. Paris. 1475. £12 5s. (Leighton).

Rolle (Richard, de Hampole), The Pricke of Conscience (a Poem); and a Wycliffian Exposition of the Paternoster (Prose). Middle English Manuscript on Vellum. (From the Ashburnham Collection.) Saec. XIV. £32 (Hopkins).

Rowlandson. The Dance of Life by Wm. Combe. 26 coloured plates by Thos. Rowlandson. First Edition, complete in the 8 original nos. 1817. £14 (Spencer).

The Buke of John Maundevill, being the Travels of Sir John Mandevill, Knight, 1322-56, a hitherto unpublished English Version, from the Egerton MS. in the B.M. 1889. £15 15s. (Ellis).

Thirty-two Miniatures, from the Book of Hours of Joan II., Queen of Navarre, a MS. of the 14th Century, 32 autotypes, 2 vols. half bound. Chiswick Press, 1899. £11 15s. (Maggs).

Saxton (Christopher), Maps of England and Wales, frontispiece of Queen Elizabeth enthroned, "Index Comitatum," "Index Operi," and 35 maps, coloured by a contemporary hand, original issue, 1579. £36 10s.

Abbotsford Club Publications, 33 vols. £23.

Scottish History Society Publications, 42 vols. £22.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, complete set to 1900. 40 vols. £39.

Sinclair (Geo.), Satan's Invisible World Discovered: a Choice Collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently . . . that there are Devils, Witches and Apparitions, etc., with the Marvellous History of Major Weir and his Sister, etc. Original edition. Edinb. 1685. £13.

Siezer (Capt. John), Theatrum Scotiae; containing the Prospects of Castles, Palaces, Towns and Colleges, Ruins of Abbeys, Monasteries, etc., in Scotland. Original edition. 1693. £10 5s.

Spalding Club Publications. Complete set, in all 37 vols. 1839-1871. £12.

Suetonius. De Vita XII Caesarum. Finely printed in Roman letter. Venet. Nicolaus Jenson, 1471. £29.

Tacitus. Annalium et Historiarum Libri. Editio princeps. Finely printed in Roman letter. (c. 1470.) Extremely rare. Perhaps the first book printed in Venice by Vindelin of Spire; and the first book printed with catch-words. £63 (Quaritch).

Thomas Aquinas (S.), Secunda Secundae, cum Tabula. Editio princeps. 1466-1468. £50.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), Secunda Secundae. Editio Prima, per Petrum Schoiffer de Gernsheim. A.D. 1467. £81. This is the second on his list of books for sale which Peter Schoiffer issued in or about 1469.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), De Veritate Catholicae Fidei et Errores Gentilium. Lib. IV. Venet. Nic. Jenson. 1480. £11 15s.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), Super Primo Libro Sententiarum. Venet. Antonius de Strata, 1486. £78. Printed upon vellum, probably unique. A contemporary MS. slip denotes it as originally belonging to the Monastery of St. Leonard in Venice.

Valturius (Robertus), De Re Militari. Lib. XII. MCCCCLXXII. Editio princeps, printed on vellum (five leaves are supplied from a paper copy). It is the second book printed at Verona and the first with woodcuts executed in Italy in a dated book. £200.

Valturius (Rob.), De Re Militari. Lib. XII. Verona. 1483. The second edition of Valturius. £33.

Virgilius. The XII Bukes of Encados of the Famose Poete Virgill, translated out of Latyne Verses into Scottish Metir, be Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, etc., every buke havin hys peticular prologe. First edition, black letter. 1553. £48.

The tenth and eleventh days' sales comprising books on shipping and navigation only were disposed of in a few minutes on the tenth day.

The Catalogue said that:

"All the Lots forming this and the following day's Sale will be first offered together as a collection at the Reserved Price of £1000. If this sum be not realised, they will be sold separately as catalogued."

The 969 lots realised 1500£, paid by Mr. Johnston, Edinburgh. So ended this very fruitful sale.

The sale of the fourth section of the late Bishop Hurst's valuable library, in New York recently, dispersed a large number of important books and manuscripts. Six items brought over \$1000 each, the largest sum being paid for the original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland in three volumes, the first being entirely in the author's handwriting and the remaining volumes in another hand. Hawthorne's copy of Shakespeare's works in fourteen volumes, with the novelist's autograph in each volume and pencilled notes by his son and daughter, was sold for \$1400, while the original manuscript of Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall written on 155 octavo leaves, brought \$1315. Among the important manuscripts sold were Coleridge's Orsino (\$125), Moore's Epicurean (\$725), Walt Whitman's war diary (\$150), a portion of the manuscript of Poe's Tamerlane (\$801), and Cowper's Legal Commonplace Book (\$80). The entire library brought the sum of \$56,000, probably double the amount originally paid for it by its owner.

FINE ART

TEMPERAMENT IN PAINTING

To any one interested in the question of nationality in art there is now an excellent opportunity for research work. For following the Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery, comes an interesting little loan collection of paintings in oil and water-colour by Mr. Sargent at the new Carfax Gallery, off Jermyn Street. That Whistler and Mr. Sargent are the two greatest and most distinctive painters America has yet produced, few will be prepared to deny; and many may be willing to go further and concede that Mr. Sargent's art bears the impress of his nationality. To speak in the language of his countrymen Mr. Sargent is a regular "hustler" in paint, who gets "right there" without the slightest hesitation. In his painting are all the qualities we admire in the American man of business. He is sure, wonderfully sure; he goes straight to the point, and he is rarely reticent as to the result. There is exuberant self-confidence in every one of his dashing brush-strokes. He is quick, alert, forcible, decisive. We watch him rapidly striding from success to success with something of the wonder and respectful envy with which we follow the career of a New York multi-millionaire.

How far this thing which Mr. Sargent and his compatriot millionaires have in common is nationality or personality, is a matter not easy to decide. The analysis of national character is largely a question of arithmetic, an attempt to find the greatest common multiple of a number of varying, distinct, and contradictory individualities. Let one look diligently enough and he will find all sorts of nationalities in any one nation. We should be chary, then, of branding as American, characteristics which distinguish only a small section of the inhabitants of New York and Chicago. If we say that Mr. Sargent is a typically American painter, we merely mean that parallels may be drawn between his art and the characteristics of the type of American with whom we in England are most familiar. With a little more trouble one might hope to show that Whistler also was a typically American painter, to draw a parallel between his art and the characteristics of an American with whom we are less familiar, the reserved, dignified, low-voiced *seigneur* from the Southern States.

Seriously, it may be doubted whether the difference between Whistler's art and the art of Mr. Sargent is greater than the difference between a Northerner and a Southerner. Two qualities, at least, they have in common, courageous daring and nervous energy, the energy is rigorously restrained in a Whistler as it is emphatically expressed in a Sargent. These qualities may possibly be found in most Americans, but the difficulty of arriving at the American national character is that the nation itself is a mixed race. Underneath the question of nationality there always lies the question of race, and this is the more important. A man may change his nationality, but he cannot change his race. A young nation, a conglomerate of distinct and different races cannot in three or four generations evolve a national type. In the United States the Teutonic, Celtic, Latin and Slavonic elements have hardly as yet fused

sufficiently for an American nationality to be born of their union. Consequently it is easier to classify her greatest sons as Celts and Teutons than as Americans. The American temperament is an unknown quantity, the Teutonic and Celtic we know and recognise. The former we recognise in Mr. Sargent, the latter in Mr. Whistler.

It is not necessary, of course, for a man to be a pure Celt in order to possess the Celtic temperament; still it is interesting to know that Whistler inherited a strong strain of Irish blood from his father, of Scotch from his mother. But without knowing anything of his parentage, one might have discerned his Celtic temperament in his art. Celtic art and Celtic thought have ever been characterised by a certain reticence. The Celt does not demand attention; he waits for it to be given. And when that attention has been given, he often makes a deeper impression on the memory than the Teuton with his more stentorian voice. Never in his portraits, his nocturnes, or in his etchings, does Whistler force himself upon our notice. He does not shout across a gallery to us. If we like to pass him by, we may. He will not stretch a finger to stop us. But if we wait—then, like a true Celt, he gives himself to us wholly, and transports us into a fairy land of common things transfigured. All that he sees, be they the commonest objects imaginable, he invests with a halo of poetic mystery, and expresses in a language at once simple and subtle, simple by reason of its direct emotional appeal, subtle by reason of its profound penetration. In all this Whistler shows his Celtic temperament, and his painting has the virtues of Chateaubriand's prose. Finally, Whistler has that sense of the world's sorrow from which the Celt is rarely free. A sweet melancholy pervades all his paintings as it does the greatest Celtic literature. He can never indulge in unrestrained gaiety as a painter of the Netherlands. There is pathos in the Battersea nocturnes, pathos in the portraits of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "Miss Alexander," always pathos and a recognition of the "Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self."

Wholly different is the temperament of Mr. Sargent, who is as emphatic as Whistler is reticent. He calls us with the trumpet notes of the great Teutonic thinkers, and we cannot choose but come. There is no denying his vehemence; we can no more escape looking at his paintings than we can escape hearing of Goethe and Schopenhauer. His art is as militant as Whistler's is mystical, as analytic as Whistler's is intuitive. One does not deny intelligence to Whistler, or emotion to Mr. Sargent, nevertheless one is convinced that Whistler's painting is governed by his heart, Mr. Sargent's by his head. Mr. Sargent knows: Whistler felt. Nobody doubts that Mr. Sargent feels what he sees intensely, or that Whistler knew perfectly well what he was about. But there is this difference between them, a temperamental difference. When Mr. Sargent finds himself confronted by a scene, he seems to know exactly how he will record it; and record it he does, with sure touches and unerring skill. On the other hand, when Whistler was confronted by a scene, one thinks that he felt how it ought to be recorded, and that after much labour and much taking of thought, suddenly, it happened! and exactly how it happened Whistler himself could not have told. To call Mr. Sargent facile, would be to underestimate his strength; but one might say that his genius works consciously. Whistler's, for all his consummate knowledge of his craft, worked unconsciously, and his greatest achievements were the result of moments one believes to have been inspired.

ETCHINGS OLD AND NEW

THE intelligent appreciation of original etching is undoubtedly becoming more general, not only in Germany, where a keen interest is taken in English etchers of to-day and their works, but also in our own country. It is a sign of the times that exhibitions of etchings are held with

increasing frequency at galleries hitherto associated mainly with pictures and water-colours, and that one dealer after another is adding etchings by contemporary artists to his stock. Two or three years ago the number of painter-etchers whose work could be found at any West End gallery at all was very limited; those who were not among the favoured few had but one chance in the year of bringing their work to the notice of the public, and there was little likelihood of any inquiry being made for their etchings in the interval between one exhibition at the Painter-Etchers and the next. Now the tide has turned; collectors are beginning to discover that etchings exist elsewhere than on exhibition walls, and the enterprising organisers of such great provincial exhibitions as were held in two successive years at Wolverhampton and Bradford have done much to educate public taste by the prominence they have given to the best black-and-white work of the day. There are even signs that provincial print-rooms of a permanent character may be established at no distant date.

Meanwhile such an exhibition as Mr. Paterson has just opened at 5 Old Bond Street is to be commended for the catholicity of taste to which it bears witness. There are living masters and dead, native and foreign, among the thirteen etchers represented; one of them is entirely new and several are scarcely ever to be seen at exhibitions. This does not apply to Rembrandt, Méryon and Whistler, but it is long since Norblin saw the light; it was rather unkind to place him, when resuscitated, so near to Rembrandt, for he was merely one of the best of Rembrandt's belated imitators who abounded in the eighteenth century. Keene is fairly represented; Gaillard and Bracquemond very scantily, the latter, in fact, by one example only, for the portrait of Méryon is not the exceedingly scarce original, but the good photographic reproduction which the etcher himself retouched. Sir J. C. Robinson, as we said on the occasion of this year's exhibition at the Painter-Etchers, has hardly met with due recognition, and we are glad to see another group here of his stormy skies and gleams of sunshine; the finest, perhaps, is "October Rainfall in Spain." The Manet etchings, selected from a set of thirty just published in a portfolio, will excite curiosity now that many of his pictures have so recently been seen in London. They are saturated with Spanish influence; Manet has seen Velasquez through the eyes of Goya, and never lets us forget his hero-worship. "The Dead Toreador" (1864) marks a stage half-way between Goya's "Desastros" and Mr. Strang's Kipling series. M. Théodore Roussel is one of the most accomplished followers of Whistler, and he has exhibited so rarely that we are glad to see him well represented on this occasion. "Pierrot en Pied" and some of the Chelsea etchings are delightful. There are eleven Camerons, chiefly of recent date, including three of his Paris set, the beautiful "Montvilliers," some other French subjects and "John Knox's House." Mr. D. S. MacLaughlan, a Canadian artist who has made his home in Paris, has exhibited little in London except at the International Exhibition. Some recent etchings done in Italy show him at his best; two of these, "Pavia" and "Ponte Ticino," are on the walls, and others, including a very beautiful "Bologna," may be seen in a portfolio; alike in technique and in selection of subject these are among the best etchings of recent years that we have seen, and we shall expect great things of Mr. MacLaughlan if so satisfactory a progress continues. Compared with these his earlier Paris etchings are uninteresting and confused. "La Flèche, Rouen" is a fine piece of careful drawing; the artist has spared no pains in dealing thoroughly with a difficult subject, but false biting, in this as in some other plates, detracts a little from the final effect. Mr. Stone's Copenhagen etchings, of which "The Canal" is the most successful, show very good intentions, hampered by a certain timidity; if this be, as we believe, his first appearance, a tentative method need not be harshly judged; this goodly company of famous etchers places a beginner at a disadvantage.

C. D.

ART SALES

THE collection of pictures of the English and Continental schools and water-colours of the late Mr. Abraham Mitchell of Bradford and the pictures of Mr. Joseph Mitchell of Bradford were sold by Messrs. Christie on Saturday, April 1. The highest price was fetched by a road scene with a cow and some sheep, by C. Troyon, 880 guineas. Other pictures sold were: J. Linnell, sen., "Harvest Time," 1869, 530 guineas, and "Driving Cattle and Sheep Through a Valley," 1830, 280 guineas; Josef Israels, "Dutch peasant-woman sewing," 520 guineas; Peter Graham, "Driving Sheep over the Moor," 1875, 410 guineas; Sir L. Alma-Tadema, "Under the Archway," 380 guineas; S. Nasmyth, "A View in Surrey," 1831, 330 guineas; Auguste Bonheur, "Homeward Bound," 1864, 330 guineas; P. J. Clays, "Vessels at the Mouth of a River," 1874, 280 guineas; C. Fielding (water-colour), "The Wreck," 1835, 270 guineas.

At a recent sale of early English engravings and old sporting colour prints at Messrs. Christie's, Meyer's mezzotint after Romney of "Lady Hamilton as Nature" (his earliest portrait of Emma) first published state, wide margin, fetched 340 guineas. A similar proof fetched 385 guineas in 1903, and a colour print of the same fetched £470 in 1899.

At the sale of old English Silver at Messrs. Christie's on April 6, the highest price was fetched by a Charles II. porringer with flat cover and formal handles, with a decoration of a band of cut card work, 1676, £209 8s. This was at the rate of 240s. per ounce; but a Charles I. plain goblet with V-shaped bowl, on baluster stem and circular foot, 1633, which was sold for £81 5s., fetched 325s. per ounce. A Charles II. plain peg tankard, with flat cover, hollow scroll handle and double billet, York, 1670, was sold for £200 5s. 3d. (=185s. per ounce); a pair of Charles II. silver-gilt goblets, embossed with spiral fluting round the lower part, 1683, £159 12s. (=84s. per ounce).

On April 7, Messrs. Christie sold the collection of porcelain, faience, &c., of the late Mr. Henry Willett of Brighton. The most important lots were a bronze relief by Peter Vischer of Aristophanes, on carved plinth 9 in., 600 guineas; and a pair of early sixteenth-century French relief bronzes of Louis XII. of France and his third wife, Princess Mary of England, the reliefs applied upon *verde-antique* marbles in frames of gilt and painted wood, 380 guineas.

At the sale of Mr. Herbert G. Huggins's engravings on Tuesday, some record prices were fetched, and in three cases of engravings after Reynolds—Countess of Harrington, whole length, by Valentine Green, first state, wide margin, 650 guineas; Lady Elizabeth Compton, whole length, by Valentine Green, 500 guineas; and Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens, whole length, by W. Dickinson, untrimmed margins, 390 guineas—the engravings fetched more than was paid for the original pictures. Of the remainder of the lots we have only space to mention those that fetched 50 guineas and over; which were as follows: After Sir Joshua Reynolds: Lady Elizabeth Foster, by F. Bartolozzi, in colours, 82 guineas; Lady Smyth and children, by the same, also in colours, 52 guineas; Mrs. Braddyll, by Samuel Cousins, 50 guineas; Colonel Tarleton, by J. R. Smith, first state, 62 guineas; Warren Hastings, by T. Watson, first state, with wide margins, 50 guineas; Lady Beaumont, by J. R. Smith, first state, 68 guineas; Miss Mary Horneck, by R. Dunkarton, 58 guineas; Mrs. Carnac, by J. R. Smith, second published state, 66 guineas; Lady Bampfylde, by T. Watson, second state, 86 guineas; the Countess of Salisbury, by V. Green, second state, 63 guineas; the daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, by W. Ward, first published state, with the title in open etched letters, 560 guineas; Countess Cholmondeley and son, by Charles Turner, first state, with wide margins, 220 guineas. There were also the following portraits: Lady Rushout and daughter, as "Content and Innocence," after A. Kauffman, by Burke, in colours, 66 guineas; Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Bunbury, after Gardner, by W. Dickinson, 88 guineas; the Beauties of Windsor, after Sir P. Lely, by T. Watson, the set of six, proofs before letters, 64 guineas; Lady Acland and children, after Sir T. Lawrence, by S. Cousins, 52 guineas; and Lady Charlotte Legge, after G. Romney, by J. Grozer, first published state, 100 guineas.

There were also the following: "The Sleeping Nymph," after J. Hoppner, by W. Ward, in colours, 68 guineas; "The Gamblers" and "The Fortune-Tellers," after the Rev. W. Peters, by J. R. Smith, a pair of open letter proofs, 78 guineas; "The Promenade at Carlisle House," by and after J. R. Smith, 72 guineas; "Selling Rabbits" and "The Citizen's Retreat," after J. Ward, by W. Ward, in colours, 62 guineas; a set of "The Cries of London," after F. Wheatley, by various engravers, the thirteen printed in colours, 390 guineas; and the following, in colours, after G. Morland: "The Return from Market," by J. R. Smith, 78 guineas; "A Party Angling" and "The Anglers' Repast," by Ward and Keating, 78 guineas; "The Farmer's Stable," by W. Ward, 55 guineas; and "Innocence Alarmed," by Smith, with wide margin, 80 guineas.

At the Henry Willett sale at Messrs. Christie's on Monday the most important lots were as follows: Head of a Highland lassie (Mrs. Ruskin), drawing by Millais, 130 guineas; An early German triptych on panel, with an Emperor and Empress on horseback and a procession, 130 guineas; a Madonna by Gaudenzio Ferrari, 185 guineas; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, by Hans Holbein, 165 guineas; another portrait ascribed to Holbein, 100 guineas; B. van Orley, the Madonna, 175 guineas; a head of a girl by Romney, 95 guineas; Miss Elizabeth Gunning, by Reynolds, 70 guineas; and a series of twenty-five portraits by Bramantino, which formed part of

a frieze in a room in the Gonzaga Palace of San Martino, Mantua, 540 guineas.

At a sale of modern pictures on Saturday last at Messrs. Christie's two pictures of roses by Fantin-Latour fetched 440 guineas, and a picture of ewes and lambs by E. Verboeckhoven, 1871, 190 guineas.

THE DRAMA

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THIRTEEN years ago Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to Mr. Barrie a letter in which occurred this piece of excellent literary criticism:

"*The Little Minister* ought to have ended badly; we all know it *did*. . . Now, your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with and fondle and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that, your honour was committed. . ."

So *The Little Minister* ended happily. *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* ends happily, too. That is to say, Mr. Barrie has "lied about" the real ending with the same "grace and good feeling" for which Stevenson was "infinitely grateful" to him when he hid the true end of *The Little Minister*. The curtain falls on a "happy ending" that must inevitably breed strife and misunderstanding in the sequel. Let us take a surreptitious peep at this "Page from a Daughter's Diary," as Mr. Barrie calls it, and learn the true situation from the private copy-book of Amy Grey, aged seventeen.

"Father and mother came home from India to-day," runs the first entry. "Father's a dear and not so yellow after all. But it isn't safe to talk to him about rupees. As for mother, I can't make her out at all. She's so cold and reserved. I wanted to fling myself in her arms, but she held me at arm's length and gave me a cold little peck. I can never love her."

Scarcely was the ink dry on this when Amy saw her mother kiss Stephen Rollo, the old Anglo-Indian, and heard him say: "Then you'll come to-night." Horror of Amy, who grasps the situation with the intuitive knowledge of life born of witnessing five popular plays in one week. "I must save her," she confides to her diary. "I shall go to his rooms in evening dress, demand her letters back, and if I am discovered, step forth and say: 'He is my affianced husband.'"

Thus properly attired for the part, Amy confronts the bewildered Rollo, when—the irony and the humour of it—enter Colonel Grey and his wife! In an instant the situation which has been developed with such splendid dexterity passes from the realm of fantastic satire to unabashed melodrama. "He is my affianced husband," cries sacrificial Amy, and goes home to write in her diary: "To-night I have saved my mother's honour." Even when all is explained and the Colonel and his wife laugh over their daughter's folly, the stage-struck child is left to wallow in the priggish complacency of her selfish delusion that henceforth she is directly responsible for her mother's right conduct in life. Why has the author ended his play thus? The answer is simple. Mr. Barrie is constitutionally unable to discern the line of demarcation between Sentiment and the dangerous expanse of Sentimentality that lies beyond. Again he returns to the fascinating theme of the mother heart, and handles it with that exquisite surety of touch, that almost feminine tenderness and that diaphanous humour which are his unique gifts. No more poignant or gracious picture of womanhood can be imagined than that of Alice Grey, the wayward woman, young at heart, who, fresh from the frivolities and gallantries of Anglo-Indian life, cannot reconcile herself to new facts—who, while yearning for her children's love, cannot justify them by demeaning herself as a staid and sober matron. That this sweetly sane and adorable woman should submit to the impertinent dominion of her daughter seems neither true nor humorous. The *raison d'être* of the situation is that excess which makes humour vassal to sentimentality. In order that Mrs. Grey may become *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*—a rôle there seems no

reason she should adopt—the author heaps anti-climax on anti-climax and quite *à propos des bolles* makes her indulge in superfluous confession of minute sins to her somewhat stolid husband. The injudicious end, the flood of sentimentality, and the prolix dialogue return upon Critic Sit-by-the-Fire, as he ponders on the play some days after its performance. He recalls too the conflict of dramatic themes—the delicious satire on drawing-room melodrama and the human comedy of Alice and her children—opposites which Mr. Barrie has failed to harmonise into unity, imperilling thus the interest and value of this brilliant amalgam of methods. As he watched the play, however, its manifold virtues, its originality, its charm were more apparent. Convention has hallowed the epithet “whimsical” to describe Mr. Barrie’s work. The present writer yields and employs the word. “Whimsical” it is—but how much more? It is impossible to reflect its gay *insouciance*, its spontaneity, its keen irrelevancies, its fantastic spirit. These qualities are less evident than in *The Admirable Crichton* and *Peter Pan*. Indeed, the whole work moves on a lower plane than either of these, how much lower than *Crichton* we will not gauge. Its effervescent gaiety, however, inspires Miss Ellen Terry, whose bubbling good-humour and exquisite womanliness make an irresistible combination. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is innocent mischief incarnate; no shade of Amy’s character, however fine, escapes her; she revels in the subtlety of the satire. In an excellent cast, Mr. Aubrey Smith deserves especial praise for a wholly natural and unforced study of sober Colonel Grey. Nevertheless, pleasurable as is the general effect of *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, our physicians are not likely to prescribe “an evening with Barrie” as a cure for the pessimism engendered by the *zeitgeist* of modernity, so long as *Pantaloön* precedes the main piece at the Duke of York’s Theatre. This is a Barrie experiment, a clever but sinister study of the egotism of the histrionic temperament which scarcely attunes the mind for what comes after. Mr. Gerald du Maurier finds a happy opportunity in it for some versatile and finished acting. Thus *Pantaloön* is justified of its existence.

“OTHELLO” AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

A CRITIC must approach with some regret the task that awaits him here. Not insensible of the high claims of courage, wishing to voice his admiration of an earnest spirit and sincere, longing to encourage youth in a splendid venture, he must yet be either silent or speak in accents of dispraise. Miss Tita Brand, the young actress who has undertaken that thirteenth labour of Hercules, the control of a theatre, has commended herself to the discerning by clever work, informed with unusual intelligence and power, in various plays, ranging from the restrained intensity of *Everyman* to the unrestraint of *The Edge of the Storm*. Presumably of her own free will, she has elected to play the rôle of Desdemona, a fact that affords the curious an interesting glimpse of the workings of the histrionic mind. Than the wife of the noble Moor, one finds no gentler, more submissive creature in the wide galaxy of Shakespeare’s womankind. Yet here is an actress, framed by nature for the portraiture of bodily and mental power, who must needs try to shrink herself to the dimensions of the timorous, clinging Desdemona. Nature is not so easily foiled, even by an ambitious actress, eager, in the pride of her youth, to subdue physical and intellectual difficulties, to reconcile the irreconcilable. Not once, in spite of her expenditure of much intelligence and much striving, does Miss Brand lull us to illusion; each line of her figure, meet for the enactment of the deep-bosomed mother of heroes, each note of her voice, tuned to the utterance of heroic words, rebels against it. Miss Brand cannot diminish herself to “fair Desdemona’s” proportions. Generous of her own powers, Miss Brand has also shown herself generous as manager. Mr. Hubert Carter, the Othello, is but little

known to London. Here then is his chance. Alas that no triumph may be recorded! Credit him with a fine physique, intelligence and sincerity one can, but—“the rest is silence.” Or at least it should be, were it not the implicit duty of criticism to analyse the causes of failure. Those who recall Mr. Forbes Robertson’s Othello—a conception open to dispute—can never forget the superb nobility of the Moor, his dignity, his sweet charm. These are the essential notes of his character. In Mr. Carter’s Othello they are absent, and the rôle is consequently bereft of those qualities which win the sympathy of the onlooker. Mr. Carter’s elocution, too, smacks of the class-room, jerky, over-insistent, and monotonous. Sound and fury there are; raging but no passion; the grandeur, the beauty and the pathos of Othello are beyond Mr. Carter’s present powers of expression. For these chief disappointments, compensation, inadequate but gratifying, is to be found in certain individual performances—in Mr. Barnes’ plausible, guileless picture of Iago, a portrait lacking due emphasis of the subtle and complex nature of the “ancient’s” villainy; in the pathetic figure of Mr. Anson’s Brabantio, in Mr. Ainley’s delicately-tinted study of Cassio, in Miss Granville’s triumph over her modernity as Emilia, a rôle in which she almost reaches tragic greatness, and certainly achieves fine heights of power and pathos. For these things and the sober elegance of the mounting one is duly thankful. Our admiration, too, goes out to the young actress-manager for her spirit in ignoring the “star” system—but we could have hoped that she had found a new genius for Othello, and had not lost herself in Desdemona.

“THE TROJAN WOMEN” AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE *Troades* of Euripides is one long wail. Troy has fallen; and the women of Troy, with Hecuba in their midst, stand in the keep, wailing for what has passed, and for what is to come. From this wailing there is little relief; a few bursts of passion from Queen Hecuba; the wild prophecies of Cassandra, as she goes forth to the ship of Agamemnon, soon, as we know, to share his death at Clytemnestra’s hand in Argos; a sharp encounter between Helen and Hecuba in the presence of doubting Menelaus, and the awful tragedy of the death of little Astyanax, hurled from the walls of Troy by order of the Greeks, and buried in the great shield of his father, Hector. These are all the episodes that amount to anything like action. The rest is all wailing. For the action lies behind. *Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria*. The men of Troy are all dead, lying naked, most of them, and unburied under their own walls: only the women are left—to wail for the sons and husbands they have lost, for the city that is being burned beneath their eyes, for the captivity and shame that await them, when once the long ships of the Greeks shall have reached their haven. Men are few in the play; and it is not distinctively the manly side of those who appear that the dramatist dwells on. Menelaus, once the great warrior, is here torn between love and loathing of Helen; he wavers like any woman, and takes Helen alive to his ship with an excuse of deferred vengeance which is worthy of Hamlet—or a woman. Talthybius, the Greek herald, the bearer of hateful tidings, breaks down under the horror of his lords’ commands, and wails, in his own way, like the captives he herds before him. It is a play of women.

We know of no so forcible expression in literature of the sense of desolation, of loneliness, of a void. The great tide of action has rolled away from Troy for ever. The noble deeds of arms, the feasting, the love, the heroes in breast-plates and plumed helmets—all are gone; what remains is a handful of women huddled together in a half-ruined tower. The poignancy of that feeling is all but undurable. It is the emotional essence of the play—a sentiment that grips one more and more, as one after another the great names depart, and leave yet a smaller handful

in cowering loneliness. We found it proof even against the suspicion of weariness which, perhaps inevitably, attends, in these hurried days of ours, the long-drawn-out wailing of the women. The wailing seems excessive; and yet, *The Trojan Women* being what it is, it is difficult to see what else the actors could have done.

All who have sufficient interest in the Greek drama to visit these Vedrenne-Barker matinées of the play (and those who have not will miss what they should not miss) will, no doubt, have seen Professor Gilbert Murray's admirable introduction to the translation which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of March 11, and which forms the text used in the performance. There is no need, therefore, to dwell on what the poet-translator points out as the chief message of the play, the "rebel passion" pity, here seen for the first time in European literature exalted into a moving principle. We must close an all too brief account of the performance by calling special attention to a very fine, if not always unexceptionable rendering of the trying part of Hecuba by Miss Marie Brema, Miss Edyth Olive's most pathetic and beautiful Cassandra, and the Talthybius of Mr. James Hearn, which, indeed, it would be hard to praise too highly. For the rest, Miss Wynne-Matthieson plays Andromache, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Helen, and Mr. Dennis Eadie, Menelaus; and all play well.

SCIENCE

THE VARIETIES OF OPTIMISM

THE observed varieties of optimism may be classified, I think, according to their origin, or according to their measure. In attempting such a classification one is perhaps likely to meet with more success than if it were essayed to answer the question: "What is optimism?" This, I believe, would be almost profitless; for I have heard two admirers of Mr. George Meredith, each thoroughly conversant with his work, declare respectively that he is an optimist and a pessimist. In this and a hundred other cases it is probable that the argument is not about facts but about names. It is better, therefore, to forego any definition, and to ask ourselves what are the states of mind that may be included in the widest meaning of the term optimism.

Probably the most common and certainly the most practically important variety of optimism—to begin with the classification by origins—is not so much a state of mind as a state of body. This variety one may call organic, constitutional, visceral, or—if you like—gastric optimism. It invariably presupposes a good digestion. Though entirely non-rational, it is capable of a rational explanation. It is now known that the most important of the various "senses" which supplement the familiar five, is dependent upon the innumerable sensory nerves which proceed from the internal organs to the brain. In health, these nerves combine to produce the "organic sense of well-being," the perversion and reversal of which are the characteristic feature common to all forms of melancholia. In other states, such as certain forms of mania, and in ecstasy, this sense may be heightened, but not reversed. In health, then, every man has an organic bias towards optimism. The overwhelming majority of people, whose normal health is not qualified even by the "malady of thought," are therefore optimists in virtue of their "organic sense of well-being." This variety of optimism is, as I have said, entirely non-rational, and thus may be compatible with a belief in hell, which no sympathetic person could realise without loss of his sanity, not to mention his optimism. But so powerful is the control exercised by the organic sensations over the higher faculties of most of us, that, given healthy viscera, it may be doubted whether the imagination is capable of realising and explicitly appreciating the unspeakable ghastliness of such a belief. In

describing gastric optimism as non-rational, however, I do not mean to stigmatise it. Granted that not one per cent. of the population thinks about the things that permanently matter, it is indeed well that gastric optimism should exist and exercise such power. Its genesis is obvious to the evolutionist, who sees in it a factor that makes for fitness and survival. We therefore note its existence, congratulate ourselves thereupon, admit its inestimable practical worth, but dismiss it as of no rational or philosophic weight, *save in so far as its existence is itself an argument for rational optimism.*

Next in order of importance, perhaps, is the optimism which has a very different origin—not in the abdomen, but in the acceptance of some comforting creed. The reader certainly does not need my assistance in recalling the innumerable creeds—all, of course, of Oriental origin, Western man never yet having achieved the making of a religion, unless we except Christian science and the like—which postulate a happy and illimitable hereafter to compensate for these present ills, "which are but for a moment." It is a common characteristic of these many creeds, ancient and modern, that they emphasise the ills of this life in contrast with the promise of the next. They thus inculcate a terrestrial pessimism, but a celestial optimism. Herein is a distinction to be noted in comparing this, which is the optimism of faith, with the third species now to be named, which is the optimism of reason. But again I protest that I am attempting to classify—not to pass judgment. And though it would be easy, and might on occasion be expedient, to jeer at gastric optimism, or at the optimism of the faith which anticipates a happy hunting-ground, or a harem, or a harp, yet I believe that writer and readers in good health would probably each acknowledge some share in each of these varieties of optimism—that of the abdomen, that of faith (or hope), and that of reason. Most will offer some measure of some sort of assent to the optimism of faith as expressed by Socrates—"To the good man no evil thing can happen."

If I may be allowed yet another array of terms, I will name these three varieties of optimism, according to their origin, *sensory optimism, emotional optimism, rational optimism.*

Let us now attempt another classification, according to the measure of optimism. Obviously this classification will include various beliefs which may be referred, in their origin, to one or all of the causes named.

We must begin with the most thorough-going optimism—to which alone the term can properly be applied: for all the others are no more than greater or less degrees of meliorism. This, then, I take it, is the most universal form of the doctrine which used to be known as universalism, and which teaches that there is an eternally happy future for all men. [It is interesting to observe that modern theological teaching seems to be tending towards this position. I knew a child who was officially taught that though there is a hell, yet there is probably no one in it but Judas Iscariot.] But the most universal form of Universalism would extend its optimism to every sentient thing: "admitted to that equal sky, his faithful dog shall bear him company." The broken bird whom Mr. Thomas Hardy has described as crawling away to die, with the "sportsman's" missile in its soft tissues; the albatross shot by the ancient mariner; the coster's donkey—all alike are to be recompensed, and much more than recompensed. No pang of pain, no distress of mind or soul, ever felt by any sentient thing, since the dawn of sentience, but shall be paid for with "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." This alone can literally be called optimism. The next approach to it is Universalism proper, which postulates salvation and compensation for all men, just and unjust—but not for a "missing link," an ape, a bird, a kitten, or a worm. Whether these doctrines are sensory, emotional or rational in origin the reader will consider.

Pope, who has already given me one quotation, will

serve to illustrate another form of optimism. [One must use the word despite its inaccuracy.] This teaches that all partial evil is universal good: "One truth is clear, whatever is, is right." This, as Dickens somewhere remarks, involves the assertion that nothing that ever was, was wrong. Perhaps that is not a very profound criticism; but, at any rate, here is another variety of optimism well defined. A variant of it, much more poignant and affecting in expression, as well as more philosophic and intelligible, is to be found in Browning's "Abt Vogler": "There shall never be one lost good"; "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" This, I think, is more in consonance with the teaching of evolutionary science than is Carlyle's "The great soul of the world is just;" or the vague corresponding line from the "Essay on Man,"—"All Discord, Harmony not understood." If we hear only discord and are racked therewith, what avails it to us that some one may be listening to the music of the spheres? Whereas Browning teaches that the Discord is the condition of the Harmony. Pope's lines, indeed, are more ponderous than weighty.

Browning's sublime lines naturally suggest another variety of optimism of which we may regard Leibnitz as a type, with his "best of all possible worlds." This, of course, did not mean, as is sometimes thought, that no improvement on this world is conceivable; a doctrine which, like the most universal Universalism, would indeed be properly entitled to be described as optimism. Leibnitz by no means meant to deny the existence of any kind of evil: his conception was nearer Browning's. Given certain conditions inherent in things—by whom given, we are not told—the Deity has done his best. This may be a vale of tears, but that is not the Deity's fault—no more could fairly have been expected of him in the circumstances; this is the best world that was possible. Doubtless we can imagine a better, but if we remember how seriously he was handicapped, we must admit that he is not to blame. The reader will acquit me of any intention to be irreverent; and perhaps he will agree that so puerile a conception of the Eternal is as well and seriously met by ridicule as by ostensibly serious argument. This saying of Leibnitz excellently illustrates the result of trying to trim Truth to the taste of theologians. Nowadays we are hardly likely to worship, in place of the Unconditioned Condition of All things, a supposititious person who is conceived as "making the best of a bad job."

From these and many other variants of so-called optimism we pass by slow degrees, through such opinions as that which belittles present and personal evil by saying "it will be all the same a century hence," to attitudes which are optimistic only in so far as they repudiate explicit pessimism. Language is plainly in need of a word which shall express the doctrine that good and evil are balanced or that "things might have been better and might have been worse"—an opinion which is usually, and most improperly, regarded as optimistic, as if any denial of pessimism were optimism; but at present we ask whether a man is an optimist or a pessimist, as if there were no choice save between two antithetic superlatives.

After this attempt to classify the varieties of opinion usually called optimistic, first according to their genesis, and secondly according to their measure, it remains to be considered what measure of rational optimism or meliorism may be based upon scientific considerations. We must ask ourselves whether all forms of optimism, even though digestive or emotional in their origin, are not in some measure their own justification; and whilst attempting to discount the bias of health towards "looking on the bright side of things," we must inquire into the truth of such sayings as that "the darkest hour comes before the dawn," and that "when things are at their worst they begin to mend." Last we must ask whether the true rational optimism is not, "whatever is, is right"—but, "whatever is wrong may be righted."

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE," BY CLAUDE DEBUSSY

ON April 1 the Queen's Hall might not inaptly have borrowed the title of Erckmann-Chatrian's fascinating story, and called itself "La maison forestière," so subtly did the spirit of a vernal nature's solitudes dominate its musical atmosphere. On that afternoon the first half of an interesting programme began with Mendelssohn's delicate overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and ended with the prelude "L'après-midi d'un Faune," by Claude Debussy.

The works of this young French composer are comparatively little known here, with the exception of a few charming songs and one or two weird and tortuous piano-pieces. In the latter M. Debussy's methods forcibly bring to mind those of his compatriot Fauré, of whom Leschetizki once remarked that, if he simply wanted a glass of water, he would apparently be forced to twist himself backwards, clasp it with contorted wrist, slide it over one knee, under the other, round the waist, beneath the arms, up the back, past the ears, and so to his lips, changing hands a dozen times on the way. Debussy is however a composer of renown in his own country, where, besides an orchestral suite and a quartet for strings, he produced in 1892 at the Opéra Comique an opera entitled "Pelléas and Mélisande," which excited much furious dissension among the critics of the day. The merits or demerits of this opera cannot be discussed and determined here; we prefer to judge M. Debussy by his orchestral prelude "L'après-midi d'un Faune," which certainly claims for its author one of the first qualifications of an artist, namely the power of creating atmosphere.

The prelude, which we are told has as its basis a poem of Stéphane Mallarmé, representing the meditations of a faun resting at sultry noon in thick woodland shades, is in fact no more than a musical study in suggestiveness. A few scattered lines of Mallarmé's are given in the analytical notes, to illuminate the languorous and nebulous atmosphere of the music itself. We read that

"the Faun meditates on the nymphs he has pursued, some of whom were 'cold as a fountain in tears,' while others were dissolved in sighs. He dreams of 'the thicket bedewed with the chords' of his pipes, of the 'horizon not ruffled by a wrinkle,' and of the 'Sicilian borders of the peaceful pool,' silent beneath the 'flowers of dancing light,' while everything 'burns beneath the tawny hour.'"

He dreams that under

"the shadow of Etna he holds in his arms Venus herself. Then he abruptly breaks off, for punishment will surely follow such presumption. The soul, vacant of words, and the heavy body slowly succumb to the haughty silence of midday. Without delay I must sleep in forgetfulness of this blasphemy."

M. Debussy illustrates the wanderings of his Satyr's mind in five themes, which we may compare to five green woodland paths, subtly interwoven and leading us through solitude on solitude of mysterious enchantment. It is perhaps regrettable that the first theme, given out primarily by the unaccompanied first flute, should be unmelodious, and more suggestive to the ear of the "colt-like whinny," bursting from evil shapes, in Tennyson's "Simon Stylites," than the "wild thrilling liquidity of dewy piping" of which Keats sang in cadences of unsurpassed felicity. The honey-throated Sicilian poet of olden day, praying to the Muses: "Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay!" would, we imagine, have been considerably startled by some of the flute-playing extemporised by a modern Gallic Pan. This is perhaps the chilling effect of more Northerly breath on Southern inspiration, for Keats himself invokes the god as a "Strange ministrant of undescribéd sounds," and furthermore describes him as sitting through "whole solemn hours" to hearken "the dreary melody of bedded reeds"—by which illusion we mean no disrespect to Mr. Wood's orchestra, be it understood. But in their

imaginative conception of the sylvan deity M. Debussy's ideas coincide rather with those of Theocritus, than Keats. To the French composer, as to Theocritus, he is the lumbering being, half-god, half-beast, horned, bearded, and limbed like a goat, leering of visage, bestially passioned, divine only in his supremacy over rural things. Theocritus, through his shepherd, fears the rage of Pan "who always sleeps at noon." Debussy's Faun in his drowsy hour, meditates on the "victims that have escaped him;"—"the god pursuing, the maid pursued" stamp a Swinburnian emphasis on his complex rhythms; one is vaguely conscious that through the composer's visions of flying, floating nymphs, his sympathies cry out with Tennyson's Lucretius: "Catch her, goat-foot!" In a sense seeing how deeply an erotic spirit flavours literature in France, it is not surprising that some of it should find its way into her national music. But in point of truthful suggestion, how much nearer the real spirit of nature are Keats' lines in the famous hymn to Pan, already quoted:

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of Heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal."

The italics are ours.

Or let us consider that masterpiece of antique art, the Faun of Praxiteles, as it stands among the cold immortalities of the Capitol—a piece of crystallised movement, radiating sunshine and memories of golden hours from its yellowing marble,

"as if the substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. Here are no goat-legs, no horned and bearded face, disfigured by a detestable leer."

"It is," says Hawthorne, "the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side, in the other he holds a fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument. His only garment, a lion's-skin, with the claws upon the shoulder, hangs half-way down his back, leaving his limbs and the entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvellously graceful. . . ."

Here is the god indeed, as he stood upright beside the brook Molpeia, with a pipe of young green rushes cut from its crystal eddies in his hand, his hair waved by woodland winds above those pointed ears—ears, as we would fain believe, grown long through listening to the ground, rather than indicative of animality in this fresh and joyous creature. He is nearly naked as a type of unabashed innocence, and has shouldered a lion's skin to signify dominion over forest beasts.

It is related of Praxiteles that he once invited Phryne to choose among his works. Anxious to discover which he himself thought finest, she caused him to be falsely informed that his studio was on fire, upon which the sculptor immediately called out: "Save my Faun, and my Eros!" Eros has since disappeared, but the Faun remains, to the eternal glory of Greek art. And so it is with the Greek myths in general. Many have perished, but in sculpture, in literature, in music, above all in human thought, the Faun survives. There was in our midst, a few years ago, a young American dancer who frisked her way not only into fashion, but into fame, by her marvellous representation of one of these beings, as suggested by an early Italian picture. The very spirit of unfettered Nature leaped in her fantastic steps; her movements, extraordinarily graceful, and all copied from wind-blown boughs, flowing rivulets, the flight of a bird, a swaying flower, were animated apparently by the most gleeful irresponsibility—she seemed neither wholly human, terrestrial, or divine, but a blend of all three. The Faun again. Alone of Greek deities he preserves his immortality through the eternal suggestiveness of Nature in her solitudes. Is it we, or is it Pan himself who follows those mysterious paths, leading to secret brakes, in which all lovers of the soil delight?—paths whose dewy branches still seem to hold the dawn at noon. Who does not know them? And who, when alone pacing their loneliness, is not haunted by dreams of unseen, unknown

presences, and yearnings to give these mystical impressions concrete shape? Beauty ever whispers to us thus.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,"

cries Omar Khayyam,

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me, singing in the wilderness—
O wilderness were Paradise enow!"

The word "thou" is here addressed to a human love. But we may make the same invocation in spirit, to the spirit, which, singing beside us in the wilderness, turns that wilderness into Paradise. "And thou!—and thou!" cries Debussy's Faun, to the nymphs that evade his clasp in turn, till at last quitting one elusive shape for another, he dreams that he holds in his arms the archetype of all loveliness—Venus herself. And there thought fails him. He sleeps.

We prefer not to take the voluptuous suggestions of the French music and poem too literally. Let us rather believe they represent the noble impulses of human nature towards Nature in her veils—mysterious impressions of that divine passion of being, underlying her seasonable manifestations, towards which our own being leaps and is baffled; as a sudden gush of scent from a hyacinth rushes out under pressure of unknown influences, and is as suddenly arrested and dispersed. "Conceptions" that evade us "to the very bourne of Heaven" indeed!

Yet, however elusive she seems, Nature holds one gift in reserve for her pursuers—the gift of fame. Perishable as is her vesture, those who have touched the hem of her garment are consecrated unto immortality. The old myth of Pan and Syrinx justifies itself even in this workaday world. We hope that Claude Debussy, who, in company of his Faun, has made Sicilian thickets his own, will one day find that, along with Theocritus, with Praxiteles, with the great body of poets, and the rarer and beloved pastoral writers of our own time, he too has pursued an immortal being, and behold, as he touches it, it turns to a flowering laurel in his hands.

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

MONTCALM AND WOLFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your notice of the third edition of "the Fight with France for North America," your reviewer speaks of my defence of Montcalm's immediate attack on Wolfe as something novel and untenable. On the contrary, it has been a matter of open discussion ever since the "Battle of the Plains" was fought. One of Montcalm's obvious reasons, namely, that Wolfe would entrench himself and draw further men, guns and supplies from the fleet below, he controverts by a most extraordinary suggestion, which I read over many times to be sure I read it aright: to wit—that Montcalm's Indians would have made the path up the cliff impassable! With the fleet at the foot of the cliff and the British army on the top—nay, with even the one British regiment that did remain unengaged above the Foulon while the battle was fought, how could any sharpshooters, much less Montcalm's not very numerous or enthusiastic Indians, quietly take and keep a position enabling them to fire on the path? I confess to utter mystification, and indeed comment would seem superfluous.

However, fully admitting that Montcalm's action is a matter of old contention, which I endeavoured to approach with the modesty becoming a civilian, and nothing but a knowledge of the ground and the circumstances of the opposing armies to guide me, let us see what the latest and most exhaustive accounts of this immortal struggle say.

Major Wood is a soldier and a resident in Quebec. He has had the advantage of many recent disclosures, to say nothing of an intimacy with Dr. Doughty, who recently

published a six-volume work on the siege. He is also President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. In his lately published "Fight for Canada," half of which is occupied by the Quebec campaign, he has this to say about Montcalm's decision:—

"The unanimous opinion, then, was in favour of an immediate attack, and even though the infantry advance should not be prepared by the 25 guns, as it should have been, this decision was undoubtedly the right one. Indeed there was no choice at all. For with a hostile fleet on the St. Lawrence above Quebec and a hostile army on the promontory itself, the French position was quite untenable. And as famine was imminent, prompt action was necessary. Nor was it of any use to wait for Bougainville, because whatever might be gained by this would be counterbalanced by the additional strength of the British position."

Your reviewer is of course entitled to the other point of view, but his argument against the main part of ours is incredible, and his presentment of my view as original and even eccentric would rather argue an aloofness on his part from the mass of work and criticism that has been expended on this famous exploit, and a lack of knowledge of the ground. Regarding the term "Wolfe's infantry," your Reviewer would probably find, throughout the book, the expression: "Wolfe's Grenadiers," or "Wolfe's Artillery," not used in the particular sense he applies to it. And, moreover, there is a full account of Howe's initiative in light infantry matters—to which he apparently alludes—on page 237.

A. G. BRADLEY.

[Our reviewer writes in reply: "Mr. Bradley supports his contention by references to authorities; may I do likewise? I can claim no knowledge of the ground, as Mr. Bradley can do; but I can claim an acquaintance with the work of the best military history of the present day, Mr. Fortescue's *History of the British Army*—a book from which it would appear that Mr. Bradley has kept aloof. If I was under a misapprehension about "Wolfe's Light Infantry" I apologise: I find a page with that heading, on which is described the formation of a corps of light infantry, and in view of Mr. Bradley's letter I confess that the page now becomes meaningless to me. There is, no doubt, if the author says so, another, and a hidden, meaning in the page from which the reviewer had better remain aloof."]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The ACADEMY of to-day refers in two interesting paragraphs to the impending sale of Walter Savage Landor's villa outside Florence. They speak of his residing in it from 1829 to 1859, occasionally. Poverty, or as the ACADEMY writer puts it "his unfitness for family life" drove him "to take refuge in apartments in Florence, where he remained until his death."

Desirous of marking these "apartments" by a *Memorial Tablet*, certain Englishmen and Americans in the 'eighties consulted Henry Savage Landor (the Tibet traveller) for information concerning the exact house and locality. Except his vague notion that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Church of the Carmine, our united efforts altogether failed to identify the "apartment" hallowed by the last hours of this great if eccentric character.

I received long afterwards a letter from Henry Savage Landor; but never acquired further satisfactory notice of the special knowledge sought for through his instrumentality, which remains, as far as I possess any clue, buried for all our time in complete oblivion.

The ACADEMY relates that Ralph Waldo Emerson once "found the gigantic schoolboy in a cloud of pictures at his villa." I am unable to fix the particular year when Emerson visited Florence, but in 1870 or 1871 I spent a memorable and exclusive evening alone with the eminent American philosopher at an hotel situated in Santa Lucia, Naples, where he alighted for a few hours before embarking for Egypt with an invalid lady, I believe, his daughter.

April 8,

WILLIAM MERCER.

ENGLISH WORDS ON THE CONTINENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent H. E. F. is inaccurate. In both French and Italian *raid* means "raid"—*incursion*, *incursione* are its correct synonyms. The term was adopted in French military circles at the time of the American civil war, when Mobsby's guerillas and other wandering bands left no doubt as to what a raid was. Later, its use slumbered, and the event which gave the word life and popularity on the Continent was the Jameson incident. Before that, the use of the term was as uncommon as it has become general since. Of late years its meaning has been extended. First it was employed to describe long-distance cavalry races—imitation raids—and now it is applied even to cycling events. The somewhat naïve suggestion that "raid" is, in fact, nothing but the English word "ride" hardly needs confutation. The proper French pronunciation is not "ra-id" but "rèd"—quite different from our English "ride," quite similar to our "raid." Nor is it used to signify any kind of ride, but only that kind of ride which resembles a raid. Has H. E. F., or any other correspondent, ever heard a Frenchman propose to take a "raid" in the Bois de Boulogne?

It is as well that the matter should be cleared up, because many Frenchmen and Italians, as well as Englishmen, are ignorant of the precise *provenance* of the word. Littré, Hatzfeld and Darmesteter, Edgren, Boielle, and, in brief, nearly all editors of French dictionaries, omit it. In the latest edition of "Larousse," however, the matter is definitely dealt with.

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- The Masterpieces of Rembrandt*. Brimley Johnson. 6d. net.
 Chaffers, William. *Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate*, illustrated with revised tables of annual date letters employed in the Assay Offices of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to which is added a History of l'orfèvrerie Française. Ninth edition, extended and enlarged, and with the addition of 260 new date letters and marks, and a bibliography edited by Christopher A. Markham. Reeves & Turner, 21s.
 The Connoisseur's Library. General Editor, Cyril Davenport. Heath, Dudley.
Miniatures. Methuen, 25s. net.
 De Sélincourt, Basil. *Giotto*. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.
 Little Books of Art. General Editor, Cyril Davenport. *Illuminated Manuscripts*. By John W. Bradley, with twenty-one illustrations. Methuen, 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Sherard, Robert H. *Oscar Wilde: The Story of an Unhappy Friendship*. Greening, 5s. net.
 Robertson, John M. *Chamberlain: A Study*. Watts, 6d.
 Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. *A Mother of Csars: A Sketch of the Life of Marie Feodorowna, wife of Paul I., and Mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas*. Murray, 12s.

DRAMA.

- Lange, M. R. *Yseult: a dramatic poem*. Digby Long. 2s. 6d. net.
L'Avocat Patelin. A Comedy in Three Acts. Adapted by the Abbé Brueys from the famous farce of the fifteenth century, and performed at the Théâtre Français in 1706. Translated by Samuel F. G. Whitaker. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil. A Comedy in Five Acts. Adapted by I. M. Pagan from "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. Dent, 1s. net.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Finnemore, John. *The Story of the English People*. Illustrated. (Black's School Text-books. 1s. 4d.)
The Royal University of Ireland: Examination Papers, 1904. A supplement to the University Calendar for the year 1905. Dublin: University Press.
 Morgan, R. B. *Introductory Mathematics*. With over 100 Diagrams. Blackie, 2s.
 Robinson, Alice J. *English Language Notes and Home Work*. Blackie, 6d.
 Dumas, Alexandre. *Adventures in Switzerland*. Edited by Alexander Wright, M.A. Blackie's Little French Classics, 4d.
 Blackie's English School Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. *Macaulay's Second Chapter. Plutarch's Life of Alexander*. 8d. each.
 Jones, W. H. S., M.A. *The Teaching of Latin*. Blackie, 1s. net.
 Atkins, H. G., M.A. *German Exercises*. Specially arranged to accompany the Skeleton German Grammar. Blackie, 1s.
 Tucker, M. A. *Murray's History of England, an outline History for middle forms*. Murray, 3s.
 Payen-Payne, De V. *French Idioms and Proverbs. A Companion to Deshambert's "Dictionary of Difficulties"*. Nutt, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

- Mitford, Bertram. *A Frontier Mystery*. White, 6s.
 "Rita." *Queer Lady Judas*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Gay, Nowell. *A Fox in the Family*. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Dean, Ellis. *A Raw Probationer*. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Cattuchlan. *Jack Verschoyle's Wife: an Antiquated Novel*. Gay & Bird, 6s.
 Oppenheim, E. Phillips. *The Master Mummer*. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Ward, Lock, 6s. (See p. 420.)
 Sims, George R. *Li Ting of London, and other stories*. Chatto & Windus, 1s. and 1s. 6d.
 Fitzroy, Isobel. *A Quixotic Woman*. Murray, 6s.
Friends and Angels: a story of the living dead. Stockwell, 5s.
 Chesson, Mrs. W. H. (Nora Hopper). *The Bell and the Arrow: an English Love Story*. T. Werner Laurie, 6s. (See p. 420.)
 Roberts, Morley. *Captain Balaam of the "Cormorant," and other Sea Comedies*. Nash, 3s. 6d.
 Crawford, E. (Mrs. J. A. Crawford). *Sorreltop*. Drane, 6s.
 Schreiner, Olive. *Dreams*. New Edition. Unwin, 1s. net.
 Cahan, A. *The White Terror and the Red: A Novel of Revolutionary Russia*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *Trixy*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Swan, Annie S. *Christian's Cross, or Tested but True*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Courlander, Alphonse. *Seth of the Cross*. Nash, 6s.
 Herbertson, Jessie Leckie. *The Stigma*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Wood, Michael. *The Fire of the Rose*. St. Mähel Workshop, Bushey, Herts, 6d.
 Tolstoy, Leo. *Resurrection*. Translated by Louise Maude. Complete and final revision. Constable, 2s. 6d.
 Hewlett, Maurice. *Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World*. Macmillan, 6s. (See p. 419.)
 Gunter, Archibald Clavering. *The Conscience of a King*. Illustrated by Archie Gunn. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Brown, Vincent. *The Disciple's Wife*. Duckworth, 6s.
 Marchmont, Arthur W. *A Courier of Fortune*. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Kelly, M. Harding. *Showing the White Feather*. Drane, 3s. 6d.
 Raine, Allen. *Hearts of Wales*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Gocky, Maxim. *The Outcasts, and other Stories*. Second impression. Unwin, 1s. net.
 Wells, H. G. *A Modern Utopia*. Chapman & Hall, 6s. (See p. 414.)
 Wilson, Mary J. *The Knight of the Needle Rock and his Days, 1571-1606*. Elliot Stock, 6s.
 J. G. P. *Tales from Spain*. Greening, 6s.
 Houmas, Mount. *A Dreamer's Harvest*. Greening, 6s.
 Fitz-Gerald, S. J. Adair. *Fame the Fiddler: A Story of the Stage*. Cheap edition. Greening, 6d.
 Sykes, J. A. C. *The Macdonnells*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Merriman, Charles Eustace. *A Self-Made Man's Wife. Her Letters to Her Son: Being the Woman's View of Certain Famous Correspondence*. Illustrated by F. T. Richards. Putnams.
 Driscoll, Clara. *The Girl of La Gloria*. Illustrated by Hugh W. Ditzler. Putnams.
 Pemberton, Max. *Mid the Thick Arrows*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Stewart, Charles D. *The Fugitive Blacksmith*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Warden, Florence. *The Youngest Miss Brown*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
 Harrod, Frances. *The Taming of the Brute*. Methuen, 6s.
 Dodd, Catherine I. *A Vagrant Englishwoman*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
 Ransome, Arthur. *The Stone Lady. Ten Little Papers and Two Mad Stories*. Brown, Langham, 2s. 6d. net.

GARDENING.

- My New Zealand Garden*. By a Suffolk lady. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

- Godard, John George. *Racial Supremacy, being studies in Imperialism*. Simpkin Marshall, 6s.
 Cadogan, The Hon. Edward. *Makers of Modern History: Three Types, Louis Napoleon—Cavour—Bismarck*. Murray, 8s. net.
 Murray, Rev. James, M.A. *Life in Scotland a Hundred Years Ago, as reflected in the Old Statistical Account of Scotland, 1791-1799*. Second edition. Gardner, 3s. 6d. net.
Transactions of the Glasgow Archaeological Society. New Series. Vol. V. Part I. Glasgow: MacLehose.
 Caggese, Romolo. *Un comune libero alle porte di Firenze nel secolo XIII. (Prato in Toscana) Studi e Ricerche*. Florence: Seeber, 4 lire.
 Mariéjol, Jean H. *Histoire de France depuis les origines jusqu'à la Révolution*. Tome Sixième. Partie II. *Henri IV. et Louis XIII.* (1598-1643). Paris: Hachette.
 Scott, Charles Newton. *The Age of Marie Antoinette*. Revised edition. Simpkin, Marshall.
 Lamprecht, Karl, Ph.D., LL.D. *What is History? Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History*. Translated from the German by E. A. Andrews. Macmillan, 5s. net.
Indexes of The Great White Book and of the Black Book of the Cinque Ports. Elliot Stock.

LITERATURE.

- The Oxford English Dictionary*. A new English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. REE-REIGN, Volume VIII. By W. A. Craigie, M.A. Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. Second Series. Vol. XXV. Asher.
The Lord's Prayer in five hundred languages. Comprising the leading languages and their principal dialects throughout the world, with places where spoken. With a preface by Reinhold Rost, C.I.E., LL.D., Ph.D. New and enlarged Edition. Gilbert & Rivington.
 Trench, Richard Chenevix. *English, Past and Present*. Edited with Emendations by A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. New Edition. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
 Ochsenbein, Dr. Wilhelm. *Die Aufnahme Lord Byrons in Deutschland und sein Einfluss auf den jungen Heine*. Bern: Francke.

- Herford, C. H. *Robert Browning*. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.
 Krans, Horatio Sheafe. *William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival*. Heinemann. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. 1s. 6d. net.
 Brunetière, Ferdinand. *Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique (1515-1830)*. Tome premier: *de Marot à Montaigne (1515-1595)*. Deuxième Partie. *La Pléiade*. Paris: Delagrave, 2 f. 50 c.
Arquivo Bibliographico da Bibliotheca da Universidade de Coimbra. Publicacao Mensal. Vol. V. Nos. 2 and 3. Coimbra: Imprensa da Universidade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Scharlieb, Mary, M.D., B.S. *The Mother's Guide to the health and care of her Children*. Routledge, 1s.
The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. IX. Funk & Wagnalls.
 Macnamara, Dr. *School-Room Humour*. Arrowsmith, 1s.
 Barrett, C. R. B., M.A. *The History of the Society of Apothecaries of London*. Illustrated by the Author. Elliot Stock, £1 1s. net.
 Hirst, Francis W. A. *Preface to the Budget: how to save, how to spend, how to tax*. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.
 Cochrane, Charles H. *Modern Industrial Progress*. With numerous illustrations. Lippincott.
 Carpenter, Edward. *Prisons, Police and Punishment. An inquiry into the causes and treatment of crime and criminals*. Fifield, 2s. net.
The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1905. S.P.C.K., 3s.
 Hancock, H. Irving. *The Physical Culture Life: A Guide for all who seek the Simple Laws of Abounding Health*. Putnams.
 Collins, F. Howard. *Author and Printer. A Guide for Authors, Editors, Printers, Correctors, and Typists. An attempt to codify the best Topographical Practices of the Present Day*. Frowde, 5s. net.

MUSIO.

- Daly, William H. *The Concert-Goer. A handbook of the Orchestra and Orchestral Music*. Paterson.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Step, Edward, F.L.S. *Wild flowers month by month in their natural haunts*. Illustrated from Photographs depicting the various flowers as they are found growing. In 12 parts. Part I. Warne, 8d. net.
 Snell, F. C. *The Camera in the Field: a practical Guide to Nature Photography*. Unwin, 5s.
Garden Colour. Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Summer*, by E. V. B. *Autumn*, by Rose Kingsley. *Winter*, by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, &c., &c. Notes and Water Colour Sketches by Margaret Waterfield. Dent, 21s. net.
 Simpson, A. Nicol, F.Z.S. *Familiar Scottish Birds*. Gardner, 2s.

ORIENTAL.

- De Sacountala d Griselda: Le plus ancien des contes Aryens*. Rome: Forzani.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Perrin, Raymond St. James. *The Evolution of Knowledge: A Review of Philosophy*. Williams & Norgate, 6s.

POETRY.

- Wilcox, Dora. *Verses from M. riland*. Allen, 2s. 6d. net.
 Rudland, E. M. *The Love of H. wise and Abeland*. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.
 Binyon, Laurence. *Penthesilea*. Constable, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 412.)
 Borrow, George. *Wild Wales: People, Language and Scenery*. Lane, 1s.

POLITICAL.

- Townsend, Meredith. *Asia and Europe*. New edition. Constable, 5s. net.
 Jebb, Richard. *Studies in Colonial Nationalism*. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.
 Chesterton, Cecil. *Gladstonian Ghosts*. Brown, Langham, 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

- The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. Translated by George Long. With an essay by Matthew Arnold. Bell, The York Library, 2s. and 3s.
The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio. Faithfully translated by J. M. Rigg. With an Essay on Boccaccio as man and author by John Addington Symonds. *The Heptameron, or Tales and Novels of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre*. Translated by Arthur Machen. With an introduction. Routledge: Early Novelists, edited by E. A. Baker. 5s. net each.
The Novels of the Sisters Brontë. In ten volumes. *Jane Eyre*. Dent, two vols., 2s. 6d. each.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Roundabout Papers*. With an introduction by Charles Whibley. *Poems by John Milton*. With an introduction by Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. Blackie, Red Letter Library, 2s. 6d. net. each.
 Carlyle, Thomas. *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Allenson, 6d.
 Langland, William. *The Vision of Piers Plouman*. Done into modern English by Professor Skeat, Litt.D. The de la More Press, 1s. 6d. net.
The Simplification of Life. From the writings of Edward Carpenter. Selected by Harry Roberts. The Vagabond's Library, No. III. Treberne, 1s. 6d. net.
The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants. Bijou size. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
 Carlyle, Thomas. *Sartor Resartus. Heroes and Hero Worship*. Allenson, 6d. each.
The Dream of the Rood. An Old English Poem attributed to Cynewulf. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
 Hazlitt, William. *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal. Translated from the text of M. Auguste Molinier. Bell, The York Library, 2s. net.
 A Kempis, Thomas. *The Imitation of Christ*. The Astolat Press, 3s. net.
 The Works of Shakespeare. *The Merchant of Venice*. Edited by Charles Knox Poole. Methuen. The Arden Shakespeare, 2s. 6d. net.
 The Poems of Lord Tennyson. *English Idylls and other Poems. In Memoriam. Idylls of the King*. Vols. I. and II. *Maud, and other Poems*. Heinemann. "Favourite Classics." 6d. net per volume.

SCIENCE.

- Tuckwell, J. H. *Miracle and Law: a Study in Scientific Religion*. Fowler, 6d. net.
- White, George. *A Practical Course of Instruction in personal Magnetism, Telepathy and Hypnotism*. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
- Heath, Thomas Edward. *Our Stellar Universe*. A Road-book to the Stars. King, Sell & Olding, Knowledge Office, 5s.
- Henry, James, and Hora, Karel J. *Henry and Hora's Modern Electricity: A Practical Working Encyclopedia and Manual of Theories, Principles and Applications*. Hodder & Stoughton.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. XXII. *The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut*, by Edward Warren Capen, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. London, P. S. King, 12s. net.
- Stepniak. *The Russian Peasantry. Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life and Religion*. New Edition. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
- Ingram, John K., LL.D. *The Final Transition: A Sociological Study*. Black, 3s. 6d. net.
- Towards a Social Policy, or Suggestions for Constructive Reform*. By various writers. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.

SPORT.

- Sheringham, H. T. *An Angler's Hours*. Macmillan, 6s. net. (See p. 416.)
- Vaile, P. A. *Suerve, or the Flight of the Ball*. Illustrated by explanatory Diagrams. Tamblin.

THEOLOGY.

- Worship Song with accompanying tunes*. Edited by W. Garrett Horder. Novello, 5s.
- Smyth, William Woods. *Divine Dual Government. A Key to the Bible, to Evolution, and to Life's Enigmas*. Marshall, 6s.
- Flint, Robert, D.D., LL.D., &c., Emeritus Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. *On Theological, Biblical and other subjects*. Blackwood, 7s. 6d.
- The Library of Liturgy and Ecclesiology. Edited by Vernon Staley, Provost of the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Inverness. *Ordo Romanus Primus*. With introduction and notes by E. G. Cuthbert F. Atchley, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. The de la More Press, 7s. 6d. net.
- Robertson, F. M., of Brighton. *Eleven Sermons*. Second Series. Allenson, 6d.
- Wright, Rev. T. H. *The Shrine of Faith. Our Lord's Human Experience*. Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.
- Oxford Bijou Edition of the Gospels*. Henry Frowde.
- Sime, James. *Samuel and the Schools of the Prophets*. The Temple series of Bible Handbooks. Dent, 9d. net.
- Christian Missions in the Far East*. Addresses on the subject delivered by the Right Rev. H. H. Montgomery, D.D., and Eugene Stock, Esq. S.P.C.K., 6d.
- The Law of the Concordat (Loi du 18 Germinal, An. X, April 8, 1802)*. Translated with Introduction and Notes by L. G. Wickham Legg, M.A. "The Church Historical Society." S.P.C.K., 4d.
- Holy Week in Jerusalem in the Fourth Century*. Being a translation of the portion of the "Peregrinatio Etheriæ (Silviæ)" printed in Mgr. Duchesne's "Christian Worship." S.P.C.K., 4d.
- Purves, The Rev. Peter Charles. *The Divine Cure for Heart Trouble, and other Sermons*. Dent.
- Skrine, John Huntley. *The Christ in the Teacher*. Four Addresses given in the Chapel of Keble College, Oxford, January 14th and 15th, 1905. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.
- The Creed of Christ*. Lane, 5s. net.
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QUERIES AND ANSWERS

QUERIES

THE WILLOW.—In Hebrew the willow, or *salix*, is named "oreb," a word equating the Latin *arbor*, and rendered as "trees" in the "P.B." version of Psalm 137, 2. No doubt the willow is meant (see Isaiah 44, 4): "Willows by the water-courses"; but the very pathetic poetry of the Book of Psalms

states that the exiles hung their "harps upon the willows." Now the *salicacea* are trees or shrubs; here a solid tree, German Säule, or pillar, would be needful to suspend the harps; Hebrew Kinnor put in the plural, it being a portable instrument, perhaps of guitar fashion. As to the shrub willow, or *osier*, take Shrewsbury to whit, from scrub or scrobber-berie; a mere "scrub" such as we see by English water-courses utilised for palm-branches at Eastertide; such plants would not sustain a quantity of such musical *plant* when they rested to weep; whence we derive our idea of a "weeping willow" from sympathy, called *salix* "babylonica;" but the white willow is a large timber-tree, and the allied "poplars" do run high.—A. Hall.

JOLLY.—Although we are apt to look upon the use of this word in some of its conjunctions as slang, yet very good authority for it is to be found in a serious theological work of two hundred and fifty years ago, namely John Trapp's *Commentary on the Old and New Testament* (London, 1656-7), in which this quaint expression appears: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." This seems quite a modern application of the word. Are there any other like instances?—L. L. R.

O PHYSICS, BEWARE OF METAPHYSICS!—In Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (Miss Martineau's translation), vol. 1. p. 266, it is said that this was "a favourite saying" of Sir Isaac Newton. Can this be verified in any way? Is there any authority whatever for the assertion?—W. M. T.

AMAZON STONES.—According to Humboldt, the South American traveller, these stones are scarcely distinguishable from Persepolitan cylinders or seats. They are said to be longitudinally perforated and covered with inscriptions and figures. Are any of these stones to be seen in England, and in what modern books of travel, or otherwise, is reference made to them? I can find no trace of these Amazon stones at the British Museum.—W. M. T.

TO CRY ROAST MEAT.—In Charles Lamb's essay on "Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago," he tells the story of a Blue-coat boy who kept a donkey on the leads of the dormitory which he fed upon bread extracted from forty of his schoolfellows. "This game went on for better than a week; till the foolish beast, not able to fare well, but he must cry roast meat. . . ." What does this mean?—J. H. D.

ELIA'S "QUAINT POETESS."—In Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," the following lines are quoted by "a quaint poetess of the day," descriptive of a penniless boy eagerly devouring a book at a stall, and being ordered by the owner to put the book down because he never purchased anything:

"You Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."

Who was the "quaint poetess"?—B. W. W.

ANSWERS

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This poem was republished in 1819 by the Rev. R. Harvey. Forty-six out of the eighty-six stanzas are to be found in T. H. Ward's "The English Poets," vol. iii. (Addison to Blake), published by Macmillan. See also Chalmers's "English Poets," vol. xvi.—H. E. J. (Narberth).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This is to be found in Nichol's "British Poets," vol. 42 of the series; vol. iii. of the "Less-known" poets. It has eighty-six six-lined stanzas, portions of which, says the Editor (George Gillfillan) "a Milton or a Shakespeare has never surpassed."—S. W. G.

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This poem was reprinted in 1901 by Mr. Elkin Matthews in his *Shilling Garland*. My copy is from the library of the late Professor F. York Powell.—A. R. Bayley (Malvern).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—An edition of Christopher Smart's "A Song to David," edited by Mr. J. R. Twin and containing the complete poem with notes, was published in 1898 by Wm. Andrews and Son, 5 Farringdon Avenue, E.C. The poem has been frequently reprinted. It was printed in its entirety in the earlier editions of Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," and is given with the omission of a few verses in the new edition. It is to be found in a somewhat more abridged form in Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song," in Mr. Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse," and in other collections. See Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," vol. ii, and the "National Dictionary of Biography," for further information.—M. A. C. (Cambridge).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—*Litterateur* (Sunderland) will find a complete copy of Christopher Smart's "Hymn to David" in Chambers' "Encyclopedia of English Literature," vol. ii. p. 474. Judging from the length of the poem it is hardly possible that it could have been "written with a key on the walls of a cell."—E. Enid Lloyd.

ELDER.—See Professor Skeat's edition of "Piers Plowman," B text, Passus I., lines 67, 68:

"Iudas he iaped with iuwen silver,
And sithen on an eller bonged hym after,"

and Professor Skeat's notes on this passage.—H. E. J. (Narberth).

MONARCH OF THE NORTH.—See "Piers Plowman," B text, Passus I., line 118: "Ponam pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo," an inexact quotation of the Vulgate Isaiah xiv. 13, 14, and Professor Skeat's notes. Lucifer, who presided over one of the ten orders in heaven, became proud (moody) and said that he would sit in the north part of heaven, and be equal to the Almighty. Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," v. 775-760:

"At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal seat,

The palace of great Lucifer."

See also Skelton's "Colin Clout":

"Some say ye sit in trones
Like princes *aquilonis*."

See also the Anglo-Saxon poem called "The Fall of the Angels" (once attributed to Caedmon), v. 29, 30:

"Cwaep paet hine his hige spēone
paet hē west and *nora*, wyrcean ongunne."

H. E. J. (Narberth).

PROPERTY has its duties, &c. On the authority of Mr. Friswell, this saying may be attributed to Lord Mulgrave, who whilst Lord Lieutenant of Ireland dictated it to his secretary, Mr. Drummond, in a letter to a Welsh friend. Its occurrence in a letter from Captain Thomas Drummond is no doubt a misstatement of the above. Nevertheless it is doubtful whether the apophthegm, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," is an original remark of Lord Mulgrave; something very nearly akin thereto is, if I mistake not, to be found in Plato, although I cannot quote chapter and verse.—J. M. C.

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THE number of biographical works, under which for some time past our table has been groaning, suggests a few not very pleasant reflections. In the first place it would conduce to the general comfort if that monstrosity, the family biography, were done away with; the surviving kinsfolk of a distinguished man or woman are extremely apt to look upon the inevitable Life not as a possible work of genius to be added to the literature of the country, but as an authoritative exposition of family affairs. They generally fix upon a near relative to do the work, and as to his or her competency they have no means of judging. They have no literary taste themselves, and are quite unable to distinguish between the possessor of a genuine gift of style and one who is in no way fitted for the calling of letters.

If experience were taken as a teacher, the bulky, heavy biography would cease to be written; but just as the old three-decker novel kept on being issued long after it had ceased to answer to the public taste and requirements, so the two- or three-volume biography keeps emerging from the press long after the need of it has passed away. For it is not only their dimensions that make these Lives forbidding: the writers do not possess an elementary notion of the means that should be adopted to give a biography lasting interest and value. The one virtue they can claim is that of industry, and it shows itself in the collection of great masses of documents, whose only claim to value lies in their authorship. In a recently issued Life, of a man of great importance in his day, the very notes he wrote to his tailor are printed. And in the case of a famous man of letters it is the commonest thing in the world to print the purely business letters that have passed between him and his publisher.

Sometimes one is almost tempted to believe that a malicious frankness is the motive power. Nearly every writer, being a more or less emotional person, is more than usually vain of himself and his work; and to exhibit him in his moments of anxiety about press notices and of exaltation or depression at the praise or blame of some small Sir Oracle of the day is not the best way to strengthen our notions of his dignity. Besides, it is a very stupid and idle superstition to think that whatever a great man has written with his own hand is worth preservation. In a general way about nine-tenths of what he has himself deliberately composed and offered to the public is dead matter before his death takes place, and fortunate he certainly is if the remaining tithe finds its way into the literature that endures. As to the casual letters and notes that have come from his pen, they are usually less interesting than the writings of one who follows a different calling, because naturally the writer for the public keeps his very best for the work by which he earns a livelihood, and his private letters are no more than the scraps from his table.

But to look at the question in a practical manner: what can be done to lighten this heavy burden of biography that is being foisted upon our libraries? Biography in itself is, we need scarcely say, one of the noblest forms of literary creation, filling the place in letters that portraiture does in painting. Even as the most skilful limner could never make an immortal picture out of the portrait of some fat alderman, whose commonplace features are to be preserved merely because he has the luck to wear the chain and eat the dinners of office, so in the intellectual world there are not a few who have attained conspicuous positions but whose commonplace lives could not be made interesting by genius itself. A first and essential step, therefore, is to put a stop to all this biography of people who are unworthy of it. In the second place we want to get rid of the superstition that masses of letters and documents are necessary parts of a good Life. Used sparingly and skilfully, no doubt, they are the best illustrations a good narrative can have, but in most cases they form the bulk of the book and the narrative is only a running commentary on them. Of course the prodigal use of this kind of material is largely due to the influence of Froude and Carlyle, who held the doctrine that a man should be painted exactly as he is. A very good ideal it is, but scarcely to be attained by printing the letters of a man to his tradesman. The truth is that a good biographer ought himself to be a writer of sympathy and imagination; and not a mere collector of facts. He should be able to look through and understand his subject as well, for instance, as Mr Sargent understands his models; and, having imagined the individuality he has to do with, it is his place, line upon line, and precept upon precept, to paint that figure for us, never allowing himself to be overwhelmed by his facts, but ever selecting illustrative material from them.

It is of little use, however, to lecture a shadowy and imagined biographer. There is but one method of turning him from his evil ways, and that method, needless to say, lies in the hands of the critic and the public. If they will apply crucial tests and insist upon some approach to their standards being achieved, the writers of biography will soon have to amend their methods. But the difficulty here is that public taste at present is in one of its moments of reaction. It is not nearly so exacting, nor so fastidious in many respects as it was, say, in the 'sixties. The critics who ought to lead public opinion, find it easier to reflect it. They are still, as in the days of the late laureate, "Idle, irresponsible reviewers," and the only way to improve the authors is, to use an expressive piece of ordinary slang, to buck up the critics. There is scarcely a writer of experience and knowledge living at the present moment who has not come to the conclusion held by the oldest and ablest of our novelists, that criticism for some time past has been much too lax and slovenly.

The Society of Arts, which may or may not amalgamate with the London Institution, was founded in 1754 for the encouragement of every department of science in connection with the Manufactures, Arts and Commerce of this country, and has not been without influence if it be true that it originated the Exhibition of 1851. Its Cantor Lectures are well known, and it has an examination scheme intended to assist students in the technology of arts and manufactures as well as in modern languages. To the ordinary mortal it is interesting mainly for its connection with James Barry, most picturesque and quarrelsome of men, who, to illustrate his peculiar views on art, painted in the great room of the society six pictures free of charge, though when he began he had but eighteen shillings in the world. Here, after his death in squalid lodgings, his body lay in state, surrounded by the pictures, before it was removed for burial to the crypt of St. Paul's.

Oxford is for obvious reasons peculiarly rich in historical portraits, and the collection which was opened last Monday,

to remain open till June 1, is exceptionally interesting. We hope to deal with it at greater length in a future number. It is enough for the present to say that it includes portraits of English historical personages who died between 1625 and 1714, lent by the University, Colleges, Cathedral Chapter and the City, with a few belonging to private owners.

Have our readers heard the story of the old lady who walked into a shop and asked to buy a "circulating library"? Inquiry revealed that she wanted a revolving book-case.

A correspondent sends us an appropriate quotation from *Hudibras*, Part I., Canto II.:

"He was, by birth, some Authors write
A Russian, some a M[u]scovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there."

Another correspondent points out that the substitution of the possessive pronoun "me" for the personal "my," here called a vulgarism, may probably be an Irishism, familiar to the readers of *Punch*. Mr. Toby, in his parliamentary reports, intimates that this error is still current in the House of Commons. As a grammatical popular misuse of language, it may pair off with the confusion between "shall" and "will," a distinction unintelligible to foreigners; as in the anecdotal, "I *will* be drowned and nobody *shall* save me!"

The official announcement that Mr. George Alexander will himself play both John Chilcote and John Loder in the forthcoming adaptation of Mrs. Thurston's now famous novel, will, we venture to think, be received with keen disappointment by a very large number of playgoers. The question as to the possibility of one man so exactly resembling another as to be able constantly to impersonate him with success before his wife and household is quite a minor consideration when the tale is presented as a novel. At any rate, since everything hinges upon it, it must be accepted. If the hinge occasionally creaks, a little imagination is a quite proper and effective lubricant. But as soon as ever the thing is visualised as a play, the point becomes vital. Everything now depends upon our seeing the two men actually before us. So that it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that we read in a contemporary some months ago of the discovery of a practically perfect double to Mr. Alexander in the person of the editor of a well-known magazine. Here, at all events, was a great chance for the artistry of illusion. Photographs of the two gentlemen appeared side by side, views and interviews were obtained, anecdotes anent their mutual resemblance were related, and the possibility of their acting in concert was keenly discussed. Well, it all seems to have fallen through, more's the pity. For with one clever actor, forced by peculiarly subtle conditions to accentuate differences of personality in a play the very essence of the conception of which lies in the accentuation of a chance resemblance, the whole point and charm of the thing from the point of view of actual vision seems likely to evaporate.

It seems probable, after all, that Carnarvon Castle will be the home of the Welsh National Museum. The Constable has consented, and the President of the Society of Architects and the Director of Museums to the Corporation of Liverpool have reported that the building is, or could easily be made, very suitable for the purpose. North Wales is "solid" for Carnarvon, and the influence of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham will go for a great deal. Carnarvon is ready with £5000 and a generous scheme for restoration, and there can be no question of the sentimental value of the historical associations of the place.

The "Hotel des Balances," which they are about to pull down at Geneva, had its hour of literary renown. The University students used to play comedies there in the seventeenth century, and one of them, a young Frenchman named Rémond de la Croix, dared to produce an anticlerical farce. His chorus was the Consistory, and it thundered the following refrain:

"Et pourquoi ne boirons-nous point ?
Avons-nous fait geler les vignes ?
Nous boirons tant que nos pourpoints
Ne pourront tenir nos poitrines. . . ."

For thus making a mock of his spiritual pastors and masters, Rémond de la Croix was sentenced to death "in order that his body might be destroyed and his soul saved." The sentence was, however, commuted. The dramatist was required to ask the pardon of the community on his knees, and when he had done this, he was banished from the city.

Even in a convict prison, it seems, literature may be understood and appreciated. Nine hundred inmates of the House of Detention at Ocaña in Spain have petitioned the Government to celebrate the tercentenary of the first publication of "Don Quixote" by giving them their freedom. The petition quoted from the romance the passage which relates how the Don himself delivered a number of galley-slaves from custody because, as he remarked to Sancho Panza:

"It seemed to him an act of cruelty to enslave those whom God and nature had made free, and he did not think it right that honourable men should be the executioners of their fellow creatures."

The authorities replied by pointing to the sequel of the story, which relates that the convicts had no sooner got their liberty than they turned upon their benefactor, and, to his great astonishment, robbed him of all his valuables.

M. Paul Meurice, of whose new "national edition" of the works of Victor Hugo we lately spoke, has been making some inquiries as to the profits earned by the great writer's plays. The most successful of his pieces was *Ruy Blas*. It ran for 49 nights in 1838, and for 48 nights when revived in 1841. Then followed an interval of 31 years, at the expiration of which, in 1872, it was again staged at the Odéon and ran for 145 nights. It has since been played at intervals, and, by July 1904, the total receipts amounted to 2,351,693 francs or, in English money, £94,070 13s. 6d. *Hernani* has up to date earned nearly £80,000, and *Les Burgraves* £12,800. The worst failure was *Esmeralda*, written for the music of Mlle. Louise Bertin, of the family of the Bertins of the *Journal des Débats*. Altogether M. Meurice calculates that, between 1828 and 1904, Victor Hugo's plays produced about £280,000, of which about £40,000 went to the author in royalties. The royalties are now drawn by the poet's surviving daughter, Mlle. Adèle Hugo.

A Victor Hugo book to which it is interesting to call attention is the collection which M. Paul Gruyer has just published of the photographs taken, when photography was in its infancy, by the poet and his friends in the Island of Guernsey. The poet himself was taken in many attitudes by his faithful companion, Auguste Vacquerie. One striking portrait shows him with folded arms, defying Napoleon the Little from the vantage-ground of an English beach. There are also portraits which he himself took of Madame Hugo, of Vacquerie, of M. Paul Meurice, of Delphine Gay, of General Le Flô, and of the philosopher Pierre Leroux. "Victor Hugo Photographe" is the title of the album.

Madame Bernhardt has revived Racine's *Esther* with the costumes and stage settings of the original production of the piece before Louis XIV. by the "demoiselles de Saint Cyr"; and an interesting chapter in French literary

history is thereby recalled. The "demoiselles de Saint Cyr," it should be premised, were school-girls, the daughters of officers, in whose welfare Madame de Maintenon, then at the height of her influence, took a particular interest. Amateur theatricals were among their recognised recreations; and Madame de Maintenon went to see a piece written for them by Madame de Brinon. She found it so feeble that she advised them to play either Corneille or Racine instead.

Andromaque was accordingly produced; but then fresh trouble arose. The passionate love-scenes were too passionately rendered by the young ladies for Madame de Maintenon's approval. She wrote to Racine on the subject. They had played the piece so well, she told him, that she could not think of permitting them to play it again. Would he not write something on purpose for them—something really suitable for an academy of young ladies? The poet was not at first disposed to accept the commission. Much as he desired the favour of the Court, he feared the ridicule of the critics if any milk-and-water production came from his pen. On reflection, however, he decided that on the history of Esther he could write something at once strong and decorous. He did so, and *Esther*, in which Madame de Maintenon saw herself subtly flattered, was an immense success. The girls played it again and again all through the winter, and the King and the Court several times applauded it.

The agitation for the reform of French spelling is interesting because all the arguments in its favour apply with tenfold force to ourselves. It originated in a wish to simplify orthography on behalf of the lower classes in the schools, and perhaps from a republican enthusiasm for equality, which would put idle and industrious pupils on the same footing, but it seems likely that the opposition will be strong. A Flemish review, *Le Beffroi*, has founded a league for the maintenance of the *status quo*; the Academy has declared itself hostile to reform; and Rostand has pierced the scheme with the arrows of his wit. It is not impossible, however, that certain French plurals will be simplified, especially those of words in "ou," in which case the famous and ingenious sentence: "Les poux sont les bijoux et les joujoux des sapajous" will no longer be taught to the youthful student of French grammar.

Lovers of geography will be pleased to hear that M. Elisée Reclus, after a silence of ten years, has taken up the pen. His new work will be entitled "L'homme et la terre" and will be an attempt to explain the evolution of nations from a scientific, philosophical and historical point of view. It goes without saying that the author of "The Universal Geography," which is too little known in this country, though undoubtedly the first work of its kind in the world, is eminently qualified for this stupendous task. M. Reclus, who has had a chequered and picturesque career, fought for the Commune. He is now a philosophic Anarchist, who lives up to his opinions, but does not endeavour to promote them by throwing bombs.

Among recent and forthcoming French books are Albert Crin, *Le Livre*, Vol. I., Historique (Flammarion, 5 fr.) to be complete in five volumes and form an *encyclopédie au livre*; Paul Vitry, *Tours et les Châteaux de Touraine*, relié (Laurens, 5 fr.); Marcel Prévost, *L'Accordeur Aveugle*, illustrated with thirty water-colours by F. Courboin, reproduced in colours (Lemerre, 6 fr.); Maxime Gorky's new work, *En Prison* (3 fr. 50 c.); Paul Crafond, *Le Musée de Rouen*, with thirty-five photographic reproductions (Larousse, 2 fr.) and the illustrated Catalogues of the Salon de la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts, and the Salon de la Société des Artistes français (3 fr. 50 c. each).

Queen Marguerite of Italy has decided to erect a library in memory of King Humbert on Mount Ollen, one of the peaks of the Monte Rosa group, at the head of the Gessoney valley and some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. The library will be the highest building of its kind in the world, and will be devoted exclusively to photographs of the Alps and to Alpine literature. Books on the subject have flowed in from all parts of England and America.

A lectureship in English has just been instituted at the University of Jena; Dr. Anders, the author of "Shakespeare's Books," has been appointed to the chair.

The municipal library of Düsseldorf, Heine's birthplace, has received the gift of a valuable Heine-library containing a complete collection of works by and about Heine. It is to be kept together in a separate room.

Gustave Frenssen, the author of the successful novel, "Jörn Uhl," an English translation of which has lately been published by Messrs. Constable, has received for it in all £12,500, an unprecedented sum in Germany. He is now at work on a new novel which he hopes to finish in the course of the year. The scene is again laid in his native Schleswig-Holstein, and the title is to be "Aus einer kleinen Stadt."

Franz von Schönthan, the well-known playwright, has written a comedy in three acts entitled "Klein Dorrit," based on episodes from Dickens's novel "Little Dorrit." It will be played at the Hofburg theatre in Vienna in the autumn.

LITERATURE

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT"

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his Wife. In two volumes. (Macmillan, 17s. net.)

OF the men of one book who cut a great figure towards the end of last century, Mr. J. H. Shorthouse is one of the most remarkable. "John Inglesant" carried him into fame at a bound, and most interesting is it now to have those who were his familiars showing how the curious personality was framed which made it possible for him to be the author of that book. In the two volumes before us, Mrs. Shorthouse, his widow, has collected abundant material for the student. In the first volume we have a critical introduction written by the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, a great variety of letters written by and to the novelist, and a *Life* that errs, if at all, in being too full of detail. The second volume is devoted to the preservation of his *Literary Remains*, and these form a supplement without which his character cannot be properly understood. Shorthouse used to be referred to as a kind of wonder, who, in middle life and without any previous training, had suddenly shown himself the master of a peculiarly fine English style, and produced a *chef-d'œuvre* at the very first attempt. But Goethe's answer to some one who complimented him on his great gift of style: "It did not come to me in my sleep," holds good of Shorthouse also. From this *Life* we learn that though his family had been engaged in trade for several generations, his home was one of culture and refinement. Here is a little picture of the household which is more eloquent than a set dissertation:

"Mrs. Shorthouse read stories to her little sons while they worked in their little gardens, and also while they drove to the farm which their

father possessed, and where a boat was provided on the large pool for their amusement. Among the books which charmed his childhood were many of Mrs. Sherwood's stories, her 'Infant's Progress,' the 'Fair-child Family,' etc. Mary Howitt's verses and stories, especially 'My Own Story,' 'Peter Parley's Evening at Home,' and Miss Mitford's 'History of Greece' are some of those which he not only loved in those early days, but liked to collect and add to his library in later years.

"His father once told me that when my husband was only four years old his parents were reading Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' aloud; they were obliged to stop on seeing the intense excitement of their little son, who had been eagerly listening to the wonderful story."

In the early part of his life he was, as is well known, a Quaker, and this sect has always been noted for its admirable aspirations towards self-improvement. These found expression at Birmingham in a literary society where the young men met and read essays. The Remains now published consist largely of these early tentative efforts, and the very titles are interesting as showing the topics on which the youth was led to think. There are essays on Books *versus* Books, Chivalry, the Successor of Monsieur le Sage, and so forth. The comparison between "Gil Blas" and the "Bible in Spain" is acute and clever.

"The style of 'Gil Blas' is more polished than that of the 'Bible in Spain,' the sentences are more carefully rounded. In this respect it reminds one more of that of Goldsmith, it is so excessively simple, flowing, and easy. Where then does its resemblance to the 'Bible in Spain' lie? In the excessive simplicity of the words and the ideas. There is no attempt in either of the books at what is called fine writing, there is a perfect absence of any attempt at a stilted or grand class of ideas and thoughts. The most everyday incidents, the most common thoughts, are expressed in the simplest and easiest way. This gives both books an indescribable reality and charm."

We only allude to this part of his life for the purpose of showing that the author of "John Inglesant" had been during the first forty years of his life, as was said of Scott, making himself without knowing it.

The portraits prefixed to these two volumes are very suggestive of the character of the man, in the quiet strength and reserve of the features; a glance at them makes us believe quite easily what Mr. Hunter Smith says:

"He was, I believe, ten years in writing 'John Inglesant.' During the whole of that time no one but his wife saw the manuscript, nor did he ever trouble his friends with any mention of the book. I think I supped with him nearly every Sunday evening for ten years, but I was very dimly aware that he was writing a book, and certainly never dreamt it was so big a thing or likely to achieve so high a reputation."

We can well understand also how this lifelong friend of Shorthouse after passing in review the life of the latter, should use these stern words, in regard to the middle classes of which he was so distinguished a member:

"It is a life that is as noble a protest as could be made against the banality and frivolity that are too apt to characterise the lives of the English Middle Classes, against the corruption of taste that cannot discern the demerits of such works as those of Corelli and Hall Caine, and makes Farrar's 'Life of Christ' more attractive than the Gospels."

If we wish to define the several characteristics of our author's mind we cannot do better than consider what was his attitude towards those whose character we know. His was a religious temperament and therefore to some extent a mystic one, yet he was utterly out of sympathy with the professed mystics, he himself being—if we may be permitted the use of a paradox—a mystic positivist. He disliked "Carlyle and the whole German school," and took them to task for talking about "the mysteries of our existence" when "it is by their overlooking those very truths which they despise that they are unable to penetrate this mystery, if so it can be called." He clung hard to the orthodox doctrines of Christianity, and it is noteworthy that one who had such wide intellectual interests should never by any chance have introduced the name of Darwin into any of his letters. His admiration for Matthew Arnold was almost inexplicably great, and to

tell the truth it leaves the impression behind that the good Matthew found it somewhat embarrassing. He wrote a letter to Arnold of which the theme in his own words was:

"Hellenism *v.* Hebraism, Literature *v.* Dogma; while they will (especially the first) be immortal by reason of the exquisite clearness with which they have formulated truths, eternally interesting to the race, seem to me to be leading up to a third formula, by which this truth is to be brought home to our very doors and streets; this formula I will not call Revelation *v.* Humour, because what I want is the synthesis of Revelation (on the divine principle) with Humour, *not* their opposition."

Mr. Arnold, in reply to the long effusion, briefly but politely remarked that his duties as a school inspector kept him from writing long letters, but did not touch at all upon the theme started by Mr. Shorthouse. For the rest Mr. Shorthouse lived in a sort of back eddy or side stream of literature. His stammer made intercourse with society painful and difficult and went to increase his natural reticence and reserve. Thus we do not find him figuring in the literary circles of his age or taking part in their movements. All that can be said is that his celebrity brought him into occasional contact with the more illustrious of his contemporaries. He was once or twice on a visit to Tennyson and his widow gives a charming account of the experience. He met Browning, but seems to have had no long intercourse with him. From a casual reference we learn that he knew something of Stevenson, and other prominent names come up at rare intervals; but the natural habitat, as it were, of Mr. Shorthouse was his study at Moseley, where he wrote and thought within his own range, and extended his hospitality to all whom he deemed worthy of it. His tastes in literature might very well be arrived at by inference from his novel. George Herbert we knew beforehand to be a poet according to his own mind. Cervantes seems to have greatly interested him, but for a reason that would not be apparent to the man in the street, though of recent years several critics have expressed the same kind of admiration. An older generation was content to be amused with the humour of Cervantes and quite refused to believe, or rather did not think of believing, that the author had any other intention than that expressed by Shakespeare in his epilogue to *The Tempest*, when he declared his project was but "to please." Mr. Shorthouse, however, took "Don Quixote" much more seriously, as the following passage will show:

"This, as it seems to me, masterpiece of philosophic humour is, as I understand it, nothing but a representation (I am at a loss whether to call it allegorical or not) of the struggles of the divine principle to enter into the everyday details of human life; and the master work of it appears in this, that in it we have nothing but what is real life, and the divine is represented to us under no clumsy *machina* of preaching or of author's comments, but so far otherwise that the reader himself is made to enter into the struggle, and in most cases sides, as he does in life, with the commonplace and the material against the enthusiastic and the divine; and, so magnificently unflinching is the genius of Cervantes, this is carried to the grave itself; before which, talked down by commonplaces, and crushed by worldly good sense, Quixote acknowledges his madness, and confesses his life to have been a mistake; this is unspeakably sad, but it is true."

We do not pretend to have done more at the present moment than cast a bird's-eye view over the intellectual character of Mr. Shorthouse, showing how cultivated and fine were his tastes, and yet how he was able to carry sound business principles in a different compartment of his mind. His philosophy of life was sincere and noble though somewhat old-fashioned. Many of his beliefs are not reconcilable with those held by the most thoughtful minds of to-day, and yet it is possible that at bottom they are essentially the same; he breathed, so to speak, a different atmosphere, spoke a different language, and thought in different terms. However that may be, he lived a full and worthy life, in which what was public and what was private were in perfect harmony, and when, on March 4, 1903, he had to answer the beckoning call of him whom he named "the most beneficent angel of all," a strong and noble figure passed out of the intellectual life of Great Britain.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI

Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation. By EDITH SICHÉL. (London: Constable, 188s.)

It is an excellent effect of modern research that we are ceasing to believe in the villainies of the great. The kings and queens, whom an older fashion ticketed with opprobrious names, are gradually emerging from the dusk of their dishonour. And the amiable light, which has thus been cast upon their characters, is not the result of a fanciful whitewashing; it is a flash of truth in the darkness of exaggeration. In history, as in life, monsters are no more common than giants. But it was (and is) far easier to abuse your opponent than to convict him of error, and, as abuse increases with energy, the sins set down to the supposed villains of the sixteenth century are far blacker than those wherewith we besmirch our own contemporaries. Dr. Creighton once pointed out that "the frequent ascription of crimes to high personages was a proof not of their guilt, but of the low morality of their day," and the optimist may rejoice that the wicked ones of the past were, like the devil, never so black as they have been painted.

There is no one whose character has been more loudly decried than Catherine de' Medici. According to the superstition of historians, she was animated always by a grim and sinful lust of blood. She has been represented as loving murder for its own sake, like an artist. Popular painters have shown her to us gazing over Paris and gloating with a nameless joy over the slaughtered thousands of St. Bartholomew's Eve. The picture, of course, is overcharged, and now comes Miss Sichel to mitigate its crudity and to show us the Queen Regent of France in her true colours. Like other queens, and other women, she was a mixture of good and evil. Before all things, she was ambitious and guided, in the words of the Venetian Ambassador, "by a most powerful desire—the desire to reign." No sooner did she come to France, as the wife of the Dauphin, than she made herself an influence at the Court. To capture Francis I. was an easy matter to so gifted a princess, and she was not long in proving that in wit, learning, and in knowledge of affairs she had few rivals near the throne. But her husband did not appreciate her beauty and talent, and the people of Paris, always jealous of a stranger, dismissed her with the contemptuous title of "the Florentine." Three years after her marriage, the Dauphin transferred his affections to Diane de Poitiers, a lady seventeen years older than himself, who took his education in hand, and had no difficulty in keeping his devotion until his death. History cannot show a more remarkable instance of ascendancy than this. From the first moment the Dauphin was Diane's slave, enslaved not by beauty, not by a romantic temperament, not by wit, but merely by an interested sympathy, which brought out the excellent qualities which shyness and inaction had obscured. As Miss Sichel says, "he was inarticulate and she taught him speech; awkward and morose from diffidence, and she gave him self-confidence and success." And thus Diane's intuition and knowledge of the world achieved more than Catherine's love could compass. Upon Catherine the effect of the Prince's intrigue was bitter and lasting. Yet she was too proud to betray her feelings, and she suffered all her life with the restraint of a strong and self-willed nature. So long as her husband lived, she said nothing, content to watch his actions, and to walk masked and disguised in the streets of Paris that she might hear what he did and what the people said of him. When he died, she took her revenge quickly and coldly. She ordered Diane to leave Paris at once, and to return the crown jewels and presents that the king had given her. There was as fine a dignity in the revenge which she took upon her rival, as in the silence in which she endured the king's neglect. But the king's neglect had left its mark upon her, and her skill in the management of affairs, her insight into the cunning of men grew all the keener in the hours of her adversity.

It was with the death of Henri II. that her real life began. Henceforth either in fact or in name she was the ruler of France; and the problems which confronted her were not light. The country was torn by faction, and reduced by religious fanaticism to civil war. Neither the Catholics nor the Huguenots fought with gloved hands, and both parties were too intent upon their own advancement to temper their ferocity or to spare their adversaries. If the Catholics were savage in persecution, the Huguenots knew well how to make reprisals. "Sometimes they forced their way into the churches," writes Miss Sichel, "and, driving out the congregation, began services of their own; and it was their constant habit to hold Prêches just outside the church door, so that the noise of their psalm-singing might disturb the celebration of the Mass." This trait in the Huguenots was neither wise nor amiable; and, however deeply we may deplore the savage revenge that was wreaked upon them, we cannot find them wholly guiltless in the matter. It is never prudent to wound the susceptibilities of religion, and he, who in a Catholic country publicly eats meat on Fridays and fast days, must not expect to be treated with politeness or consideration.

Montaigne could not understand how any man could hold an opinion so fiercely as to burn another at the stake because he did not agree with him, and nowadays we are all of Montaigne's opinion. Nobody seriously wishes to relight the fires of Smithfield in the interest of either party. But when Catherine de' Medici held the reins of France, another view prevailed. Religion, moreover, was not merely a matter of faith; it was a matter of policy, and no doubt Catherine would have espoused either side, had she thought that by so doing she would bring peace and unity to France. The factions, however, were too strong for her, and for one another. She dared not offend the Guises, while she was willing (if possible) to conciliate the Bourbons. The result was that both parties grew in strength, and that street brawls, heightened oftentimes to civil war, were constant and inevitable. Now Catherine's temperament was always political rather than religious. Had she been without prejudice in the matter, she would have professed the tenets of the Huguenots, because they gave a greater scope to the play of the intelligence, and for many years she was not hostile to their pretensions. At the same time she was guilty of no apostasy, when in the end she took up the Catholic cause. She seems to have believed that in the extermination of the Huguenots lay France's hope of union, and she ordained the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve without cruelty and without rancour. The massacre, in truth, was dictated neither by religious fanaticism nor by the lust of blood. It was a piece of savage policy deliberately designed to achieve a certain end. We must not forget that in the sixteenth century the battles of statecraft were fought with other weapons than those which are popular to-day. Life was held cheaper than words, and our robuster ancestors thought that it was more profitable to put a sudden end to an adversary than to insult him. After St. Bartholomew's Eve the Spanish Envoy said of Catherine: "She has grown ten years younger, and seems to me like one who has come out of a bad illness." This observation does not prove the callousness of the Queen. She seemed younger, let us hope, not because she was gloating over the butchered Huguenots, but because she hoped that out of unanimity peace might at last come to her distracted country. In brief, Catherine was a politician unto the end. Had she lived to-day, she would have been a Primrose Dame. Living in the sixteenth century, she used the weapons which came nearest to her hand, and she has been involved ever since in an indiscriminating obloquy.

It is difficult to praise Miss Sichel's book too highly. Well written, authoritative, and sincere, it is a model of biography. Above all, the author has made a patient attempt to brush aside superstitions, and to arrive at the truth. In her eyes Catherine is a woman, full of faults, no doubt, but not a bogey, painted red, and tricked out in the

fearsome rags of convention. Now and again we are not able to agree with Miss Sichel. When she tickets the age in which Catherine lived as "decadent," she seems to be making a concession to the ancient method which delighted to detect decadence and progress in alternate epochs. Nor is she altogether happy in discussing literature. For instance, she says that Ronsard lacked the quality that ensures immortality. Yet Ronsard was never more read than to day, and rarely exercised a deeper influence. And then she proceeds to discover in a lesser degree the moral insight of Shakespeare joined to genius for expression in Drummond of Hawthornden, a poet of mere artifice, if ever there was one. And we do not think that the over-rated potter, Bernard Palissy, the tragedy of whose life has given a fictitious interest to his art, was worth a chapter in a serious work. But these are small blemishes, and we gratefully recommend Miss Sichel's biography of a great queen to all students of the sixteenth century.

THE REFORMATION

History of the Reformation in Germany. By LEOPOLD VON RANKE. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Edited by ROBERT A. JOHNSON, M.A. (Routledge, 5s.)

Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation. By FREDERICK ALFRED POLLARD, M.A. ("Heroes of the Reformation" Series. Putnam, 6s.)

WHEN Leopold von Ranke began his *History of the "Reformation in Germany"* with the words: "For purposes of discussion and instruction, it may be possible to sever ecclesiastical from political history; in actual life they are indissolubly connected, or rather fused into one indivisible whole," he founded a new school of the history of religious movements, the latest fruit of which is Mr. Pollard's sketch of the English Reformation in his "*Life of Cranmer*."

Ranke set to work by industriously examining such manuscripts as he could discover in the various archives in Germany which might shed the light of contemporary political action upon the period he had undertaken to describe. His work had all the labour of the pioneer. He discovered at Frankfurt ninety-six volumes containing the Acta of the Imperial Diet from 1414 to 1613 and went over them carefully. The student of history has advantages now which were lacking to Ranke. These Acta have now been published with instructive notes. The second volume of the Acta of the Diets of Charles V.—the one which deals with the Diet at Worms before which Luther appeared—is a masterpiece of careful and erudite editing. He explored the Royal archives of Prussia in Berlin and the archives of Saxony at Dresden. He accumulated all the details he could find from contemporary evidence bearing upon his period and made from his stores selection of the most salient facts.

As an example of the way in which he made the dry bones of statistical research live, we may take the use he made of Panzer's "*Annalen der ältern deutschen Literatur*." He quotes figures to show that before 1518 the number of German books issued yearly was, on an average, about forty.

"In 1518 we find 71 enumerated; in 1519, 111; in 1520, 208; in 1521, 211; in 1522, 347; in 1523, 183. If we inquire whence this wonderful increase emanated, we shall find it was from Wittenberg, and the chief author, Luther himself. In the year 1518 we find 20 books published in his name; in 1519, 50; in 1520, 133; in 1521, when he was interrupted by his journey to Worms and hindered by a forced seclusion, about 40; in 1522, again 130; and in 1523, 183. In no nation or age has a more autocratic and powerful writer appeared."

Of course Panzer's statistics, as the author confesses, were not complete. It is extremely unlikely that, notwithstanding the subsequent researches of Weller ("*Repertorium Typographicum*") and of Kuczynski ("*Thesaurus libellorum historiarum Reformationum illustrantium*") a complete bibliography of these years has yet been formed. Nor has Ranke noticed that publishers in Nürnberg, Strassburg,

Basel, Augsburg, Leipzig, Erfurt and Zwickau reproduced almost all Luther's writings, almost immediately after they were issued from the Wittenberg presses, with the consequence that the figures he quotes do not represent the actual number of Luther's writings, but usually include four or five reprints by different firms in the one year. He has also missed the wonderful fact, which would have strengthened his argument, that almost the whole of the first or Wittenberg edition of Luther's writings was absorbed by the public within a period of three months (compare de Wette, "*Dr. Martin Luther's Briefe*," vi., 70ff; Enders, "*Luther's Briefwechsel*," v. 244; and Kapp, "*Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels*," p. 246). The information, however, was correct enough to give an adequate general impression which lent vividness to the history, and is an illustration of that industry of research which was characteristic of Ranke as a historian.

The edition before us is unfortunately incomplete. It is a reproduction of Mrs. Austin's translation which only included the first six of the ten books into which Ranke divided his complete work. It includes the history of the German Reformation down to the year 1534. It excludes the last twelve years of Luther's life, the period of the earlier religious wars, the Interim, and the Religious Peace of Augsburg. It does not contain the mass of extracts from original documents which Ranke printed in his concluding volume. For the period it covers it is still the best introduction to the history of the German Reformation, with perhaps the exception of von Bezold's contribution to Oncken's series of histories ("*Geschichte der deutschen Reformation*," 1890).

The editor remarks rightly enough that the book is no more than an introduction to one of the most complex periods of human history, that for many aspects and for numberless details the reader must have recourse to other authors; he adds that what may be called the "documentary age" was only beginning when Ranke wrote. That is true; but perhaps something more ought to be said. Ranke combined the political and the religious history of the times and made the one explain the other; but other combinations were needed to make a thoroughly good and complete introduction to the history of the times. The period was one of great economic changes, and these were quite as powerful as the political. Ranke has very little to say on this subject—nothing corresponding to von Bezold's admirable chapter entitled "*Die Gesellschaft*"—and that is one of the graver defects of his work. No picture of the period is at all adequate which omits to discuss the economic difficulties and changes which were creating great rifts in society at the close of the mediæval period. The book has another grave defect. It says little or nothing about the religious life dominating well-disposed persons in the decades before the Reformation. In the earlier chapters of Book II. the author discusses the origin of the religious opposition to the Papacy and in his sketch of the early career of Luther he traces the history of protests against the Pelagianism of the prevalent theology and against the sale of indulgences; but if Luther be taken as the master-spirit of the German Reformation the sources of the religious side of the movement must be sought elsewhere than in speculative protests against the theology and practices of the mediæval Church. It is a somewhat singular thing that few writers on the German Reformation have sought to investigate the conditions of the family and popular religious life which made the spiritual atmosphere breathed by the future reformer in his childhood, boyhood, and years of student life. Yet it is there where the roots of the German Reformation have to be sought. Here again von Bezold excels Ranke in his insight into what the historian must investigate who deals with the religious movement of the sixteenth century. There is nothing in Ranke corresponding to the former's chapters on the popular religion, on reform and heresy, and on the premonitions of revolution as seen in such movements as that of Hans Bohaim of Niklashausen. Von Bezold himself has missed the quiet

family religious life which is revealed in fragments of autobiography left by many of the men who were leaders in the movement for reform on the lines laid down by Luther; and he has not noticed the many indications which appear, long before Luther's revolt, that the laity were beginning to find out that a religious life might be lived to a large extent without the continual domination of the Church. All this very important side of what grew to be the German Reformation is passed over in silence by Ranke, and the omission detracts greatly from the value of his book as a general introduction to the period he describes. It has to be said in excuse that the materials scarcely existed when Ranke was engaged in writing and that we still lack a good monograph on the religious confraternities which were so prominent a feature in the religious life of the close of the fifteenth century.

In Mr. Pollard's "Thomas Cranmer" we have the work of a writer who has proved his intimate acquaintance with the history of the period covered by the life of the first Protestant Archbishop of England. The book is, as it must be, a brief history of the English Reformation in its earlier stages and it differs from most recent works on the same subject in this, that the author has a competent knowledge of what was then going on throughout Europe and is safeguarded against the insularity or provincialism which marks the authors of the volumes in Stephens and Hunt's "History of the Church of England." Its impartiality and lack of partisan writing is also to be commended. Mr. Pollard recognises, as every one must, that the English Reformation was indigenous to the soil; but he also sees that the great continental movement could not but have a marked effect on the severance of England from the Papacy.

He makes it plain that many more things went to make the breach between England and Rome than the desire of Henry VIII. to get his marriage with Catharine of Arragon annulled. There was Lollardry, which had never died out since the days of Wiclif, and which had a strong hold on many of the English people in the early decades of the sixteenth century. Mr. Pollard follows Dr. Rashdall in pointing out in how many particulars the English Reformation followed the lines of reform laid down by Wiclif. The fourteenth-century reformer denounced the papal supremacy because of the political injury it did to the English people; he declaimed against the sloth, the immorality, and the wealth of the English clergy; he condemned the lazy and luxurious habits of monks sworn to poverty; he insisted on and created a preaching ministry; and he looked to the secular power to reform the manners of the clergy and to rule and govern the Church within the realm. In all these particulars the ground-plan of the English Reformation was sketched by the pastor of Lutterworth. We find a confirmation of this, if any were needed, in the acquaintance that men like Cranmer, Hooker, Ridley and Bale had with the writings of Wiclif, and in their acknowledgment of their indebtedness to him. It is interesting to remember that Henry VIII., always curious about theology and interested to know about the books which influenced his subjects, sent to Oxford in 1530 for a copy of the articles on which Wiclif had been condemned. Of course it is easy to exaggerate this influence, and it is probable that Dr. Rashdall does make too much of it when he says that "the Reformation had virtually broken out in the secret Bible-readings of the Cambridge Reformers before the trumpet call of Luther" had been heard. Similar Bible-readings had been common enough both in France and in Germany long before the close of the fifteenth century; and yet we can scarcely say that the Reformation movement in these countries had begun.

We venture to think that Mr. Pollard might have alluded to the work of the Christian Humanists. Although one of them, Sir Thomas More, grew more and more reactionary as the years passed, he was still able to say in 1520 (February 28) that if Pope Leo withdrew his approbation of Erasmus' New Testament, Luther's attack on the Holy See would be piety itself compared with such an act. These Humanists had expected much from Henry VIII.,

whom they regarded as imbued with the New Learning; and one has only to examine the "Bishop's Book," and even the "King's Book" to see how much of the spirit of Colet and Erasmus inspired the earlier English Reformation.

Mr. Pollard also lays stress justly on the popular dislike of the Pope and of the clergy which was as manifest in England as it was in Germany in the early decades of the sixteenth century. Whatever judgment we may pass on the conduct and motives of Henry VIII. in his demand to be freed from Catharine of Arragon, the proceedings of the Pope in the matter of the divorce—now favouring the English monarch, now thwarting him, as the Pontiff's Italian policy veered one way or another—was an object-lesson to the English people that the Papacy had abandoned its position as the European arbiter in moral questions in order to pursue its rôle of a petty Italian State.

A country so prepared could scarcely avoid being interested in the movement headed by Luther in Germany, and the eight volumes of "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic," relating to the times of Henry VIII. furnish abundant proof of this.

Mr. Pollard tells, succinctly enough, the attempts of Thomas Cromwell to induce Henry to enter into an alliance with the Lutheran Schmalkald, and it may be interesting to note in this connection that Dr. Mentz, Professor of History at Jena, has a few weeks ago published from a MS. in the archives at Weimar the explanations of the Schmalkald Articles prepared at Wittenberg for the information of the Divines who were sent from England to learn the doctrinal standpoint of the Lutheran leaders. "Die Wittenberger Artikel von 1536 (Artickel der christlicher Lahr, von welchen die Leggatten aus Engelland mit dem Herrn Doctor Martino gehandelt Anno 1536)" is the title of the booklet.

Space forbids doing more than saying that the chapter on Cranmer's theological views seems an admirable piece of writing, although perhaps Cranmer owed more to the teaching of continental theologians than Mr. Pollard is prepared to admit.

HEINE AND BYRON

Die Aufnahme Lord Byrons in Deutschland und sein Einfluss auf den jungen Heine. Von Dr. WILHELM OCHSENBEIN. (Bern: Francke.)

It is an *obiter dictum* that Scott and Byron are the only English writers universally read on the continent. Now, however, when the comparative study of literature is becoming the order of the day, it is well to examine carefully such generally received opinions. Dr. Ochsenbein has therefore made minute investigation into the way in which Byron's work was actually received in Germany, and as to the influence it exercised on the poet Heine.

In the years during which Byron's poems were appearing, the romantic type of literature was the favourite reading of the German public, and that fact alone would have made Byron's work acceptable in Germany. Yet certain critics, jealous of their country's honour, were careful to point out that he had had forerunners there. The "Hebrew Melodies" reminded them of Klopstock, "Parisina" of "Don Carlos," and "The Corsair" of "The Robbers"; "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" might almost be called a sort of "Xenien"; "Childe Harold" was related to Wieland's "Oberon," and "Manfred" and "Cain" to Goethe's "Faust."

Enthusiasm for Byron both as man and poet ran high in Germany: from about 1817 till 1835 it was at white heat, and if critics have since gradually discovered the artistic weaknesses and faults of their *quondam* idol, the fire still burns in the hearts of less exalted mortals. In a recent novel of importance the heroine, when a young girl, falls in love with a portrait of Byron that hangs in the picture gallery of her native town, and feels sure that she could

have been to him all that the woman he loved failed to be. Every German you meet—no matter what his age or rank—on the shores of the Lake of Geneva will begin reciting (in the German translation) stanzas from "Childe Harold" and "The Prisoner of Chillon." Goethe, writing in 1817, said:

"The more the originality of Byron's work becomes known, the greater is the sympathy it attracts, so that men and women, youths and maidens, seem almost to forget their nationality."

Byron's domestic affairs were as eagerly discussed as his poetry. It is said that Goethe's attention was first drawn to him by the farewell verses to his wife. And that the headquarters of the discussion was to some extent Goethe's house at Weimar is sufficient proof that it was not due to a mere love of gossip and scandal, but was rather sincere sympathy with the untoward fate of a great man. As a poet Goethe set Byron nearly as high as Shakespeare and the poets of classical antiquity, and forgot the faults and failings of the man in the æsthetic greatness of his poetry. The youth of Germany looked upon Byron as the model of the man of deep, fine feeling, who, proud of his personal griefs and wrongs, turned in contempt from the philistine outer world. As Börne wrote in 1832:

"I cannot help laughing when people pity him [Byron] because he is so melancholy. Is not God also melancholy? Melancholy is the joy of God. Can any one who loves be joyful? Byron hated men because he loved humanity, life, eternity. . . . I would give up all the joys of my life for a year of Byron's sufferings."

The German translations of Byron are countless. From 1816 when there appeared an anonymous translation of "The Corsair," until the publication in 1828 of a complete edition of the works in thirty-one volumes, no year passed without the issue of German renderings of one or more of the poems. Thirteen authors contributed to the 1828 edition, and it was published by August Schumann, father of the great musician. The volumes were small and handy, designed for "travellers, pedestrians, young students, educated persons of all ranks and both sexes, as well as for gifts of love or friendship." They might be seen in the windows of every bookseller, from Brussels to Vienna, from Florence to St. Petersburg. Yet another translation of the complete works appeared in 1830-31.

Heine's first poems were published just when Byron's name was in every one's mouth, and the volume contained several translations from Byron. Dr. Ochsenein has collected all the various criticisms which refer to Byron's influence on Heine. Some hold that the similarity rests on deliberate imitation; others that the two men chanced to be kindred spirits; others again that the time-spirit was responsible for the likeness. Criticism is still greatly at variance as to the extent of Heine's debt to Byron. The comparison rests chiefly on the fact that they were both subjective poets, and on the pessimism and the desire of political freedom expressed by both in their poems. But the point of view of the two men was never exactly similar, and a study of criticisms and opinions is fraught with danger for the result, unless it is accompanied by a first hand comparison of the poems.

The youth Heine associated on terms of close intimacy with Byron's greatest admirers in Germany. Doubtless to that fact are due in part the four translations ("To Inez"; "Fare thee well!"; some scenes from "Manfred"; and "Good-night") that appear in his first published volume. Frequent references to Byron in his private letters, and the classical passage in the "Harzreise" where he relates how he ascended the Brocken with two ladies, and how they talked of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, show that the English poet was constantly in his thoughts. When Byron died he wrote of him as "my cousin," and declared that:

"he [Byron] was the only man with whom I felt myself of kin. . . . I always felt at home in intercourse with him as with an entirely congenial comrade."

But nevertheless Byron's influence on Heine is chiefly seen in the work of the years 1820-22 on his two tragedies

"Almansor" and "Ratcliff." Those tragedies are little read, especially in this country, but they contain some of Heine's finest poetry. Henceforth by his own confession he "read Byron seldom," and his little poem "Childe Harold," published in 1844, which describes the transport of the poet's corpse from Greece, is more a beautiful, fantastic picture than a passionate lament.

Every one must admit that there are many points of likeness in Byron and Heine. Some are due to a similarity of temperament, some to a similarity of environment, some to the literary spirit of the age. But, all said and done, Byron was the greater poet; his was the more passionate and intense nature. Egoist as he was, he died fighting for the freedom of an oppressed people. Despite his cynicism and scoffing, Heine was the sweeter singer, and his songs, along with those of Burns and Béranger, rank as the greatest the world has received. But Heine's range was narrower than Byron's, his outlook on life more confined, his sympathies less wide. Heine could never have written the third and fourth Cantos of "Childe Harold." There can, however, be no manner of doubt that Byron strongly influenced Heine in the beginning, and youthful impressions last long, if indeed they are not eternal.

It is a pity that German scholars who busy themselves in researches like those in the book under consideration do not take the trouble to present the valuable information they are at such pains to collect in a more attractive and symmetrical form. Dr. Ochsenein's volume contains everything we can possibly need in order to form a fairly correct notion of Byron's influence in Germany and on Heine. But the process of digging and delving necessary to discover the particular facts is so laborious that we become almost inclined to give up the business and to make the researches at first hand on our own account. The use of varied types to distinguish the quoted passages from the author's own comments and a more compact arrangement of the facts presented would render such works far more useful and widely employed.

THE LIFE OF LIVES

The Quest of the Infinite. By BENJAMIN A. MILLARD. (H. R. Allenson, 3s. 6d.)

THE author of this eloquent and suggestive little book shares the conviction of the wisest in all ages that man, "the cause-seeking" creature, is still more radically the worshipping creature.

"The quest of the average man to-day is to find a simple but sufficient ground for faith. He has no real preference for unbelief, by nature he inclines to Faith."

but:

"The average man has really done with authority as a ground of faith."

Whither, then, shall he turn?

In our opinion, Mr. Millard's title is misleading, for he is concerned not with the philosophic, but with the practical question. His answer is the answer of a thousand tracts and sermons; but whereas these touch us not at all, save possibly to disgust, Mr. Millard's presentation impresses and even enthalls us. His answer is to point to the Crucified One. He forces upon us the conviction that there is a future for what may truly be called Christianity, so glorious and so potent that we who live in an age of decaying dogma can scarcely imagine it. The life and personality of the Man Jesus are almost inseparable to-day from the system of dogmatic theology which is associated with His name. Yet Mr. Millard writes as if he had had an experience which must be very rare, but is surely the most happy that can befall any man. The experience we mean is this. A youth brought up in a Christian home finds cause, as he thinks, to abandon, one after another, the main dogmas of the traditional creed. Like the advanced theologians of Germany

and England, he can no longer believe in the Virgin-Birth or the Resurrection. He ceases to go to Church or to read his Bible, though he retains a copy of that Book in his library for the æsthetic pleasure which the reading of Isaiah or Job affords him. The New Testament he entirely ceases to read. Years later, when he has attained manhood and the philosophic temper which has declared immitigable warfare against Bias—Reason's deadly and only foe—some course of inquiry leads him to study, this time as an independent mind, the Gospel narrative of Him who died upon the tree. Ignorant, perhaps, of the higher criticism, and, in truth, independent of it, he makes what is really his first acquaintance with the "Life of Lives." For some time he suffers from the constant comments of his naturalistic training upon the narrative: when he comes to the boy whom the evil spirit threw into the fire, he cannot rid himself of the word epilepsy; when to the Gadarene swine, of the teaching of Huxley and Gladstone. Later he determines to make a fresh start, with one aim and one only, to inquire "what manner of man was this." And then he makes the capital discovery of his life. His mental history permits him to read the narrative as if he were a Greek gentleman—a friend of Socrates, let us say. He can read the story, as a simple narrative, without reference to dogmas which he keeps for criticism in another corner of his mind, and without vivid remembrance of hearing it read in tones which would be an impertinence to the alphabet. He finds it impossible to doubt that there did verily exist, at a time and in a place which his knowledge of geological epochs and of stellar distances makes him regard as very near to him—at a distance in time so small that the conformation of man's body and of the continents has scarcely altered therein, and at a distance in measureless space so near that light would traverse it sixty times in one second—a Being, a Personality, so immeasurably great, so transcendently complete, that the unintelligible phrase, an Infinite Personality, almost comes to have a meaning for him and to cease to be a contradiction in terms.

Such has been the experience of the present writer, and it qualifies him for sympathy with Mr. Millard's little treatise. The author's own creed is not explicitly stated, but doubtless that is because he knows that no creed can be more than symbolic, and that now we see through a glass darkly.

It is the human Christ, the superhumanly human Christ, the Son of Man, that men can love: not the second Person of the Trinity, or the λόγος made flesh. For it is in Him, the closing tragedy of whose life—which robbed failure of its victory and its sting, and threw into its proper mud the ideal of material success—has added Rapture to the "pity and terror" of the Greek concept of tragedy, that we see incarnate, each in such perfection as only hereby is made conceivable, the sublime union of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Myself."

C. W. S.

MADAME WADDINGTON AGAIN

Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. Illustrated from drawings and photographs. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN these letters Madame Waddington describes to her mother and sister the incidents of two winters spent in Rome, the one with her husband in 1880 and the other in 1904 after his death. It must be admitted that they have not quite the same interest as those of her first volume, "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," which showed us the great worlds of London and Moscow. And yet Italy is to the cultivated Englishman and Englishwoman a second fatherland, one that draws us by the thousand invisible threads of art and poetry, of remembered life and beauty, and of associations which have become part of our very selves. To many of us, therefore, the present volume is

likely to be a more intimate friend than its predecessor, more of a "bed-side book" in fact, and that for the very reasons which make it a less suitable subject for the reviewer's dissecting-knife. Madame Waddington gives excellent drawings of her parents—President Charles King, of Columbia College, looking very handsome and stately in his official robes, and Mrs. King, in a Quakerish cap, with a face of mingled shrewdness and sweetness. They certainly look like people who would have appreciated such a daughter, and perhaps it is not fanciful to attribute to their upbringing and influence her liveliness, her originality, her humorous observation, and her delight in everything beautiful. For these letters are the perfectly spontaneous expression of a particularly charming personality. The little details which they contain might seem trivial to a superficial or to an ignorant reader, and any one who takes the book up in the hope of finding light shed upon the dark places of high politics will be disappointed. Their value is that of *mémoires pour servir*; they show us the great ones of the earth in their habit as they lived, and we prophesy that posterity will refer to them when many a pretentious historian is forgotten.

The letters begin with M. Waddington's resignation of the French Premiership at the end of 1879. Madame Waddington describes with keen enjoyment the classic *visite de condoléance* paid to her by Madame Grévy as the wife of the ex-Minister:

"... the footman appeared with his eyes round to announce that 'La Présidente' (Madame Grévy) was coming upstairs to pay Madame a visit. I flew to the door and the top of the stairs (I couldn't get any further) and received 'ma Présidente' in proper style. I ushered her into the salon where I had left my friends (mad Royalists both). They were much disgusted—however they were too well-bred to make things disagreeable for me in my own house—and rose when we came in. I named Madame Grévy—and as soon as she had taken her seat, and declined a cup of tea, they went away. Of course they *hated* getting up for Madame Grévy, but there was nothing else to be done as she and I were both standing."

The fact that President Grévy married his cook gives point also to the story of how that good lady encountered Madame de MacMahon at one of Madame Waddington's Fridays at the Quai d'Orsay. Marshal MacMahon had just resigned the presidency, and his wife, when Madame Grévy was announced, was rather curious to see her successor.

"She was quite at her ease—Madame Grévy rather shy and embarrassed—however Madame de MacMahon talked at once about some of the great charities, artists, etc., and it really wasn't too stiff—Orloff [the Russian Ambassador] of course always helping and making jokes with the two ladies. One or two visitors came in and gasped when they saw the situation. . . ."

Not pages of solemn historical disquisition could give such a vivid idea of the social divisions in France, accentuated by the Republican *régime*.

Madame Waddington's recollections of the last three Popes are extremely interesting, and of each she gives an admirable drawing. Pio Nono, who according to M. Minghetti was the most absolutely liberal man he had ever known—"but what could he do, once he was Pope?"—took a great interest in the social life of Rome.

"They used always to say he knew everything about everybody, and that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a visit from Odo Russell, who used to tell him all sorts of 'petites histoires' when their official business was over."

She recalls the last benediction of Pius IX. from the balcony of St. Peter's, when everybody was cheered, even Montebello, who commanded the French army of occupation. Of Leo XIII. she says that he was "a very striking figure: tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono." He talked freely to M. Waddington, showing his anxiety to bring about a better state of feeling between the clergy and the people in France. His Holiness, when Bishop of Perugia, had known M. Waddington's uncle, Evelyn Waddington, who had married an Italian lady and been *sindaco* of Perugia for years. Of the present Pope Madame Waddington says:—

"He has a beautiful face—so earnest, with a fine upward look in his eyes; not at all the intellectual, ascetic appearance of Léo XIII., nor

the half-malicious, kindly smile of Pius IX., but a face one would remember. . . . He was much interested in all Bessie [Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord] told him about America and the Catholic religion in the States—was rather amused when she suggested that another American cardinal might perhaps be a good thing. . . . He gave me the impression of a man who was still feeling his way, but who, when he had found it, would go straight on to what he considered his duty. But I must say that is not the general impression; most people think he will be absolutely guided by his 'entourage,' who will never leave him any initiative."

This mention of "Bessie" reminds us that these letters incidentally show how many American ladies have married into the great French and Italian nobility, or into the diplomatic and official world of Europe, as Madame Waddington herself did. Everywhere she receives pretty compliments on the score of her nationality, save from two appalling Englishwomen, for whom we beg respectfully to blush. One of these, a certain Lady S.:

'remarked she supposed I couldn't understand her ideas—she came from a big country where one took broad views of things. I said I thought I did too, but perhaps it is a matter of appreciation—I think, though, I have got geography on my side."

Here we must quote a delightful passage:

"Do you remember one of A's stories? He was secretary to the British Embassy at Washington, and at one of the receptions at the White House (which are open receptions—all the world can go) all the corps diplomatiques were present in the full glory of ribbons and plaques. He heard some one in the crowd saying, 'What are all these men dressed up in gold lace and coloured ribbons?' The answer came after a moment's reflection, 'I guess it's the band.'"

In the interval between Madame Waddington's two visits to Italy, her husband had filled with distinction the French Embassy in London and had died, sincerely lamented by the two great nations to which he belonged in almost equal degree. Her comparisons between the old and the new Rome, her shrewd observation not only of the topographical changes but of the subtler alterations in the social *milieu*, are full of interest, and demand quotation for which we have no space. But we must mention her reception by Queen Elena who

'talked very prettily and simply about her own children, and the difficulty of keeping them natural and unspoiled; said people gave them such beautiful presents . . . the present they liked best was a rag doll the American Ambassador had brought them from America."

She had seen the present King of Italy a quarter of a century before, with his mother, Queen Margherita. Then

"the child looked intelligent, but delicate. They say his mother makes him work too much, is so ambitious for him; and he has rather that look. The Princes of Savoy have always been soldiers rather than scholars, but I suppose one could combine the two."

We have delightful glimpses of Roman society, old and new, of Madame Mohl, the Storys, Brancaccios, Ruspolis, Teanos, Wimpffens, Massimos, Fields, and many more. And through all the vivacious pages there runs a deep appreciation of the beauty of Italian skies and gardens, exquisite little vignettes of word-painting, over which the reader lingers with all the subtle pleasure of reminiscence. We feel we cannot have too many books like this—the expression of a cultivated, well-bred, cosmopolitan, and always kindly and good-natured mind.

OLD UNHAPPY FAR-OFF TIMES

The Vision of Piers the Plowman. By WILLIAM LAGLAND. Done into modern English by Professor SKEAT. (De La More Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

THANKS are due to Professor Skeat by the general reading public for his labour of love in editing for modern readers the graphic and picturesque poem of Piers Plowman. This admirable modernised transcript realises for the ordinary reader all the advantages and easements of an *editio ad usum Delphini*. It saves time and patience and makes of the rugged old English classic agreeable reading. In Chaucer we have the rosy happy view of the masses in

Anglo Norman England as seen from above by the royal esquire, entitled to his pensions and his grants of wine—an England full of mirth and jollity. In Piers we have the same England viewed from below by one of the down-trodden, hard-worked land tillers, or by one in close contact with them. Piers in his wonderful vision, "meatless and moneyless, on Malvern hills," by that delightful burnside where he fell a-dreaming, essays to limn in sad realistic lines, with here and there touches of satiric humour, the very form and body of his time. William Langland, "Long Will" as he calls himself, and "a lunatic and lean man," was a quick-witted, keen observer, and had a happy knack of seeing through the shams and falsities of those above him. The inspired mantle thrown round his peasant shoulders revealed to him, as to Burns, that the rank was but the guinea stamp, the honest man the eternal gold. He was a moralist and satirist, and society, from the king and his barons down to Jack Short, came under the lash of his wit and shrewd sense. The tiller of the soil had just emerged from the thralldom of villenage. He had not yet been shaken down into his proper sphere or acquired the right to sell his labour as he pleased. The times were out of joint, and it was Langland's hard task to try to set them right. The final publication of the poem only preceded by a year the famous "Peasant's Revolt." Langland, like Aristophanes and Bunyan, had a quaint gift of coining long descriptive names for his characters. There is Chattering-out-of-reason and Suffer-till-I-see-my-time, and the laboriously labelled Tom True-tongue-tell-me-no-fores-nor-lies-for-to-laugh-at-I-loved-them-never, and the long list of alliteratively named workers. There is Cicely the shoe seller, the warrener Wat, Timothy the tinker, the hackney-man Hick, Clarice of Cock Lane, Davy the ditcher, and a dozen others. The canvas lives and palpitates before us with living men and women and the incidents of every day, and the guile also, which we suppose to belong more particularly to our less guileless age. Tradesmen and advertising are for ever the same. In the case of the character he calls Liar:

"The grocers besought him to sell men their spices
And tout for their trade."

The features of London life have apparently remained unaltered. The workmen who did bad work and wasted their time kept drawling some popular stave: "Dieu vous save dame Emme!" They did not have flaring advertisements of cheap dinners, but resorted to deafening entreaty of passers-by.

"Cooks and kitchen-lads cried—'Hot pies, hot!
'Good geese and good bacon!—Good dinners! come, dine!'"

Taverners touted: "A taste here, for nothing"; somewhat in the manner of that originally-minded publication which generously allows the public "to pree" its first number gratis. The burly inn-keeper who called:

"Here's Rhine wine! Rochelle wine, your roast to digest,"

anticipated the vendors of patent medicines who assist the digestion of a corpulent British public. There is no new vice since the melancholy singer of "placebos and diriges" observed the ways of London town. In the courts money, not love of right, moved the eloquent lips of counsel, and he notes it with a remembrance of his early life and the free wanderings he exchanged for Babylon.

"Sooner measure the mist upon Malvern hills
Than see a mouth mumble ere money be shown."

The author of "Piers the Plowman" was an honest down-right Englishman like that other great dreamer Bunyan, and he nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. Professor Skeat has already done good work in editing Chaucer on modern lines, and we owe him gratitude for this rendering of the work of a great Englishman who exhibits those traits and ideals in the midst of despair, which will always make the foundation of a true people and lasting empire.

THE FIRST FARCE

L'avocat Patelin. The famous fifteenth-century Farce.
Translated by SAMUEL F. G. WHITAKER. (Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)

L'avocat Patelin—or rather "Maître Pathelin"—anonymous and undated, but unquestionably written about the middle of the fifteenth century, is the earliest of modern farces. It was re-written by Abbé Brueys, and produced at the Théâtre Français in 1706. It is this revised version which Mr. Whitaker has translated, and his description of it as "the famous fifteenth-century farce" is a misuse of language—much as it would be if a French translator were to present the version of *The Tempest* which Mr. Tree lately produced at His Majesty's Theatre as Shakespeare's original text. One is the more surprised at his selection of the Brueys version because a modernised version of the fifteenth-century text, edited by M. Edouard Fournier at the time of the revival of the farce at the Comédie Française, about five and thirty years ago, was available; and one is further astounded at his statement that the piece is "here introduced to the English reader for the first time"—the italics are his. Before making this very confident statement, Mr. Whitaker would have done well to look the matter up—the italics this time are ours. A very little research would have led him to the discovery that *The Village Lawyer: A Farce in One Act* adapted from *L'avocat Patelin* by "Mr. Lyons," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Tuesday, August 28, 1787, and was subsequently published by Thomas Hailes Lacy of 89 Strand, in his popular edition of acting plays. It is not, of course, a literal rendering of the farce. It takes liberties alike with the text and with the names of the characters, presenting the lawyer as "Scout," the draper as "Snarl," the judge as "Justice Mitimus," and the shepherd as "Sheepshank"; but, as its origin is acknowledged on the title-page, Mr. Whitaker's claim to have broken fresh ground falls through.

We would not insist upon this if he had done his work well; but he has in fact done it so badly that one cannot imagine how he could have done it worse. The limitations of his acquaintance with the language which he is translating are sufficiently indicated by his habit of abbreviating "Madame" as "Mdme" and "Mademoiselle" as "Mdle." His awkwardness in handling his own language is illustrated on almost every page, in sentences of this sort:

"When fathers nothing give, children must help themselves."
"My late father's papers proof provide of a debt—"
"To no one aught I owe."
"At eighteen years I knew to read and write."
"On 'r return not lose a moment."
"The pity not to have applied yourself to greater matters,"
"Know then, in brief, he hath been taken with the manner in the night time, killing a sheep, for the which I've beaten him and summoned 'fore the judge."
"Once give me of prosperity the outward show, and then my daughter—"

Finally there is the introduction, which can only be described as a wasted opportunity. There is nothing in it about the place of the piece in French dramatic literature; nothing about the Abbé Brueys—a most interesting man who combined dramatic authorship and dogmatic theology with unusual if not unique success; nothing about the bibliography; nothing, in short, but idle talk. Why Mr. Whitaker should have troubled to produce the book at all if he was not prepared to devote some pains to the making of it is what we are unable to understand.

"NO, BY THE ROOD, NOT SO!"

The Dream of the Rood. Edited by Professor ALBERT S. COOK of Yale University. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

A LEARNED attempt is here made to prove that Cynewulf and not Caedmon was the author of the Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Dream of the Rood." Professor Cook's little volume

is full of curious, painstaking, and extensive learning, and illustrations culled from far and near, from the Bible, the Latin and Greek classics down to Wordsworth and Tennyson, to explain and support his theory. The world-famous Runic Cross at Ruthwell in Dumfries-shire is carved all over (15½ feet high) with vine tracery intermingled with birds and beasts, but the supreme interest of the monolith rests in the legends running round the tracery. The runes—*voces vere runicæ, mysticæ et occultæ*—were a profound mystery, and puzzled the learned of Europe till the discovery of an old neglected codex at Vercelli, a convent in Piedmont, in 1832, and the true reading of the runes dawned on Mr. Kemble, the well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar, who had previously made a special study of the cross when translating one of the poems: "The Holy Rood: A Dream," in the ancient codex. Professor Stephens of Copenhagen discovered that the runes on the top of the cross read "Caedmon me fawed"—Caedmon made me. Mr. Cook refuses to believe that the name Caedmon can be read at all! It was a common and not unusual way of making a monument tell its own tale. The famous Alfred jewel in the Ashmolean at Oxford repeats, in similar fashion, the story of its birth. Caedmon has therefore been credited with the authorship of the poem from which the verses on the cross are taken. Professor Cook's thesis is to dispute this and to contend that the author is Cynewulf and that the cross, instead of dating from 680 A.D., can only date from about 950 A.D. The argument is based on linguistic and archaeological considerations. Professor Cook, however, overlooks the fact that the Bewcastle and Ruthwell crosses were erected at the same time, probably from designs by the same artist. The Bewcastle cross is a personal monument in memory or in honour of Wilfrid, the "kingly bishop of the Northumbrians," who had visited Rome, and no doubt explored the catacombs, which makes the erection of the cross about 680 A.D. The same mason's marks and symbols are said to be clearly recognisable on both crosses. The forms of decoration are exactly reproduced on both monuments, only on a slightly smaller scale on the Ruthwell cross. The latest structural theory is that the sixth century was a period of great activity in Christian missions, and guilds of masons soon followed in their wake, and no doubt builders from York were employed at Hexham soon after Wilfrid brought members of the masonic guild from Canterbury to renew the minster buildings. These foreign masons are said to have carried over with them designs copied from the symbolic tracery in the catacombs at Rome. If this explanation, based on structural design, is worthy of credence, Professor Cook's abstruse and learned argument falls to the ground. The case for either side is interesting, and this little book is full of valuable and all but convincing facts. The Ruthwell cross (is the first syllable a softened form of the word rood?) will ever remain the most splendid and matchless monument of antiquity on the Scottish border and continue to whisper in its mysterious runes the fateful and solemn message of the great sacrifice:

"Tire not to tellen
Of the Tree of Glory
Where the Prince of Peace
Tholèd his passion."

HANDS

SING, for with hands,
One thumb and four fingers a-piece,
They built the temples of Egypt and Greece!
Sing, for in many lands
Are things of use and beauty seen,
That without hands had never been—
Without skilled hands!

White hands, deft hands,
No lily is more lovely, no,
Nor can the swan more graces show

Than lady's arm commands!—
O strength as of a giant's grip!
O firmness meet to steer a ship!
O swart, male hands!

Frank hands, free hands,
When shall my little ones grow great
And clasp such huge ones for their mate?
Who thinks, who understands,
How hands of soldiers and of kings,
And all those by princesses waved,
Were once a baby's hands and craved
For jangling toys and shining things?

T. STURGE MOORE.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN—II

"Do people ever die without a cause?"

"There is always a cause."

"I mean, does a man ever say: 'I think I'll go and get my hat' and fall down dead?"

"It may happen so."

"What is the cause then?"

"The heart stops beating. . . ."

"You know the heart in your body is like the gardener in a garden" . . . (he often asks for an explanation, only to cut it short and expound the matter for himself) . . . "you see the gardener digs, and digs, and goes on digging, and the flowers open and the garden grows. And then when the night comes the gardener puts away his spade—that's the heart—and goes home, and the garden dies. Well, not dies exactly, but the flowers shut up, you know, and it's all very quiet. No one moving about. I'm not telling you what's real, you know, only making a sort of Pilgrim's Progress thing of it."

"An allegory, you mean."

"Is that the word? Tell me another quite new word what I don't know at all."

"Hypochondriac."

He rampaged the room in his enjoyment. "Say it again. Say it again."

"Do you know one night, Moth', I saw Japan?"

"What was it like?"

"O . . . dear little men dressed all in red, golden giraffes, and gardens of shells. . . ."

But not always is he so in tune with the exquisite.

"I wonder why it is Wynken always likes things that are so gentle, you know, and beautiful. Now I like things vulgar and strong."

No doubt there have been many conceptions of Heaven, beside that which gives us the clamour and jostle of harps and halos. And if the kingdom lies within ourselves, as it is written, shall not we each of us have our own idea?

Blynken has his. "Isn't that like Heaven through there, the trees and all?"

"Is that your idea of Heaven?"

"O, my idea is a cottage I think . . . with an old tramp coming out of the door, for God." Yet his mother reads here, in this sudden change to farce from fancy, something of an evidence of the sensitiveness of a child.

Uneasiness may be covered by a laugh.

"I don't much like that; do you, Moth'?" pointing to an old Italian mirror, carved and gilt. "It's pretty, I think." "Well, it's pretty; but . . . I don't like smart things in ordinary places."

It was this voice that reached his mother from a distance:

"Come! I want to tell you something! I want to tell you some horrible news! When I was digging, I found, in a hole, a rather round, green, worm. I'm afraid I killed it."

"You know, Moth', how people weigh their slippers down? The walls of them, I mean?"

One day a china lobster was left out all night by the

stream. It was discovered amid acclamation on the morrow. "Look at this poor thing! 'It says, here am I, parching all night, looking wondrously at the water.'"

The early sun shone yellow, on grey cobwebs drenched in grass: "It's such a lovely day! as shiny as gold, and everywhere just a little foggier than silver."

It was Nod who remarked on the cowed chimney-pots in London. "Look at the plenty of those."

"And what do you think of them?"

"Well, I think they're a sort of monkey, having some hats on."

Sometimes a child answers a child's question with admirable finality.

"But where does the milk come from?"

And Wynken, with decision. "It comes from the grass, inside the cows, I tell you."

Her answers need amendment sometimes, however.

"What means 'rebellious,' Moth'?"

"O, don't interrupt the reading, Blynken! Can't you guess? Always ringing the bell of course. Go on, Mummie."

One day Blynken was looking at a picture of Thomas Carlyle. "Why does he look so unhappy?"

"He was ill; and while he thought of big things, little things worried him."

"What did he think about?"

"The world, and the meaning of it. And all that goes on in the world."

"Well, but Moth'" (spreading expostulating hands before her) . . . "ferrets *must* eat eggs."

There was a scramble under the table, and pows came in collision. "Nod! your head seems to be made of poison, you bump so."

One night a lady went to the nursery to say good-night dressed in her evening dress, and there was a whispered aside of admiration: "Slender arms, slender neck, quite a giraffe."

"I must have some more jelly." And in the pause that followed while the nurse waited for the saving "please": "I appreciate that word must."

"Are goblins true?"

They are in fairy tales.

"Ar'n't there witches?"

In the stories there are.

"Then has nobody got any charms at all?"

Blynken was having his writing-lesson, and a letter was formed, misshapen at the top. "It's done, Moth'." "It's not very bad. But the O has got rather a hat, I'm afraid." And at the spelling lesson. "C. A. T. cat, D. O. G. dog; and P. U. *ench*, Punch, I suppose; isn't it?"

Wynken couldn't sleep one night. She said she was afraid of evil. "Because even if we're good, and evil can't hurt us, it would stand looking spitefully at us, I suppose? Couldn't God damage Satan if he wanted to?"

"You shouldn't speak in a whining tone of voice, Blynken."

"But it isn't me doing it, when I whine. It's my heart, crying."

About the hour of sparrow-chirp, then Nod awakens up. "So then I get into Nannie's bed, you see, and when she wants to get up, I won't let her. I hug her down."

It was Nod who was trying on hats one day. No, it was no good, they would none of them fit. At last he made an effort towards explanation. "You see, every time I put one on, pieces of hat go into my head." Or again, on running headlong down the stairs: "And even if I choose the flattest pieces of my feet, still Nanny says it's dangerous."

But surely only a Mahatma has achieved such detachment from the body as this?

"Do you know, Moth', while I lay resting this morning, my mouth ate a piece of my lip."

It is Nod too, who is so fond of narrative. But as his words are not so many as his thoughts, his story proceeds often within the arena of his own imagination, and the listener must bridge, as best he may, the frequent and

impressive pause. It is filled with nods, charged with meaning, and lit by the lightning flash of a flying eyebrow.

"Once you know, Moth', there was a fight between a little pony and a lion. And the lion sprang upon the pony and the pony put his back against a stack and bited at the lion. And the lion rolled over, and the pony jumped up . . . and he ran up . . . and the pony turned round . . . and the lion—

His mother felt she had lost the thread, somehow.

"But which won?" she asked him, "which won?"

Nod stopped in the full tilt of his story.

"Which won?" he said. "O, the little bear."

PAMELA TENNANT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE DUBLIN SCHOOL

FOR the last ten or fifteen years the Dublin school of writers has given its friends many little flutters of pleasurable excitement. To quote from some of its English critics, it has given us a poet "equal to Keats"; "a book of perfect lyrics," according to an admirer of the period; a book of essays which was popular enough for the *Punch* parodist; some stories, some translations from the Irish; and, last, some little plays, which all seem to unite in praising and—for the present, at least—forgetting. Ten or fifteen years is a large bite out of even the most generous youth. As the Syracusan idylist has it: "We all wax grey from the temples downward: a man must do somewhat while his knees are yet nimble." It is high time the Dublin school did somewhat for its friends.

Comparisons are odious, especially when one's friends suffer by them; but one cannot help thinking of some contemporary young men elsewhere whose beards were fresh on their chins about the same time. Those still youthful giants, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling, were also definitely emerging ten or fifteen years ago. The Dublin school once looked like having a voice as distinct and persistent as theirs; a quite different voice, but still an authentic one. That voice was Mr. Yeats's, who practically stood alone for Dublin in 1889:

. . . "Away with us he's going
The solemn-eyed—
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hill-side;

Nor the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast;
Nor see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest." . . .

It was near enough to simple earth, and the peace and poetry of it, for favourable augury. In literature, in poetry above all, the simpler the early note, the nearer earth the rhymers goes, the safer seems prophesy about him. And in Mr. Yeats's first two books one found so large an amount of work as good and well-sustained as "The Stolen Child," so many pieces of even greater merit—the "Michael Dwyer Fairy Song," the "Lake Isle of Innisfree," for example—that there was little violence to judgment in admitting him to a place in English poetry beside Keats. 1889 and 1902 dated these books. As one sure of himself, he seemed to take time. Then, just as his friends were expecting another book of lyrics to be due, the unexpected happened. Another book of lyrics—the "book of perfect lyrics," to which the admirer referred—did appear; but it was not by Mr. Yeats. For him and his readers there then entered the most unexpected thing of all; for the very next year (1895) he suddenly "collected" his little sheaves of published verse into one volume, practically ceased to write lyrics in his early simpler vein, and turned his attention to prose.

What was the new voice like?

"Dark head by the fire-side brooding,
Sad upon your ears
Whirlwinds of the earth intruding
Sound in wrath and tears . . .

"Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth,
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth" . . .

Such was its dominant note: material beauty of every kind but a snare for souls; spiritual "beauty" all. There was much in this little book of fifty "Songs by the Way" (back "to God who is our home") to justify high praise, though to call it a book of "perfect lyrics" was to give way to enthusiasm. It was a real thing, however; fatally real. It put back the clock and re-charged the electric Dublin air with thoughts and spiritual questionings. Its author, suddenly finding himself the central figure among the younger pagans just then rallying round Mr. Yeats, was not long without seeing the fatality of it. Artist, literary man, spiritual agonist, "A. E." had suffered much, as young men of genius always suffer, subjectively. An Eastern legend tells of a thirsty traveller who finds by a well in the desert a bowl from which he drinks. The water tastes bitter from the bowl, yet the water of the well itself is sweet; for the vessel had retained the bitter flavour of mortality. "A. E." had drunk deeply of Eastern wisdom, but had not yet been to the well. And so there was to be no continuation, no development, in this direction either. His "Earth Breath" (Lane, 1897) was a palinode, an apologia to Mother Earth and her "voices," to whom he felt he had scarcely done the wider justice. That effort exhausted him. The "Divine Vision" (Macmillan) of last year is hardly worthy of mention; and the "Mask of Apollo" (in prose) of this does not count, as he himself sadly avows. So much for the poets.

And what of prose, the appeal of which is to the reason and intelligence; which, unlike the vehicle of the imagination, admits of so little licence without unclassing itself, or, at least, weakening its appeal?

Here it becomes necessary to distinguish. On the one hand were the men of exact scholarship: Professors Mahaffy, Tyrrell, Bury (then at Dublin), and Dowden. These distinguished men are, so to speak, world scholars. They might as well—or even better—have been born to Oxford or Cambridge as to Dublin. Scholarship, criticism, scarcely becomes localised more than once in a century, unless it be of the sterling variety, as at Tübingen. It belongs to world progress; its business is not with mushroom-school growths, so often springing up in a night and ending in smoke; and it is slow to recognise them. From the University, excepting its Chair of Literature, the Dublin school has scarcely yet won favourable recognition.

On the other hand there was what is called the "Celtic school" about which one may say that there is no such body. A "Celtic spirit," perhaps: but not a school. Most of the so-called "Celts" might just as well have been born—like Mr. Kipling—in Bombay, so diversified are their activities and abiding-places. Dublin claims but a small portion of their fame. Even the "Celtic spirit"—that evaporating mystery for the puzzled journalist—declines definition. It is more profitable to ask: Had Dublin at this time produced a single book of prose attracting, by some distinctive or daring note of originality like "Plain Tales" or "Auld Licht Idylls," a large English audience? The answer is, of course, in the negative.

Yet any one seeking, a decade ago, for an almost violently original note in Dublin's prose literature to place beside its poetry could have found it only in a now almost forgotten little book called "Two Essays on the Remnant." This book was a revelation in the way of style even to readers of the passing generation of Arnold, Newman, Ruskin and Pater. It was rapidly running into editions when "O. S." in *Punch* and the Oxford humourists took it in hand and made great play with the notion of a "remnant" (Isaiah's "remnant," Matthew Arnold's "remnant") of chosen people going off into the wilderness

and leaving cities, "and sorrow barracadoed ever more within the walls of cities," to take care of themselves. Yet when the worst was said this little book admittedly contained one of the best eulogies of Wordsworth ever penned. "John Eglinton" the author called himself. Six years elapsed before he was heard of again, lending a sort of reluctant hand to a certain section of Irish idealists by allowing them to print his next book in Kilkenny. Some of the essays in "Pebbles from a Brook" would not have hurt the reputation of Schopenhauer, but Goliath the Philistine was none the worse for them. There seemed to be only one objection to the publication of such a book in a place like Kilkenny. There were no readers there. In Dublin there were few enough. In London or Oxford there would have been some. "Kilkenny" wrote its epitaph.

Thus, up to 1897, a Dublin school had made three distinct bids for attention. The first was by Mr. Yeats's wonderful lyrics, with their note of morning freshness and *naïveté*, as of a soul newly opening eyes on a young world into which sorrow had come only as a picturesque accident. The second voice was A. E.'s. He seized upon the lyrical form for expressing himself and gave a terrible note to it, making it express the travail of the individual spirit in the midst of universal illusion. The third voice was that of the critic, "John Eglinton," who brought philosophic insight, deep scholarship, and a consummate style, to bear upon Dublin's seven devils of patriotism, politics, religion, theosophy, mysticism, magic, and metaphysics. Separately considered, progress, continuation, development, might have been argued from any of the three. Taken together the result was non-cumulative, negative, snapping off abruptly and seeming to end there. So that, a few years ago, it was safe to say that from Mr. Yeats a new book of lyrical wizardry like "Oisín," from "A. E.," another book of those early spiritual songs, and from "John Eglinton" another clear confident statement, as of the born stylist in the first happy exercise of his powers—all these things were again impossible. They manifestly belonged to the past. It was safe to say that if the emergence of the Dublin school ever took place it would be in some other direction.

Doubtless some instinctive thought of this kind assisted at the sudden birth and growth of the Irish National Theatre. The younger talents of the Dublin school, beholding the sacrifice of their pioneers who had now made independent thought possible for them, were doubtless instinctively casting about for some means of expression which should be free of Dublin's contentious enemies and destroyers of quiet literary activity, religion, politics, patriotism. It was inevitable that they should light on the splendid neutral ground of the Drama, where the showman should be mute and one's precious creed and personality counts for little or nothing. The theatre was, so to speak, in the air. Mr. Yeats had already had some plays performed in London. The Irish National Theatre was established with him at its head.

At first the little plays produced (in hired concert and lecture-halls) were of the politically contentious sort, and they provoked controversy. But the theatre is the most rapid of educative influences, and we shortly hear less of it as an axe-grinding institution and more of it as a centre of thoroughgoing artistic aims. Last year, through the beneficence of a private donor, it acquired a house of its own. This house has a special patent restricting it (through the opposition of the older Dublin houses) to plays produced by Irishmen on Irish subjects or to foreign works other than English. The production of Irish plays has gone forward with such surprising speed that, to judge from Mr. Yeats's report of progress, given in the organ of the Society, *Tamhain* (Unwin), most of the young Irishmen and women are rapidly becoming either actors or playwrights. They need not be ashamed of an enthusiasm which they share with greater minds and older heads.

And how do the plays themselves rank? Up to the

present the best plays of the Society have excelled rather in characterisation than in what we call "construction" plot. Even in the work of the most notable of the younger men, Mr. J. M. Synge, plot is almost entirely absent, but the characters are absolutely true to life—the life of present-day Irish peasant and fisher-folk. Mr. Yeats tells us that the aims of the Society are summed up in "good playwriting, good speaking, and good acting" (scenery is almost disregarded). Good speaking and acting the members of the Society seem to have rapidly attained, perhaps because the demand for what was wanted admitted of little doubt. But the requisition for "good playwriting" is more ambiguous. Mr. Yeats lays stress on "poetry," which is natural enough in him. Poetry is important; and, indeed, poetry in abundance the lives of the poor folk depicted in these Irish plays are seen to have. But a play cannot live and insist upon itself by poetry alone: something of strength, much of cohesion, will inevitably be lacking to it. That something is just what the Irish Theatre now seems to lack for its due emergence. We can only say for the present that the foundations—going down to life itself—are well and truly laid; and that the augury for the future is good. Mr. Yeats at least looks forward in the right spirit. We are yet as children, he says, groping our way: "but we may grow up, for we have as good hopes as any other sturdy ragamuffin." It is, perhaps, never too late to speak of "growing up" if one feels about it in this way.

C. W.

FICTION

The Disciple's Wife. By VINCENT BROWN. (Duckworth and Co., 6s.)

It is a somewhat bold experiment to make the central figure in a sensational melodramatic story a woman of the type of Marie Durnford as seen in Mr. Vincent Brown's latest novel "The Disciple's Wife." A woman who before marriage could go for a six-weeks trip to Paris and Monte Carlo with a foul-mouthed, foul-minded scoundrel as her only companion: who, after her marriage with a paragon of virtue who trusts her implicitly, encourages by a half-hearted show of resistance the vile attentions of the said scoundrel and apparently feels no shame for her early escapade: whose every word and every act proclaim her vulgar and selfish: such a woman will win little sympathy except from readers of extraordinary charity. Yet such a woman has the love of a devoted husband and of a friend who would fain have married her himself and in default assumes the rôle of brother! But though she is the central figure, it was not for her that the story was written: the first chapter introduces another woman, a "remarkable" woman with "a look of greatness": she is the real heroine, and Marie Durnford is shown up in all her unloveliness of character, lest she should draw to herself any of the admiration which ought to be reserved wholly for Bertha Zonal, the refined, unselfish, poetical wife of the village carpenter. Mr. Brown puts his best work into the portrait of this wonderful creature of his own genius, and his skilful execution will probably prevent his readers from questioning, as they otherwise might, the reality of his conception. The comic relief, provided by Martha Ann, the cook, is unnatural and carelessly constructed; and the dialogue is sometimes artificial, as when the brotherly friend tells the villain that "all his world is a saturnalia of self": that is not the language of a man on the verge of horsewhipping another man. It is a book that must not be read too critically, but it may well be read for all that.

Hearts of Wales. An Old Romance. By ALLEN RAINE. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

ALLEN RAINE's latest book tells a tale of Wales "once upon a time, and that a long time ago." It is not easy to

say exactly how long ago, nor, indeed, is the question worth asking. Broadly speaking, the story is laid in the Middle Ages—that accommodating period which seems as vaguely potent to the romantic novelist as the Greek digamma to the youthful philologist—but the author makes no claim to accuracy of date. She has, as she says, merely strung together into a narrative some of the floating legends and traditions connected with the Castle of Emlyn. In bare outline it is the history of a pair of cousins—Eleri of Garth and Deraint ap Rhys of Emlyn—who, being lovers, are eventually made happy by the self-denying heroism of another cousin (are all Welsh people so related?) whom stress of circumstances has compelled to adopt the guise of a Sin Eater—an outcast who for a small pittance is willing to eat the food that has lain on a dead body, and thus take upon himself the sins of the dead, with their consequences in after life. To this framework is attached a good deal that is essentially Welsh, mingled, we must add, with a good deal that is merely Wardour Street mediævalism. On the whole the blend is very readable, though the characters talk not infrequently in a high-flown archaic style that is apt to drop into blank verse. They are inclined, too, to drag in rather too much of their native tongue. Ultra-sensitive readers may prefer that such expressions as “myn Duw” should remain untranslated; but there seems to be very little gained by the repeated use of “fforwell” for “farewell.” Still, Allen Raine undoubtedly has Wales at her pen's point, and her descriptions of its scenery and her characterisations of its people are agreeably true to life. Perhaps the latter are a little too true. One could wish, at least, that the Welsh (or should we say the author?) had a thought more humour.

The Taming of the Brute. By FRANCES HARROD. (Methuen & Co., 6s.)

THIS is an eighteenth-century story. Therefore it is hardly necessary to say that the scene is laid partly in Bath, that the heroine is a beautiful heiress, and that one at least of her admirers is a dandy and a profligate. We have the other conventions too—hoops, powder, patches, a duel, and an adventurous journey in a coach. The journey was taken from Bath into the wilds of Wales, and the object of it was to reclaim the brute. His name was Evan Rhys, his eyes were as blue as the mountains, his hair was like a raven's wing, and though he had grown up a savage he talked like a don. When some children of the country take to hurling great rocks at his English cousin and she asks him why they do it, he says: “I do not know—some unreasoned emotion; their parents' dislike of foreigners carried to a logical end, and the tremendous temptation of such a target.” Of course, when he talked like this he was sober. On Cecilie's arrival in the house where, in his brother's absence, he plays host, he is so drunk that at his suggestion his cook, his light o' love and the first wench fetched from the hedges, throw dice for his beautiful person as husband. Cecilie, dragged in by his boon companions, throws double sixes, and immediately flings a tankard in his face to keep him off. But as she says soon after to her chaperon, the circumstances in which she finds him are only what she expected, and there seems every necessity for her presence. She has come to Telgarth to save him, and we have the author's word for it that she succeeds. The tradition still lives, then, that a girl by the power of her youth, her beauty and her ethereal goodness can turn a man in the course of a few weeks from the weak and vicious habits to which he has given way for years. Evan Rhys is twenty-five, he has led the life of a boor, his face is bloated with drink, he cannot keep from drink though the lady he loves is his guest. Yet we are to believe that Cecilie and he live happily ever after. It is too much to ask. We wish Cecilie safely back at Bath because we think the artificial life of the world, with all its drawbacks, is less revolting than the natural life of Welsh hooligans. Mrs. Harrod has studied the masters of elaborate style: studied them too well. When we had laboured through three hundred and eleven pages of these tortured sentences we wanted a chapter of Miss Austen's English.

THE BOOKSHELF

Modern French Masters, by Marie von Vorst (Paris, Brentano, 6s. net). This little book belongs to a class which is more common in France, Germany and Holland than in England, being a collection of laudatory essays on a few contemporary artists arbitrarily selected, with a quantity of rather poor half-tone reproductions of their work. English publishers are generally more cautious, and wait for the indubitable sanction of universal popularity or death before issuing a work of this kind, and the result shows that their reticence, if not so generous, is more judicious. No English publisher has yet issued a book on the life work of Mark Fisher, for instance, or of Wilson Steer, Charles Conder and others, whose claim to such distinction has as much validity as Cazin's or Besnard's. The other artists, Puvion de Chavannes and Rodin, here treated, have of course a more assured position, whilst the inclusion of Steinlen, known only through prints and posters, shows a courage which is thoroughly justified by this fine and powerful artist's work. We had to wait for Charles Keene's death before it was recognised that a *Puvion* artist could be as great as Gustav Bethel or Honoré Daumier. It was impossible, we suppose, to do justice to Steinlen's work on the small scale available and without colour. Indeed, this could only be done as it was done in the originals that appeared in *Gil Blas*, which were marvels of achievement on the part of the printer as well as of the artist. Nevertheless, some of the best drawings from that paper, such as the funeral cortege with the workmen on a scaffolding high above their heads, or the best illustrations to Aristide Bruant's poems, like the itinerant pencil-seller, would have given a better idea of his trenchant nervous line than some of the drawings here, which are woolly and vaporous in comparison. The inclusion of Besnard is not justifiable on any grounds. He is just the clever populariser of other people's ideas that you would expect in a *Prix de Rome* man, of great ability and enormous productiveness, and with the spur that is urging, fatally, we think, all French artists to be “dans le mouvement” and to “épater le bourgeois.” To couple his name with genius of the first rank like Degas and Whistler is sufficient to dismiss any idea of critical pretensions in the book. Puvion and Rodin were already celebrated, and only really first-rate reproductions of their work could warrant any more matter. The Rodins are ludicrously inadequate, as the photographs have been taken with the accidental surroundings of an *atelier* intruding on and breaking up the line of a sculpture which is difficult enough to follow in any case. As for the letterpress, if it was worth while writing at all, it might as well have been written in English. “To franchiser le threshold” and “posers for portraits” are not English phrases, though they may be “posers.” The short preface is by Mr. Alexander Harrison, and whilst his own achievements as a painter are entitled to respect, the application of the term “great” to Bastien-Lepage and the intrusion in an august category of such second-rate painters as Lorn and Jules Breton do not enhance our respect for his critical faculties.

In *The Life of Christ: A Continuous Narrative in the Words of the Authorised Version of the Four Gospels* (Murray, 6s.), Canon Scott has produced a volume which should be of the greatest value to students and teachers of the Scriptures. Adopting a chronology based on a critical survey of the achievements of modern research, he has collated, so as to form a singularly vivid picture, the various contributions made by the four Evangelists to our Lord's biography. St. Mark's Gospel was written probably between 60 and 64 A.D., St. Luke's about A.D. 70, St. Matthew's between 65 and 80, and St. John's, which is less of a history of Christ's work than an interpretation, perhaps shortly before A.D. 100. St. Luke, who in every case where a text is possible has been proved to be minutely accurate, has been taken as the main guide in the portion that is common to the first three gospels, and where St. Mark and St. Luke differ it has been assumed that St. Luke intended to correct St. Mark. From a literary standpoint there are disadvantages in a system of collation as applied to the four Gospels. As Canon Scott suggests, one cannot fail to note, on studying the separate books carefully, that when undertaking the work of writing, each Evangelist had in view the presentment of a different aspect of Christ's office and functions, and that each so used his material that this aspect should be developed and shown in the best possible light. Thus any scheme which detaches and re-arranges accounts of incidents must tend to deprive each Gospel of something of its value as a personal memoir. St. Mark, for instance, shows the Saviour as the working man. His Gospel is the shortest of the four—a sort of handbook of our Lord's life, if one may so describe it without irreverence, for the use of the busy person. Yet though it was doubtless written from information supplied by St. Peter it is a masterpiece of vivid portraiture, and there is hardly a scene in the history to which it does not add some fresh and characteristic detail. Canon Scott, however, minimises this tendency to eliminate the author's individuality. Aware of the danger of biographies of Christ being studied in place of the Gospel narrative itself he has put his work in the form of a diatessaron with a short introduction full of the fruits of wide reading. In the text the actual words are always given. This is good, but we would suggest that more than the rather piecemeal perusal of the original to be obtained thus should be insisted upon. Canon Scott's book in itself is wonderfully interesting, but the interest, it seems to us, is enhanced in an extraordinary degree when one uses it as an analytical commentary to be read side by side with the parent volume.

The New Lace Embroidery (Punto Tagliato), by Mrs. Louisa A. Tebb (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d. net) is a handbook for those who wish to carry out this particular kind of needlework, and as such it is perfectly clear and straightforward and usefully illustrated. But apart from its value to those who intend to learn how to apply this peculiar

form of stitchery in rather coarse floss silk upon various materials, there is a freshness and courageous self-appreciation about Mrs. Tebbs' work which makes it very welcome in an age of literary self-analysis and fine shades. In the introductory pages the note is boldly struck—"Since bringing out this exquisite and unique embroidery," says the author, "the result of many months—I might almost say years—labour and thought, I feel myself amply repaid by the universal welcome and admiration it has received from all lovers of needlecraft; and this appreciation, together with the numerous letters and requests I am constantly receiving from all parts for a book on the subject, has led me to make this attempt." Happy author to be sure of so universal a welcome, and happy public, happy lovers of the art and craft of the needle to whom this boon is so readily granted! Our own view is that the new lace embroidery is skilful and likely to be popular but will not put the older forms of lace, pure and simple, out of the market. Venetian rose-point or Brussels *point de gaze* may still hold their places, but if the interest in Bridge wanes we can well believe the ladies of Society might turn with delight to Punto Tagliato.

BOOK SALES

ON Wednesday, April 5, at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, commenced the sale of the third portion of the library of M. E. Dugain, comprising the works of French authors from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. Dugain interested himself more particularly in the time of Louis XIV., and especially in Corneille, La Fontaine and Racine.

The sensational price of £912 was bid by Mr. Pearson of London for a copy of *Le Cid*, of Corneille, Edition A, 1637, bound by Cuzin père. The duplicate copy of this work with the same date, but described as Edition B, was sold for £388.

Horace, original edition of 1641, £96; *Mélite*, original edition of 1633, £48; *Clitandre ou l'Innocence Délivrée* original edition of 1632, £56. £76 was bid for *Suite du quatrième livre de l'Odyssée d'Homère*, by Fénelon, the original edition of 1699 in 5 volumes. M. Durel was the purchaser, at £200, of *Œuvres de Régner* of 1608, in a modern binding by Trantz-Bauzonnet—an extremely rare and precious edition, purporting to be one of the only three in existence. *Phèdre* and *Hippolyte*, by Racine, the original edition of 1677, of seventy-eight pages, in an old calf binding, a very beautiful example, and with the additional interest of being presumably a presentation copy from the author, as there is written on the back of the frontispiece, in the penmanship, as it is supposed, of Racine, "Pour Monsieur de Saint Amant," fetched £172. Five plays by Racine, *La Thébyade*, *Alexandre le Grand*, *Andromaque*, *Britannicus*, and *Bérénice*, in an old binding, went for £108. £176 was given by M. Rahir for the original edition of 1660, of Molière's *Sganarelle*, in a modern binding by Cuzin père. An amateur paid £140 for a copy of the original collective edition of Corneille, of 1644. Bossuet's *Réfutation du catéchisme du Sieur Paul Ferry*, original edition of 1665, fetched £14; a very rare copy containing an autograph inscription by Bossuet.

The three volumes, forming the four parts of the *Contes de La Fontaine*, in the original editions of 1665–1671–1674, in calf of the period, M. Rahir bought at £240. The original edition of the *Essais* of Michel de Montaigne, of 1580, in a modern binding, went to £180. *L'Histoire des Amantz Fortunes*, the rare and precious edition of 1558 of the *Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, fell at £136. A very beautiful example of *Marguerite de la Marguerite* (Queen of Navarre), in a fine Lyonesse binding of the sixteenth century, fetched £108. *Le Temple Jehan Bocace*, by Chastelin, *Le Chapelet des Princes*—et *Lepistre de la Reine Marie à son frère Henry, roi d'Angleterre*, by Jean Bouchet, edition of 1517, £120. It was to a considerable extent from Rouquette père that this valuable library was secured. The superb collection of French Gothic Literature, dating from the commencement of the sixteenth century, included an unknown edition of Clement Marot, entitled *Les Opusculs et petits Fraictz*, and was sold for £112. As has been seen the prices realised for volumes of the seventeenth century were absolutely unprecedented.

THE DRAMA

"EVERYMAN" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

THEY say that in the proverb "cleanliness is next to godliness," the last word is properly only "goodliness," that is beauty. The saying is equally true in either form. In all modes of life, from the daily detail to the timeless aspiration which is religion, the secret of excellence is but to be clean. The ritual laws of all religions worth the name are laws of cleanliness; their practical commands, including the ten commandments, have that, at least, as one of their leading ideas—the cleanness, internal and external, that is the fitness, of the body. The cleanness and fitness of the

"soul" lies at the heart, not only of such rules as that of fasting and of all self-denial, but of the most remotely spiritual exercises of the churches. Religions come and go; the idea has been and will be expressed in a thousand different ways; but it will always be with us. The body and the soul become soiled; they must be cleansed, purified. The powder of childhood, the training of the athlete, the esoteric religious purification of the most spiritual of religions, all are different expressions of the same truth, of a truth that is continually present.

Everyman, which Miss Tita Brand has revived for Holy Week at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is a symbolic exposition of this truth. Whether its symbols be accepted as partaking of eternal verity, or as modes of expression that have lost their practical significance, at least they express this truth very forcibly, and in a manner which all men and women of our time are still able, through training and reminiscence, to appreciate. Something of the mighty power of association, a stronger power in determining judgment and emotion than many are aware, has, no doubt, its place in forcing the appeal. Be our present opinions what they may, there was a time when these sacred things had more than a symbolic meaning—and even if it were not so, a symbol is still the most potent means of bringing home a truth to many minds. If *Everyman* were constructed on the lines, not of the Christian, but, say, of the Buddhist faith, it would lose half its force, because we were none of us brought up as Buddhists—but only half. So long as it remains an expression of that need of purification from defilement, it must remain a statement of a truth that all men know, in their different ways, to be unshakably true. The interest of it is not purely archæological, for who cares for archæology but a few? It is not purely the emotional tickling, if we may use the phrase, which delights certain minds that rejoice in "sacred" songs sung in music-halls, or Gounod's "Bethlehem" played in a restaurant. It holds people fast whom such things disgust. It is a quaint, solemn, and beautiful expression of an eternal truth. *Everyman*, bating its symbolism, is still the story of every man.

And it is, from another point of view, a most engrossing play. The slow growth of *Everyman's* conviction that Death is serious in the message he brings, his change from laughing lightness to fear and so to despair is surely the work of a man who had a keen literary instinct. The very contrast between the grim, grotesque figure, with its jointless shufflings and rasping voice, and *Everyman* himself, spruce to the bonnet, *nippé et fardé* to the nines, with a song on his lips and blood in his hot veins, is unforgettable; and as the story goes on, and *Everyman* passes through the dark waters of despair to lose there his gay self-reliance, to learn humility and gratitude, to suffer and stretch out meek hands for aid, and so to come forth, purged and clean, into hope and peace, we feel that here is no bungling sermoniser, but a man who had a dramatic sense, and the dramatic vision. His simplicity, as contrasted with, say, the far-fetched curiosity of *Parsifal* is still a lesson in play-writing; and the difference is not only that the author of *Everyman*, were he Dutch or English, priest or layman, lived in an age of faith and took his story from days when faith was even stronger than in his own.

The performance at the Shaftesbury struck us as being better than those given last year under another management. That trying "sing-song" intonation, which used to worry us in the *Kinswoman*, *Beauty*, *Strength*, *Discretion* and *Five Wits*, has been toned down to a reasonable quaintness. Miss Wynne-Matthison's very beautiful performance of *Everyman* himself needs no comment, and Miss Tita Brand, the regal, the superb, has a chance, in the part which in the English version is called *Knowledge*, of using her striking personality as it should be used. For the rest, *Death* is as Holbeinesque as ever, and *Good Deeds* as plaintive; but we were disappointed in the Doctor, who seemed scarcely to realise the difference between a performance of *Everyman* and a revival meeting at the Albert Hall.

FINE ART

TRADITION AND MODERN SCHOOLS

ON the eve of our great Academic exhibition of paintings at Burlington House and the opening of numerous minor shows which are the necessary concomitants of our art season, it may not be without usefulness to consider the trend of modern art in its relation to tradition. If it were possible, we might endeavour to strike some sort of balance between the extremes that are to be found in the methods and inspirations of modern painters, discover a common ground on which these extremes meet, and attempt to harmonise their relationship with tradition; but this task would, we think, be altogether out of scale with the scope of this article.

In these days the names of the great painters and their works are familiarly on our lips and before our eyes. The advantage of this, it might be thought, would help a painter to shape his inspirations into some measure of conformity with those of the greater painters; or are we to admit that familiarity breeds contempt and indifference to the teachings of tradition? Certainly it would seem, that whatever powers of technical expression or dramatic instinct a modern painter possesses, he lacks the dignifying architectural sense which ennobles the works of the masters of any period.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries there are to be seen a few Flemish and Dutch old masters which recall to our memory that marvellous exhibition of Netherlandish Primitives at Bruges three years back. At the Fine Art Society there are being shown some excellent etchings after Meissonier, the French painter of pictures "in little," who was so consummate a master of all the pictorial stagecraft of his profession; and the Royal Society of Miniature Painters have opened their tenth exhibition at the Modern Gallery's attractive new home in New Bond Street. It should be easy to discover some historical sequence between these three exhibitions. We know that the great Flemish school of the Van Eycks and Memling was created on the foundation of the illuminator's art, and possessed all the constructive, decorative and architectural motive which made the Gothic period so immeasurably greater than that which preceded it. These Gothic principles were the accepted standard of all other Continental schools. The gaining of technical freedom and facility rapidly matured these standards and traditions in the Masters of the Renaissance, but finally this facility was the cause of greater liberties and greater licence. As the Gothic painters gradually divorced themselves from religion, so the later Renaissance painters finally disassociated themselves from architecture, and, unrestrained either by the inspiration of the one or the constructive elements of the other, drifted into mere picture-makers. The student who saw that wonderful collection at Bruges to which we have referred, must surely have asked himself whether it would not be nobler to discard the multitudinous technical tricks which beset his path to-day frittering away his more serious energies, and revert to that simple language of direct and primitive expression which adapted itself so harmoniously to the Gothic principles of architecture.

Meissonier, notwithstanding his great power of expression, has little of the romanticism of his fifteenth-century progenitor, Fouquet. He stands for the consummate and skilful exponent of the cabinet picture, the product of an effete development of the art of painting. The picture-maker's art is no longer the inevitable or constructive part of a recognised standard. It has completely separated itself from architecture, as architecture has alienated itself, in a great measure, from sculpture and the applied arts. It is a law unto itself and recognises no allegiance to the sister arts. And yet, in spite of this breaking away from what we must feel to be the healthy restraint of an all pervading architectural sense, there exists much in the present day schools of painting that shows vitality and inspira-

tion. There is a restless striving after a new convention, an endeavour to discover some fitness of expression between our modern social dismembership and freedom of thought, and the canons of art.

With the elevation of the Society of Miniature Painters to the rank of a Royal institution, and the evident prevailing fashion for portraits of diminutive proportions, it is reasonable to suppose that one might discover some sort of recognition amongst miniature painters of the magnificent traditions behind them. Or at least it might be supposed that it would be easy to find a vitality in their technical expression corresponding to that which is apparent in other branches of painting. But as history has shown, the art of the miniaturist lags appreciably behind the achievements of the greater arts, and to-day there is little exception to this rule. At the Modern Gallery, amidst much laboriousness of execution, it is not easy to find any affiliation to the processes that have helped to give the art a dignified place in the history of painting. It is, however, exceedingly interesting to see that the Society has included in its exhibition such excellent examples of the illuminator's art as are shown by Miss Jessie Bayes. "Trois Poèmes du XVme Siècle" is a manuscript volume that but for the newness of the vellum might well have come from the hand of a French miniaturist of the fifteenth century. The Gothic miniatures are beautiful realisations of the technical methods of the best period of illumination, and the characteristic ivy leaf borders are handled with but little less delicacy than the early illuminations. Another interesting contrast to the methods of to-day is shown in the archaic Flemish portrait of Philip the Good. When we turn from these reminiscences of the past to the realisation of the present, we are struck by a sense of depression at the trivialness of the inspiration. But there are exceptions, and the work of Miss Gertrude Massey, Miss Aimée Muspratt, Miss Jeannie Reynolds and Mr. Lionel Heath are conspicuous points of interest. The latter painter's *Phyllis* seems to us to be in closer accord with the finer traditional qualities of miniature art than any other example. There are one or two single miniatures by non-members of the Society that are excellently painted portraits "in little," though perhaps they do not possess the peculiar characteristics that help to make a small painting a miniature.

D. H.

SCIENCE

THE GROUNDS OF RATIONAL OPTIMISM

HAVING analysed our concept of optimism, we found three varieties: oldest and most general, the animal optimism which has for its most complete expression: "Fate cannot touch me, I have dined to-day"; secondly, the optimism of faith, which has for its most sublime and quintessential expression, not the insane cry of Tertullian, "Credo, quia impossibile," but the insuperable conviction of Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It now remains to consider the grounds of the third variety of optimism, which we call rational: and it goes without saying that here Evolution is the "master-light of all our seeing."

But ere we consider the manner in which optimism may be grounded in Evolution, it is necessary first to stigmatise as fallacious the popular notion that Evolution teaches the necessary perfecting of man and man's lot in time coming. Science knows no law of progress, but a law of change. Progress is obviously an anthropic term, denoting merely an ideal of ours; and if this ideal is to become real it is we that must make it so. Evolution teaches us that the task is possible: but that it is *our* task.

But if we must regard as inadmissible the inference that we are being borne forward, in supine certainty, upon a

wave of progress which is none of our raising, we must also abjure the contrary error, which consists in rehearsing the base degrees by which we did ascend, and assuming our bestial origin to condemn us to irredeemable bestiality. This, as has well been said, is like setting forth to tell a good story and leaving out the point. The sound inference is surely that if the beast can become human, man may become superhuman. What the beast has done, man can do.

If, now, having noticed these errors, we proceed more precisely to inquire into the grounds of a rational meliorism—to use the correct term—we must begin by making the convenient, though philosophically untenable, distinction between physical and moral evil. Let us then proceed to define the grounds for expecting an amelioration of physical evil—which we may compendiously define as death and disease. (Pain is obviously dis-ease.)

Though it need not be doubted that scientific discovery—which teaches us to dose bacilli with carbolic acid, and so forth—can be subsumed under the law of evolution, and though much might be written concerning the probable disappearance, in time not far distant, of disease as an important factor in human life, my concern here is with the all-embracing biological generalisation which its discoverer called the law of multiplication. Disease is due either to imperfect adaptation of man to his environment (a term which includes bacilli), or to competition between man and man—as is abundantly taught us by the coincidence between the curves of death-rate and overcrowding. Biological theory and actual observation, however, teach us that the law of Malthus is only a half-truth. True, in its measure, it certainly is that if the population increases in geometrical ratio whilst the means of life increase only in arithmetical ratio, the weakest must go to the wall; so true that this statement suggested to Darwin and Wallace independently the theory of natural selection: but another truth of equal importance was unrecognised by Malthus. This truth, which immediately abrogates the horribly pessimistic inference from the Malthusian proposition, is that the population does not increase in geometrical ratio, but that its rate of increase constantly tends, with the development of the individual organism, to diminish. In other words, the higher the organism, the lower the birth-rate. This is a fact demonstrable not only *à priori*, by consideration of the fact that if the individual expends more energy upon his own individualisation he has less to expend upon reproduction, but also *à posteriori*, by consideration of the observed facts of animal and human reproduction. The falling birth-rates of civilisation are unquestionably, to my mind, related in some measure to this biological law.

And so, also, are the falling death-rates of civilised peoples. We are evidently approaching a period of adequate adaptation, when the abominable infantile mortality which now disgraces civilisation will be abolished—as it might be to-morrow if we cared enough—and when the number of births and of deaths will fall to a minimum; almost every birth being the beginning, and almost every death being the conclusion of a *complete* life: instead of, as now, an immense proportion of births being the prelude to, and deaths the expression of, failure. In those days men will see shame and not humour in the question attributed to the dead infant: If I was so soon to be done for, what was I begun for? That question should be addressed to and answered by, not Deity, but Man and his humanity.

But those who have not come to see that moral evil is so called only because it implies physical or mental evil or disease to its subject or to others, may argue that the practical abolition of disease, and of any deaths save such as peacefully close a rounded life, are matters of no moment if moral evil is to survive. Let us then ask whether, in this relation also, science permits us to call ourselves meliorists.

We still suffer from a disastrous aberration of opinion which may be traced to Nietzsche, and of which the

accredited philosopher of the many-headed in this country is a typical representative. The Nietzscheans take the law of the survival of the fittest—the struggle for life, the law of egoism—as the basis of the scientific morality, or, rather, denial of morality; and close their eyes to the equally salient correlative law of altruism—the “struggle for the life of others,” to use the phrase of Drummond. This their myopia and their prejudice against Christianity enable them to do, despite the fact upon which I propose to insist until I wear out, that without altruism no human being ever survived or ever will survive for one week after birth. Thus, using the word in two senses, we say that to abolish humanity would be to abolish humanity. When I hear of a single baby, past, present or to come, that lived or shall live for seven days without the care of another human being (or another animal, if you care to cite the Romulus-Remus fable), then I shall be prepared to retract the opinion that Nietzscheanism is the grossest, the most blasphemous and the most grotesquely imbecile of all lies whatsoever, conceived or conceivable.

The untutored daily observation of all men, in all times, then, and the generalisation of evolution, which is the highest product of the tutored observation of all times, alike teach us that altruism is an inalienable factor in human life, older than all religions and ethical systems, independent of them, and destined to outlive not indeed Truth, which “fails not, but her outward forms that bear the longest date.” Or, to turn from Wordsworth to St. Paul: “Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.”

But even this is not an adequate expression of the faith that is in the evolutionist; for he believes not only in the permanence of altruism but in its ultimate triumph. The student of the “Principles of Ethics” finds cause to believe—human nature, thank Heaven, *not* being the same in all ages—that men will one day become so adapted to the social environment that right conduct will be as natural as is the act of breathing by reason of the adaptation of the respiratory apparatus to the atmospheric environment. The unbounded prejudice which attends the efforts of academic criticism has caused Herbert Spencer’s prediction to be called “somewhat dreary”; and exponents of the free-will theory and the punishment-reward morality see little to please them in the prospect which dissociates right-doing from an accompaniment of effort. To do justly and to love mercy is no “merit,” they think, unless, in one’s heart of hearts, one hates mercy and would rather do unjustly. Nevertheless, the evolutionist, who is not concerned with imputing merit or with passing such judgments, is well content to believe that human nature, which is at bottom responsible for nearly all evil, may one day attain to such heights that men shall do as they would be done by, not for extrinsic and (ultimately) egoistic reasons, but because that is their inevitable mode of self-expression. And if our opponents maintain that inevitable virtue is no more worthy of merit than cloistered virtue, and indeed that doing the right is not really to be called virtue if one likes doing it, we, whose study of the human will leads us to refrain from passing any such judgments upon anybody, will not quarrel with them. It suffices us that, seeing virtue already expressive of the innermost nature of our holiest to-day, we may believe it possible that, in time to come, the many shall be raised to their level, so that sanity and virtuousness shall be synonymous, and wrong-doing be regarded as the mark of a rare and terrible disease.

The profoundest thinker amongst English poets anticipated this vision of Spencer’s: and perhaps the critics who would deny and decry this most radiantly optimistic of all the inferences from the law of universal evolution, will be surprised to hear that their abuse is directed against Wordsworth’s “Ode to Duty.”

“There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them . . .
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not.”

The evolutionist is an optimist because his study of sociology and ethics has led him to regard as more than possible the realisation—though only after many centuries—of the ideal which Wordsworth saw just one century ago:

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

"CARACTACUS" AND "EVERYMAN"

THE reappearance of these two works so close together as the concerts of the London Choral Society and the Bach Choir of last week recalls the similar circumstances of their first appearance. Both were the first Leeds festival works of their respective composers, and by them did Edward Elgar and Walford Davies first receive general recognition in London as leaders of English musical thought. "Caractacus" was produced in 1898, "Everyman" in 1904, so that the two works may be taken as marking the same points in their composer's careers. There has been a tendency amongst critics to compare "Everyman" with "The Dream of Gerontius," and this is natural from the similarity of the subject, but if this is done with a view to comparing the powers of the two composers it is only fair to take their work at similar points in their careers, and then "Caractacus" and "Everyman" are the two works to be weighed against one another. They seem at first sight to have very little in common. "Caractacus" is a series of dramatic situations in the life of the ancient British hero of that name. Some of them are strong and full of human feeling, notably his lament over his fallen comrades; some are weak, especially the feeble anticlimax of the last of all in the forum at Rome, where, after tremendous scenic preparations, a triumphal procession, the votes of the people given for Caractacus's death, and his own refusal to plead his cause, he is without any apparent reason pardoned by the Emperor Claudius. By the way, there seems here some confusion between the ceremonies of a general celebrating his "triumph," a gladiatorial show, and the legal proceedings of Rome. "Caractacus" is, in short, an opera, composed to a rather bad libretto, and it only happens to be performed without stage scenery and action because Elgar received a commission to write it for the Leeds Festival and not for Covent Garden.

"Everyman," although adapted from an old play, is far different. The task of adaptation was made easy by the fact that in the original the dramatic elements were reduced to a minimum. The interest is centred, not upon the fact of Everyman's sudden death and his desertion by all he holds dear in kindred, fellowship, and riches, but the states of feeling produced by such a situation. In fact, it is with the soul of man not with his outward life and death that "Everyman" has to do, and consequently the whole work is in a higher realm than "Caractacus," and any musical setting of it must breathe this finer, clearer atmosphere to carry any conviction with it. What Caractacus can only do at moments, as in the lament, Everyman must do throughout; and so in his first Leeds work it appears that Walford Davies aimed far higher than did Elgar, and achieved a success of a far greater kind. He has still to write his "Gerontius" and "Apostles," and until they appear it would be impossible to judge of the permanent position his work will hold, but with "Everyman" for a beginning all things are possible.

Coming back to "Caractacus," after forming the better acquaintance of the composer's later works, it is interesting to notice how all the qualities which we have learnt to associate with Elgar make themselves apparent from the first. There is his splendid command of the orchestra,

which, together with a certain freshness of idea, expressed in short fragments of melody, rarely extended, gives all his music a picturesque colouring, which in "Caractacus" is very happily adapted to describe the scenery of his own home country, the Malvern Hills, and the banks of the Severn. The subject is indeed favourable to him, and gives ample scope to the most attractive qualities of his music, while its operatic form hides to some extent the weakness which is so apparent in his later works, especially "The Apostles," I mean the lack of power consistently to develop his ideas.

The force of "Everyman" all lies in the opposite direction. Its composer shows himself, like Elgar, a man of original ideas, but what gives the work its peculiarly strong individuality, is the power which Walford Davies displays of sticking to the point, of driving home each point until it cannot fail to make its impression upon the minds of the listeners; and this is done without the vain repetition of the old masters which is often so wearisome to unlearned modern ears. "Everyman" is classical in that it is built upon slender material, not, evidently, because of any lack of material in the composer's brain—he is never at a loss where a new idea is required—but because, in order to exhaust all the possibilities of development, he had to limit himself in its amount. There is nothing irrelevant or superfluous, but there is a logical system and order of arrangement, which, in spite of its very modern character, enables it to make a peculiarly clear and distinct impression at a first hearing. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact of its unprecedented immediate success, and should lay the foundations of a permanent hold upon the affections of music-loving people, such as only really solid, well-built work can possess.

The performance by the Bach Choir was of special interest since the chorus received the benefit of personal training by the composer, and there was an element of enthusiasm which lent inspiration to the whole. It was also marked by the first performance of an overture to "Everyman." This is a fine piece of orchestral composition in which the dreary and monotonous note of Death's horn is heard, and during most of the work the mental strife which Everyman has to undergo to conquer his worldly affections seems to be depicted in the development of a theme, which holds an important place in the Cantata itself. In the end the strife clears away and the overture ends with a beautiful extension of the peaceful death theme, with which in the Cantata Everyman "cometh to his grave." It is an open question whether "Everyman" needs an overture to be performed with it, but the work need not be laid aside on that account; it could be heard in a purely orchestral concert with pleasure.

Mr. Fagge's performance of "Caractacus" was marked by the qualities of earnestness and painstaking care which characterise all the performances of the London Choral Society. He is doing noble work for music in London, and deserves, and indeed generally gets, better support from the public than was the case on this occasion. The bad weather perhaps accounted for an empty house to some extent, but "Caractacus" in spite of its patriotic sentiment is not a work to arouse enthusiasm.

H. C. C.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL"

THE orchestral year rolling round to spring, floods every Eastertide with religious music from Wagner's *Parsifal*. This is the more curious as the great revolutionary genius spent his seventy years in open revolt against most accepted teachings of God and man, and ever strenuously denied that he advocated Christianity.

The bare idea of dogma infuriated one who, being an iconoclast by obligation of his own nature, deemed the Tables of the Law quite as good material for his hammer as any other popular idols which it suited him to destroy. But if it be true that one cannot touch pitch without

being defiled, it is equally true that one cannot handle flour without contracting some of its whiteness. The large ethical ideas so persistently enforced in his dramas, as the best means of reaching the hearts of the people, unconsciously influenced their creator. "At the end of his life he laboured away at the score of *Parsifal*, drifting off," says his biographer, "into that religious mysticism which has affected so many composers in their old age."

The central idea of all legends in all literatures concerning *Parsifal*, is of course the "Holy Grail," which according to most interpretations means the hallowed cup blessed by our Saviour at The Last Supper, and given by Him to Joseph of Arimathea, who afterwards held it beneath the wounds of the dying Christ, to receive the Sacred Blood. Another legend supposes it to be a precious stone fallen from Paradise. At the time of the struggle between embattled angels for and against the supremacy of God, sixty thousand rebel spirits made a crown for Lucifer, which the Archangel Michael struck from his head. A jewel, bounding from the impact, reached earth and became the Grail.

These conflicting myths have led to disputes on the etymology of the name itself. It is supposed by some that "san-grail" is a corruption of two words "sang real," "blood royal," owing to the disciple having treasured in this vessel the blood of Christ. Another writer endeavours to prove that coral is derived from "cor-alere," which would seem to support the precious stone theory. But as the earliest known writer on the subject, according to Wolfram von Eschenbach, was one Kiot of Provence, and as the word "grial" is used for vessel to this day in that part of France, the most simple explanation seems to be a literal translation from the old French, *san-grial*—Holy grail, or Holy vessel.

Wolfram inclined to the precious stone theory which he took from a mediæval epic known as the *Wartburgkrieg*. But Wagner, though largely indebted to the twelfth-century writings of this Wolfram for the main thread of his sacred drama, preferred the legend of the Arimathean's cup. Round this mystic chalice he has grouped the movers in the play. *Parsifal*, the blameless knight—in Wagner's own words "der reine Thor," the chaste or guileless fool, type of ignorant innocence; Klingsor, the magician representing the power of evil; Gurnemanz, wise and aged knight, who plays the part of Greek chorus to the whole; Titurel, guardian of the Grail, with his son Anfortas, and Kundry, the temptress, whose dual nature is one of Wagner's most striking creations. According to tradition, Kundry laughed at the suffering Christ, and in punishment of this hideous offence is condemned to laugh on through Eternity. She wanders about the world in search of redemption, till *Parsifal*, touching her with the holy spear of Longinus, changes this ghastly mirth into purifying tears. Another legend speaks of her as Herodias, and supposes her fury against John the Baptist to have arisen from unrequited love. When the head of her dead enemy was proffered to her on a charger, she bent to kiss the lifeless lips, but there issued from them a breath so stormy as to whirl her thence, a wanderer for ever. This version also supposes the Grail to be the vessel which contained the Baptist's head.

We have seen that Wagner preferred the other tradition. The story of his *Parsifal* is so well known as to need no comment here. Its chief interest, ethically, lies in its being the great composer's last creation, and representing the last influences at work in that mighty, storm-tossed mind. Despite his earlier assertions, he ended life as an unconscious preacher of Christianity. A deeply religious emotion pervades both text and score, and in his *Parsifal* he has delivered, says his biographer: "a sermon on the necessity of purity in the service of God, the beauty of renunciation of sensual delight, on the depths of the curse of self-indulgence, and on the nature of repentance."

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have always maintained "the sea-blue-bird of March" to be the wheat-ear. I entirely agree with Sir H. Maxwell. The wheat-ear only answers exactly to the description. It does arrive in March, being a migrant, which the kingfisher is not—it does flit from bush to bush, and from stone to stone, and the kingfisher does not—and lastly, it is of a sea-blue, or rather sea-grey colour—whereas the kingfisher is of a deep blue. Two things to be noted here. Alcedo Halcyon does not "flit" (i.e., "flutter"), but its flight is smooth as a dart and as rapid. And whereas he is always with us, the distinctive name, "sea-blue-bird of March" is utterly inapplicable to him. In *Notes and Queries* (8th S. vi. 367, 414) there was a correspondence on this subject, and I was congratulated by Mr. Dixon on identifying the bird "so closely and concisely" as the wheat-ear. That Tennyson did mean the kingfisher there is no doubt (as the present Lord Tennyson wrote me once to that effect), but I regard it as a palpable misnomer. Was not the phrase suggested by a passage in *Æschylus*?

F. B. DOVETON.

ENGLISH WORDS ON THE CONTINENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have lived in France a good many years—though I cannot go back to the time of the American civil war—and I have never yet heard a Frenchman pronounce "raid" as *red*. As for its meaning, the "writer of the Note" seems to be in agreement with me—in fact practically quotes me. I certainly never suggested that it was a synonym for "promenade à cheval." Unluckily I have no documents here to refer to, but I do not think that I have ever seen the word printed without the diæresis over the i. It is certainly always pronounced as if it had one.

April 17.

H. E. F.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question raised by your correspondent Mr. William Mercer, as to the house in Florence where Landor spent the last years of his life, is not incapable of solution. I have about a hundred letters from Walter Savage Landor, written at various times between 1853 and 1864. Some of them are printed in "Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor" (Macmillan). Though, in nearly all, the aged writer has omitted the place, and, in many, the date, there is one which contains on the spare half-sheet a copy of verses signed:

"Walter Savage Landor

Feb. 23, '60

Florence, 2671, via Nunziatina."

This agrees with Mr. Forster's statement that Landor lodged in a house "under the wall of the city directly back of the Carmine"; a little two-story *casa*, No. 2671, Forster adds, half-way down the street.

In "Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Public and Private" (Duckworth), which I also edited, one is dated "Florence, via Nunziatina, 267," and the last cypher may have dropped out in the press.

I have, however, in my possession another letter, postmarked "Florence, April 22, 1863," which Landor dates "April 22, '93, via Nunziata" (*sic*), but this may be a mistake of his own.

As regards the date of Emerson's visit to Landor, that is easily settled. Emerson says, in "English Traits," that on May 15, 1833, he dined with Mr. Landor. "I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca."

April 17.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

QUERIES

MOONWORT.—Where can I find reference to the subject of Moonwort as a herb, which in some parts of England is termed *Honesty* or *Old Honesty*? In Devonshire, I believe, it is or was known as "Unshoe the horse," because of its attributed power of attracting shoes from horses' feet; and on the White Downs, where the best grows, it is said to be recorded that after a number of horses had pastured there, thirty horse-shoes were found on the Downs the next morning. Can any one enlighten me on the subject?—*William H. Seales.*

FOX-KILLING.—In the churchwarden's accounts of a very small parish in the Cotswold Hills, the following entries of payment occur for foxes destroyed:—

	s.	d.
Anno 1776, paid for foxes	9	0
" " " for another	1	0
" 1777, two foxes	2	0
" " for fifteen foxes	14	0
" 1778, sixteen foxes	16	0

and so on continuously until the year 1804. Is it to be deduced herefrom that the killing of foxes was a laudable and remunerative practice (at one shilling per brush), until the year 1804? And may one assume that the modern aspect of fox-hunting dates from that year?—*O. V. W. H.*

ANSWERS

A LITTLE WORM.—Nares quotes, under "Idle Worms": "Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the *idle worms* in thy fingers' ends."—Beaum. and Fl. "Woman Hater," iii., l. 1, Works, vol. ii. pp. 437-8. What these *idle worms* really were, or what they were supposed to be, seems a mystery. The passage quoted by Nares is the only one besides that in this text, wherein any reference is made to this supposed parasite. Dr. C. M. Campbell says that neither the *Acne punctata* or "maggot pimple," nor the *Demodex folliculorum* (which is a common parasite found in the sebaceous follicles of the skin), ever occurs in the fingers. He also says that among the Lowland Scotch the toothache is still called the worm; and that in China the native charlatans profess to cure toothache by extracting a live maggot from the hollow of a decayed tooth. Dr. Campbell thinks it probable that, in order to encourage the belief that lazy fingers bred worms, the thrifty housewife might have smartly pricked the finger of the maid who indulged in idleness, and produced a live maggot as coming from it.—*Winifred A. Horwood* (Brockley). [Replies also from M. A. C., Cambridge, and M. E. M., Molesey.]

THE MAID OF LOCH LOMOND.—The Highland Girl to whom the poem is inscribed was the sister of the ferryman. It was in the ferry-house at Loch Lomond that Wordsworth and his sister took shelter to await the return of the boat which had crossed laden with a large party for church. Wordsworth's own note at the head of the poem (Professor Knight's edition) is "The delightful creature and her demeanour are particularly described in my Sister's Journal"; and in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, vol. ii., the description may be found.—*S. C. (Hove).*

[Reply also from M. A. C., Cambridge.]

DIOGENES AND ASPASIA. (Reply to K. C. B., Feb. 18).—Was not Kingsley thinking of a passage in the *Vera Historia* of Lucian? In the island of the Blest the travellers find Diogenes. He is translated indeed—married to Lais, and revelling like an Anacreon. Claude Melnotte would certainly have refrained from asking a newly-married man "Has Diogenes found his Lais?" But Aspasia might pass muster.—*B. M. G.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Vorst, Marie Von. *Modern French Masters.* With a Preface by Alexander Harrison. Paris: Brentano, 6s. net. (See p. 449.)
Bréal, Auguste. *Velazquez.* Duckworth. Popular Library of Art, 2s. net.
Strong, S. Arthur, the late. *Critical Studies and Fragments.* With a Memoir by Lord Balcarras, M.P. Four Portraits and numerous Illustrations. Duckworth, 16s. net.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Courtney, William Prideaux. *A Register of National Biography. With a Selection of the chief Bibliographical Books and Articles printed in other Countries.* Vols. I. and II. Constable, 31s. 6d. net, 2 vols.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Waddington, Mary King. *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, January-May, 1880, February-April, 1904.* Illustrated from Drawings and Photographs. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net. (See p. 443.)
Dr. Momerie: *His Life and Work.* Written and edited by his Wife. Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.
Life, Letters and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse, edited by his wife. In two Volumes. Vol. I. *Life and Letters.* Vol. II. *Literary Remains.* Macmillan, 17s. net. 2 vols. (See p. 437.)

CLASSICAL.

Brown, Henry S. J. *Handbook of Homeric Study.* Longmans, 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

Syngé, M. B. *The World's Childhood. Stories of the Greek Gods and Heroes simply told, for young children.* Part II., suitable for Standard II. With Illustrations by Brinsley le Fanu. B. C. Wood, 10d.

FICTION.

Wielbrandt, Adolf. *A New Humanity, or the Easter Island.* Translated from the German by Dr. A. S. Rapport. Maclaren, 6s.
Green, Anna Katharine. *The Millionaire Baby.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Haggard, H. Rider. *Jess.* With twelve Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Smith, Elder. New edition, 3s. 6d.
Tarkington, Booth. *Monsieur Beaucaire.* Illustrated by C. D. Williams. Murray. New edition, 1s. net.
Braddon, M. E. *The Rose of Life.* Hutchinson, 6s.
Hume, Fergus. *The Secret Passage.* Long, 6s.
Pollock, Walter Herries, and Pollock, Guy C. *Hay Fever.* Longmans, 3s. 6d.
Doyle, A. Conan. *The White Company.* With Illustrations. Smith, Elder. New edition, 3s. 6d.
Tarkington, Booth. *In the Arena: Stories of Political Life.* With Illustrations. Murray, 6s.
Meade, L. T. *The Burden of Her Youth.* Long, 6d.

GARDENING.

Hobart, Elizabeth. *Leaves from a Suffolk Garden.* Keith Thomas.

HISTORY.

Macpherson, Hector. *Scotland's Battles for Spiritual Independence.* Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.
Paul, Herbert. *A History of Modern England.* In five volumes. Vol. III. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE.

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No. 1721

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THE CHATEAUX OF TOURAINE. II. Loches and Langeais. By RICHARD WHITEING, Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," &c. Pictures by JULES GUÉRIN (four in colour) and by ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN an American magazine, *The Critic and Literary World*, to wit, there has been going on for the last two months what the editor describes, in the choice language of our transatlantic cousins, as "a symposium on the slump in poetry." The collocation of these words "symposium," "slump," "poetry," would in itself be sufficient to demonstrate that the discussion was not uncalled for, since, both by precept and example, it shows the falling away in taste which has given rise to this lament. One's first inquiry, however, is why this cry should have been raised in America. To use the language affected by our contemporary, we were not aware that poetry ever was much on the boom there. Has America really added one to the great poets of the world? The answer must be negative, unless a place beside Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, is claimed for Edgar Allan Poe, William Cullen Bryant, or Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The United States has developed many qualities that are entitled to be described as magnificent, but among them is not to be numbered the art of writing either prose or verse. Not that by any means we wish to depreciate the many eminent essayists, historians, and versifiers, who have sprung from America. Many of them are in a high rank, but not one has been absolutely supreme.

No doubt these opinions will be resented in the United States, because the tests applied there are not such as we would use. For example, there is a gentleman called Frederick Lawrence Knowles who contributes to the symposium a little essay which evidently is meant to be final. A friend of his has made more than \$30,000 from verse alone, and who can talk of a slump after that? He is a great poet who contributes occasional verse to the newspapers, who makes humorous rhymes, and composes lyrics for the librettos of comic operas, to say nothing of his magazine verse and published books. We can very well imagine this bard opening his letter-bag in the morning and reading with great satisfaction the orders that come in for poetry; so many songs for a new comic opera, a few lines for the leading newspaper, and several feet for a popular magazine. A happy bard one would think him, but alas! even his bed is not one entirely of roses. In spite of all this indisputable success he has his own grievances and worries; as for instance, that "his name is unmentioned in Miss Rittenhouse's recent volume on Younger American Poets, or even in Stedman's 'Encyclopædic Anthology.'" To a man of his eminence this neglect must be disgusting. The true laurel in America is the almighty dollar, and after it has been bound round his brows by the publishers it is most arrogant of these paltry anthologists to omit him from their roll of fame.

There are others besides this commercial gentleman who deny that there is any slump in verse. A test question proposed to be set to pessimists by one contributor, is, "What do they really know about the poetry of Woodberry, and Moody, and Edith Thomas?" It would appear that these are the names of three illustrious poets who might as well be living on another planet for all that we know on this side of the Atlantic of what we presume to be their deathless verse. But the allusions form a most perplexing element in this "Symposium on the Slump." For example, one of the writers, Richard Burton his name, remarks in a most casual manner: "If the poet deal with homely, simple humanity, like Riley, or if his note be strongly social or socialistic, like Markham's, he still gets some hearing." Now who is Riley and who is Markham? or are these but pseudonyms for our old friend Mrs. Harris? They well might be for aught we know. In dead earnest, our reason for mentioning their names is to show the exceedingly low standard which is set up by those who presume to be guides and critics. The contributors to this symposium, with one or two brilliant exceptions, give no evidence whatever that they know what fine poetry is.

Wordsworth used to say that a great poet must make and educate his own audience. The herd of minors, so loudly exalted, owe their popularity mainly to the fact that they are not pioneers but merely followers of an old convention—not voices, but echoes only. The true voice appears but seldom, and when it does appear is so strange and new that it almost invariably fails to attract attention. But if the owner of it be a true poet, then slowly and steadily he will conquer his own allotted territory in the world of art. Looking back at the history of literature, how easy is it to see that a great poet has appeared scarcely once in a hundred years, and that the period between looks now like an arid waste, though at the time it produced in abundance popular versifiers who no doubt imagined they were going down the ages to immortality. We are afraid that this dictum will sound strange and foreign to those who have taken part in the controversy. The statement should rather have been in these terms—that each of these little bards had his boom and was not aware of the slump that awaited him.

The annual meeting of the Cowper Society, held on Tuesday, the anniversary of Cowper's death, at East Dereham, Norfolk, brought to light some interesting unpublished letters relating to the "Abbott Portrait" of the poet. John Johnson (Johnny of Norfolk) writes to his sister Catherine from Weston Underwood on July 19, 1792:

"Mr. Abbott . . . has actually painted a most enchanting likeness of our great poet. Nothing can be more like. . . . He has been the best sitter Mr. Abbott ever had in his life. I am now relieving him by sitting for the lights and shades of the leg, and am therefore cross-legged and sitting at his desk, but he will resume again for the finishing part."

On March 7, 1793, Lady Hesketh writes to John Johnson:

"Let me tell you I have seen the picture; admire it full as much as you do; think it by much the strongest likeness I ever saw."

On May 15, 1793, John Johnson says, referring to Lady Hesketh:

"She complains vehemently that the picture was not in the exhibition. All the circle she moves in are outrageous about it, she says."

We seem about to witness a great extension of the work done by the book canvasser, who already flourishes exceedingly in the colonies and the United States. "Book agent" he is called in America, and when he is given a good book which cannot be obtained from the libraries or the booksellers—that is essential—he sometimes produces marvellous results. Grant's "Memoirs" were sold in that way in the States. The whole Union was mapped out into districts, and every possible purchaser, from Maine to

Texas, and from Florida to Oregon, was canvassed, with the result that hundreds of thousands of copies were sold at a high price, and the President's widow made a large fortune—not less, we have heard, than £100,000. The copyright was the only property that the President, who had lost his savings in an unfortunate business speculation, was able to bequeath to her. He wrote the book on his death-bed expressly to save her from destitution, and only just lived long enough to finish it.

A little while ago we were all congratulating ourselves on the adherence, welcome though tardy, of Sweden and Norway to the terms of the Berne Convention. Now, however, the Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors points out, in a circular letter to editors, that "although Sweden adhered to the Berne Convention of 1886 it did not adhere to the additional Act of Paris of 1896." The difference is important to all owners of literary property, as two quotations will show. Article 7 of the Berne Convention contains the following:

"Articles from newspapers or periodicals published in any of the countries of the Union *may* be reproduced in original or in translation in the other countries of the Union, unless the authors or publishers have expressly forbidden it."

The additional Act of Paris altered this so as to run:

"Serial stories including tales, published in the newspapers or periodicals of one of the countries of the Union, *may not* be reproduced, in original or translation, in the other countries, without the sanction of the authors or their representatives."

The practical effect of this is that the Swedish copyright will be lost unless the formal notice "All rights reserved" is given either generally in the periodical or particularly with the article. Let all whom this concerns give heed. The value of the Swedish copyright in a serial is seldom more than a ten pound note; but it is "found money," and should not be carelessly thrown away.

The Blackpool Watch Committee, with the help of the Public Libraries, has decided to "do something" to combat the influence of the "penny dreadfuls." All the schools in the town are to be supplied with libraries from which the scholars may take out books which it is hoped they will like better than these obnoxious popular pennyworths. It is an excellent idea—always supposing that the scholars can be persuaded to use the libraries; but it raises the question: What exactly is a "penny dreadful"? How does it differ from any other boys' book of adventure to which the epithet "dreadful" does not apply?

Our paragraph on Mr. Pissarro's Eragny Press last week has brought us a protest against our use of the phrase "unique." The Eragny Press, it appears, is not unique—"in the sense that it exists alone"—and we devoutly hope no one suspected us of misusing the word in any other sense! There are, besides, the Pear-Tree Press at Petersfield, the Dove's Press at Hammersmith and the Essex House Press—"and possibly others" adds our correspondent. There are others. There is the St. Mähel Workshop at Bushey, and there is Miss Yeats's Dun Emer Press at Dundrum.

It is the Pear-Tree Press which sends us the first number of a new series of "The Elf, A Magazine of Drawings and Writings by James Guthrie, printed by Hand at his own Press." "The Elf" is a thin quarto, of which only one hundred copies are printed, and its first (March) number comprises a frontispiece, a title-page, and other illustrations by Mr. Guthrie, two designs for book-plates by Mr. R. B. Lodge, and a small quantity of poetry and prose. But it is the printing with which we are here concerned. The type is excellent and the printing faultless; but there is nothing new about either. And there is room for improvement in modern type. It is a

matter of regret that Mr. Ricketts has never continued his experiments in the designing of type. His "King's Fount" went far to overcome some standing faults, in the matter, for instance, of t's and r's, though the s's and a's remained, as s's and a's always have been, feeble and unsatisfactory.

Mr. E. V. Lucas refers in his Preface to the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb to "the fatality that indissolubly associates editors of Lamb with inaccuracy." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. This undesirable state of affairs however does not seem to be confined altogether to editors, others sharing with them this failing, as will be seen from the following extract which we copy from a recent catalogue of second-hand books offered for sale by a Midland book-seller. It runs thus: "The London Magazine for 1820-21-22, *edited* by Chas. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, and others. Contains Lamb's Essays of *Eliza*" (the italics are our own). Lamb in the editorial chair appeals strongly to the imagination. What, we wonder, would have been his mode of reply when returning rejected articles? We cannot fancy that he would have used any stereotyped expression but would have found an opportunity of being, as he always was, truly original.

In spite of the rapidity of progress in the United States it does not appear from Mr. Henry James' article in the *North American Review* that he finds New England greatly altered from what it was in Hawthorne's time. In the picturesque description of "quiet provincial Salem" that he gives in his monograph on the author of the "Scarlet Letter," the squire and the parson are conspicuous by their absence; and to-day Mr. James still laments that they have no place in the New England landscape. For the ivy-mantled church, with its venerable associations, there is still the New England meeting-house, "vast and vacant;" for the sense of poetry given by the presence of an ancient building dedicated to religion, "the small substitute, the mere multiplication of the signs of theological enterprise."

Similarly with the squire—his absence makes the traveller appreciate his value. In his stead there was, in Hawthorne's time, an aristocracy of wealth, formed of "enterprising ship-owners who despatched vessels to Indian and Chinese seas." This did not prevent Salem from being one of the most democratic and virtuous of communities. But it was deadly dull—especially for a growing genius. Mr. James appears to think that the difference between New England and some European countries is that, in the former there is no point at which feudal influences have begun, whereas "on this side" there is no point at which they have obviously ceased.

A prison with a literary association is about to be pulled down in Paris. This is the Cherche-Midi, where the Dreyfus Court Martial was held. Once upon a time there was a Clerk of the Court, who had apartments in the prison, and who had a daughter. A young poet came courting his daughter, and ultimately carried her away, and married her. The daughter's name was Adèle Foucher. The poet's name was Victor Hugo.

It was a marriage which had been, in a sense, predicted, and fore-ordained. The Clerk of the Court and the poet's father, General, then only Major Hugo, had been old friends, and the Major had been best man at Foucher's wedding. At the wedding-breakfast, if we may believe what we read in "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie," he filled his glass and gave the following toast: "You shall have a daughter, I will have a son, and we will marry them. I drink to the prosperity of their *ménage*."

The *ménage* was not, in all respects, so prosperous as it might have been. There came a time when Madame Hugo, instead of loving her husband, loved his critic, Sainte-Beuve

and when the poet, instead of loving his wife, loved the actress, Juliette Drouet. Some correspondence bearing upon this latter romance has been discovered, and is about to be published.

While we are speaking of Victor Hugo, let us take the opportunity of printing an unpublished letter, just discovered, addressed to Alexandre Weill, and rich in psychological interest. It is written from Hauteville House, and runs as follows:

"You recollect me a little, and I am touched by the fact. I thank you for the opportunity of reading the works of your genius, always so strong and so full of matter. We are—you and I—at once at profound variance and in mysterious accord. There are, beyond the world of men, horizons where our spirits penetrate and meet. I am one of those who, like you, 'believing in God, regard themselves as works created for the sole purpose of glorifying the Creator.' The severe solitude in which I live, and in which I feel that I shall die, permits me no other thoughts. I am composed of an Alas and a Hosannah. Alas, when I look at the earth. Hosannah, when I dream of what lies beyond, and when I feel in my brain, flashing through my skull, the splendid penetration of Heaven.

"In God, then—that is to say in fraternity—I clasp your hand.—VICTOR HUGO."

French spelling reform, of which we spoke last week, is not by any means being discussed for the first time. Various of the great writers of the past have taken sides about it. Balzac, in "Louis Lambert" resolutely opposed all change. "What a magnificent book," he exclaims, "might one not write, in relating the life and adventures of a word!" On the other side we find Agrippa d'Aubigné, the sixteenth-century poet. "If," he protests, "the French language were written as it is pronounced, foreigners who wanted to learn it would be spared a third of their time and trouble." The only difficulty which he sees is that there is no authority competent to introduce the changes. "We should require," he says, "a learned King, or at all events an excellent Chancellor seconded by the best of Parliaments, to write all public acts in this style, and, in due course, to suppress everything written with any other orthography."

British Museum readers who grumble—and there are such—may be interested to learn that the readers at the Bibliothèque Nationale grumble more, and with greater reason. A list of grievances has been set forth in the *Gil Blas*. The reading-room, we are told, is noisy. The attendants slam the books down on to the desks like paving-stones, and engage in conversation in a loud tone of voice. A reader describes how they expressed their admiration when a lady with auburn hair walked up the library. They pointed her out to each other, exclaiming: "Voilà le casque d'or." That sort of thing at all events does not happen in Bloomsbury. Another advantage on our side is the electric light. The reading-room of the Bibliothèque National has no artificial illuminants.

Henry-Auguste Barbier, whose centenary France celebrated yesterday (April 28), has his interest for Englishmen. Like Byron, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. Paris was still seething with the Revolution of July when he published a poem in the *Revue de Paris*, attacking with scathing irony the prosperous bourgeois who had remained in hiding while the mob were "rushing to immortality," and had even emerged from their obscurity and asked for their rewards. The death of his mother caused him to travel, and later he wrote a number of poems describing the misery of London as he saw it and of the English working class. To Londoners he was scarcely polite. He called them people in black, living and dying in silence, and the victims of a fatal instinct that forced them ever on in the pursuit of gold.

In noticing a little book of essays on "Questions Actuelles" by the Abbé Ragon a collaborator of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* makes some severe remarks on the subject of English pronunciation of Latin. "We Russians," he declares, with the ingenuous vanity of his

race, "have had the true pronunciation—that of Germany and Italy—from all time." He continues:

"It appears that at Oxford and Cambridge the first verse of the *Bucolica*:

Tetera tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi

is pronounced so:

Titiré, tu pétioulé rikioubans seub tegminé fédjaï."

It may be, as this excellent Latinist states, that we hold the championship of the world for absurdity in this matter; but in regard to Latin spelling it is obvious that Russian writers can easily surpass us. After "Tetera tu patula" we need not be greatly disturbed by the unqualified assertion that German and Italian pronunciation of Latin is altogether "right." The English form *Seezer* is bad enough, for *Cæsar*; but *Tsehzar* or *Chehzar* is hardly better. If anything is assured in philology, it is certain that neither Germans nor Italians speak Latin quite after the manner of Horace and Cicero. Undoubtedly our pronunciation of Latin is very vicious: and Oxford is much to blame for her example. It is not uncommon to meet graduates who are wonderfully ignorant of the principles of the ancient pronunciation, and of the methods by which these principles can be ascertained. Public school Latin grates unpleasantly on the ears of those who are accustomed to the more correct and refined forms, and is practically unintelligible on the Continent. It is remarkable that the English friends of the classic languages fail to see how they weaken their case by a barbarous and vitiated system of phonetics, which robs spoken Latin and Greek of all their music and nearly all their charm.

The idea of a special edition of Maupassant's stories for the use of young people is likely to cause a shudder for more reasons than one. Such attempts are not often a success, and we have a particularly lively recollection of an edition of Silvio Pellico's "Le mie prigioni," expurgated to meet the views of the British schoolmaster. Yet lovers of "the most exact transcriber in literature" may rest assured. The tales are produced in their entirety, and there are enough of them to represent the writer's genius at its best without prejudice to the reverence due to youth.

In celebration of Shakespeare's birthday the German Shakespeare Society gave in the Court Theatre of Weimar a performance of *King Richard II.* in strict accordance with Shakespeare's stage directions. The neutral scenes, or those that pass in an undefined place, were given before the curtain, while the principal scenes were played on the back part of the stage with all the art and mechanism at the command of modern times. It was curious and interesting, but it cannot be said that much was gained.

While scant attention is paid in our universities and schools to German literature, it is worth while noting what a large part is filled by English literature in the lectures announced for the summer term in the universities of Germany. Among the subjects are Byron and his times (which will be treated both at Berlin and at Bonn); Charles Dickens; the Brownings; the Victorian age of English Literature; English Literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and English elements in German Literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

On Friday, April 14, Russia lost one of her best men of science. On that day Otto Vassilievitch Struve died. He was born in 1819. His father, Vassili Yakovlevitch Struve, was the founder of the Pulkov observatory and Otto Vassilievitch succeeded to the position of Director of the Observatory in 1862. One of his favourite occupations was the measurement of stars, a study in which his father stood first amongst his contemporaries. For his exceptional and brilliant work he was awarded the gold medal of the London Royal Astronomical Society, an award which is made but once a year. Up to his last days he devoted himself to science, remaining in constant touch with his

sions—the Director of the Berlin Observatory, G. O. Struve, and the Professor of Astronomy in the Imperial Karkhoff University, L. O. Struve, and many other astronomers. He was eighty-six years of age at his death.

The following are the Lecture Arrangements at the Royal Institution, after Easter: Professor L. C. Miall, Fullerman Professor of Physiology, R.I., Three Lectures on the Study of Extinct Animals: the Rev. H. G. Woods (Master of the Temple), Three Lectures on Velazquez; Professor Sir James Dewar, Fullerman Professor of Chemistry, R.I., Three Lectures on Flame; Professor J. A. Fleming, Three Lectures on Electromagnetic Waves (The Tyndall Lectures); Professor H. Marshall Ward, Two Lectures on Moulds and Mouldiness; Dr. J. G. Frazer, Two Lectures on The Evolution of the Kingship in Early Society; and Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, Two Lectures on Exploration in the Philippines. The Friday Evening Meetings will be resumed on May 5, when a Discourse will be delivered by Professor H. E. Armstrong, on Problems underlying Nutrition. Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor E. Fox Nicholls, Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G., Professor J. W. Bruhl, Mr. George Henschel, and Sir William H. White.

Mr. Martin J. Blake is engaged in compiling the second volume of the "Blake Family Record," which will contain a Calendar of Documents, relating to the family during the seventeenth century, in continuation of the first volume, which contained those concerning the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The work will contain some interesting facts concerning the "plantation" of the Province of Connaught with English settlers in 1635, and concerning the fourteen ancient "tribes" of Galway. It will be illustrated by facsimiles of documents, coats of arms, pedigrees, ancient seals, &c., and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

LITERATURE

PIERRE LOTI'S NEW BOOK

La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune. By PIERRE LOTI. (Paris: Calmann Lévy.)

WE must accept from every artist what he has to give; it is as useless as ungracious to exact powers which are not his. Commandant Loti stands without a rival as a landscape etcher in words: he tells what he sees with such clearness that we feel as though we too had seen it, and few travels are so easy and so effortless as those we make through the medium of his pages. And yet his books always leave us unutterably sad: the most hardened novel-reader sheds tears over the charming volume now in our hands, albeit it tells of no weariness or trouble and is merely a sea log:

"où j'ai voulu seulement noter quelques-unes des choses qui nous ont amusés. . . . Ce n'est qu'un long badinage, écrit au jour le jour, il y a trois ans bientôt, alors que les Japonais n'avaient pas commencé d'arroser de leur sang les plaines de la Mandchourie."

After an absence of fifteen years, M. Loti, in command of the ironclad *Redoutable*, revisits Nagasaki and notes his new or his revived impressions, drawing a more sympathetic picture than he etched eighteen years ago in *Madame Chrysanthème*. But now, as then, his appreciation of Japan is purely external: he sees the landscape and the changes brought about by iron, steam and coal; but he does not even ask himself whether there is a corresponding development in the spirit of the people. The town now is sharply divided between old and new, old Nagasaki and its suburbs:

"resté immuable . . . mais, dans la concession européenne, et partout sur les quais nouveaux, que de bâtisses modernes, en style de n'importe où! Que d'ateliers fumants, de magasins et de cabarets!

"Et puis, où sont donc ces belles grandes jonques, à membrure

d'oiseau, qui avaient la grâce des cygnes? La baie de Nagasaki jadis en était peuplée; majestueuses, avec leur poupe de trirème, souples, légères, on les voyait aller et venir par tous les vents; des petites athlètes jaunes, nus comme des antiques, manœuvraient lestement leurs voiles à mille plis, et elles glissaient en silence parmi les verdurees des rives. Il en reste bien encore quelques-unes, mais caduques, déjetées, et que l'on dirait perdues aujourd'hui dans la foule des affreux batelets en fer, remorqueurs, chalands, vedettes, pareils à ceux du Havre ou de Portsmouth. Et voici de lourds cuirassés, des 'destroyers' difformes, qui sont peints en ce gris sale cher aux escadres modernes, et sur lesquels flotte le pavillon japonais, blanc orné d'un soleil rouge.

"Le long de la mer, quel massacre! Ce manteau de verdure, qui jadis descendait jusque dans l'eau, qui recouvrait les roches même les plus abruptes, et donnait à cette baie profonde un charme d'éden, les hommes l'ont tout déchiqueté par le bas; leur travail de malfaisantes fourmis se révèle partout sur les bords; ils ont entaillé, coupé, gratté; pour établir une sorte de chemin de ronde, que bordent aujourd'hui des usines et de noirs dépôts de charbon.

"Et très loin, très haut sur la montagne, qu'est-ce donc qui persiste de blanc, après que la neige est fondue? Ah! des lettres—japonaises; il est vrai—des lettres blanches, longues de dix mètres pour le moins, formant des mots qui se lisent d'une liene: un système d'affichage américain; une réclame pour des produits alimentaires!"

It is characteristic that having noted all this M. Loti does not appear to think about it. If he wonders how these changes affect the mentality of the Japanese he excludes such inartistic reflections from his diary. Not this book alone, but all his books reveal him more insular than the most insular of Britons: the Japanese are to him little grimacing monkeys, little cats who talk, and he does not trouble himself as to what may be germinating in "leur petite cervelle jaune." To the ladies he is more kind, though scarcely less contemptuous; but, after all, what impression of English womankind now would be formed by a Japanese naval officer stationed, let us say, at Dartmouth? His acquaintance would probably be much in the class of M. Loti's fair friends at Nagasaki—the little dancer Pluie d'Avrile, "moitié poupée et moitié chat," "Madame Renoncule ma belle-mère," and Madame Prune, in whose house was the home of Madame Chrysanthème. The fifteen years that have passed meanwhile have wrought little change in Madame Prune; she is still graceful and sentimental with an incomparable fall of the shoulders, she still inhabits that same house in the hillside suburb of Dioudjendji, though she is now a widow, and we are told that "tel à été son trouble de me revoir, qu'il ne m'est plus possible de mettre en doute la persistance de son sentiment pour moi." Time, says M. Loti, has robbed her of few of her attractions, and yet it is evident that, despite her persistent sentiment, she was now powerless to attract him: as a link with the past she affords a title for his book, but the rôle she plays in it is insignificant and faded: Nagasaki seen under "un soleil d'arrière-automne, chaud sans excès, lumineux comme avec nostalgie;" Nagasaki under snow, the sky lowering and leaden; Nagasaki at the end of March with its gay and warm spring days, is M. Loti's real subject, and the human interest is as unimportant as the "letterpress" of an illustrated magazine. But even in this light undercurrent Madame Prune is unimportant, and the honours are divided between that enchanting little child-dancer, Pluie d'Avrile, and Inamoto, the young daughter of a bonze:

"petite sœur de passage pour qui l'on garde, quelque temps après le départ, une pensée douce, et puis, que l'on oublie. . . . Est-ce elle que je regretterai, ou sa montagne, ou encore le vieux mur gris, protecteur de nos rendez-vous? Vraiment je ne sais plus, tant sa gentille personnalité est pour moi amalgamée aux ambiances."

And M. Loti was the most attentive of brothers, if his printed word is to be believed! Day after day he climbed the hill behind the town and scaled the garden wall to meet "au cœur même de la haute nécropole, dans une sorte de bocage enclos, environné d'un peuple de tombes," this little sister, with her pure frank eyes and candid brow. Inamoto in her first youth, not Madame Prune in her third, is the muse for whose sake Japan in 1901 was so much more sympathetic to Commandant Loti than had been Japan in 1886. And yet—alas! for the double inconstancy of the sailor and the man of letters—on the very day of his adieux with his eyes still wet with the tears of an eternal parting—a parting told in such touching language that our emotion leaps to his—he writes:

"Pourtant, je l'oublierai dans quelques jours, c'est certain. Quant à ces capillaires que j'ai prises, par quelque rappel instinctif de mes manières d'autrefois, il m'arrivera bientôt de ne plus savoir d'où elles viennent, et alors je les jetterai—comme tant d'autres pauvres fleurs, cueillies de même, dans différents coins du monde, jadis, à des heures de départ, avec l'illusion de jeunesse que j'y tiendrais jusqu'à la fin."

The friendship with Inamoto had been "en tout bien et tout honneur": she had nothing in common with the other Japanese ladies of his acquaintance (it is noticeable that the flower-sellers, monkey-dealers, bric-à-brac shop-keepers who cross these pages are all of the gentler sex), yet, you observe, he narrates the episode entirely from one point of view. She, the poor child, who met him daily, clandestinely, in the weedy garden, she is considered only as the pastime to while away a year of exile and then to be forgotten in a day. Perhaps this is the root of the profound melancholy of M. Loti's writings: he is never enthusiastic, never indignant, never in earnest, never convinced; his disillusionment is as complete as the disillusionment of the writer of Ecclesiastes; nothing is evil, nothing is good: all is seen from the outside and with the large tolerance of complete indifference; life affords to him a series of dissolving views, of impressions each to be effaced by its successor, each exquisitely seen, appreciated, noted, but by a seer for whom Life has no plan, and for whom its aimless beauties have lost all interest.

M. Loti has only reached middle-age, but surely in the France of to-day he is already an anachronism. His pre-occupation is with Style, that dethroned goddess whom the young earnest generation of Frenchmen neglect for ideas and ideals, for facts and tendencies and morals and research. An English literary journal comments on the fact that twenty-nine editions of "Madame Prune" were exhausted within two days of publication: "a similar success by a stylist in England would be impossible." The reproach implied is aimed at England, but we doubt if it hits the mark; for who are the buyers of Pierre Loti's latest novel? His is an art that appeals to the cultured minority of Cosmopolis far more than to his compatriots. Very easy to read, making use of a vocabulary that can be understood by the most indifferent French scholars; master of a style so pure and simple that it can be enjoyed and even appreciated by thousands who are unable to form a judgment on the majority of French writers, Pierre Loti is to the beginner in French what Heine is to the learner of German—the writer who flatters us with the illusion that we are as much at home in his language as in our own. And then, unlike many popular French writers, his theme is as interesting to a foreigner as to his compatriots: there is nothing peculiarly French in his subjects or in their treatment, for, indeed, M. Loti is a seer and not a reasoner; nothing escapes his eye and he finds always the word that best describes the cloud, the flower, the weather he has seen, but of the inner meaning of what he sees he gives no hint. Is it that those clear-sighted eyes of his are not allied to any power of deduction; or does he deliberately exclude thought as an inartistic element, destructive of the artistic beauty of his prose?

MR. PAUL'S "MODERN ENGLAND"

A History of Modern England. By HERBERT PAUL. In five Volumes. Vol. III. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

THE third volume of Mr. Paul's "History of Modern England" receives the prompt welcome it deserves; a welcome, too, which declares the critics to be all of one mind. Rarely is there so much agreement as to the merits and shortcomings of a book, or so much accordance of respect for what is not considered perfect. But then perfect it could not be, even in the conventional use of the word. This is the third of the five volumes which are to comprise a critical record of a few decades of our history ending on the borders of to-day. As Mr. Paul advances to the close of the last century two disadvantages increase upon him.

For one thing, he enters upon events, mutations, policies, the end of which is not yet, or of which the origin, conduct and effects are still rather crudely disputable. Judgment of them is still subject to undetermined consequence, or there has not been time yet for the sort of illumination which memoir-writers slowly deliver. For another thing, the farther an historian of modern times advances into his own day, the more likely is he to be affected temperamentally by the conflict of passion and opinion, or (if he shared such conflicts and lived in one party or another) to feel himself under certain obligations of restraint. The mere consciousness of innate and exercised predilections, possibly still at work at the bottom of his mind, is enough to impose restraint upon likes and dislikes both, and to do so beyond the requirements of justice. This we know from the nature of men and things, and that it still remains true when the man is most capable, honest and bold, and when the events, the policies, the personages he would appraise, are not particularly dark.

Mr. Paul is of the order of minds described in the preceding sentence, but his good qualities relieve him of neither of the disadvantages we have mentioned. His third volume deals with the years 1865-76, itself a very eventful period and the breeding-time of changes and distractions which have been developing ever since: itself, too, a time of vigorous contention soon to become furious, and remarkable for a large importation of feeling into a great number of affairs. Mr. Paul, we may presume, took no very active part in politics till after 1876. But he was always a student of politics, it was in the years immediately preceding 1876 that his political opinions were forming, and the contentions of those years were his immediate retrospect when his political activities did begin. From this point, then, one of his disadvantages as modern historian—though not, of course, peculiar to him or to men of his way of thinking—becomes more operative; and it is closely connected with the other. For although thirty years have passed since the political disruption and confusion of the earlier seventies, much of the behind-the-scenes work of that time remains uncertain. In many cases it is too soon for the rendering up of official papers or confidential letters. The diarists and memoir-writers either put off publication for reasons always respectable, or else confess to reticences and suppressions similarly accounted for: meanwhile the whole course of party and political affairs is interpreted from opposite sides of the shield. It is not for the ACADEMY to attempt a decision upon these differences or even to suggest a preferential opinion. All we have to say is that whereas the period embraced in Mr. Paul's third volume was alive with the stir of change, dissolution, reconstruction not all complete yet, the time for treating it in the right historical manner has not come. Too much has to be viewed with the eyes of faith; too much has to be determined by inference, biased or unbiased.

So it is that most of Mr. Paul's critics have to say of his third volume that it should be described as journalistic rather than historical. That is a just description, and yet not just to him unless we add that the wisest and best-equipped of them—of his critics, we mean—could have made nothing else of it. In other hands, Radical or Conservative, it might have been a better or a worse book, but it would still have been rather journalistic than historical; a point which is settled (as we think) by so much undetermined policy and event. Of course, Mr. Paul is quite aware of all this, and we might even say that acknowledgment of it is to be found in his method of composition. His chapters or groups of chapters strongly resemble the review of affairs which the newspapers used to print on the first day of each year, at greater length and perhaps more studiously than they do now. These summaries were always carefully done; they wanted not for as much of the historical spirit as could be imported into them, and they were often models of good writing. So far the likeness holds, and it is carried farther by the fact that, were any one of these articles cut from the journal it was written

for, no one could mistake its origin in Radicalism or Conservatism. Mr. Paul will not resent that statement. And of course there is this great difference in his favour. The survey of the annual summary writer is confined to controversies and events in the heat of their happening and extends over the narrow space of a single year; what developments the next year may show or what light it will bring may be guessed at but is unknown. Mr. Paul's case is very different, of course. In this third volume of his, for example, he takes a group of ten years from a time comparatively remote and to a great degree dispassioned; which of itself puts the commentator at an advantage, even though he cannot escape journalism altogether. But this is not all. His survey of that ten years is carried over and across a later period of twenty more, with all the benefit of what light they afford him. For the reasons we have suggested it is not enough for historical work, but neither is it inconsiderable.

What we would say of the book in detail hardly needs saying, so much is it in agreement with what has been said at length and at large already. We, too, are in wonder at the (relative) importance given to the ecclesiastical squabbles of thirty years since; and to this succeeds another surprise—that so much less space is given to science and scientific inquiry, a subject of dominating and ever-refreshed interest from the sixties onward. And we assent to all the commendation that has been given to the spirit in which the book is written, and again to its merits as a piece of writing; carrying away from it many such sentences as that in which Mr. Paul speaks of "the immoral leniency which public men practise towards each other at the public expense." It is a striking and useful saying as well as epigrammatic. With certain characterisations we cannot agree—disagreement resting not upon political grounds, but such as may perhaps be called psychological. Here, however, Mr. Paul has every right to his own opinions, which at all points command attention and respectful consideration.

JÖRN UHL

Jörn Uhl. By GUSTAV FRENSSEN. Translated by F. S. DELMER. (Constable, 6s.)

At the end of the book the hero is discussing with a friend, an author, whether the story of his life would be worth the telling. The man of letters replies:

"Your life, Jörn Uhl, has been no commonplace one. Your youth was still and quiet, decked out with all sorts of fantastic pictures. As you grew up you were lonely, and in your loneliness, without any one's help, you struggled manfully with Life's enigmas, and although you only managed to solve a few of them, the trouble was not in vain. You went away to fight for the land that lies around these water-rills of ours, you grew hard in fire and frost, and made progress in the most important thing of all in life, you learned to distinguish the value of things. You learned what woman's love was in all its intensity, and that is the second highest that Life can give us. You laid Lena Tarn in her grave, and your father and brothers, and you looked human misery in the face and learned humility. You fought against a hard and hostile fate without succumbing, and won your way through at last, although you had to wait many a day for help."

Jörn Uhl is a peasant belonging to the numerous family of the Uhls in Dittmarsch who through dissolute and extravagant lives had squandered what their ancestors had accumulated by hard, self-sacrificing toil. Jörn tried in vain to keep off ruin. At last, poor as a church mouse, he left his home which had been burnt down, and deeply grieved by the death of his young wife in child-bed, took refuge on the poor estate of his maternal uncle, Thies Thiesen, one of the most delightful characters in the book, and there began life afresh. In the end he comes out victorious, "life, after all, is long enough to make one's self into something, if one only has faith enough and a sturdy will." Courage to meet one's fate, courage to bear one's lot, is the lesson taught in this book. Frenssen knows that in the lives of most of us there are no romantic episodes, no opportunity for deeds of heroism. We may

once or twice be moved by some great emotional experience, pleasurable or sad, but as a rule the trivial round prevails. Very often too the little things are harder to endure and overcome than the big things. We brace ourselves to meet great crises, they put us on our mettle; if we are victorious the fight has been worth while, if we suffer defeat there is often grace in submission. But it is the small worries and annoyances that eat the heart and sap the courage and endurance. Jörn Uhl saw things as they were, and won his way to freedom and as much happiness as a man can hope to have. He proved in his own life that all the labour and trouble people go through are not gone through in vain.

Such in brief is the substance of the book that has so deeply touched the heart of contemporary Germany. There is nothing in it of a sensational character, no extraordinary events, no marvellous chain of circumstances, no grandly depicted events or situations. It is only the simple tale of a simple life. And yet within a year of its publication (February 1902) 120,000 copies had been sold. Nothing like such a success had been known since the time of Ebers's early novels (1864-79) when 20,000 copies sold within a few days of publication.

Gustav Frenssen, who thus awoke one morning and found himself famous, is the son of a village carpenter, and was born at Barlt in Schleswig-Holstein. He grew up beside the encroaching, all-devouring sea, on the barren land at which men toil painfully for small results. He attended school at Meldorf and at Husum, the birthplace of Theodor Storm, the poet of Schleswig, and it is said that Frenssen occupied the very room in which that author wrote his tales and poems. He studied theology at the universities of Tübingen, Kiel, and Berlin, and then was appointed to a pastorate at Hemme. There he wrote two novels, "Die Sandgräfin," in some ways the most artistic of his works, and "Die drei Getrewen," but they attracted little if any attention until after the success of "Jörn Uhl." Last year Frenssen gave up his pastorate—his heart had never been deep in the work—bought a small estate in his native district, and has there settled down to write.

"Jörn Uhl" is a soul-history of the type of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich," but it lacks their form: it has no artistic superstructure, no artistic rounding off of the whole. It is as if the author mounted a saddleless horse, threw the bridle over its neck and jogged along up hill and down dale, looking to right and left and taking heed of all he found on the way. And just when we are perhaps growing a little weary, and finding our author almost too discursive we come upon a splendid passage like that of the battle of Gravelotte. It is only a picture of one corner of the fight, just what Jörn Uhl, non-commissioned officer in the Holstein Artillery, experienced. In short sentences, filling about ten pages, we have the most perfect example of artistic impressionism we remember to have read in any work of modern times. Here is in brief what those pages tell us:

"The battery advances under fire; the guns are unlimbered. The shells fly, men and horses are laid low. Only a few of the private soldiers remain standing, and they work with perspiring faces. No more shells! Infantry fire from the left. 'Grapeshot! Four hundred paces,' sounds the word of command. In vain! They must retreat in order to gain new strength, and fetch up other horses and guns. Then it goes on as before. Gradually it becomes stiller; evening begins to descend upon the woods, the groans of the wounded are audible, and the survivors begin to think of themselves and of those dying around them."

That is all, and yet we read those ten pages with breathless emotion. Sometimes we are arrested by a piece of true philosophy, of acute criticism of life. When has true marriage been better described than in Jörn's observations:

"You see both of us know who it is we are marrying, and that neither of us is a saint. And each of us intends to let the other follow his own bent and go his own way. That's why so many marriages turn out failures, because the one wants to compel the other to think and act exactly in the same way as himself. I, on the contrary, think that each should try and bring out the other's characteristics—of course,

within the limits of common sense—so that each may have a full, rounded individuality in his helpmate. What nonsense people talk about man and wife being like the oak and the ivy, cup and saucer, and such like! No! Let them stand side by side, like a couple of good trees of the same stock, only that the husband has to take the windward side. That's all."

We must resist the temptation to quote further, or to tell something of the old uncle, Thiess Thiessen; of Fiete Krei, the lively young broom-maker; of the faithful serving maid, Wieta Penn: of stately Lena Tarn, Jörn's first wife; of dainty Lisbeth whom he married later and whose delicious simplicity and goodness pervade the book; or of Jörn's sister Elsbe in whom the hot blood of the Uhls gains the mastery; or of the lonely Sand-lass who struggles with her fate and conquers; or of the part played by external nature of which Frenssen paints so many fine pictures in the course of his narrative.

A book of this character, so sincere in its aims, so true-hearted and simple, so impregnated with the breath of the salt sea and of the pine-woods, should find as many readers and admirers here as in the land of its birth. The excellence of the translation, too, will do much to make the book acceptable. Acquainted with the original as we have been since its first appearance, we must heartily congratulate Mr. Delmer on the manner in which he has overcome the difficulties of his task. The book could not have been rendered into better English.

ART IN THE GARDEN

Garden Colour. By MARGARET WATERFIELD. (Dent: 21s. net.)

THIS extremely pretty volume is a notable addition to garden literature. Miss Waterfield shows in colour some of the more thoughtful and refined aspects of gardening, such as have already, for a number of years, been advocated in print by our foremost artist-gardeners.

In the Preface, Miss Waterfield says:

"Various modern garden writers have, with much knowledge and skill, already laid stress on the importance of colour-effect in our gardens—suggestions which many have been able to adopt; but there are those to whom these word-pictures convey but little help owing to their limited knowledge of flowers and the effect produced by them."

It is this important lesson, of the right use of either one good plant at a time, or of some simple but effective grouping of two or three kinds of plants, that the pictures, with few exceptions, are intended to teach, and there can be but little doubt that they will show, even more clearly and helpfully than written words alone, what important aspects of garden-beauty may be produced by such simple means.

Many of the pictures show good examples of what is now well known as wild gardening—the most difficult gardening of all to do rightly, except to an artist; and, when rightly done, perhaps of all the most satisfying.

Where, as in the case of perhaps nine gardens out of ten, no such plain, clearly-intended, beautiful effects are to be seen, the reason is sure to be that there are too many kinds of plants jumbled together. They are museums of specimens, not gardens for beauty and delight. Still, we must not quarrel with their owners for admiring the flowers as individuals rather than for the consideration of their best use for garden adornment.

Miss Waterfield modestly describes her flower-pictures as "sketches," and sketches in fact they are; for they only attempt to show the general appearance of the groups as to form and colour. In many cases one could wish that they had been carried a little further, as in the case of "Giant Parsnip" (p. 82) (the name of which, by the way, should be Giant Cow-Parsnip). Here the grand foliage might well have been made more of, and, for a plant, the normal height of which is eight to ten feet, the stems look stunted and some dignity and grace are lost; also in "Oriental Poppy" (after p. 78) the foliage, of some importance in Nature, is not even indicated. In both these cases the drawing of the foliage might well have been carried further without any loss of breadth. On the

other hand, in "Valerian" (p. 80), a sketch of charming colour throughout, the very slightness of execution is more than excusable, because the whole pyramid of bloom, composed as it is of an innumerable number of tiny flowers, is impossible to treat in detail.

Among the sketches deserving special praise are: "Snowdrops" (p. 18); "Cyclamen Coum" (p. 20); "Anemone blanda" (p. 26); "Blue-bell and Pheasant-eye" (after p. 48); all capital examples of wild gardening: in the last-named especially, the addition of the white Narcissus being a very clever invention. Others of the best pictures are "Magnolia conspicua" (p. 40); "May Tulips" (p. 48); "Iris orientalis," &c. (after p. 76); "Tree Lupine," &c. (p. 78); "Water-lilies" (after p. 108), true and charming; "Border of Annuals" (p. 112); a good reminder of the worthy use of these grand flowers, and especially of the noble port of the newer tall Snapdragons.

Perhaps the general slightness of treatment is the best present expression of the artist's powers, though one who begins so well will doubtless go further; for it is noticeable that in the few drawings where more elaboration is attempted, as in "Iris and Roses" (p. 76), the picture suffers from a blackness in the shadows. Some are also evidently inadequately rendered by the colour process, whose perfection of mechanism has no doubt not reached finality. Thus, in "Iris reticulata" (p. 24), and in "Japanese Iris" (p. 110), the purity of the purples is lost. In "Daffodils, &c." (p. 30), the red block shows up too much, as does the yellow block in "Delphinium, &c." (p. 92), "Yucca" (p. 120), and "Hollyhock" (p. 122).

Whether picture or process is in fault in one or two other instances, cannot be determined from the book alone, but the colour is not rightly rendered in "Crown Imperial" (p. 10), where a commonplace red does duty for the characteristic mahogany-like tint of the flower. In "Tree Peony" (p. 50) there is also a red of untrue quality. In "Pyrus japonica" (p. 36) there is an intrusively unbecoming object, like a tall brown post, which neither explains itself nor justifies its presence by any need or advantage to the picture. There is something pretty as a picture about "Tropæolum speciosum" (after p. 120), but it is not true either as a portrait of the plant or of its effect in the garden. "Michaelmas Daisies" (p. 130) is pleasant in colour, but is spoilt by the misfitting of the blocks, as is also "Sweet Rocket" (p. 74).

The letterpress is suitably instructive and suggestive; each of the four seasons has an introductory chapter, by Mrs. Earle, E. V. B., Miss Rose Kingsley and the Hon. Vicary Gibbs respectively; but Miss Waterfield's own notes and those of others are by no means the least informing and encouraging.

With the honourable exception of the last chapter, the book shows the usual well-grown crop of ill-spelt botanical names. In the inevitable "Thumbergi" one recognises the familiar impression of the printer's black digit; but such bumbles as "Coleus Thersoidens" for *Coleus thyrsoideus*; "Mittallia," a name unknown to botany; "Aster Punisius Pulclerrimus"; "Penstemon"; "Crocus purpurea grandiflora," to take a few, from pages opened at random, can hardly pass without challenge.

Still, one bears in mind that it is not a botanist's book, but the book of an artist, and its own lesson, the simple and beautiful grouping of flowers for colour effect, is taught in a way that should open many hitherto blind eyes to new visions of garden beauty.

G. J.

THE GREATNESS OF CONSTANTINE

Constantine the Great: the Reorganisation of the Empire and the Triumph of the Church. By J. B. FIRTH. (Putnam, "Heroes of the Nations" Series, 5s.)

MODERN historians form a court of appeal which is continually modifying and reversing the verdicts of the earlier assessors, who meted out rough justice without a very

subtle appreciation of character. At the higher or at least the later tribunal such modern inventions as the spirit of the age, the stream of tendency, the web of circumstance, are taken into account, whereas contemporary critics judged their man on the strength of his answer to that question—"What ha' ye done?"—which left Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson speechless. The modern method is in its essence more critical, and if the writer of to-day seems apt to play valet to the heroes of the nations, he is also contributing evidence whereby a supreme court of judicature in the historian's utopia shall, some day, in the light of its omniscience, pass judgments from which there is no appeal.

In the meantime good work is being done in many periods by writers who refused to be hypnotised by conventional epithets, and not least in that period when the brooding East

"let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again."

Mr. Firth, for instance, starts with no assumptions because his subject has had greatness thrust upon him. Constantine "the great" must be weighed in the balance with those whose names have escaped, unqualified, from oblivion, and if it is found that his greatness consisted largely in swimming with the tide of circumstance, his title must be boldly found wanting. The task is a formidable one, for it is impossible to deny that contemporary judges had little of that impartiality which tradition associates with the bench. Lactantius was doubtless a good Christian, but his history suffers from the same handicap as would, let us say, prejudice the success of a life of Wyclif by Dr. Clifford; while the statements of Eusebius are obviously coloured by the difficulties which must beset the path of those who would reconcile the historical with the episcopal point of view. The suspicion which attaches to these and other original authorities increases the difficulty of weighing the evidence and of arriving at any conclusions which approximate to truth. This difficulty mainly concerns itself with the causes and tendencies of the time: the outlines of Constantine's life are not in dispute. He was certainly born to greatness; how far he entered into his heritage is more open to dispute. The claim of his predecessor in the purple to the title which has been attached to Constantine's name is undeniable; Diocletian was a great statesman, and the greatest crime of his reign, the persecution of Christianity, was committed in the interests of the State. He crucified martyrs, not for the good of their souls (that hypocrisy is a later development of *odium theologicum*) but because he believed their faith to be a superstition which was undermining the foundations of the State. By this belief we know that he showed himself deficient in the rarest and supreme wisdom of statesmen; but it is impossible to question his motives. His successor reversed his policy from the same motives, and with greater foresight. Constantine was nothing if not practical; and it is difficult not to conclude that it was the material rewards offered by the teachers of Christianity that had the largest share in inducing him to accept the new faith. *In hoc signo vinces* was the dominant thought. He embraced Christianity in belief that the God of the Christians would give him and his Empire "life more lasting, rule more high," and like Mycerinus he lived to learn that the rewards of religion are not material.

The edict of Milan, which formed the firstfruits of Christianity because it marked the birth of the conception of religious toleration, is a psychological as well as a historical document. In many ways it is extraordinarily modern, and from whatever point of view we regard it, the light which it throws on the character of Constantine is very clear. The toleration which it preaches is certainly a new conception in history: Plato himself knew no such liberty. The essence of the principle is that if Christianity is to be tolerated and accepted as the State religion, this does not affect the truth of other religions. Constantine's conception of religious toleration was a phase of the idea, which

anthropologists know well, that all gods, good and bad, and even those whose existence is problematic, should be propitiated. It is a haphazard creed, and essentially a materialistic one. Constantine's creed is in fact only a cruder conception of the doctrine of a modern philosopher that all religions are equally true and equally false. The conception, of course, is foreign to Christian thought; and the delight of contemporary Christians at an Emperor's recognition of their creed caused them to overlook, if indeed they perceived, the qualifications of that recognition. To accept Christianity implies, in the sight of those who do so, the absolute rejection of paganism. No religion yet known to history is compatible with toleration of other religions: a churchman may tolerate a dissenter but not a Confucian. Constantine's inability to recognise this explains much in his career, and not least his death-bed baptism; for we refuse to accept the theory which accounts for his postponement of the rite by his wish that the forgiveness thereby promised by the bishops who lived at his court should include his whole life in its scope. In spite of these qualifications in his acceptance, the fact remains that Constantine was a Christian and an Emperor; and in this fact lies his principal claim to greatness, and to a place among the heroes of the nations. His work lived after him in the temporal power of Christianity. He had, of course, other claims to greatness, and in the central fact of his acceptance of the new faith we are apt to forget his success in war and politics. Unfortunately we know nothing of his early life: for us he is born, like Athena, in helmet and breastplate: but from his manhood onwards we can trace the steps by which he made himself sole master of the ancient world. The steps, like those of others who have attained the same goal, are marked with blood and crime; but war for its own sake or for the sake of mere aggrandisement was foreign to his nature. It is to his credit that, with all the temptation to do so, he never plunged the Empire into those religious wars which devastated Europe centuries later. If he had done so, would the unifying power of war have given fresh life to the old religion and marshalled its forces against Christianity? It is an interesting speculation, especially as it is difficult to resist the thought that if Constantine had been a more vigorous type of Christian he might well have provided the answer.

Turning to Constantine's third claim to greatness, we are on surer ground. Constantinople is not now the queen of cities, though Napoleon was not far wrong when he exclaimed: "It is the empire of the world!" The piercing of the Suez Canal has had momentous effect here as elsewhere, but the problems of the Middle East remain to prove that the city of Constantine is not yet, nor will be for many centuries, as Nineveh and Tyre. "Fools build houses," said a genial friend to R. S. Hawker when he was building his vicarage, "and wise men live in them." "Yes," replied Hawker, "and wise men make proverbs and fools quote them." The moral of this may be seen without quoting a proverb to prove it. The passion for bricks and mortar is a mere human weakness, but history shows that it is given to few men to build a city which shall endure for ages.

Mr. Firth traces the three phases of Constantine's career with admirable impartiality and in a graphic style. With such a subject it is impossible not to be interesting, and almost impossible not to be partial. In the Arian and Donatist controversy his task is made easier by his wise resolve to avoid metaphysical subtleties, agreeing with Huxley that the ashes of cold controversy make an unappetising dish. As to his conclusions, he steers a middle course between the biased panegyrics of the contemporary writers and the obloquy of some moderns; with qualifications he is inclined to agree to the conventional epithet. We will leave the reader to make his choice between Constantine the Great, and Tolstoy's "That scoundrel, Constantine!"

AVE, IMPERATOR!

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.
Translated by GEORGE LONG, M.A. (Bell, 2s. net.)

The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.
Translated by R. GRAVES, M.A. (Methuen, 1s. net)

THE interest in the philosophic Emperor grows. We have here two new popular editions of that private notebook where in all ages striving souls have found the rough upward path of a self-denying philosophy. It is only within recent years that the *Meditations* have secured a world-wide audience. Mr. Andrew Lang in his life of the Earl of Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, has pointed out that though Lord Iddesleigh was "probably one of the last English statesmen who knew the literature of Greece widely and well" he had never read Marcus Aurelius either in a translation or in the original crabbed and corrupt Greek. Even the omnivorous and omniscient Gibbon does not seem to have had any close acquaintance with the writings of the philosophic Emperor, as he dismisses the *Meditations* in a sentence. The general reader has now excellent and cheap translations of varying merit at his hand without trouble. The translation published at the famous Foulis Press, in Glasgow, in 1742, is an excellent piece of work with a fine old aroma about it. It seems to have been a *vade mecum* with Thomas Carlyle, as the wonderfully apposite motto from Arrian to his "French Revolution" appears to have been taken from a footnote in this notable version. At least we may surmise so. Carlyle was no recondite classical scholar, and it was unlikely he read Arrian in the original. "Stay, mortal! be not rash. The combat is great. The attempt god-like. It is for sovereignty: for liberty; for a current of life ever gentle, clear and unruffled." As he follows this up with a quotation from Antoninus in Greek also, the probability of his inspiration becomes almost a certainty. Jeremy Collier's translation, which Lord Avebury selected for his best hundred books, styled by Long as "coarse and vulgar," has in recent years been revised and corrected by Miss Alice Zimmerman. The antiquated seventeenth-century translation by Meric Casaubon is unknown to us. The volume, which is now being issued in good style at a nominal price by Messrs. Methuen, has an introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee, and is a version of some merit by Richard Graves, first published in 1792. Long's painstaking and scholarly rendering, in our opinion, holds the field for its many undoubted qualities, and added to it by way of appendix is Matthew Arnold's essay on Marcus—a fine piece of summing-up. Those to whom this famous classic is unknown, or who wish to refresh their minds by re-reading the Roman Emperor's priceless fragment will be glad to possess themselves of both these versions.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

Scotland's Battles for Spiritual Independence. By HECTOR MACPHERSON. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE vaunted spiritual independence of Scotland has been so recently trailed through the mire of acrimonious litigation that one begins to believe it a dream—a devout imagination after all. This popular historic sketch of the claim of the Church has been hurriedly though not carelessly written to answer many questions raised by the man in the street. Mr. Macpherson holds a brief for those who contend for the autonomous government of the Kirk—a spiritual imperium or divine rule within the temporal state. Possibly he is strictly right in claiming that the Church was never actually or intentionally established and that it merely from time to time prevailed on the State to confirm its decisions and approve of its Confession of Faith. The Church of Scotland is really the freest of the churches. Its church courts have long been recognised as final in all matters strictly ecclesiastical and its right to meet in General Assembly without royal sanction is as nearly con-

ceded as can be expected. A free untrammelled General Assembly has been for nearly four hundred years the one demand of the Scottish people. In England men concerned themselves about a free Parliament and strove to sit in it, but the General Assembly with its large quota of lay elders was the popular mouthpiece of the nation. The Estates of the realm were a close junta called together to register the proposals of the King and Privy Council, but the General Assembly, a democratic debating and yet judicial body, has always been the national ideal of the people. It gave scope for the well-known intensity of the Scots and was the oratorical safety-valve of the nation. This book may be regarded as one of the results of the deeply regrettable ecclesiastical *impasse* which has raised such a turmoil of rancorous legal vendetta. Lord Elgin's able and sage report, just published, will, we hope, make for righteousness and provide fair and equitable adjustment of this insane disruption, this outbreak of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. The appeal to Parliament—to Caesar—has surely given a final quietus to the spiritual independence Mr. Macpherson makes so much of. Those religious wranglers may yet learn that spiritual independence is a pious myth and that in every state the royal or supreme power must be undisputed in all causes or over every organisation enjoying the peace and protection of the Government and its laws. What is spiritual independence but an inheritance from the papacy of mediæval times whose claim to supreme power in matters ecclesiastical in every country in Europe, resulted in conflicts between the civil and spiritual authorities, the most notable examples being the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket and the humiliation of the Emperor at Canossa? Needless to say the civil power has won all along the line.

BIRD-CHATTER

Familiar Scottish Birds. By A. NICOL SIMPSON, F.Z.S. (Paisley: A. Gardner, 2s.)

PRETTYLY printed and nicely bound, "Familiar Scottish Birds" is likely to tempt the casual purchaser; but, after saying that in size and shape it is essentially a "handy book," one is inclined, on looking through it, to add—"handy to throw at a cat." In the first place, such a book is not really needed; for the "Familiar Scottish Birds" are, almost without exception, familiar English birds too; and we cannot find anything of value stated in the book which is not contained in every book upon British birds. Omissions and errors, on the other hand, are numerous; especially in the large respect of means of identification of species, although this is put forward in the preface as one of the author's chief aims.

Of the rook, for instance, no description at all is given; while we are told that the carrion crow "can be readily distinguished from the rook by its black bill." As a matter of fact, the rook also has a black bill; and even if the author means to refer to the pale bare skin at the base of the bill and on the face of the rook, this does not appear till the bird is adult, and therefore you can never tell by its "black bill" that a crow, between the months of July and March inclusive, is not a rook. When there are precise and easy means of distinguishing the two birds, the author should have given these, if he was aware of them, instead of misleading his readers.

The same looseness runs through most of the book. Thus of the long-tailed tit the writer says that it "is extremely local in its distribution, but where it is located, quite a number may be seen day after day." The addition of the word "usually" would make this statement more accurate; because, of course, there are localities where the long-tailed tit occurs regularly, but in such small numbers that it is only occasionally observed. Of the long-eared owl, again, we read: "It loves fir-woods, especially when they are of any extent, but it shuns them otherwise." "Especially" quite destroys the antithesis; but, if the word is removed, the statement remains inaccurate,

because no fir-wood is too small to have its long-eared owls, provided that it is dark and dense.

Often, too, Mr. Nicol Simpson seems to go out of his way to convey false impressions. Of the tree pipit, for instance, he says that "the student will have no great difficulty in locating the bird by its low but sweet ditty as it sings from the lower branch of some willow or broom cove"; whereas, although the tree pipit sometimes sings from the ground and sometimes from the large branch of a tree, that which characterises the bird and causes it to be noticed and admired is its habit of mounting into the air, uttering a loud sweet song, which is still continued as it descends in a graceful spiral, with its legs hanging and its wings almost meeting above its back. This is what all who know the bird remember as its most striking trait, and it is this which most often attracts the attention of those who do not know it. But from "Familiar Scottish Birds" readers would get no hint of the singer's identity.

Similarly with the next bird, the rock pipit, the author lays stress upon the colouring of the tail as a means of identification and describes it as "dusky with the outside feathers webbed in white." Now it so happens that this statement would be true of every other pipit except the rock pipit, which is distinguished from all its congeners by having the whole of the tail brown, not edged with white like theirs. The rock pipit is in fact the only bird of the genus which from Mr. Simpson's description could not be identified as a rock pipit. It would be easy to select other examples of error.

The whole arrangement of the book, moreover, is slipshod. Without cross-references, the classification of birds as "Land Birds," "Birds of Stream and Pond," and "Seaside Birds," cannot be satisfactory; and the author's division is often erratic. The dunlin, for instance, is classed only as a land bird, although by many it is best known as an abundant seaside bird from autumn to spring. The black-headed gull and the ring ousel, again, are both classed as birds of pond and stream, although the former is familiar as a seaside bird and also as a frequenter of plough-land all through the winter, while the latter is really a bird of moor and fell.

Altogether the contents of this little book are as disappointing as its exterior and its print are inviting; and if a good book on familiar Scottish birds was needed by readers across the border, it has still to be written.

BROAD CHURCH

Dr. Momerie: His Life and Work. By Mrs. MOMERIE. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who heard Momerie preach must sometimes, if not continually, have been puzzled by certain questions concerning him. What was he, with his opinions, doing in the Church of England? How did he come to enter it in the first instance? What were his reasons for remaining in it? How was it that, having travelled so far towards liberty of thought, he did not travel a little farther, like Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stopford Brooke? The Life is to some extent an attempt to answer these questions. The answers propounded are not quite satisfactory, but there is something in them.

It is certain that Momerie would never have sought Anglican orders at all, if he had held, at the critical hour, the religious opinions imparted to him by his pious parents. It is probable that he would not have sought them if he had then reached the intellectual position which he subsequently attained. By birth and upbringing he was a Dissenter, the only son of a Congregational minister, himself intended for the Congregational ministry. In this way he saw too much of Nonconformity to like it. He found its dogmatic theology narrow, and its practical Puritanism oppressive; and piety does seem to have been trespassing on the domain of absurdity when his desire to enter Edinburgh University instead of a Nonconformist

Theological College brought him a letter from his mother saying: "Dear Papa and I are convinced that we could not, without the utmost peril to your moral, spiritual, and eternal interests, send you to Scotland." A youth of intelligence was bound to revolt against the restrictions of a school of thought which confused the City of Destruction with the capital of Northern Britain. Momerie revolted. He insisted upon going to Edinburgh in spite of his parents, and he afterwards insisted upon going to Cambridge—a place which they also regarded as carnal and corrupt. The revolt, however, was only gradual, and only partial. He retained a good deal of religion, combined with a great desire to preach—provided always that he could preach what he liked. It appeared to him that the Church of England would give him the latitude which the Dissenting Sects denied. There, at all events, he would not be the salaried servant of a congregation, liable to be hauled over the coals by Deacons. "I have now," wrote his father, who had no trouble with his Deacons, on hearing of his decision, "to carry a life-long burden of bitter disappointment;" but he adhered to his purpose, and Bishop Fraser of Manchester ordained him to a curacy in his diocese. Parish work, however, did not suit him. It is always difficult for a metaphysician to talk with a charwoman about her soul; and Momerie's Christianity was really not much more (or not much less, if any one thinks that a better way to put it) than Hegelianism with a Christian terminology. His pastoral theology, therefore, was as much over the head of the average parishioner as his homiletics were over the head of the average clergyman. If the parishioners did not object, the vicar did. He did what a stupid man can to make things uncomfortable for a clever man. Momerie left him, and, following the line of least resistance, became a University Extension Lecturer, a lecturer on Metaphysics at King's College, London, and a preacher at the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital. He quickly became famous as a preacher who embraced heresy while repudiating schism. Was he justified in so doing? Or was it a case of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds? That is the one great moral question which his career raises.

His own answer to it was clearly given in an address delivered at the Chicago Parliament of Religions. It will be as well to quote it textually:

"In 1865, the clerical subscription was changed. Since then the Church of England, as by law established, have had the most perfect freedom. And they have certainly availed themselves of this freedom. There is not a single doctrine in regard to which the English clergy are agreed. We include within ourselves representatives of every denomination under heaven. The Church of England is broad enough to embrace them all. When I am asked, as I often am, why I do not leave my dear old Church, I reply: First because of the Act of Parliament which was passed for the express purpose of keeping me in; and secondly, because to leave the Church of England would be going out of the frying-pan into the fire; would be leaving a Church which is essentially broad for one that was comparatively, at any rate, narrow."

Dr. Momerie, that is to say, thought he could do more to reform the Church by attacking it from within than from without. Dean Stanley, as we know, was, for the same reasons, of the same opinion. The matter, however, cannot be settled by the appeal to precedent or authority; and the question still remains whether, whatever the amended law about heresy may be, the use of the formulæ which the Church provides is compatible with intellectual honesty in the case of a man holding Momerie's opinions. Those formulæ include creeds; and those creeds contain not only metaphysical propositions which may mean different things to different men, but definite statements of alleged historical fact which mean the same things to all men, and cannot be believed and disbelieved by the same man at the same time. The most that the honest doubter can do is to profess to believe them at the altar and explain that he disbelieves them in the pulpit. Is that a worthy attitude for a reformer? Does it not tend to the perpetuation of formulæ which the Church would be obliged to abolish or modify if all Broad Church clergymen were as intellectually honest as, say, the Rev. Leslie Stephen? It would be interesting to know whether Momerie ever faced the ques-

tion in that form. The Life, at any rate, contains no evidence that he did so.

The chapter of greatest actuality in the book is that which relates the circumstances which led to Dr. Momerie's expulsion from his chair at King's College. In that matter, at any rate, his opponents had not a leg to stand upon; and, so far as argument went, he certainly triumphed over Dr. Wace, then Principal of the College and now Dean of Canterbury—a divine who may be learned and, in his way, devout, but who did not in that controversy display either an agile intelligence or a Christian temper. His view that Momerie's heterodox theological opinions unfitted him to teach Logic and Metaphysics might form the basis of collective action on the part of a bigoted clerical board, but could not be maintained as a thesis before impartial judges. His attempt to "rush" the decision, with only two days' notice, at a small ordinary meeting of the council was properly described by Momerie himself as "unseemly," and might even be characterised, without any abuse of language, as a piece of sharp practice. His complication of the issue by complaining that Momerie had spoken with levity not only of the Bible but also of Dr. William Smith, the editor of the "Biblical Dictionary," enables us to take the measure of his mind. Though he won the battle, and got rid of Momerie, the moral victory was with his opponent; and he receives in these pages an ironical castigation under which we sincerely hope that he is now smarting in his Deanery.

Mrs. Momerie's book has many merits. Not the least of them is that it is short—no small consideration in an age in which biographies are as a rule long out of all proportion to the importance of the life. The letters printed have been discreetly chosen; and Momerie's own narrative of his struggle for free thought within the Church has been used whenever possible. We are left with the impression that he had more brains than the general run of preachers, and that he meant to be sincere, though his conception of sincerity is not quite identical with ours.

COLONIAL NATIONALITIES

Studies in Colonial Nationality. By RICHARD JEBB. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the late Sir John Seeley published in volume form the lectures which he had previously delivered to his pupils at Cambridge, under the title of "The Expansion of England," we have progressed a long way in our ideas of empire. Those lectures were the first expression of the imperial mission of England, and those who sat under Sir John at Cambridge in the 'seventies carried his ideas all over the world. But the Imperialism expressed by the "Expansion of England" is old-fashioned now, and Mr. Richard Jebb in his informing volume explains why it is so. Sir John Seeley's was the point of view of the centre of the Empire; it looked on the Colonies as English counties beyond the seas, imagined that the self-governing Colonies could be treated as a whole, and that any policy was pernicious that was not equally applicable to them all. Insensibly we have outgrown that theory, and the dividing line, though we hardly realised it at the time, was the Boer War, and the sending of the Colonial contingents to South Africa.

The new point of view which we are coming to adopt is that of the Colonies themselves. In no two of the four great self-governing Colonies is the predominating Imperialism quite the same thing. All four countries—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—are travelling the same road, that from the colonial to the national status, but all four are in different stages of development. There is no growing consciousness of a common nationality, as there should be if the idea of Imperial federation were to hold good; on the contrary, each colony is aspiring to a nationality of its own. The nationality of Canada differs from that of Australia, and that of New Zealand from that of South Africa. The new policy is practical, and is cordially approved by Imperialists

beyond the seas, because it admits and promotes their own ideals. The colonial ideal is an alliance of a character more intimate and comprehensive, and therefore, as Mr. Jebb points out, more permanent than is connoted by the conventional use of the term. Such an alliance recognises separate national aspirations, whereas federation aims at national unity; and if diversified nationality, within workable limits, is valued as a progressive element in human civilisation, then the new policy is desirable as well as practicable.

Mr. Jebb's volume is an attempt, and an instructive one, to present a modern view of Imperial evolution, and is the result of three years travel and study among the self-governing States of the Empire. The forces at work during that period were the Spanish-American War, and the consequent birth of an Imperial issue in American politics; the affair of the Alaskan boundary; the institution of the Australian Commonwealth; and the despatch of the Colonial troops to South Africa. These events gave a mighty impulse to the idea of separate nationalities, and prominence to the policy of alliance as opposed to federation. The steps in the process are carefully explained in Mr. Jebb's book, which should be studied by all who wish to understand the trend of Colonial aspirations, whether they agree with them or not.

THE SCANSION OF SPACE

Our Stellar Universe. A Road-book to the Stars. By T. E. HEATH. (Knowledge Office, 5s.)

ANY astronomical literature that bears the *imprimatur* of our contemporary *Knowledge* is certain to be worthy of attention; and the present volume is no exception to the rule. Mr. Heath has succeeded in writing a unique little book, which is of real value in expressing the greater facts about the sidereal universe. He has discovered that the ratio of an inch to a mile is identical, to four places of decimals, with that of the earth's distance from the sun to the distance which light travels in a year—not far short of six millions of millions of miles. Certainly this relation, first observed by Mr. Heath, is of real value in enabling us to realise the distances with which astronomers concern themselves, for we can form some conception of the ratio of an inch to a mile, and of the sun's distance from the earth (though perhaps few realise that the distance from the earth to the moon is less than that from the sun's centre to his circumference!). The distance traversed by light in one year (nearly six billion miles) is conveniently known to astronomers as a light-year. Now the nearest fixed star, α Centauri, is about four and a third light-years distant from us: or, on Mr. Heath's scale-maps, on which the earth is represented as one inch from the sun, the nearest star is about four and a third miles away.

Further, Mr. Heath has been concerned to combat the extraordinary delusion that the brightest stars are the biggest. We say extraordinary delusion, but it must be admitted that what George Eliot, we believe, somewhere calls the "inalienable concavity of the blue heavens" is one of the most compelling of visual illusions. It is faintly possible to imagine how incredibly more impressive the starry heavens would be could we see them in due perspective, as in a hall hung here and there with electric lamps of various sizes, placed at various levels. Still more sublime would be the spectacle to an omniscient eye which should appreciate the magnificence of some giant star, however distant; whereas, even could we see the perspective of the heavens, we should still be unable to recognise the grandeur of stars beside which our sun is negligible, if they happened to be, say, five thousand light-years distant. Now Mr. Heath has ingeniously drawn and prepared stereoscopic charts which represent certain stars of various sizes or "sun-power" (as the engineer says "horse-power"), so that they appear poised in space of three dimensions, instead of seeming all equidistant on a continuous curved surface, as they appear in the sky. We

have tested these charts with the stereoscope and have found the effect quite remarkable.

Mr. Heath is to be congratulated on the felicity of his quotations from several great masters—of one of whom it was said, in words which seem appropriate in this connection:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

THE FOUNTS OF SONG

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the pine-tree to the wave:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,

And where the great blind tides go swinging

Mysteriously,

And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd

On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,

"I have no song but what I catch from thee:

Far off I hear thy strain

Of infinite sweet pain

That floats along the lovely phantom land.

I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,

When 'neath the slow compelling hand

That guides me back and far from the loved shore,

I wander long

Where never falls the breath of any song,

But only the loud, empty, crashing roar

Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the poet to the pine:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Here in the dim green alleys of the woods

Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,

And whisper often o'er and o'er,

Or in tempestuous clamours roar

Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,

"Thine

Is that song!

Not mine!

I have known it, loved it, long!

Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry

Through dusk and storm and night,

Or prophesy

When tempests whirl us with their awful might.

Only, I know that when

The poet's voice is heard

Among the woods

The infinite pain from out the hearts of men

Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird

In these dumb solitudes."

FIONA MACLEOD.

A BOOK OF TONGUES

"THE Lord's Prayer in Five Hundred Languages," lately published by Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, does not, at the first glance, promise much to the casual reader. But the man who dips into it is doomed. Its fascinations are such that it cannot be laid down. The languages that one cannot "make head or tail of" at first, are hardly less interesting on investigation than those which one easily puzzles out; and hardly a page is without some entrancing discovery, redolent of lost history, leaping, illuminative, out of the dark backward and abysm of time. A word-for-word rendering of the Chinese dialect airily described as "Easy Wenli" (the character is ideographic Chinese) gives

some idea of the tasks which missionaries have to grapple with. "Our Father in Heaven he, wish Thy name perfectly holy: They dominion rule-come-to, Thy will received-done in earth as in heaven truly. Grant us to-day the day what use food: forgive our sin-debts, as we forgive sin-debts against us those so. Not lead us enter seducing temptation, but save us out of evil-wickedness. For kingdom the, power the, glory the all belong to Thee, in age-age indeed. Heart wishes exactly so." Hardly less interesting are the barbarous dialects called Dutch- and Mauritius-Creole. The latter, a sort of pigeon-French, something like the horrible *petit nègre* of Cochinchina, begins thus: "Non Papa, Ki dan le ciel, fair Ki vou nom li sanctifié. Ki vou réin vini. Fair ça Ki vou vlê, laho la ter, comman dan le ciel."

Perhaps the most curious facts which one alights upon are those connected with the kinship of languages, where the same word occurs in a number of different versions. The familiar "bap" (father) of Hindustani turns up in all sorts of forms and in unexpected places, as "bap" in the Romansch of the Engadine, "bab" in Grisons, "papa" in the Caroline Islands, "babbu" in Corsican and several dialects of Sardinia, "bapa" in Malay, "babath" in Kabyle, "papah" in a language of West Africa, "baba" in Matabele and in two or three languages of Eastern Equatorial Africa! The repeated appearance of a double labial in the word for "Father" (which in some African languages is actually "mama") suggests the idea that infantile speech has fixed the name independently in many languages which, so far as we know, could not possibly have borrowed from one another. A certain added tenderness is thus given to the sublime opening Invocation. In Guiana the translator seems to have shirked a difficulty: the opening word is "Jehovah," which, whatever it may or may not mean, certainly is not a translation of "Our Father." Elsewhere it seems likely that the unedifying associations of the Muhammadan heaven have been purposely evaded, for in Urdu (Muhammadan Hindustani) the word is rendered "ásmán." Now "ásmán" means simply "sky": the word for heaven is "bihisht," which is actually employed in the Baluchi rendering. In Hindi, the word used is (correctly) "svarg." In all these "name" is rendered (with different accents, all importing a long vowel) "nam." How far afield we have to travel for the origin of "nomen" therefore! But even more remarkable are the Welsh "sancteiddier" and Magyar "szenteltessék" for "hallowed." Welsh is certainly older than the Roman occupation of Britain: yet "sancteiddier"—the only comprehensible word in the specimen of that difficult tongue—is clearly the Latin "sanctus." But what is the relation between "sanctus" and the Magyar word? Is either derived from other, or is the likeness mere accident? It would be remarkable if there were no accidental resemblances. In Awari, a language of the Caucasus, the word seems to be "hallal"; but Professor Skeat does not carry "hallow" and "holy" farther back than Goth. "heilag." A still more mysterious coincidence is the Gitano (Spanish Gipsy) "bastardo" for "evil." Lexicographers, following Webster, derive "bastard" from O.F. "bast" (pack-saddle). Is the Gipsy word a mere reflex, or have we here a discovery? The accepted derivation, *bast, fils-de-bast*, may have literary support, which of course would settle the matter: but it is not on the face of it convincing.

The Lord's Prayer has almost from time immemorial been employed, in glottological collections, as the specimen passage. In a learned preface to Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington's volume, Dr. Reinhold Rost mentions Conrad Gessner (1555), Chamberlayne (1715), Adelung ("Mithridates," Berlin, 1808-17), and A. Auer ("Sprachenhalle," Vienna, 1844-47) as having thus employed the greatest of all prayers. The last-named work contained 200 versions. But nothing to approach the present collection, either in copiousness or interest, has ever been published; and so far from being a mere technical handbook for experts it is, as above indicated, a most fascinating work for any reader.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

BOCCACCIO

Who says that realism originated with Zola, or Flaubert or Balzac, or even Fielding? Realism in modern literature is as old as fiction itself—which is to say that Boccaccio began it. He mirrored life in his writings—or in some of them—partly because his admirers wanted to see it mirrored and told him so, partly because his genius was more for the treatment of the real than the ideal, but chiefly because, as the result of what he considered the defects of his education, he had acquired a considerable knowledge of life. By nature he was a student, athirst for knowledge, but his father tried to make him a man of commerce. "Before I entered on the period of youth," he writes, "he put me to a merchant of great consequence, with whom I did nothing for six years but waste irrecoverable time." At the end of the six years, the bent of his mind was partially recognised, and, as he was seen to be studious, it was decided to make him a lawyer. It has been the habit of *bourgeois* parents in all ages thus to fling the dry bones of the learned professions to youth hungering for scholarship, confusing the two things perhaps because in each of them knowledge has to be painfully acquired from books. The case of Boccaccio in this regard anticipated the case of Mistral and many others. He "laboured in vain," he says, "under a very eminent professor"; and he adds: "My mind revolted to such an extent that neither the learning of my master nor the authority of my father, by whose commands I was perpetually harassed, nor yet the prayers, or rather the recriminations, of my friends, could bend it." So he turned to poetry, yet "missed the chance," as he believed, "of being an illustrious poet," because he was prevented from giving the art his undivided attention until too late. But the truth is otherwise. Boccaccio had not the endowments of his predecessor Dante, or of his contemporary Petrarch. Left to his own devices, he would have imitated without seriously rivalling one or other of them, or would have excelled as a scholar, doing good spade-work to facilitate the labours of the Scaligers and Casaubons of a later date. To some extent, indeed, he actually did both these things, though he is not remembered for them; but he owes his immortal fame to the fact that he could not begin to do them in his impressionable years. Then, thanks to a father who did the right thing, without knowing what he did, and to whom the son was so little grateful that, when obliged to live with him, he wrote that "the sour and horrible aspect of the old man, frozen, uncouth, and avaricious, adds continual affliction to my saddened mood," he was constrained to study life instead of books. He "knocked about, wandering through many lands, now here, now there, as his commercial engagements prompted." He fell in love; and his love was no purely spiritual passion. His mistress did not dwell in the clouds, there only to be approached by prayer in the form of sonnets. She was a woman of the world—probably of "light" behaviour, and certainly of interests which the French call "terre-à-terre." No doubt she wanted sonnets—sonnets are always flattering to a woman's pride, even when her natural preference is for jewellery or chocolates. But she also wanted stories, and discovered that Boccaccio had a turn for story-telling. She gave him a theme, and so he was started upon the career of which the "Decameron" was to be the culmination. He was able to rival the renown of Dante and Petrarch—and even, with his immediate posterity, to surpass it—because he worked on lines that were not identical with theirs, but parallel.

The "Decameron," as has been said, marks the beginning of realism in fiction. The tales are as realistic in their way as the short stories of Guy de Maupassant, whose themes are often somewhat similar. The difference between these two great masters of the art of the short story is more in their attitude towards life than in anything else. They

are both photographic artists, and both humorists. But Maupassant's humour is sardonic, informed by the pessimism of an age that has grown old and weary—an age that has exhausted experiences, and finds civilisation unsatisfactory though indispensable. He has always the air, too, of despising the many for the entertainment of the few. Boccaccio writes with the joyousness that belongs to the youth of the world—its second youth that came to it when the Renaissance awoke it from the slumbers of the Middle Ages. The world then seemed a garden planted by Almighty God to be a pleasure for man. Men and women, diverting themselves in that garden, did not yet realise—since Savonarola had not yet spoken—that they were in the garden on probation, in sore need of grace, and in peril of judgment to come. They laughed, therefore, and made merry. There were what a vulgar modern would call "goings on" in the garden; and the way of a man with a maid was much practised in its arbours, even by churchmen vowed to chastity. Boccaccio, owing to that defective education which he deplored, knew about the proceedings in the garden at first hand—had taken part in them, and enjoyed them. That was how he differed from Petrarch; that, from a certain point of view, was his advantage over Petrarch. He was the man of genius who had lived the same sort of life as the men of common clay, and had not been disillusioned. As an artist, he perceived the sombre background of the highly coloured picture; and he heightened his effects by rendering it. That is the significance of the grim description of the plague at Florence which serves as prelude to his joyous narratives. But the gloom of this background does not darken the picture by its shadows, or depress the storyteller, or prevent him from living joyously in the present. The merriment of the garden-party asserts itself at once. The laughter awakens no hollow mocking echoes. The rollicking immorality of the age is seized and presented in a picture that has long outlived the age, not by a censor or a cynic, but by a sympathiser. Of course it is indecorous—it could not have been anything else. Few things more indecorous have ever been written except for the base uses of some secret pornographic press. It is better, for that reason, that some people should not read it. But it lives. It preserves for all time the picture of the Italian society of the first years of the Renaissance, naked and unashamed, though by no means innocent, unrebuked as yet by any zealot, whether of the Reform or of the counter-Reformation. And to say that is to say that realism for the first time triumphs in its pages.

In his old age, it appears, Boccaccio repented of the "Decameron." He besought his friends not to read it, and proposed to abandon light literature, and become a monk and a divine. Petrarch persuaded him to reconsider this last decision, and it must be agreed that the advice was good. No doubt Boccaccio would have been an eminent divine, if he had been a divine at all; but there was no need. There have been so many eminent divines in the history of the world, and so few among them concerning whom the religious public is absolutely agreed that they did more good than harm. That is one reason for refusing to regret our inability to include him in the list. The other is that there are some repentances which seem a set-back to the progress of the world, and some inconsistencies too gross to be tolerable even in the "converted." The case of the author of the "Decameron" is surely such a one. It is natural enough that age, bringing reflection, should also have brought him to the view that he had given too free a rein to the loose fancies of adolescence. But a man does not cancel the past by turning his back on it. He merely puzzles the critical observer by the illusion of a multiple personality, and by flying from one excess to another remains as far distant as ever from the mean. A literary success is not necessarily to be deplored because it is unsuitable for a divine; and it is equally impossible to wish that the "Decameron" had never been written and to wish that it had been the work of an ecclesiastic. It forms a starting-point in literary,

much as Calvin's "Institute" forms a starting-point in religious Protestantism. The besetting sin of the men of letters of the period was indecency, just as the besetting sin of the theologians of the period was intolerance expressing itself in persecution; and of the two faults indecency is distinctly the less grave. There was no more need, therefore, for Boccaccio to make amends for his indecorum by taking the tonsure than for Calvin to indicate his regret for the burning of Servetus by writing a lewd romance. Literature and religion would have been made equally ridiculous by such a course.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

FICTION

In the Arena. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. (Murray, 6s.)

ON the evidence of these stories, six in number, we are inclined to corroborate the remark of the "old-timer", who gave of his wisdom to the questioning student, in the foreword. The remark is this: "Looking back upon it all what we most need in politics is more good men." The title of the first story is Boss Gorgett, and after this it is scarcely necessary to add that the politics in question are American politics, in the intricacies of which English readers have been already schooled by that admirable philosopher of Archey Road. Mr. Dooley. The old-timer of Mr. Tarkington does not view matters with the twinkling eye and the convenient weapon, stovepipe or brick, of the interested watcher in the bar: he has himself been in the arena and relates his experiences with all the earnestness of an old campaigner. These experiences are interesting and well told, though they are without that snap, that pungency of humour, which have made Mr. Dooley's observations famous in spite of his quaint obscurities of dialect. Boss Gorgett is contending an election with Farwell Knowles, who is a young man of ambition and principle, but does not know that "the only way to play politics, whatever you're for, is to learn the game first:" so he is indignant to discover that his opponent has arranged a little manœuvre by which he will be able to stuff the ballot box with his own votes. He determines to expose this corrupt scheme in the paper which he edits and send the Boss to the penitentiary. But Lake Gorgett is a great man, and does not turn a hair: for he has had the enthusiastic young idealist watched, and the young idealist, though he is a married man, has been carrying on a "soully flirtation" with a kindred spirit, and in a moment of exaltation has actually kissed her on the doorstep of her father's house. The final scene is most affecting and Farwell Knowles abandons politics. In "The Aliens," an excessively painful story of some force, we are shown the lowest grade of the system: the power of a scoundrel agent, Pixley by name, who, to prevent certain Italians living together in one cellar from voting against his wishes, is able to introduce among them with the help of the police, a negro infected with small-pox. It is the only tragic story in the book. The others are of the same nature as the first. They have no especial excellence of any kind, but they are very interesting and clever, and are written with a sound knowledge of the subject with which they deal. Whether more good men will enter the arena on their account, however, we venture to doubt.

The White Terror and the Red. By A. CAHAN. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

NOVELS dealing with what is now called the Russian reform movement, formerly known as Nihilism, are almost as the stars in multitude, but they fall into two main divisions. The one includes the works of those writers who take Aristotle's insistence on the plot as a command to multiply startling episodes, and who seek to obtain the requisite atmosphere by the crude application of local colour: it would be invidious to specify their style with more detail. The present work is not of this class, although neither

incident nor local colour is by any means wanting. Although it shares with most Russian novels which we have read a strange formlessness of plot, the picture which it paints of social life in Russia is drawn from the inside: in opening the book we feel at once that we are in the company of one who knows the aspirations of the Russian people, and the methods which are now being employed to realise them. Mr. Cahan traces the mental growth of Prince Boulatoff, from his childhood, when he is a thoughtless champion of autocracy, till he is hand in glove with the reformers. His book is, like many Russian novels, a rather breathless story of intrigue tempered with dynamite. A mass of figures pass across the stage; and, with the exception of Pavel Boulatoff and the heroine Clara, they are rather colourless. The individual, as it were, is in the background, and the cause is everything. Mr. Cahan, we believe, thus faithfully reflects at once the strength and the weakness of the cause of reform in Russia. The types of reformers who play their parts in his pages are so engrossed in setting the cause above renown, that they seem paralysed into intellectual inaction. The novel, in fact, like Russia herself, seems waiting for a leader. But it is none the less an engrossing story, and may be safely recommended to those who wish to study, without undue application, the Russian history which is being made to-day. One does not expect optimism in a Russian novelist: Mr. Cahan is not even cheerful. Again, Russian fiction is not usually conspicuous for happy endings, or the workings of poetic justice: the *siccum lumen* of realism gives so gloomy an atmosphere to Mr. Cahan's pages that he is constrained to end on a note of despair. This, in fact, is not a novel for the ordinary subscriber to a circulating library, although the intelligent reader will find in it much sound workmanship and no little insight into the psychology of the Russian *intellectuals*.

Seth of the Cross. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

WE do not want to maintain that people who live in London suburbs on small means have nothing to grumble at, but we have often observed that they are mainly cheerful. The divine discontent that should show them the pitiable meanness of their lives is lacking, and in their petty, commonplace way they are actually happy. They come from little homes they think delightful, and from families they regard with sincere pride and affection. The truth is that a man will be happy if he can, and if, as Dr. Saleeby assures us, his digestion permits. We believe that some delightful temperaments would triumph over dyspepsia itself: we know that cheerfulness may abide with poverty, pain and suffering. But Mr. Courlander will have none of it. When an early suburban train deposits its crowd of bread-winners at a London terminus, he sees them pale and pinched by the gripping fingers of want. The city with its arms of iron is slowly crushing the desire of life out of their bodies, the women are slipshod, the men wear the livery of bondage. Every one is gloomy, hideous and a failure. This description of London "daily breaders" seems to us untrue to life, and less true of the suburban cockney clerk and business man than of most people. Ask Eliza's husband if his lot is an unhappy one. Seth Craddock, however, is not a cockney clerk. He does not come to that poor place London until he has been dogged by misfortune in the country. He is blood brother to Jude the Obscure, a bookish boy born in poor surroundings. The author does his utmost to rouse our sympathy with an unlucky fellow who has all the gods against him: but in these days when the gods no longer strike us directly, we ask that a man with health and brains should in some measure conquer circumstance. Seth Craddock was the tool of fate. The author, who seems to fear that his hero will be considered a prig, points out that "he was merely following the precepts of the Man who earned his deity by self-sacrifice:" and he goes on to suggest that to be righteous is to be dismal. This is a libel on humanity. Why should the gloomy people assume that they are the ones who see true? The

colour of our life is mostly due to the eyes that see it, and its luck to the temper in which we encounter its chances.

Captain Balaam of the Cormorant. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Eveleigh Nash, 3s. 6d.)

THE full flavour of these stirring tales can only be appreciated by those who understand the ways and talk of sailormen, and something of the art of navigation. But the most ignorant reader in such matters can make out that Captain Balaam, of the "*Cormorant*," played a trick upon the captain of the "*Scanderberg*"—such a desperately shabby trick, too, that he might have been the man who was once turned out of a whaler for ungentlemanly conduct. We like Mr. Morley Roberts best in his lighter vein, and least when he drops into tragedy; in "*Jack-all-Alone*" there is a terrible situation that should leave us cold and creepy, and not, as it does, cold and critical. Food plays an important part in these sea stories, and if Mr. Morley Roberts can be said to suggest a moral it is that men will do and dare anything if only they are fed well. Therefore, whoso desires to become a popular skipper and get the better of his rivals, let him see to it that tubs of butter and seven-pound cans of marmalade are forthcoming upon occasions of emergency.

A Self-Made Man's Wife: Her Letters to her Son. Being a Woman's View of a certain famous Correspondence. By CHARLES EUSTACE MERRIMAN. (Putnam, 6s.)

THAT it is obviously written neither from a mother's nor a wife's point of view is perhaps a matter of slight importance in a book of this sort, provided that it is readable and entertaining. Farcical exaggeration, aphorisms, illustrative anecdotes there are in profusion in these letters, but very few of the anecdotes are witty or original, and many are so stale and time-worn that it must have required almost the courage of despair to reproduce them yet once again. Most readers of Mr. Lorimer's "*Self-Made Man's Letters to his Son*" formed a rather agreeable impression of that millionaire's wife and son: it vanishes with the wife's first letter in this volume, which is a trifle hard on both their originator and the reader. Here and there a point is neatly taken, and there are one or two fairly amusing chapters, but upon the whole these letters are tedious and disappointing.

The Knight of the Needle Rock and his Days, 1571-1606. By MARY J. WILSON. (Stock, 6s.)

"THE facts and details of this story have been gathered from various family papers, documents, pedigrees, &c., the Oglander Memoirs, and different books of the period," and from these materials Miss Wilson has compiled a remarkably interesting and informing book. It takes the form of a diary kept by Mr. John Leigh, of Wolverton, Isle of Wight, interspersed with letters from friends and relatives at Court and abroad. These relationships are somewhat complicated, and the characters numerous,—this, however, enables the author to give information and rumours from many sources concerning the chief events of the time. The domestic side of life also receives its due meed of attention, and lacks nothing in picturesqueness. One of the most effective bits of description is that of the passing of the Spanish Armada up the Channel harried by the English ships, upon a still, hot summer's day. There is a letter from Lady Walsingham, at Paris, giving a vivid account of her experience during the night of the St. Bartholomew massacre: and reports from eye-witnesses of many famous scenes. The book, which in general interest and genuine romantic episodes is worth half a score of ordinary novels, gives evidence of great care, ability and good taste. The story runs on perfectly smooth harmonious lines, and the style is simple and unpretentious. We should gather that it has been a labour of love to the author. She may be complimented upon the successful use she has made of her family records. The frontispiece is a photograph of the Needle Rock after a line etching. Another illustration is that of a page of an ancient family Bible which has been in the author's family since 1541.

THE BOOKSHELF

CANON Arthur James Mason has rendered a real service to the public in compiling his *Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net). With a subject of such wide interest, and so wrapt and buried in legends as Martyrology, the need of a book of handy size, which should acquaint the general reader with stories that are for the most part only to be found in large compilations in foreign or ancient tongues, has long been felt, and the disentangling of what may be safely taken to be historic fact from the legend that has crept in, often to the marrying of the beauty and effect of the true story, was a work which badly needed doing and which no one probably was better fitted to do than the Master of Pembroke. The stories he tells may be divided into five parts: the Martyrs of the Apostolic Age, the Martyrs of Alexandria, the beginning of Diocletian's persecution, the Martyrs of Palestine and the African Martyrs. There is, to a great extent, a sameness in the stories of these earlier sufferers for the faith. There is, on the other hand, in nearly every one of them, a strange and stirring beauty, and the volume is one to be welcomed even by people who may find themselves unable to study it exactly in the spirit in which it was written.

The object of the essays in *Asia and Europe*, by Meredith Townsend (Constable and Co., 5s. net.), which have been reprinted from various periodicals, is to show that Europe never has succeeded, and never will succeed, in dominating Asia, and point is lent to this new edition by the fact that Japan, an Asiatic power, not of the first class either in area or in population, has challenged and beaten by sea and land a first-class European Power. Our ideas on the subject are probably warped by the possession of India, which we have held at the most for a century and a half, a period of time which is as nothing in the eyes of Eastern people. Our superiority in the invention of weapons of war has also led us to believe that the European is necessarily superior to the Asiatic, and when, little more than a year ago, Japan, to the surprise of the Western world, accepted the contemptuous challenge of Russia, the general opinion was that she had vaingloriously undertaken a task much beyond her strength. But the Japanese showed that they had assimilated many of the ideas and much of the skill of Europe, and indeed that in several respects they were capable of improving on both. That Asiatics can fight seemed to be quite a revelation to many people, who forget that a small federation of Mongol tribes burst out of their steppes, reached France and nearly overthrew the Roman Empire on the plain of Chalons; that the Arabs, never fourteen millions strong, defeated both Eastern Rome and Persia, extirpated the Vandals of North Africa, conquered Spain, and, after their first energy had decayed, drove the picked chivalry of Europe out of Palestine. Moreover the Turks, a little Asiatic tribe, destroyed the Eastern Roman Empire, penetrated to the walls of Vienna, and still hold some of the finest provinces of Eastern Europe with the reputation of being the best individual soldiers in the world. Mr. Townsend holds that one of the fundamental conditions of history is that Europe should not permanently occupy Asia, nor Asia conquer Europe, and that the rise of Japan to be a first-class power must by degrees increase the difficulty for Europe in remaining in profitable possession of great sections of Asia. The fall of Port Arthur is in many respects the most momentous occurrence in the history of West and East since the capture of Constantinople, and there is nothing parallel to it, or explanatory of it, in modern history. Mr. Townsend's theory is that Asia will ultimately revert once more to the Asiatics, but he thinks that the tendency may be delayed for a century or so, if Japan is completely and fully admitted into the European family. But speaking broadly, it is almost safe to say that Asia, under the leadership of Japan, will recover her independence, which in all human probability she will once more misuse.

The Jewish Encyclopedia. A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the earliest times to the present day. Volume IX. MORAWCZYK-PHILIPPSON (Funk and Wagnall, 25s.). This latest volume of the *Jewish Encyclopedia* has much the same merits and defects as its predecessor, which was recently reviewed in the ACADEMY. In its general tone the book bears far more analogy to Meyer's *Konversations-Lexikon* than to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, aiming not so much at literary effect as at giving a businesslike *précis* of all the information bearing on the various subjects. This being the case, we are all the more surprised that the volume is in so many instances overburdened by its illustrations which frequently possess a purely decorative function. In Mr. Budgett Meakin's otherwise excellent article on "Morocco," for instance, no less than four photographs are given of the various types of Moroccan Jewish beauty; pleasing in themselves, they strike us as signally out of place in a work of this description. Of the principal contents the most interesting is the article on "Palestine," copiously illustrated with maps, and containing statistical tables of the recent import and export trade which should prove particularly instructive to those concerned with the present Zionist controversy. Of the other articles we would mention in particular "Morbidity" and "Mortality" by Dr. H. Fishberg, which tend to show that the general health of the Jews is considerably better than that of the average Gentile though, on the other hand, they are more liable to hysteria and neurasthenia; "Music" by Dr. Francis Cohen, "Maimonides" by Dr. Lauterbach, "New York" by Mr. D. H. Hermelin, "Moses," by Dr. Barton and Dr. Lauterbach, and "Palæography" by M. Seymour de Ricci. Interesting too is the account of the Jewish periodicals from the *Gazeta de Amsterdam* of the seventeenth down to the very latest Jewish papers of the twentieth century. In spite of certain minor blemishes the

Encyclopædia should prove a valuable work of reference to all interested in Jewish matters; while it cannot but serve to bring home to every reader the unique cosmopolitanism of the Jews, and their prominence in nearly all the departments of the artistic, intellectual, and financial worlds.

German professors who devote their lives to the production of immense volumes of learning, which with somewhat strained modesty they describe as hand-books, are familiar figures. Their colleagues in America have a tendency in the opposite direction. The spreading of the eagle's wings stirs even the atmosphere of the cloister, and breathes a note of grandiloquence even into the titles of books. We noticed the other day a little book by an American man of learning, which might have formed, had the subject been more suitable, a magazine article of ordinary length: its second title was, "The History of an Idea." These insular reflections, which are suggested by the title of Professor G. S. Goodspeed's *History of the Ancient World* (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), form no disparagement in themselves to a book which, if it hardly lives up to its title-page, should form a useful introduction to its subject. Professor Goodspeed writes, we imagine, for the benefit of first-year students in his own University of Chicago; but his book is one which deserves the consideration of sixth-form masters in our public schools. He covers the ground well, without an unnecessary display of learning, and the book both by reason of its admirable illustrations and its system of cross-references, should prove stimulating as a basis for wider study. It falls naturally, like so many subjects of the human pen, into three parts; the preliminary chapters on the Eastern Empires are kept short, and are sufficient to prepare the way for a more elaborate treatment of Greece and Rome. Each chapter is furnished with examination questions and suggestions for further reading on the subject, and the book also contains a good index and full bibliographies. Some of the illustrations might have been more fully described; for instance in the chapter on the Mycenaean Age, we have a reproduction of the Vaphio cups, which is simply labelled "reliefs from gold cups of the Mycenaean age" without further identification. In dealing with the literature of Greece and Rome, Professor Goodspeed is not very illuminating: Livy's style, he tells us, is "full and flowing," and Thucydides "had no imagination!" We suspect that here the critic is confusing imagination with the faculty of invention.

BOOK SALES

SALE OF BOOKS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES AT MESSRS. HODGSON & CO.,
CHANCERY LANE, ON APRIL 12, 13 AND 14.

Some important books were disposed of in this sale.

Tennyson (Lord) *Poems* by Alfred Tennyson, First Edition, original boards, uncut. Moxon 1833. £5.

Elyot (Sir, J.) *The Boke named The Governour*, title within woodcut border, black letter. 12mo, old calf. Imprinted at London by T. East 1580. £1 5s. 6d.

Macgillivray (W.) *A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory*, 5 vols. 1837-52. £4 2s. 6d.

Gay (J.) *Fables*, with Life, plates by W. Blake. 1793. £1 10s.

Folk-Lore Society's Publications—a Complete Set, including the two rare Extra Volumes Callaway's *Nursery Tales* and *The Religious System of the Amazulu*, also Chamberlain's *Aino Folk-Tales*, and *The Legend of the Holy Grail*, 51 vols. 1868-1902. £20.

The Publications of the Harleian Society; a Complete Set, from the Commencement to 1704, 52 vols., with the Register Section, 31 vols., together, 83 vols. £30.

Villon Society—*The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night*. Translated by John Payne. £6 10s.

The Index Library, being Indexes, Calendars and Abstracts of British Records, from the commencement in 1888 to 1904. £6 10s.

Gerarde (J.) *The Herball or Generall Historie of Plantes*, Enlarged and Amended by Thomas Johnson, Best Edition. London, 1636. £5 10s.

Gould (J.) *The Birds of Europe*, numerous beautifully coloured plates, with Descriptions, 5 vols., imp. folio. 1837. £33.

Ackermann's *Microcosm of London*, coloured plates by Pugin and Rowlandson of the *Interiors and Exteriors of Public Buildings*, and the *Manners and Customs of London*, with Descriptive Text, by William Combe, 3 vols. 1808. £14.

Gardiner (S. R.) *The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.*, 2 vols., History of the Great Civil War, 3 vols., and History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 3 vols., maps, together 8 vols. 1882-1901. £9.

Wordsworth (W.) *Ode to the Memory of Charles Lamb*, 4 leaves, commencing "To the dear Memory of a frail good Man. . . ." Presentation Copy, with Inscription on fly-leaf. "From the Author," original wrapper. 1835. £21.

Thackeray (W. M.) *Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero*, First Edition. £6.

AUTOGRAPHS.

Cromwell—Order for the Payment of £1587 12s. "unto Capt. Robert Hutton" for eight and twenty days' pay for the "officers and souldiers in Sr Arthur Hesilrig's, and Major Sydenham's . . . Troops of Horse . . ." signed "O. Cromwell," with receipt, April 16, 1651. £4.

Order for the Exchange of "Fittie Pikes" for "one hundred Pikes and twenty Musketts," May 2, 1643; Three A.L.S. from Thos. Astle, 1798-9, and others. £3 7s. 6d.

Holinshed (R.) *Chronicles of Englande, Scotland and Irelande*, woodcuts, black letter, 3 vols. in 2. 1587. £5 17s. 6d.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

These were written by, amongst others, King Charles II., Queen Henrietta Maria, Abraham Cowley, the Marquis of Montrose, Wm. Prince of Orange, Prince Rupert and Lord Clarendon.

Also an extremely interesting series of Autograph Letters of Sophia, the mother of George I., Documents signed by Henry VII. and Oliver Cromwell, James II., Queen Anne, Cardinal Stuart and others.

The whole collection realised £2009 12s.

THE DRAMA

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

MR. LEWIS WALLER has learned to act imperially. His princely escapade as "Monsieur Beaucaire" and his soul stirring experiences as "Harry of England" have left their mark upon him. They have made him a king-intoxicated man. The phenomenon is not unique. Considering the plastic temperament which makes of a man an actor, the effect of oft simulated kingship on his imagination is almost inevitable. The counterfeit presentment of heroic deeds becomes vital fact; the actor feels that the hero is projected in his own personality. Under this stimulus, something of the heroic manner will be reflected henceforth in his bearing and speech. Thus Mr. Lewis Waller's "Romeo" emerges from his brain no volatile, mercurial Montague, but a monarch who, in no figurative sense, trails his cloak with a feeling for the decorative in pose. Imperially he enters, his hands clasped on his sword-hilt; imperially he takes the middle of the stage; and he seems in imminent danger of breaking out into the imperial hexameters of the fifth Henry at Agincourt. His attitude towards Benvolio and Mercutio is almost insolent. "I am Sir Oracle," says his arrogance; "when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." The cynic may object that this is the common way of actor managers; more charitably and more truly I believe it may be traced to Mr. Waller's essays in the art of being prince. These essays have weakened his perspective; for the moment they have diminished his interpretative powers. In its most characteristic expression Mr. Waller's artistic personality embodies the glamour of romantic strength, the triumph of will over passion, the victory of dominant sanity. With unequalled skill he can portray the man who is master of himself. Romeo, therefore, must become something other than Romeo in his hands. Not this the Romeo, the impassioned youth who, sighing for his Rosaline, is flung, on sudden sight of Juliet, into a very ecstasy of lyric love. Not this the man to leave Verona without Juliet or to waste time in confronting Capulet with the *fait accompli* of his marriage or sob in impotent rage on the floor of Friar Lawrence's cell. Moments of intensity, of poetry, of humour the new Romeo has, and his elocution is faultless; but there is not in him that suppleness, that sustained ardour of passion, enslaving the mind and conquering the will, that exultant fervour which make Romeo the unsurpassable type of youthful lover. If this poetic madness of loving be taken away, what is there left? The tragedy is little compared with the glamour of this perfervid episode of love—a love-song of varying moods and cadences but with ever its burden of the lordship of love. So one looks for this dominant motive in Miss Millard's Juliet—and looks in vain. Instead we have a picture of a very pretty young English lady, high-spirited, a bit of a hoyden, with quite respectable views about love and marriage. In her earlier love-scenes this nice girl who always has her feelings under proper control shows no indication of the capacity for violent physical agitation which overtakes her when she drinks the potion. Suddenly she develops into a Veronese equivalent for "The Worst Woman in London"—all syncopation and spasms. For the rest who cares? But if other things and persons count beside Romeo and Juliet,

then it may be recorded that the play is beautifully mounted and, taken all round, carefully and competently acted. Mr. Esmond plays Mercutio and makes him a rattle-brain not a wit. He robs the famous Queen Mab speech of its fantasy by gabbling and indistinctness; and he is never dignified save in his death. This becomes him well; his valiant staggering off the stage to die is most impressive. One word more. To paraphrase a certain famous message—the fights are splendid.

"KING RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Now are we in the full flood of our Shakespeare-worship. Whether at Stratford or in London, the actor-manager hastens with his offering of "new interpretations" to the shrine of the Bard. But the season breeds charity, so let us attribute solely to worship these promptings to pour out libations before Shakespeare's altar. In his enthusiasm Mr. Beerbohm Tree has given a whole week to a festival in memorial of the poet's "birth-week." This solemn rite began on Monday night with a performance of *King Richard II.*—a happy choice on the part of Mr. Tree. Certain there be who find in this great historical tragedy resounding rhetoric and nothing more. A narrow view, surely. The burden of its exquisite lyric beauty lies but lightly on the play, not marring but only amplifying the truth and tenderness of its characterisation. The wild, graceful creature that Richard is cannot be surpassed in all Shakespeare's wonderful gallery of pictures. Here is the whole man standing in a marvellous subtle light which illumines the dim places of his soul. It is a consummate portrait of a weak man, a vacillating king, with a wide ear for flattery and a delicate, sensuous joy in the soft and beautiful things of life. Depicting this complex being, variable and inconstant, Mr. Tree is seen at his best. Mercifully ignoring in him a tendency to exaggerate and to insist overmuch on certain clever but finicky pieces of "business," we may extol the performance as an extremely able, consistent, and picturesque piece of work, to be accounted with Mr. Tree's best. To his ideal of colour Mr. Tree is wont to sacrifice too much; but this time the actor is not under its exclusive dominion. For that reason Mr. Tree's *King Richard II.* may be commended highly. That the play lacks love interest is manifest, but its human interest is not diminished thereby. *E sede deposuit potentes*—is there greater human tragedy than the pulling down of the mighty from their seats? Many changes have been made in the cast since Mr. Tree produced the play first. Miss Viola Tree comes nearer acting—and acting with charm—than in anything she has yet done. Mr. Basil Gill is picturesque and resonant as Thomas Mowbray; Mr. Henry Neville gasps to his heart's content as "time-honoured Lancaster"; and Mr. Lyn Harding, whose elocution is really excellent, makes a singularly ineffective Bolingbroke. Mr. Tree's vagaries in the matter of interpolated tableaux can be pardoned; the pictures are so good.

"HER OWN WAY" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE "WHAT PAMELA WANTED" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

THE performances of Miss Maxine Elliott in *Her Own Way*, and of Miss Ethel Irving in *What Pamela Wanted*, prove these two ladies to be *comédiennes* of as nearly as possible equal range and talent, and, as their personalities are equally though in different ways attractive, the reasons why the one should have scored an individual success and the other should not seem worthy of consideration.

What Pamela Wanted is described as a comedy, but it would be described much more correctly as a farce. Strictly speaking, it is neither. In that its humour—or as much of it as is proper to the theatre, as much as gains in

effect by perpetration on the stage—is the humour of the situation, the piece is farce; but, in that each situation as it arises is treated not so much for its own sake as with a view to exploiting the characters concerned, it is comedy. But in itself the subject, since the humorous view of it was to be taken, is purely farcical, for the story consists of a series of events which have no spontaneous relation whatever, no relation at all except that given them by chance. The opportunity for comedy would only have arisen if each situation had resulted from the mood which the preceding situation had created. In that case the interest of the subject would have centred in the characters, for from their behaviour in the circumstances the story would have come. As it is, the story proceeds quite independently. Instead of being evolved by the action of the *dramatis personæ*, it carries them on a predestined course. It demands of them no definite characteristics, and, indeed, had such existed, it would inevitably be other than it is. With any but a negative he and she it could not possibly exist. In exploiting the characters, therefore, the authors have been unable to produce any comedy of interest or value and have merely retarded the action and diluted the interest of the plot, so that the play appears a slow and tedious farce. But a farce it is, if anything, and as farce it should be played. Now the one essential in this class of work is style, and style is the chief thing which Miss Irving has still to acquire. With time and experience it will doubtless come, but she could not possibly expect to have crystallised her method thus early in her "legitimate" career. Her talent for comedy she proves once again—she possesses, indeed, far more than the part requires—but, had she even shown a genius for it, her performance, without the one essential, must still have been unsatisfactory.

Miss Elliott's talent is no greater than Miss Irving's, but her part requires in the way of accomplishment no more than she is able to supply. There are possibilities which she ignores, but all that is essential she achieves, and in consequence her performance is successful. Workmanlike and admirable as it is, neither in conception nor in execution is Mr. Clyde Fitch's play ideal. Possessed in the person of the heroine of a definite centre of sympathy and interest, it is yet not written, as it should be, entirely from her point of view. The point of view of the other characters, even of the man antagonistic to her, is developed almost as fully as her own. Only by putting himself in the heroine's place, by seeing each person and event exactly and merely as she saw them, could the author, in the three hours to which the traffic of the stage is limited, have obtained the full effect implicit in his subject. As it is, he has even frittered much of his time on scenes and persons which, however delightful in themselves, are entirely unnecessary and irrelevant. The result is that the heroine is not as sympathetic as she might and should have been, and that in consequence the play is not as interesting. By a great actress the defect could almost have been remedied, for by the poignancy of her emotion and the quality of her appeal the effect of all that Mr. Fitch has left unsaid would to a great extent have been supplied. But, because this is not absolutely necessary—because, even as it stands, the play is interesting—Miss Elliott's performance is quite satisfying.

FINE ART

THE PICTURE-MARKET AND CONTEMPORARY ART

To those who have any personal acquaintance with the picture-market it is a familiar fact that in recent years it has become a matter of increasing difficulty for a living English artist to find a market for his wares. Even if we leave entirely out of account the merit of his work and consider the question of the market merely, we can find the explanation in the altered attitude of the picture-

buying public, to which that of the dealers naturally corresponds.

In former days there were patrons, often of obscure origin, self-made men, and sometimes not even men of great wealth, who bought without any idea of speculation, simply on their own judgment. Such were the first patrons of Turner—Joseph Gillott, Dr. Munro, Elkanah Bicknell. Even as late as the Pre-Raphaelites there were to be found many patrons entirely independent of dealers and markets, who had the courage of and the reward for backing their own opinions. But a gradual change has been observable of late years. The middle classes appear to have concluded that original pictures are entirely beyond the means of persons with a moderate income; they would no more think of buying a picture than they would a pleasure yacht or a motor-car, and content themselves with photogravures. The wealthy, on the other hand, appear to consider picture-buying merely in the light of an investment, and all they want is a safe thing like Preference stock. Since it has been proved over and over again of recent years that even the official stamp of the Royal Academy is not a sufficient guarantee of the security of the investment, and they have no other standard to go by, they have finally restricted their purchases to the established reputations—what we roughly call the Old Masters, including of course our own, Reynolds, Morland, &c. The dealers find that they can in consequence make a splendid turnover without stepping aside from the well-worn ruts. Why should a dealer worry himself to exercise his *flair* and discover who are the rising men of his own time, when he can get a princely income on old-established lines? A well-known Reynolds was bought and sold by a great firm three times in the course of twenty years, and the last time at an increase of 1000 per cent. What wonder that they refuse to touch modern work?

True, they lose opportunities which former generations would have seized upon. If some dealer had had the courage to buy up every Whistler that was to be had in 1880, we should have seen a corner in Whistlers far stronger than that which was attempted in America. There was a Degas bought at Christie's less than twenty years ago for £64, and recently sold for £3000; but the dealers can afford to snap their fingers at such lost opportunities. Their position is quite secure as it is and sufficiently remunerative. To some extent, perhaps, the American buyer has helped to develop this state of affairs. As recently as twenty years ago Americans practically did not compete for Old Masters. Their specialty was for a long time in modern French, especially the Barbizon school.

Mr. Sheridan Ford wrote a most amusing account of the lengths they would go to in their acquisitions, and of the vast number of sham Corots and Daubignys that were dumped down on them. But of recent years and in accumulating volume they have bought in every market Old Masters of all nationalities, always, apparently, with a view to getting a safe thing, and with little real connoisseurship.

Unfortunately for them but perhaps fortunately for the progress of art, safety is not always assured by mere dollars. During the last year the writer had occasion to make a list of some American collections, and among six reputed Constables only one was declared authentic by the first authorities on the subject. Of course, if a man has a very long purse and deals with a firm of unblemished reputation he will probably obtain genuine work. But no amount of pedigree and document will convert a bad picture into a good one, and as masterpieces are not forthcoming in every sale he will have to put up with genuine but inferior examples. Even Reynolds occasionally produced tedious and bad work; it is notorious that much that was turned out of his studio as his own work was mainly produced by assistants. The ghost, we must remember, has in all ages been a useful animal.

The long purse will do something, the long head a little more, but the only complete arbiter is taste combined with a little courage. The Americans have always been patrons

of French artists; at first the Barbizon men were all the rage; later and up to the present the impressionists, Monet, Degas, Renoir, &c. Whistlers have only been bought to a considerable extent since they obtained the *imprimatur* of Paris, that is, within the last ten years.

But the most striking fact in the list of some 400 pictures in American collections containing examples of all schools and periods from Giotto downward, was that only five modern English painters were represented, and these were all Academicians, with the exception of Rossetti. The last, by the way, was the only Pre-Raphaelite represented, which shows how completely Americans are in the hands of Continental dealers. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Americans will realise that there are some painters still left in England and that they are not invariably to be found among the august forty. The condition of the picture-market is in certain respects much healthier in Paris than in London. Paris being the world's emporium for pictures, the competition among dealers is much keener, and they are forced to look about and use their *flair* to discover who are the rising men among living painters. This type of dealer, who sniffs out a good thing among the young and unknown artists, so well described in the *Père Malgras* of Zola, is not entirely extinct in Paris. He exploits the young painter mercilessly, but the latter does not complain.

It is not necessary for him to make a sensation, to paint the picture of the year, to entertain largely, to see and be seen at all social functions. He can stick to his little garret in some old quarter, and make little excursions into the country, and meanwhile *piocher*, sure of a steady, quiet market with very little booming or fuss. The poor English painter meanwhile demands nothing better than to be exploited. He is forced by artificial conditions to put his prices absurdly high. In the restricted market open to him he may as well demand twenty pounds as twenty shillings, for if he cannot get the first, he will not get the second price. Outside the very small ring of patrons there is no market whatever. It is like trying to sell stamps in a fish-market. The wares have their worth, but the public knows and cares nothing about it.

Of course, in Paris, even more than in London, there are the much-boomed sensational pictures, the atrocious vistas of interminable Exhibitions. But side by side with these there exists the humble, silent painter and the shrewd speculative dealer, who appear to be extinct in London. A remedy is not to be found in the exhaustion of Old Masters—these will continue as before to change ownership. Let us hope that it may come with a renewed interest in true connoisseurship and a more sporting inclination to back one's own opinion.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S MESSIAH

IN 1742, one Mr. Charles Jennens, a literary amateur, wrote to some person or persons unknown:

"I shall show you a collection I gave Handel called *Messiah*, which I value highly. He has made a *fine entertainment of it*, though *not near so good* as he might and ought to have done. I have with the *greatest difficulty* made him correct some of the *grossesst faults* in the composition, but he has retained his Overture obstinately in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of the *Messiah*. . . ."

"Or of Mr. Charles Jennens": was evidently the thought uppermost in that worthy's mind. This very fine person:

"lived in such princely state at Gopsall in Leicestershire that his neighbours dubbed him Soliman the Magnificent. His town house was in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, and he is said to have constantly driven thence to the house of his printer in Red Lion Passage, not five minutes walk from the place, with four horses, and attended by four lacqueys, one of whom used to remove oyster-shells and other rubbish from the pavement, when he descended from his coach to cross over to the printing-office."

We read in Handel's life that Mr. Jennens's friendship for the composer "was most sincere, and met with an equally sincere return." Also that "he wrote much and well." However, his chief claim to immortality to-day lies in the compilation of scripture phrases for the *Messiah*, which he gave to Handel, who completed the score in twenty-four days, ending September 6, 1741.

On November 18 following, an Irish paper of the day, known as *Faulkner's Journal* announced with a flourish of trumpets, that the "celebrated Dr. Handel" had arrived at Dublin, in the packet-boat from Holyhead. Five weeks later appeared another paragraph:

"On Monday next, being the 14th of December (and every day following) Attendance will be given, at Mr. Handel's house, in Abbey-Street near Lyffey-street, from 9 o'clock in the Morning, till 2 in the Afternoon, in order to receive the Subscription Money for his Six Musical Entertainments in the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. . . ."

Fishamble Street, Dublin, now a slum, was then apparently a highly fashionable locality. The "New Musick Hall" built in 1741 had only just been opened. Handel's biographer, Mr. Rockstro, tells us that it was:

"afterwards converted into a Theatre, and, its audiences being very select, an advertisement announced that no one would be admitted to the Boxes or Pit 'without shoes and stockings' indicating of course that gentlemen were expected to wear the usual evening dress of the period, though certain Hibernian wits chose to give the passage a different signification. Thirty years ago, all that remained of the theatre was a neglected old building with a wooden porch into which it is probable that few persons wearing 'shoes and stockings' were accustomed to enter."

At each of the six musical entertainments conducted in this place we read in *Faulkner's Journal* that the New Musick Hall was filled to overflowing, with "a more numerous and polite audience than ever was seen upon the like occasion." In fact the series proved such an unqualified success that Handel was induced to give a second. In December he writes to his friend and patron, Soliman the Magnificent:

"It was with the greatest Pleasure I saw the Continuation of your kindness by the Lines you was pleased to send me, in order to be prefix'd to your *Oratorio Messiah* which I set to Musick before I left England. I am emboldened, Sir, by the generous Concern you please to take in relation to my affairs to give you an account of the Success I have met here. The Nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a Subscription for 6 nights which did fill a Room of 600 Persons, and without Vanity the performance was received with a general Approbation. Sign^a Avolio, which I brought with me from London, pleases extraordinary. I have formed another Tenor Voice which gives great Satisfaction, the Basses and Counter Tenors are very good, and the rest Chorus-Singers (by my direction) do exceedingly well, as for the Instruments they are really excellent, Mr. Dubourgh being at the Head of them, and the *Messiah* sounds delightfully in this charming Room, which puts me in good Spirits (and my Health being so good) I exert myself on my Organ with more than usual success. . . ."

He further informs Mr. Jennens that:

"the Audience was composed (besides the Flower of Ladies of Distinction and other People of the greatest Quality) of so many Bishops, Deans, Heads of the Colledge, the most eminent People in the Law as the Chancellor, Auditor General, &c. &c.,"

and begs him to be persuaded of the sincere veneration and esteem with which he had the "Honour" to be his most obliged and most humble servant, &c.

Handel was, in fact, feeling his way towards the production of the child of his heart, the new oratorio *Messiah*. The Dublin papers mention it for the first time on March 23, 1742, as follows:

"For the Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols and for the Support of Mercer's Hospital, in Stephen's Street, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay, on Monday the 12th of April will be performed at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-Street Mr. Handel's new grand *Oratorio*, called the *MESSIAH*, in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the Organ, by Mr. Handell."

The public received this announcement so warmly, says Mr. Rockstro:

"that when a later advertisement was issued begging that ladies would be pleased to come without hoops and gentlemen without swords, all

purchasers of tickets by courteously conceding to the request enabled the Stewards to seat seven hundred persons in the room instead of six. On Thursday the 8th of April the New Oratorio was rehearsed in presence of all who had bought tickets for the ensuing performance—"a most Grand, Polite and Crowded Audience." *Faulkner's Journal* informed its readers "that it was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of Musick that ever was heard."

We have seen that the *Messiah* as then produced did not altogether fulfil Mr. Jennens's expectations. Handel himself made extensive alterations in it afterwards. In 1789, thirty years after the composer's death, Mozart at Baron Van Swieten's request wrote his "additional accompaniments" for wind instruments. These were compared by Hauptman to "stucco ornaments on a marble temple." And in 1786, one Johann Adam Hiller, at a performance conducted by himself at the Berlin Cathedral, actually interpolated an Italian Aria to gratify the vanity of his principal singer. In fact the advisability of composing new arias for the *Messiah* was openly discussed in Germany, says Mr. Arthur Mees. Yet it was of the *Messiah* that the dying Beethoven exclaimed, pointing to the score: "Das ist das Wahre!"—"That is the true stuff!"

Handel himself conducted this work thirty-four times. On its first production in Dublin we are told that the chorus consisted of fourteen men and six boys. At the last performance which he proposed to direct himself, and which in fact took place three weeks after his death, it numbered twelve adult choristers, six boys and five principals—two men and three women.

We wonder how the eighteenth-century composer would have been affected, could he have emerged from his resting-place in the Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey, on April 21st, and listened to the Good-Friday performance of his beloved oratorio, given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society, under the conductorship of Sir Frederick Bridge.

Picture him in his gold-laced coat, buckled shoes, and silk stockings, gazing up amazedly at this most horrible building's crowded top-galleries, and comparing it in his own mind to the "New Musick Hall" in Fishamble Street! Picture his fierce eye on Sir Frederick Bridge, on the contralto, on the trumpet-player! Would the enormous white wig have vibrated with that little nod which, Dr. Burney tells us, manifested pleasure and satisfaction when things went well at the oratorio, or would it have remained ominously fixed, betokening thus to "nice observers, that he was out of humour"?

"And we shall be changed!" runs the last aria entrusted to the last soloist. According to Handel we shall be "cha-a-a-a; -a-a-a-a;—a-a-a-a-ANGED!" He little knew how much—before the final Resurrection. Poor Handel! We think that though, "without Vanity," his breast might have swelled exultantly under its ample lace ruffles, as he drank in a fulness of choral and orchestral effect unattainable in his day, those "larger other eyes," attributed by Tennyson to translated beings, might have detected the slightly contemptuous amusement with which the larger other ears of a flippant twentieth century listened to some of his remarkable roulades.

Much in the *Messiah* is of imperishable beauty. The chorus "All we like sheep have gone astray," though much censured in Handel's lifetime, is unsurpassed in point of descriptive sound, by any modern composer, besides being enriched by that art of delicate melody, for which nowadays we listen in vain. This short pastoral is a model of *naïve* poetry. As each little passage detaches itself and leaps away, we conjure up visions of the jocund and unruly flock skipping through gaps in flowering banks, or hurrying round pleasant lanes; we see the mingled haze of sun and dust so dear to the impressionist painter; we hear the patter of innumerable feet, and finally the joyous ripple of the shepherd's pipe as he leads his wandering charges into their pasture. It is a delicious study of idyllic atmosphere, and floats into a crowded hall like a breath of fresh meadow-scented air. Or let us dwell on the solemn loveliness of such arias as "Come unto Him all ye that labour." Alas! that those beautiful and impressive

choruses, beginning "As by man came death," should merge into ludicrous anti-climax in the last of the set, "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive"; where the music, despite the solemnity of the words, suddenly leaps into such extreme liveliness as to suggest a Jack-in-the-box movement in most graveyards, culminating in a little jig among the tombstones. But who knows? Possibly this very effect may have been voted "Monstrous Pleasing" by the Flower of those Ladies of Distinction in Fishamble Street. Let us remember too that, while sorrow is as old as the world and its voice finds an echo in all hearts and will do so to the end of time, joy is so largely imaginative as hardly ever to achieve truthful expression. Happiness, says Maeterlinck:

"is the most silent thing that there is in the world. The angel of orrow can speak in any language, there is not a word but she knows, but the lips of the angel of happiness are sealed."

On the whole Handel's music is typical of Handel's own personality; a jumble of the absurd, pathetic, and sublime. One of his biographers informs us that as he lived so far away from his country and relations it is to be presumed that his "Social Affections were not very strong." But he was a sincere friend, a generous benefactor and a man of deep religious belief. He died on Good Friday, April 13, 1759, "in hopes," as he said, "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his Resurrection"; "meaning," says Dr. Burney, "the third day, or Easter Sunday following."

We cannot leave the composer of the Hallelujah Chorus on his death-bed, without one more quotation, prophetic, let us hope, of this solemn hour:

"I did think," he said to those who questioned him on the source of his inspiration, "I did think I saw all Heaven before me, and the great God, Himself."

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is useless to discuss the meaning of this expression without taking into account that it is a literal translation of the last three words of the 26th Fragment of Alcman, which runs as follows:

"Ὅ μ' ἐτι, παρθενικὰ μελιγάρυες ἡμερόφωνα,
γυῖα φέρειν δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἴην,
ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κόματος ἄνθος αἰ' ἀλευόμενοι ποτίζται
ῥηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἐχών, ἀλιπρόφυρος ἔσρος ὄρνις."

"No longer, maidens of sweet voice and lovely utterance, have my limbs power to bear me. Would, ah! would I were a kingfisher, that over the flower of the foam flits together with his mates, his heart free from care, the sea-blue bird of March!"

Tennyson is steeped in the Classics.

April 20.

R. J. WALKER.

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If I remember right, we were told in the ACADEMY some months ago that science was "systematised knowledge." Yet statements appear in the articles headed "science," which cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, on the most liberal and indulgent interpretation of the words, be brought under this definition. In the last number we are told that Wordsworth is "the profoundest thinker among English poets." Wordsworth a profounder thinker than Shakespeare! And in the preceding number I read, "innumerable creeds, all, of course, of Oriental origin." What! "all" of these "innumerable creeds"? And why, "of course," in the name of wonder? In what sense are such statements "science," and not rather, "questionable history" and "dubious criticism"? No one can love scientific reading more than myself, but I claim that it shall be science pure and undefiled.

April 24.

J. A. B.

ENGLISH WORDS IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—H.E.F.'s impression concerning the French use of the word "raid" is inexplicable. I have lived in France for ten years, exclusively in French society. I have noted the gradual changes that have come over the meaning of "raid"; I have never seen it printed with the diæresis and never heard it pronounced otherwise than *red*. The writer of the note seems the better-informed.

April 25.

F. B.

THE CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What I saw in my youth was a veritable star, for the moon was "dogged" by it, as Coleridge describes it, for the rest of the evening. The star was not "within," but right *upon* "the nether tip," as I have seen in pictures of Oriental lamps. Others tell me they too have witnessed the phenomenon, so the question is how to explain what we saw. Can it be that the star was on the point of occultation? Many will, as I do, thank Mr. Wallis for his courteous consideration, which I hope he will extend to a further reply.

JOHN B. TABB.

P.S.—The note I referred to is by J. Dykes Campbell.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Bate, Percy. *English Table Glass*. Newnes's Library of the Applied Arts. 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Miller, Edward. *John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation*. Me rose, 1s. net.
Vitetelly, Ernest A. *The Wild Marquis. The Life and Adventures of Armand Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
Caussey, Fernand. *Laclos, 1741-1803, d'après des documents originaux inédits d'un mémoire inédit de Laclos*. Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 3 f. 50 c.
Le Brun, Roger. *F. de Curel*. Paris: Sansot. "Les Célébrités d'aujourd'hui," 1 f.

EDUCATIONAL.

Dumas, Alexandre. *Le Voyage De Chicot*. Blackie's Little French Classics. 4d.
Jamieson, Walter. *Graphs for Beginners*. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
Mansfield Poole, W., and Becker, Michel. *Lectures Françaises, Géographie et Histoire*. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Shakespeare, William. *Henry the Eighth*. Blackie, the Picture Shakespeare, 1s.
Aveling, F. W. *A Practical French Grammar*. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s.
Blackie's English School Texts. *Antonio and Benedict Mol, and Gipsy Storia*. Extracts from "The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Tanglewood Tales*. Blackie, 8d. each.
Thucydides, *Book VI*. Edited with Introduction and Notes by A. W. Spratt. Cambridge University Press. Pitt Press Series, 6s.

FICTION.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Royal Literary Fund will hold its annual dinner on May 15. An old pamphlet tells us how the fund came to be instituted. It had its origin in a club that used to meet, towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the Prince of Wales' coffee-house, Conduit Street; and this is the story of its foundation:

"During the summer recess of the summer of 1788 an event took place which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity, and afflicted the votaries of knowledge. Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most useful, if not of the most competent, Greek scholars of his age, a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candour of his temper and the gentleness of his manners, died in consequence of having been arrested and detained for a debt to a victualler who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

"At the news of this event, every friend of literature felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and one of the members of the club above mentioned proposed that it should adopt, as its object and purpose, some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving authors and their families in distress."

We shall doubtless hear, at the banquet, how many tens of thousands of pounds the trustees of the fund now hold invested. Its early balance-sheets are in striking contrast with its present opulence. The subscriptions received between April 1794 and April 1795 amounted only to £110 5s. The amount paid out for the relief of authors during the same period was only £86 17s. Naturally the individual grants were small. A typical case is that of "the widow of a late Doctor of Divinity." We read that "it was resolved that six guineas should be given to her, two guineas at a time, according to the direction of Mr. Deputy Nicholls." The largest of all the grants is one of twenty guineas to a Doctor of Laws; the justification of the extravagance being that "the difficulties under which he at that time laboured proceeded from the distressed circumstances of a gentleman from whom he used to receive annually a valuable consideration for the services which he rendered him."

A writer in a contemporary makes an attack upon the Society of Authors which, if not inspired by malice, must result from ignorance. This is what he says:

"Our best literature, our poetry, our biography, and our criticism are none of them helped in the least by the Society of Authors."

But it is no part of the functions of the Society of Authors to "help literature," whether good, bad or indifferent. It exists to define and protect literary property, which is quite another matter. Does the writer mean that the Society refuses to admit poets, biographers, and critics to membership? Or that it takes the guineas of poets, biographers, and critics, but denies to them privileges which it accords to its other members? Or what does he mean? We have a strong suspicion that he has been using at random words which mean nothing at all.

Can the civilisation of a country be gauged by the number of its periodicals? If so, America is indeed making culture hum. The latest Newspaper Annual, just issued in the United States, shows that there exist in that country no less than 22,312 periodicals, or approximately one for every 3400 inhabitants. In Germany, on the other hand, where there are more periodicals in comparison with the population than in any other European State, there is one periodical for every 7500 inhabitants; while in the United Kingdom there is, roughly speaking, one to each 9000. The United States, with a population of seventy millions, has absolutely more periodicals than the whole of Europe which has perhaps four hundred million inhabitants.

Equally remarkable is the number of languages represented in the publications of the great Republic sometimes humorously called "Anglo-Saxon." Apart from the English periodicals, no less than forty languages and dialects have their magazines and newspapers. German easily heads the list. Then, a long way behind, comes French. After that, with a fair representation, follow Czech, Dutch, Hebrew, Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Spanish, Swedish, and Portuguese: while at the tail end of the list come Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Finnish, Gaelic, Hungarian, Icelandic, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian, Servian, Slovenian, and Welsh. Even the Redskins have a paper; and Latin lives in a Boston monthly, the *Classical Review*.

Under the head of "Our Neglected Monuments," the *Quarterly Review* in a well-informed article deals in a calm and dispassionate spirit with a subject of great national interest. The recent vandalism at Berwick-upon-Tweed in filling up the ancient fosse and demolishing the considerable fragments of the Edwardian Walls is very fully narrated and lamented. More acts of demolition were in contemplation, but thanks to the disinterested action of a public-spirited resident, the Local Government Board stepped in and acquired the Bell Tower and a considerable extent of the ancient wall. The modern walls of Elizabeth's reign (rather massive ramparts faced with stone) are still entire and fairly well preserved, but even they are threatened by the City Fathers, who have ever and anon before them a scheme for running an unnecessary roadway through them to the insignificant suburb of the Greens, the abode of the local fishermen. The ancient bridge over the Tweed—a unique and beautiful structure—built from the Royal Exchequer between 1611 and 1624, is also threatened. Since 1700, by writ of William III., £100 (never fully expended or accounted for) has been annually paid to the Corporation for repairing the Bridge, and yet the Town Council have the assurance to claim the right to disfigure and practically destroy the outstanding features of this fine *international* structure.

The writer in the *Quarterly*, after dealing exhaustively and interestingly with other cases of vandalism and explaining the excellent and effective provisions for preserving ancient monuments in Italy, Germany, France and other Continental States, suggests that a National Commission similar to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which has done invaluable work in printing and cataloguing the contents of the charter chests of our historic families, should be as early as possible called into existence, to visit and catalogue our Ancient Monuments with power to schedule them and place them under national control. Where they are private property they should be purchased compulsorily at a reasonable price based upon three years' average rental; but at Berwick and other towns where they are earning no rent they should be enclosed and protected *pro bono publico*, free of price. The gods, alas, fight in vain against ignorance and stupidity. Did not Lord Avebury fight for ten weary years before even he could persuade our Conscript Fathers to pass the act of 1882 to protect our ancient monuments? Vested interests

and so-called private rights of property stood in the way: as if any one individual or group of individuals or any little corporate body could inherit the sacred monuments of a great and honoured past! What would the United States of America give to possess monuments such as are scattered through the three kingdoms? Reverence for the past is cultivated and encouraged in republican America, but our local Dogberrys are hidebound and arrogant, and pride themselves on a wicked and senseless utilitarianism. *Vix ea voco nostra*—we can scarcely call these things our own; for are not these ancient monuments, like the English Bible, like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and many others too numerous to recite here, the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world?

It is looking back into the golden years to recall the pastoral time when the world was young. We have come through stone and iron and many ages, and to-day it depends on the fancy of the thinker whether he name it the mechanical and decadent age, which Bacon said followed by natural sequence pastoralism, war, art, or find with imaginative insight the elements of poetry behind steam and electricity. A delightful history of the "Three Phases of Pastoral Sentiment," its birth, its prime, its artificial period, swinging back even now to naturalism with sublime and unconquerable hope, will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*. The shepherds and shepherdesses that flitted joyously through our European literature are no more. It is the Bible that contains the abiding records of that pastoral life which to-day supplies much of our imagery and stirs poetic feeling. The shepherd is the moving and inspiring figure. Abraham watching his flock on the plain of Moreh, David the onetime shepherd-boy singing of his heavenly Shepherd, Solomon's ideal pictures, supply a whole line of story and romance, till that starlit night when simple shepherds were selected as worthy of divine tidings. Of course it may be said that Christian pastoralism was foreshadowed and anticipated in pagan times, for do we not even now, after the lapse of centuries, step on tiptoe with bated breath into that temple in Alexandria where the divine image of Adonis, his wan limbs limp with the boar's wound, reposes amidst flowers, and our ears hear the intoxicating chant of the whispered hymn—all as depicted by Theocritus in his matchless Ode? Is there anything new under the sun? This article is a prose poem and seems to recite with a rhythm of its own, here and there rather exuberantly, the writer's over-flowing study of a beautiful and idyllic period when life seems, on looking back, a dream of poetry. Our age of prose is spiritualised and purified by such a charming retrospect.

In connection with the article in a recent issue of the *ACADEMY* on "The Glory of Somerset," a correspondent sends us an interesting quotation from George Gissing:

"I have been spending a week in Somerset. The right June weather put me in the mind for rambling, and my thoughts turned to the Severn Sea. I went to Glastonbury and Wells, and on to Cheddar, and so to the shore of the Channel at Clevedon, remembering my holiday of fifteen years ago, and too often losing myself in a contrast of the man I was then and what I am now. Beautiful beyond all words of description that nook of oldest England; but that I feared the moist and misty winter climate, I should have chosen some spot below the Mendips for my home and resting-place. Unspeakable the charm to me of those old names; exquisite the quiet of those little towns, lost amid tilth and pasture, untouched as yet by the fury of modern life, their ancient sanctuaries guarded, as it were, by noble trees and hedges overrun with flowers. In all England there is no sweeter and more varied prospect than that from the hill of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury; in all England there is no lovelier musing-place than the leafy walk beside the Palace Moat at Wells. As I think of the golden hours I spent there, a passion of which I can give no name takes hold upon me; and my heart trembles with an indescribable ecstasy."

Dr. Charlton Bastian has had an amusing experience in connection with the American request that he should write the book on the "Origin of Life" to which we referred the other day. The publishers failed to confirm the request of their editor, on the ground that, having the repute of a

conservative firm, they could scarcely publish a work which was in conflict with accepted views. One would have thought that the publication of a "New Scientific Series" was the last enterprise to be expected in such a quarter. However, Dr. Bastian is no stranger to this state of mind; and his book proceeds unchecked.

The revived interest in the author of "Evelina" has resulted in a proposal that the Bath Corporation shall put a tablet on the wall of 23 Great Stanhope Street, where Fanny Burney once lived. Her first visit to Bath was in 1780 in company with Mrs. Thrale, and her journal is full of enthusiastic praise of the elegance of its houses, the beauty of its streets, and its enchanting prospects. Her next visit was in 1791, when she was introduced by Lady Spencer to Georgina Duchess of Devonshire.

Fanny Burney's most eventful residence in Bath was, however, in 1817, when she was occupied in nursing her invalid husband whom she had the honour of presenting to Queen Charlotte in the Pump Room. Both parties seem to have been fascinated, but no sooner had the Queen departed than General d'Arblay "sank upon a bench near the wall," overcome with pain. A few months later he died in Great Stanhope Street, and was buried in Walcot Churchyard.

"Annals of Ipswich," by Nath. Bacon (grandson of Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon), sometime Town Clerk and Recorder, was published in 1884 by subscription without an Index (a 4to volume of 600 pages) and it is now proposed to issue a carefully compiled one to render the valuable contents more accessible, as well as to bring the various extracts from the Town Records and documents of which the book is made up to light. There are many valuable facts stated therein, which for want of an index are simply lost. A fact of much interest to librarians and others is the foundation of the Town Library in 1612. Norwich was founded in 1608, and Bristol in 1613. The accounts of the famous Guild of Corpus Christi, the Christ Hospital, and Tooley's foundation, &c., are noted in detail. Passive resistance was not unknown in those times, but it was for the parson's pay that two yards of cloth were seized. The details of weights and measures are quaint to a degree. The famous proverb "to hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay" (which was to weigh about 6 or 7 lbs.) comes from this county. The work will be printed by Messrs. Sparks and Co. Limited, Caxton Printing Works, and is to be strictly limited to 100 copies signed and numbered.

The proposal of the Moore Memorial Committee to remove Thomas Moore's remains from Bromham churchyard to the Glasnevin cemetery at Dublin presents a difficulty. The lover of Moore can scarcely dissociate his memory from the Wiltshire cottage in which he lived so long, or the room in which he died, and in which his ghost is said still to appear, or the hamlet in which the memory lingers of the good deeds of his wife. Moreover Moore, who was the best of husbands and fathers, lies buried appropriately by his wife and two of his children, and one can almost imagine him uttering the Shakespearean malediction against any one who stirs his bones. That he belongs by his genius to Ireland seems an inadequate reason for breaking up his family sepulchre. Is there any precedent for such an act?

Another literary memorial in contemplation is a monument to Eugène Sue at Annecy. His is the second great literary name connected with the little town; the first being that of Rousseau, who was received there by Madame de Warens when he ran away from the engraver to whom he was apprenticed at Geneva, and who had beaten him for stealing apples. Sue retired to live there after the "coup d'état," Paris being then impossible to him on account of his political opinions. Though a Socialist of Socialists, he was luxurious in his personal

habits. The story goes that, every morning, when he sat down to work, his valet brought him a new pair of straw-coloured kid gloves which he drew on before dipping a gold pen into a silver inkpot to write that "no one has the right to superfluities while any one is deprived of necessities."

It is doubtful whether Sue's novels are any longer read, but at the time of "The Mysteries of Paris," he was the most conspicuous novelist of his day. A selection from the letters which he received from the readers of that sensational serial was lately published in a French paper, and proved how large and how "mixed" was his public. Not only did the poor write to ask him for money. The rich also wrote to ask him to be their almoner—Mme. de Rothschild among their number. Lamartine addressed him as "my dear prose poet." A German Prince wrote asking leave to introduce "my cousin Prince Max of Bavaria." A musician made his story the theme of an oratorio, and horticulturists named new kinds of roses after his heroines.

Naturally, too, he received criticisms of his stories, and corrections of his inaccuracies. "You are mistaken," wrote one who evidently knew, "in supposing that the death penalty is gratuitous. No, sir. The unhappy wife of a victim of the guillotine in our part of the country has just had her furniture seized to defray the costs of the execution." Advice was also offered as to the fate of the sympathetic Fleur-de-Marie. A correspondent wrote all the way from Belgium to say that he would like to see her end as the directress of a charitable institution. "Arrange that for me, if you please, Monsieur Sue."

Finally there were letters from ladies desirous of the writer's acquaintance. One lady in the provinces has offered to present him with an Etruscan vase, and plaintively complains that he has promised to come and fetch it, but has allowed two years to pass without doing so. Another writes: "Sir, I know your taste to be refined. Please pay a visit to my collection of pictures in the Rue Taitbout. It is on the third story, and my name is on the door." One wonders whether any novelist is as popular as all that nowadays.

Though the date of the Barbier Centenary has passed, the celebration has, for some reason, been postponed until May 29. We may spend the interval in recalling the circumstances of the poet's election to the Academy. It was in 1868; and the favourite was "le bon Théo"—Théophile Gautier, author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin." But Gautier was Princess Mathilde's librarian, and there was a conspiracy, led by the Comte de Montalembert, to find a rival candidate whose election would annoy the Emperor and his family. The Count asked Edouard Grenier to find him a man, and Grenier suggested Barbier. "Who is he?" asked the Count. "The author of 'Iambes.'" "But I thought he was dead." "Not at all. I met him yesterday." "Is he the man who wrote:

'Je n'ai jamais chargé qu'un homme de ma haine:
Sois maudit, o Napoléon!'

"Certainly." "Then he's the man for us." And Guizot and Thiers were consulted, and approved; and Auguste Barbier beat Théophile Gautier by 18 votes to 14.

We have just received the German translations of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa." They are published in two volumes under the common title, "Irdische und himmlische Liebe" (Earthly and Heavenly Love). In a brief preface, the editor, Dr. Max Meyerfeld, who is not the translator, tells us that Moore revised his two novels in June 1904, rewriting the whole of "Evelyn Innes," and that the novel has vastly gained by the changes. German critics consider Evelyn Innes and Owen Asher the most

artistic types of psychological character-drawing since Flaubert, and that in them Moore has attained the zenith of soul-analysis.

The latest production at the Deutsche Theatre, Berlin, deals with University life. The subject was treated incidentally, it will be remembered, in *Alt-Heidelberg*, and different phases of school life form the subjects of such popular modern plays as *Der Probe-Kandidat*, *Flachsmann als Erzieher* and *Traumulus*. The new work by Ferdinand Wittenbauer is entitled *Der Privatdozent*, and deals with the difficulties of the professorial staff, greatly complicated by the fact that the "professor's daughters must be married—that is the vocation of the *Privatdozenten*." A *Privatdozent* is a sort of tutor or lecturer who works under the chief professors. The somewhat conventional plot is atoned for by an original ending, in which all are not rewarded according to their deserts, by excellent dialogue, and some clever character-drawing, but the piece will scarcely take its place among those mentioned above.

Word comes from Sydney of a new anthology of Australasian verse, compiled by Mr. A. G. Stephens, which will be published shortly in Sydney and London. There is a great vogue, it seems, for poetry in Australia. The country has a long list of poets, Lawson, Paterson, Ogilvie, Barcroft Boake, Victor Daley, Bernard O'Dowd, Lindsay Gordon; and their works sell, not by the hundred, as do those of most of our living poets in England, but by the thousand—to be read not only in drawing-rooms and libraries, but by swagmen's camp-fires and in shearers' huts. The anthology of Australasian poets made some years ago by Mr. Douglas Sladen is now no longer adequate; and English readers will welcome the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with work that has made so wide an appeal in the country of its origin.

LITERATURE

HOMER AND SCIENCE

A Handbook of Homeric Study. By HENRY BROWNE, S. J.,
Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin.
(Longmans, 6s.)

FATHER BROWNE'S book of three hundred and twenty pages, pretty closely printed, is intended for "beginners" and "young students," probably for sixth-form boys, and men who aim at honours in Moderations. For our part we think that the best thing for such students to do is to read Homer "for human pleasure," to read him steadily, and read him whole, in the manner of Ronsard, who, in one of his poems, tells us that he sported his oak, and devoured the "Iliad" in three days, or at least that such was his intention. If, like the man in Voltaire, he looked out of the window, and if Cassandra passed with a handful of roses, probably the "Iliad" was not perused in this rapid fashion. However, we ought to know the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" thoroughly before we trouble ourselves with what Father Browne calls "a mass of complex problems which hardly grow less simple as we proceed."

We read him, and we see linguistic problems; problems of the history of religion; problems of the history of society; problems of the distribution of races; problems of land tenure; problems of the evolution of metallurgy; anthropological problems; archaeological problems; problems Mycenaean and Minoan; the whole tumult of Mr. Arthur Evans's problems; the problem of early writing; surging around us like a sea of cross tides and currents. But the greatest of all these is the literary problem: how did two long epics, with, it is admitted, a certain unity of plot and interest, come into existence in early Greece?

On this problem Father Browne, if we may make the remark without discourtesy, has practically nothing to say. He has "escaped his own notice" in putting forward no

coherent and consistent hypothesis as to how the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" came to be what they are. He very properly avoids daring guesses: he probably thinks that the time has not come, and may never come, for an hypothesis which, in Mill's phrase, "colligates all the facts." He says that Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Gladstone "were ranged on the side of extravagant Conservatism." One was a poet, the other "not unlike a poet," "and by such persons dry philology or critical science is very easily brushed aside as a mere impertinence." Now, first: the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are poetry, and all poets except Coleridge have been partisans of Homeric unity. About poetry, poets have a right to an opinion: they make it, and, more than a legion of Ficks and Kirchhoffs, they know what poetry is, and how it is made. They know that a great poet does not write nonsense. But knowing this, Fick makes his original and earliest poet of the proto-Iliad send Agamemnon into battle in dressing-gown and slippers! Fick was a leader in "critical science," which profited him to the extent indicated. "But," says Father Browne with great *naïveté*, "everyday science progresses, and it is strange that even now writers are found who pretend that Homeric questions are to be approached not in the 'scientific' but in the 'literary' spirit. Mr. Lang" (in "Homer and the Epic"), "has adopted this strange and to us unconvincing argument." But he and his accomplices (such as Comparetti, who is the sanest of scholars) "perhaps by science mean science falsely so called."

That is precisely what they *do* mean. Numbers of volumes of "science falsely so called" are poured from the press, in Germany especially, every year. The authors, as Comparetti puts it, pore on the epics through microscopes, looking for these tiny "discrepancies" which Father Browne himself disdains to dwell upon; finding them where they do, and also where they do not exist; and using them as an argument for multiple authorship. These men treat literature as literature cannot be treated, and call the method "critical science." But the Provost of Oriel is not that kind of man; he is, in England, the greatest living Homeric scholar; and he (p. 135) is quoted as one of "the most severe advocates of unity." Yet he is "scientific," the field of philology being his chosen domain. Every sane man sees (even Mr. Lang sees) that, though the Homeric poems are literature, the Homeric problems, like all problems, must be studied in "the scientific spirit," that is, in the spirit of organised common sense. We must know everything that is knowable about the poems; but we must never forget that they are literature. For example, we must know all that philology can tell us about evidences of different stages of syntax and changes in meanings of words. Mr. Monro knows all that, and remains (with reserves for certain passages and even books) one of "the most severe advocates of unity." We must also know all that Mr. Evans, M. Pictet, and others can tell us about early writing, from the time of palæolithic man in France, to the earliest and later texts of Crete and the Levant. Obviously the question of the possible early existence of the poems in writing is of the highest importance. But Father Browne practically ignores it. He makes the Achæans "sub-Mycenæan," he allows that the men of the Mycenæan civilisation could write, and yet he dates the transmission of the poems, by means of writing, only from the sixth century B.C. If men could write long before that, why should the poems not have been written long before that?

Another branch of science with which we cannot dispense is the comparative science of literary evolution. We must study it from the songs of Australian black fellows upwards and onwards, through *Volkslieder*; early professional poetry; hymns handed down by oral tradition; poems written in an age when reading was almost never practised; epics said by "science" to have been formed by combining detached lays, and so forth. On this science Father Browne has nothing at all to say; yet of all the many sciences subservient to Homeric studies it is the most important. He does not mention Comparetti's masterly study of the

Kalewala, as a prelude to the study of Homer; of the early mediæval French epics, the *chansons de geste*, he makes no use. He has, really, no hypothesis of the mode in which the Homeric poems became what they are, except that they were moulded under the influence of "schools," after they had reached a certain, or rather uncertain point (pp. 85, 86, 130, 131, 277). What *was* a school? What were the scholars aiming at, what kind of audience had they in their eye, how did they mean to gratify that audience? Why, if there were plenty of "lays," did they work them up into long epics, and how did they do it? We find no answer to these questions; indeed, we find little to show that the author has seriously reflected on these questions, or on the problem of writing in connection with them. What we must misdoubt, the science of statistics, we get in abundance. But our materials are too scanty for real statistical study. We really are not prepared to believe that the highly civilised persons of the so-called early "Achilleid" had not the conception of justice because the word for "just" occurs only three times in the "Iliad"!

The wrath of Achilles arises from nothing but a consciousness of what is just and what is unjust. Read the first three hundred lines of that Book I. of the "Iliad," which our author prefers to the whole of the "Odyssey" (the "Odyssey," to him, is mere "Homer and water!"), and you will see that the whole interest and action turn on what is just and unjust, in the circumstances. The presence or absence of the word *dikaïos* has nothing to do with the matter. If we say that an action is "a shame," instead of saying that it is "unjust," are we to be told that we have no sense of justice? And, as other words for the idea occur, though not the word "just," is anything gained by remarking that "so much as the word 'just' or 'holy' does not exist"? (p. 121.) This is carrying the fallacy of the philologist very far!

Anthropology is another science needed by the Homeric student. When he has learned it, he knows that the observations of "critical science" on various modes of disposing of the bodies of the dead (pp. 287-288) rest on ignorance of anthropology. We are not, in this work, given too much science, we are given far too little of that excellent thing. It is an honest, candid, careful, and, within its limits, it is a lucidly arranged book. If it makes its readers think for themselves, if they will read it reflectively, and test the author's conclusions, it will be a very useful manual. Teachers may greatly benefit their pupils by asking them to criticise the author's modes of reasoning.

ANDREW LANG.

THE MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE WAY

Coryat's Crudities. By THOMAS CORYAT. Reprinted from the Edition of 1611. In Two Volumes. (Glasgow: MacLehose & Sons, 25s. net.)

THE name of Thomas Coryat, if mentioned during his lifetime, was more often than not the signal for indulgent laughter, but few men attained so quickly as he did to posthumous fame. Playing at home the part of a hanger-on at Court, a privileged buffoon, he had wit enough, as soon as he gave attention to foreign lands, to turn even his follies to good account, and it is impossible to peruse his racy pages without an ever-broadening smile at the quips and oddities of an adventurer always on such excellent terms with himself and with the world. Since his death, fortune has certainly favoured Coryat in several ways. Few books are more difficult to procure, or even to see, than the famous "Crudities," and the careful reprint which now appears will only enhance the value of those copies of the original which are known to exist, by drawing attention to the personality of the writer: a rare and original being, who has something still to disperse "to the nourishment of the travelling Members of this Kingdome."

The humour of many of the threescore panegyrics, which

themselves accounted to a large extent for the unusual vogue of the book on its first appearance, has of course considerably evaporated with time. But so great a galaxy of genius and talent can hardly be invoked in vain. There is at least one laugh on every page. A certain amount of repetition must be discounted, and the reader will find himself fairly familiar with Coryat's most notable adventures before he has read a line of his author. But it is not every man who could secure a hearing, even with the aid of sixty of the choicer spirits of his time. Ben Jonson, Rowland Cotton, John Donne, Laurence Whitaker, Inigo Jones, Michael Drayton, half in mockery, half in earnest, commend the ingenious Coryat and his diversions to their contemporaries; and their "encomiasticks" of "that observative and long-winded Gentleman" are reinforced by the rhymes, riddles, and macaronics of a good many other professional and unprofessional testimonial-writers. The dedication to Henry, Prince of Wales, and the Epistle to the Reader, strike another note. "Of all the pleasures in the world travell is (in my opinion) the sweetest and most delightfull." Coryat was long before his time in feeling this. He may be said to appeal now to a converted audience. We would all be up and away this moment if we could! To us the note of cautious persuasion rings with an almost pathetic cadence. Coryat was concerned also with the superior critic, only too ready "to chastise the lucubrations of most kinde of writers." He felt with a reasonable sincerity the need of disarming him. On the whole, he need not have been so anxious. He had friends of worth as well as of wit; he had been well received among scholars; he had entered into "a league of friendship" with some of the noblest characters of his time, both at home and abroad. His book was destined to live, to take in the present year a new lease of life, a fact which would have delighted and surprised him, had he been able to foresee it when he hung up his shoes in the little Somersetshire church of Odcombe, nearly three hundred years ago.

As our merry traveller footed it through Europe, his thoughts reverted continually to Odcombe. He had, no doubt, inherited something from his father which made these adventures possible. Some of the poems of George Coryat are appended to the "Crudities," and testify eloquently enough to a son's devotion. Several of his friends gave him considerable credit here. As Richard Badley wrote:

"Yet cannot I suppress, without digrace
The love thou bare thy Natalitall place.
For in the midst of thy most Alpish waies,
When ruinous rocks did threat to end thy daies,
No doubt, thou couldst have wisht thyself at home,
To live, and lay thy bones in sweete Odcombe.
But after thou hadst past those furious pikes,
Which feare and terrour to the Pilgrime strikes;
And did the Garden of our world descric,
Within the wombe of fertill Lombardie;
Immortal Mantua could not steale thy love,
Nor once from Odcombe thine affections move.
Wherein, Ulysses-like, thou didst display
Such love, as he bore to his Ithaca."

This is a fair example of the "panegyrics." But though Coryat was not destined to lay his bones at Odcombe, he has left that remote village a bequest worth having. It is no wonder that the custodians of the place preserved his shoes until, presumably, they fell to pieces.

Sir Archibald Geikie has lately reminded us that appreciation of the glories of the Alps, of mountains generally, is a thing of quite recent growth. The panegyrist just quoted was obviously impressed by his friend's hardihood: he was hardly envious of his fortune. But Coryat himself, though he might have been puzzled by the attitude, for instance, of a Ruskin, did not leave his faculty of observation dormant when he was passing through the mighty and miraculous scenes of divine handiwork with which we in our day are, in a sense, almost too familiar. His notes are those of the man who finds good in everything.

"I saw many flockes of goats in Savoy, which they penne at night in certaine low roomes under their dwelling houses. On every Alpe I

saw wonderfull abundance of pine-trees, especially about the toppe and many of them of a very great heighth and betwixt the toppe and the foote there are in many of these mountains wilde Olive-trees, Chestnut-trees, Walnuts, Beeches, Hasel-trees, &c. The whole side of a hill being replenished with all these sorts of trees."

Then he discourses of the dangers. The risks of avalanche and landslip are realistically set forth. He points out that boulders the size of those of "Stoneage by the towne of Amesbury in Wiltshire" may slip betimes across your path: he is amazed at the "stupendous heighth" of the mountains. And then he turns with evident relief to the consideration of butterflies. His pictures are vivid and varied. The contrast and yet the similarity of custom, costume and life in the countries visited, regarded from a modern standpoint, are so remarkable as to set the ordinary moderately-travelled reader thinking pleasantly at every turn. Coryat came home to be laughed at for using a fork, a strange and finicking habit learned in Italy, but hardly approved by his own robust countrymen. Here he showed his sense, but all foreign habits were not equally to his liking. He was greatly exercised over the high beds of Savoy, the clumsy bed-coverings of Germany, and occasionally offended by the outlandish head-dresses of women in various parts. He is free-spoken on most social topics, if somewhat sensitive to the ridicule of which he was often the victim at home; and yet his protestations of personal virtue are quite convincing. And there are numerous sidelights. In Venice he saw women act, a thing which seemed an innovation: "though I have heard that it hath beene sometimes used in London." He dips into history and ecclesiology. His attitude is seldom insular. His eyes are open to receive all sorts of impressions; it is entirely to his credit that the unsurpassable beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic stands out admirably in his vivacious pages.

Coryat's five months' itinerary included that very portion of Europe which is most accessible to ourselves. A tourist with time on his hands might do worse than follow so genial a guide over the same ground. Methods of transport have changed, but that is all to the good. A Coryat may become a pedestrian by necessity, or a Belloc from choice: most of us will be wise to avail ourselves of the latest appliances of steam and electricity; and if we use the time thus saved in acquiring the skill of pioneers like Coryat, we may deserve as well as he does the thanks of those who come after.

MAN IN NATURE

The Evolution of Man. By ERNST HÆCKEL. Translated by JOSEPH McCABE. Two vols. (Watts, 45s.)

THE problem of the origin of life, and of man in particular, has always exercised a peculiar fascination over the human mind. In these latter days, while many have contrived to satisfy their thirst for information on this subject by the adoption of ancient and venerable traditions, others have ventured to push their inquiries further, though in so doing, they bring down upon themselves the charge of impious curiosity.

Our great countryman, Darwin, did more in his lifetime to lift the veil of this great mystery than had been done in all the centuries before him. But so firmly had the old traditions established themselves that the gift of his labours to the world caused his name and all that it stood for to become *anathema* to the multitude. Excraction poured from the throats of well-nigh the whole civilised community of the world. A few, however, of the more advanced minds grasped the immense importance of the new revelation, and among these Huxley in our country and Haeckel in Germany stand out conspicuously. It became evident to them that the old idea of creation must give place to the scheme of evolution propounded by the Master. And they ceased not, day nor night, to insist on this fact.

Professor Haeckel did for Germany what Huxley did for

this country; and now, thanks to the work of the translator, Haeckel's contributions to this tremendous issue are almost as familiar among us as those of Huxley. But there is a great difference in the attitude of these two men with regard to the interpretation of the now famous Darwinian theory. Huxley, while convinced of the truth of evolution, never adopted Darwin's principle of "Natural Selection" which accounted for this evolution. For him the evidence, irresistible in so far as evolution was concerned, was not strong enough to support the hypothesis of selection. With Haeckel it was otherwise. Gifted with an exuberant and fertile imagination he has, in the minds of the more cautious, not seldom outrun the bounds of legitimate inference: he has pushed his conclusions further than the evidence warrants. This criticism applies, however, rather to matters of detail than to broad principles.

Like Huxley, Haeckel has spared no effort to place the fruits of the new learning before the lay public, believing that the right conception of this earth and its inhabitants, even though it may clash with preconceived notions, is far more likely to make for righteousness than to bring about the evils which the timid prophesied.

When the hypothesis propounded in the "Origin of Species" first saw the light, a thrill of horror ran through society. But when the "Descent of Man" appeared, it was felt indeed that the foundations of morality and religion would be undermined if the propagation of ideas so blasphemous were tolerated: and bell, book, and candle were vigorously used. After a while, when the excitement had subsided somewhat, and men began to examine this ogre that had excited such alarm, they found him surprisingly comely. To-day even those who occupy our pulpits are not a little proud of displaying the fact that they are on speaking terms with him.

Just now we are entering on an acute phase of this consequence of the invasion of the Darwinian theory. All the outer forts were captured long since, but the inner citadel yet remains in the hands of a few irreconcilables. While admitting defeat on the main issue, they still refuse to allow the application of the evolution theory to man himself. They are goaded into action by a sword of their own forging, to wit, that they cannot bring themselves to admit their descent from apes. This very exclusive attitude is really quite unnecessary, for the evolution theory demands no such admission. The human race, and the apes, have both come from the same common stock. Whether they accept this or not is after all immaterial.

With a view to the hastening of their capitulation, the great siege guns of Professor Haeckel have been modified, so to speak, so as to become available for the bombardment of that portion of the fort held by the English-speaking defenders. Huxley long since initiated the attack in a series of crushing arguments familiar to most of our readers under the title of "Man's Place in Nature." Haeckel's work adds nothing to this of any importance, but it amplifies the evidence. He gathers the public into one vast lecture-room, so to speak, and there unfolds the story of evolution piece by piece: beginning with the lowest of living animals and leading up to man himself; he shows them the warp and woof of life, and demonstrates the working of the looms.

The two handsome volumes before us have been admirably translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition of the German work. The abstruse and puzzling phenomena of embryology occupy the whole of the first volume; and this will be found hard reading indeed to those who have no practical acquaintance with the subject. The second volume is devoted to the vexed problem of our ancestry—beginning with the lowest forms of life and working upwards through "Our Worm-like Ancestors," "Our Fish-like Ancestors," "Our Five-toed Ancestors," and "Our Ape-like Ancestors." But besides these we have some luminous chapters on the evolution of the nervous system, sense organs, vascular system, and so on. A summary on the "results of anthropogeny" closes the book.

In spite of the infinite pains which the author and trans-

lator have taken, it is open to question whether the vast mass of information here collected will prove capable of assimilation by those for whom it is prepared. There are, however, a large and rapidly increasing number of people who, if they cannot digest the contents of these tomes in their entirety, will at least find in them not only a source of unfailing interest, but also a mine of facts, the bearing of which they can fully grasp.

Haeckel, as we have already remarked, differs markedly from Huxley in his mental attitude towards this great question, and this is painfully evident in his aggressiveness. He is not content with proving the sweet reasonableness of the Evolution theory: he makes no secret of the fact that he desires at the same time to deal a death blow to the Creed of Christendom. Having succeeded, he proposes to give the world a new dogma—Monism!

The monistic or mechanical philosophy of Nature:

"holds that only unconscious, necessary, efficient causes are at work in the whole field of nature, in organic life, as well as in inorganic changes."

For Professor Haeckel the monistic is the only possible philosophy. It is the soul of these two ponderous volumes; it crops up in the most unexpected places, and jostles arrogantly against the prevailing creed of to-day as though it were already dispossessed. While the triumph of Evolution is assured, it is by no means so certain that this new cult of Professor Haeckel's will achieve a like success. To our thinking these volumes would have lost nothing by the suppression of his philosophy. A little of the leaven of speculation can do no harm when introduced into the magma of scientific fact, but in excess the whole becomes so extremely vacuolated as to be too frail for service. Monism at present can only be looked upon as a sort of nebulous philosophy; and this does not come within the pale of Science.

In the first of these two volumes Professor Haeckel refers very briefly to the study—yet in its infancy—of experimental embryology: and to the very remarkable phenomena of parthenogenesis, or virgin birth. The latter is a subject which may well have stimulated the desire of the reader for more facts. For the very latest discoveries, then, in these subjects we would refer him to two volumes just published by Professor Jacques Loeb ("Studies in General Physiology": Unwin). In many respects Professor Loeb reminds us of Haeckel. He deals with the most complex problems, and the most obscure phenomena of life, as though but one interpretation were possible. Thus in a chapter on Geotropism and another on the Heliotropism of animals he appears to regard his subjects as automata. Many of the phenomena he describes are capable of quite another interpretation, however. Most of us, for example, could regard the light or shade seeking proclivities of these creatures as the result of the operation of natural selection: that is to say, whether they shun the light or seek it has been determined by the nature of the food they live upon or the enemies they have to avoid. Nocturnal animals are generally regarded as the descendants of those who sought shelter by day to escape persecution, those of their kind who persistently roamed about having become wiped out of existence. The positively heliotropic animals of Professor Loeb are, however, positively heliotropic because the pangs of hunger compel them to be so; they have no choice between being positively heliotropic or positively starved. Professor Loeb contends that these creatures are either heliotropic or the reverse because they are, so to speak, born so. The protoplasm of their bodies is controlled absolutely by the presence or absence of light: and willy nilly they must hide or come abroad, as 'tis their nature to.

But these essays, which deal with a variety of questions of a similar kind, are all of the highest value; and by the biologist, at any rate, they will be read and re-read with genuine pleasure. They form a solid contribution to our knowledge of the phenomena of life.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

A Summer in Skye. By ALEXANDER SMITH. (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Alexander Smith conveys little to the modern reader. The head of the once famous spasmodic school has passed from the realms of literature into which he was once welcomed as an abiding star, renowned for writing lines that had "the true Shakespearean touch." He was the son of a designer for lace in Kilmarnock, and followed his father's occupation till the age of twenty-one, when he published his poem, "A Life Drama," which was received with acclamation and at once went through many editions. Edinburgh University, with that characteristic interest in the poorer genius of its country which distinguishes it from the English Universities, appointed him secretary to its Senatus, a post he held till his death in 1867 at the age of thirty-six. He wrote very little after his appointment—a novel, which appeared in *Good Words*, dealing with the life of pattern designers, a book of essays called "Dreamthorp," and a delightful journal, "A Summer in Skye," which has just now been most happily reissued. R. L. Stevenson, when he *did* praise Edinburgh, has not excelled Smith in his introduction to this book:

"Of all British cities, Edinburgh—Weimar-like in its intellectual and æsthetic leanings, Florence-like in its freedom from the stains of trade, and more than Florence-like in its beauty—is the one best suited for the conduct of a lettered life. The city as an entity does not stimulate like London, the present moment is not nearly so intense, life does not roar and chafe—it murmurs only; and this interest of the hour, mingled with something of the quietude of distance and the past—which is the spiritual atmosphere of the city—is the most favourable of all conditions for intellectual work or intellectual enjoyment. In Edinburgh you do not require to create quiet for yourself; you can have it ready-made. Life is leisurely; but it is not the leisure of a village, arising from a deficiency of ideas and motives—it is the leisure of a city reposing grandly on tradition and history, which has done its work, which does not require to weave its own clothing, to dig its own coals, to smelt its own iron. And then in Edinburgh, above all British cities, you are released from the vulgarising dominion of the hour. The past confronts you at every street corner. The castle looks down out of history on its gayest thoroughfare. The winds of fable are blowing across Arthur's Seat. Old kings dwelt in Holyrood. Go out of the city where you will, the past attends you like a cicerone."

And so on. Smith's appreciation of Edinburgh is only equalled by his delight in Skye, where the ghost of Ossian calls to him in the blast of the tempest, where spirits hover round the misty mountain-peaks and the visions of second sight and the prophecies of seers meet him on the wet moorlands and in the lonely glens where silence is even to the poet tangible and horrible. He writes poems in the rainy weather, goes to rustic merry-makings, sits by peat fires, and hears old tales that stir the heroic blood or make it creep in fear, and sees and shoots birds or catches fish that were more plentiful then, alas, in the western islands of the bards, than to-day. Go to Skye, and Alexander Smith is no companion to be scoffed at. Perhaps there are some left who have treasured legend and song since he rejoiced in them.

"Who can relate the deaths of the people, who the deeds of mighty heroes, when Fingal, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of Lochlin? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena."

In an essay this passionate admirer of that sounding past writes:

"I would rather be remembered by a song than by a victory. I would rather build a fine sonnet than have built St. Paul's. I would rather be the discoverer of a new image than the discoverer of a new planet. Fine phrases I value more than bank-notes. I have ear for no other harmony than the harmony of words. To be occasionally quoted is the only fame I care for."

It is a gladness that one stone has been raised over this pathetic grave of high hopes, and that oblivion has been routed for the moment from the spot she was covering with moss and weed.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

The Physical Culture Life. By H. I. HANCOCK. (Putnam, 5s.)

THIS is an American book, interesting as such, but not well adapted to English needs. The illustration of the female figure is American, not English. Some of the best known of the English Physical Culture Systems are not mentioned. There is a certain amount of excellent advice which has already been given in more than one English book.

Not only is the book more suitable for American than for English people; it is not well adapted to modern city-life. Of what use to recommend the open-air existence to those whose living depends on office-work? Surely city-life is now established and must be taken for granted. It is no remedy of the modern difficulty to bid people live in the open air or in the country. That is good enough for their holidays, but it is useless for their week-day existence, except in early mornings and summer evenings.

Mr. Hancock has already told us in more than one book that the Japanese System of Physical Training is the best; he has already told us what the Japanese diet is, and in his description he errs far from the exact facts, just as if they had no fish, eggs, and other extras. They do *not* live on rice: the poor people simply cannot afford much of it. As to the Japanese system of exercise, undoubtedly it suits the Japanese. But does it suit the British people? It may or it may not. Mr. Hancock's idea is perpetual resistance, as far as one can see. Never is there anywhere a free hand. Never is there due advice about muscular economy. It is constant *work* with sticks and things to grip, constant effort against obstacles. The hands never, never, never shall be free. The trunk movements are good, but many of them belong to other systems. Why should the extremities always be made to grip and exert themselves, when it is the trunk-muscles which we want to strengthen. Surely even the Swedish plan is better than the Hancockian: it attributes no special virtue to a thing because there is strain in it. If the same amount of health can be obtained easily, why always go in for difficulty?

And what about Anglo-Saxon games? One would think from Mr. Hancock's book that they did not exist or that they were not worth mentioning. Apparently nothing can be done with them; except for rowing, &c., they are to be swept away almost altogether; Japanese Jujitsu is to be substituted. There must not be football, but stick-practice. There must not be lawn tennis, but some strain-work. There must not be archery, but pulling at a sort of towel. At least, this is the general impression left by the book.

It seems to the present writer that much of the advice would be useful if only more stress were laid on physical repose and *economy*, which is at least half of the physical culture life, as of the commercial life; and if we started from games as already existing. We have established institutions in England. We have not only games, but also gymnasia; they are national. To these we may add *some* Jujitsu, *some* Hancockian devices. But it is surely better, as in political and other reforms, to begin with what exists and is interesting, and to adapt such things to daily life, and daily life to such things.

As to open air, no one can deny that it is admirable, that it is good as an antidote and change; but for seventy-five per cent. of us it is not feasible as a constant habit. Weak and dependent must be the man who is healthy only in open air.

So also the Japanese system is good as a change, and indeed as part of the foundation of physical life, but it does not already exist among us, and Mr. Hancock is apparently unaware that English people on the whole do not like radical changes. The book, once again, is not adapted for the English character. The author has not a deep acquaintance with us. And the Japanese system, as set forth by Mr. Hancock, is not a complete one.

A man, to write for a nation, must understand its interests, as well as its supposed needs. Mr. Hancock understands some general needs of some people, especially during holidays, but does not seem to understand the

interests or the conditions of the majority. He has not studied what already exists in schools and elsewhere throughout England.

His is no new gospel, no feasible gospel for most of us on most days of the week. And the feasible parts of his suggestions have already occurred in other books, which receive no mention from him.

EUSTACE MILES.

TO —

(Alcaics in Stone's phonetic prosody)

FAIR has befallen your extravagant studies,
Francis, yet urge I counsel of excellence :
Seek beauty but shun glory, shun her,
Thy peril and very heart's corrupter.

Not perseverance nor flattering fashion
Can e'er assure us posterity's homage ;
Which only good-fortune, commanding
Genius and giddy chance, awardeth.

How few attempting leave a memorial !
"Heartlessly hard is thy metal, O Corinth,
To grave on, and Thy snowy marble
Mocks the cunning chisel, O Carrara !"

Do what delights you, but to the love for it
Bring no ally. Ah, his delicate passion,
His temper austere, who produceth
In happy hour an immortal offspring !

As life is of life, and spirit of spirit,
His grace of ancient inheritance cometh :
His work is inspir'd with divine breath,
And it ariseth a lively creature.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE ANCESTRAL SECRET

My father and mother both hid from me
The Wonderful Story of Romany ;
And my forehead was signed with the Christian sign
To quiet this Romany blood of mine.

But the Bird of the Secret flew out from the wild
And told me that I was a Romany child ;
And my blood began dancing through every vein
As the Wonderful Story grew mine again !

O, I swear, by the crowns of the Wandering Kings,
My blood shall run true to the Ancient Things—
And the life I will live is the life of the free,
For my heart is the heart of a Romany !

CHARLES DALMON.

PRIZE POETS

THE British public is prejudiced against prize poets. It believes that they come to no good—that at the best they subside into country livings and take pupils, paying for the precocity of their youth by the obscure mediocrity of their middle age. Happily, however, there are such things as Honours Registers, in which the rebutting evidence remains on record. We have only to run our eyes down a list of Newdigate prize men, and of the winners of the corresponding prize at Cambridge, in order to see that the writing of prize poetry may lead anywhere—even to Parnassus. Two very eminent poets of the Victorian period both won these prizes at their respective Universities. The entry in the Oxford Register is as follows :

1843. *Cromwell*. Matthew Arnold. Balliol.

And the corresponding Cambridge entry is :

1829. *Timbuctoo*. Alfred Tennyson. Trinity.

This is a good start. It is not easy to name any poets of equal rank who ought to have won the prizes but did not. When Wordsworth was at Cambridge, the prize had not yet been instituted. Shelley was expelled from Oxford, and Mr. Swinburne went down without taking his degree (though he stayed long enough to win the Taylorian prize for French). Browning was not a University man, nor was Rossetti. The only names whose absence from the lists provokes astonishment—perhaps in different degree—are those of William Morris, of Exeter, and Sir Lewis Morris, then of Jesus, and subsequently of Penbryn.

Obviously the examiners cannot be expected to find a poet of the first rank to take the prize every year ; but they have "spotted" a good many poets who were something considerably more than versifiers, and a still larger number of men of letters destined to distinction in other branches of the art of literature. Suppose we analyse the Oxford list, taking the poets first, and carefully confining ourselves to well-known names. In addition to Matthew Arnold, we find these six :

1827. *Pompeii*. Robert Stephen Hawker. Magdalen Hall.

1852. *The Feast of Belshazzar*. Edwin Arnold. University.

1857. *The Temple of Janus*. Philip Stanhope Worsley. Corpus.

1860. *The Escorial*. John Addington Symonds. Balliol.

1880. *Sir Walter Raleigh*. James Rennell Rodd. Balliol.

1890. *Persephone*. Robert Laurence Binyon. Trinity.

To which list the names of two poets, best known as hymnodists, and one poet, also known as a Lord Chancellor and as the compiler of a sacred anthology, must be added :

1803. *Palestine*. Reginald Heber. Brasenose.

1832. *Staffa*. Roundell Palmer. Trinity.

1836. *The Knights of St. John*. Frederick William Faber. University.

Now we will take the other men of letters, classifying as best we can, though the classification is hardly possible without cross divisions. We find, to begin with, two novelists :

1871. *The Isthmus of Suez*. William Hurrell Mallock. Balliol.

1898. *The Pilgrim Fathers*. John Buchan. Brasenose.

One dramatist :

1878. *Ravenna*. Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde. Magdalen.

Four critics—two of them of literature, and the remaining two of art—to whose names we will add that of a translator of Virgil, who is also the author of a notable biography of William Morris :

1839. *Salsette and Elephanta*. John Ruskin. Christ Church.

1842. *Charles the Twelfth*. John Campbell Shairp. Balliol.

1874. *The three hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Shakespeare*. William

John Courthope. New College.

1881. *Thermopylae*. John William Mackail. Balliol.

1882. *The Fall of Carthage*. Dugald Sutherland MacColl. Lincoln.

Four divines, not less distinguished in literature than in divinity :

1812. *The Belvedere Apollo*. Henry Hart Milman. Brasenose.

1837. *The Gypsies*. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Balliol.

1845. *Petra*. John William Burgon. Worcester.

1854. *The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyon*. Frederick George Lee. St. Edmund Hall.

Two editors—one of the *Alpine Journal*, and the other of the *Times* :

1866. *Virgil reading his Æneid to Augustus and Octavia*. George Yeld. Brasenose.

1875. *Livingstone*. George Earle Buckle. New College.

And one publisher—the present managing director of the house of Chapman and Hall—whom we see, in the following entry, sitting, without any other publisher to keep him in countenance, upon his pinnacle of glory :

1888. *Gordon in Africa*. Arthur Waugh. New College.

Our list, clearly, is one not of respectable nonentities, but of distinguished men, though, naturally, of men of letters rather than of men of action. Some of the men of letters, however, have been men of action too. Lord Selborne and Sir Rennell Rodd, now British Minister at Stockholm, are the most notable cases in point ; and there

is the name of at any rate one other notable man of action to be added :

1846. *Settlers in Australia*. George Osborne Morgan. Balliol.

The world knows Mr. Osborne Morgan mainly for his advocacy of the claims of Nonconformists to be buried in consecrated ground; but in 1846, his aspirations were as follows :

Who that has wandered by the ocean shore,
His full soul echoing to the wild waves' roar,
Feels not their spirit as a thrilling bond,
Linking his fancy to the worlds beyond,
Till his rapt thoughts exulting, yearn to stray
With the wan billows glimm'ring far away?
Earth has her barriers, but thou, Mighty Sea,
Bidst man be One, divisionless, like thee.

So much for the Oxford poets. The Cambridge list is not so long, as the prize for poetry was instituted at a later date, and, on the whole, it is less distinguished; but there also we find some names remembered for other achievements than the winning of the prize. The first is that of Whewell, who wrote, in 1814, on "*Boadicea*," and used his poetical licence to defy grammar in the line: "Yes, Roman; use thy triumph whilst thou may." Then come the names of Macaulay and Praed, who each won the prize twice, and E. G. L. Bulwer of Trinity Hall, whom we know as the first Lord Lytton. William Wordsworth's brother Christopher, Master of Trinity, took the prize in 1827, and Tennyson, as has been mentioned, took it in 1829. The next famous winner is H. J. S. Maine of Pembroke, who is to be identified with Sir Henry Maine, illustrious for his works on Roman Law. The F. W. Farrar who won in 1852 is the Dean and the author of "*Eric*." The F. W. H. Myers of Trinity, who won in 1861, is the F. W. H. Myers who is famous in connection with psychical research. The S. Colvin of Trinity, the winner of 1865, is Mr. Sidney Colvin, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum; and the other winners whose names the world in general knows are Mr. T. E. Page of Saint John's (1872), the best of all editors of Horace, and Mr. A. R. Ropes of King's (1881) who, under the pseudonym of Adrian Ross, writes poetry of a kind which his academic performances did not foreshadow.

It may be easy to say which of the prize-winners was the greatest poet, though we need not turn aside here to weigh the relative merits of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. It would be more interesting, but more difficult, to decide which of them wrote the best prize poem; but if the question were narrowed to: Which of the poems contained the best line? then the answer would hardly be doubtful. On two occasions, at least, the Newdigate is said to have been awarded on the strength of the merits of a single line, and, as the best of good lines always owes something to its context, it may be worth while to print the two passages here, leaving readers to adjudicate between them. The first comes from Mr. D. S. MacColl's poem of "*The Fall of Carthage*":

But better still in slumber-slanting ease
To be beside the falling of the seas,
To listen and to listen till the tune
Of all the life of all the afternoon
Deepens to one note of a long distress—
The monotone of everlastingness.

A striking line, and not unworthy of the prize; but does not Dean Burgon perhaps surpass it in this—his description of Petra:

Not virgin white—like that old Doric shrine
Where once Athena held her rites divine:
Not saintly grey—like many a minster fane
That crowns the hill or sanctifies the plain:
But rosy red—as if the blush of dawn
Which first beheld them were not yet withdrawn:
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which men called old two thousand years ago.
Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime—
A rose-red city—half as old as time.

Comparing either of these extracts with Praed's or Macaulay's rhetoric, one realises at once that rhetoric and poetry are very different things.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE DORSET POET

MORE than a hundred years have passed since William Barnes first opened his baby eyes to the light in that corner of the beloved county which he has since immortalised. There amid the "zwellen' downs, the green meads and zedgy brooks," of which he has so often blithely sung, the meditative child drank in ample store of the tranquil delight which he has since managed to communicate to thousands of readers. The spirit of nature itself breathes through his poems, their very artlessness renders them the more impressive. The right phrase comes to him instinctively, without any of that searching for effect so obvious in the work of many writers of our time. He is quite unconsciously pictorial—no, the word does him wrong: it is the scene itself which he brings before us. Take this from "*The Shepherd o' the Farm*":

"An' I bezide a hawthorn-tree,
Do zit upon the zunny down
While sheades o' zummer clouds do vlee
Wi' silent flight along the groun'.
An' there, among the many cries
O' sheep an' lambs, my dog do pass
A zultry hour, wi' blinken eyes,
An' nose a-stratch'd upon the grass."

Or, again, this from "*Thatchèn o' the Rick*":

"As I wer out in mead last week,
A-thatchèn o' my little rick,
There green young ee-grass ankle-high
Did sheen below the cloudless sky;
An' over hedge in tother groun',
Among the bennets dry an' brown,
My dun wold meäre, wi' neck a-freed
From Zummer work, did snort an' veed;
An' in the sheäde o' leafy boughs,
My vew wold ragged-cwoated cows,
Did rub their zides upon the rails,
Or switch 'em wi' their heäry tails."

With the same directness and simplicity he can touch upon the joys and sorrows of the untutored heart. No one can sing the bliss of "*maidens gay wi' playsome chaps*" more tunefully than he. He chronicles the charms of his "*feäir Jeanes*" and his "*blushèn Fannys*" with most hearty goodwill. He records the humble, wholesome delights of hay-makings, and harvest homes, and the like, with characteristic vividness, and he can touch more delicate strings with a sure and sympathetic finger:

"Ah! sad wer we as we did peäce
The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce

Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough
Wi' spreadèn eärms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the train he took
My wife, wi' winsomegait an' look;
An' then zent on my little maid
A-skippen onward, overjay'd.

An' then, a-wheelen roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook,
An' in the fourth, a-sheäken wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maid in black
A-walken softly on her track;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white eärms, an' they stood still."

To turn over the pages of Barnes is to breathe fresh air, to feast our eyes on green fields, to hear the "*russlèn hay*" or the slow swaying of the "*bendèn bulrush*"; always with that extraordinary impression of actuality. To the crowded dweller in cities his poems should indeed be a boon; the dialect may at first repel, but once mastered will be found to lend additional charm. Such words as

"bennets" (flower stalks), "blooth" (fruit blossom), "kecks" (stems of hemlock or cow-parsley), are wonderfully suggestive of the things described, while surely "bibber" (to shake with cold), "gnang" (to mock), "coll" (to embrace), are more expressive than the counterparts to which we are accustomed.

Some of Barnes' phrases are as felicitous as any to be found in the works of better-known and more highly prized poets.

"An' when the evenin' sky was peille
We heard the warblèn nightengale,
A-drawn out his wlonesome zong,
In windèn music down the drong.

Though nothen yet did come in zight,
A-shirren on the strayèn stream."

Barnes was a scholar and a philologist, but above all a lover of nature, and especially of his own native Dorset, where, even in this bustling twentieth century, nature still rules supreme. Yes, though "the white road up a-thirt the hill" is ploughed by traction engines; though, mingling with the scent of new-mown hay and meadowsweet and honeysuckle, is the lingering aroma of the motor-car which blithely runs over the shepherd's dog and fills the heart of the cottage-mother with fear; even though "Jeäne" and "Fanny" stand in their doorways, wearing the latest mode of blouse, and confining their waving locks with Hinde's hair-curlers, even still the Dorset of to-day is the Dorset of William Barnes. The railroad may cleave the landscape, yet it disturbs in but small measure the prevailing placidity; at the wayside station you may still hear the pipe of a blackbird in a neighbouring copse, or the jubilant song of a lark springing upwards from the young corn. The ploughboy, whistling as he plods the furrow, scarce turns his head to look after the vanishing automobile, the distant hoot of which is soon lost amid homely farmyard sounds; the heavy cloud of smoke that hangs a moment or two in the clear air, as the traction-engine with its attendant train of grimy waggons clatters along, is dispelled by the first sweet fresh breeze from the downs.

Modern life bustles on, and leaves Dorset as it found it, peaceful, unspoilt, solitary. Man is insignificant in the midst of these great fields, these open spaces; the beauty of these "woody hollows," the width and freedom of the downs, shame narrow aims and sordid ambitions. The only life that matters here is country life, the natural life, with the good earth under one's feet and the open sky above—a life spent amid growing things and dumb friendly beasts.

It is a satisfaction to think that Barnes, despite the eighty-six long years of life during which science and civilisation made more rapid progress than at any other period of the world's history, should have left his Dorset in so many respects unchanged; it is, I repeat, even more satisfactory to reflect that the Dorset which he loved is in existence at this day. At a stone's throw from the dusty high-road one may still light upon many a hamlet where life has been at a standstill for the last hundred years. Here are cottages with wonderful thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows, little gardens where sweet-william and phlox, lavender and lad's-love grow in delicious profusion. "Grammer," in her gathered bonnet, draws water from the well; "Grandfer," a shepherd in a white smock-frock, wanders homewards crook in hand; a group of children playing in the lane are chanting the old charm as they rub their chubby legs with dock-leaves: *Out nettle, in dock. In dock, out sting.* The unusual height of this privet-hedge is due to the fact of a witch's proximity. Her neighbours don't like to be "overlooked." She is a kindly old body nevertheless, and uses her power for good; on the topmost shelf of her dresser she keeps a store of herbs, being of opinion that "the Lard did make a cure for everything if one can but find it." She has removed hundreds of warts, not by any actual application to the sufferer's hand, but by picking some particular weed on some particular day and allowing it to wither slowly; as a natural sequence the wart withers, too, and finally disappears.

In spite of hair-curlers and "fayshionable" blouses, in spite even of the advance of education, "the maidens gay and playsome chaps" of Dorset still converse in their own vigorous Doric, the hiring fair is a standing institution; dairy-farming is carried on according to the methods which no doubt prevailed in Barnes' time: the dairyman leasing the cows, and not the land, from the owner, who is obliged to replace all who die or become useless, and even to supply the major part of the animals' winter provender.

Long may this simple, patriarchal, pastoral state of things endure. Long may Dorset remain the "Do'set dear" of which its poet sang. Long may Dorset folks enjoy the "happy, happy life" which the kindly old man so warmly wished them.

The singer has been asleep now for many years, but the "music o' the dead," which he himself knew well how to value, lives on for all who care to hearken to it.

M. E. FRANCIS.

FICTION

Dorset Dear. By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). (Longmans, 6s.)

HUNDREDS of admiring readers who know nothing of the art of story-telling acknowledge the grace and charm of Mrs. Blundell's tales, and welcome any new book from her pen with keen pleasure. Other readers who understand all that goes to the making of such admirable stories add a spice of envy to their admiration. The materials are so slight, the incidents so ordinary, and yet the finished sketches are so delightful in their strong and kindly human interest, warm with the glow of sympathetic understanding, and bright with gleams of gentle humour. We cannot recall any failure among the seventeen tales reprinted here from various periodicals: each one seems as if it must be the best until the next is read. There is only one thing we should have preferred otherwise: the saddest story should not have been kept for the last. It is always desirable to end a thoroughly enjoyable book with a smile rather than with a sigh. These tales embrace a variety of incidents and emotions, grave and gay, no one trenching upon the borders of another; and the characters are distinct types of Dorset-folk, who are fortunate indeed in the makers of their songs and idylls. Where the interest is so evenly distributed it is almost unfair to single out any particular example for commendation. "Witch Ann" gives a pretty and touching account of the way a harmless old woman came to be considered a witch by her neighbours, and her own belief in the dread possibility of it. "The Spur of the Moment," and "The Worm that Turned," present amusing pictures of unromantic rustic wooings. "A Woodland Idyll" and "Postman Chris" are charming love-stories. In "The Majesty of the Law" an old-fashioned farmer is bewildered and indignant at the appointment of a girl collector of rates. He admires the maid, but stands out on principle against paying his rates to her, for all that she has the law behind her:

"Now, look 'ee here, my maid," said Jacob; "if you come to this, 'tis you that be a-tryin' to bully I. I've a-set my face again this 'ere notion. No respectable young 'ooman did ought to go a-trapesin' fro' one house to t'other, a-puttin' herself for'ard and a-coaxin' folks out o' their money whether it be for the Government or whether it bain't. 'Tis a question between us two which can hold out longest. Now if you was to give in to I—"

In the end Jacob solves all difficulties by the brilliant idea of marrying the maid, and thereby saving his dignity and removing her from the temptation to follow a masculine occupation for her living. There is no other writer of country stories who gives us quite the combination of qualities to be found in Mrs. Blundell's work. There is something in it better than cleverness and skill: the truth, charm, and goodness of it leave a grateful memory of pleasant hours in delightful company.

Hay Fever. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK and GUY C. POLLOCK. (Longmans, 8s. 6d.)

THIS story has already appeared in serial form, and it is pleasant to be able to read it through without a break, that the smile aroused by the opening pages may be allowed to broaden into uninterrupted laughter without the repeated intervention of a month of chequered existence. Few things are benefited by protraction; and a joke is not one of them. *Hay Fever* is a capital farce, and none the less amusing that the authors are slightly indebted to others in certain parts of their book, for a true imp of the sacred Comic Spirit was by them during the book's making and his jolly presence is manifest on almost every page. Mr. Henry Tempest, stockbroker, is suffering from a severe attack of the malady which gives the book its title; to cure it he takes an overdose of an Egyptian remedy, recommended by a friend with a careless turn for archaeology. The effects of this overdose are amazing and most mischievous. The stockbroker is transformed from a staid and benevolent man of middle-age into a boy of pranks, suavely jubilant in the proper execution of his mad schemes. He has one frantic day of irresponsible delight, and his adventures, from the time when he assumes the disguise of a famous detective to the sad moment in the evening when he collapses, soaked with rain and tired with running, behind the screen in his friend's drawing-room, carry one on from peal to peal of laughter. Certainly it is an excellent farce and no one who is in sympathy, however furtive, with fun, should miss it.

The Hill: a Romance of Friendship. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Murray, 6s.)

MANY men have thought with vain longing how good it would be to live again through the days of boyhood without relinquishing the wisdom of experience. *Referat si Jupiter annos* is no uncommon cry; for memory plays as fanciful pranks as hope, and dwells, wisely enough maybe, on the rosy moments, encouraging them to spread their glow over the dark hours. Wrapped up with such feelings, there is, no doubt, much that is both sentimental and false; there is equally, beyond doubt, much that remains vividly real; and nothing more memorably real than the love of the old school. It is a thing apart; unlike anything else in life, a thing about which it is not possible to argue, for no one who has not felt it can properly understand its strength and vitality. This spirit of devotion lives in Mr. Vachell's book and animates it. His boys are cleverly conventional types, nicely contrasted and distinguished, his incidents familiar to all readers of stories of school-life. But what raises his book above the ordinary level of such stories and connects it with life, is the love of Harrow. The corporate life of the school is here, though the individual boys do not live; and in this respect "The Hill" offers an exact contrast to "Stalky & Co.," that work of genius which is at once intolerable and fascinating to all right-minded public-school boys. Mr. Vachell writes with such tact and delicacy that we do not think his book will offend either Harrovians or those who love another school. The sharp eye of criticism will be alert for any error in taste, but it will find none. The book contains something peculiarly excellent, something which, without being vulgarly patriotic, happens to be peculiarly British—the corporate spirit of a great public school.

The Macdonnells. By J. A. C. SYKES. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE dedication to Jonathan Swift and to "the living personality of George Bernard Shaw" suggests that this book is mainly connected with the state of Ireland. But this is not the case. Though Irish questions occasionally arise, they are only side issues, and are quickly dismissed, after the proper notes of anger and dismay have been touched. Lady Sykes writes of society some five and forty years ago. She lays bare once again the hypocrisy inherent in the narrow Puritanism which flourished at that time; the hard religious snobbery against which Thackeray was never tired of inveighing. Mrs. Macdonnell, a mother

of the old school, who demands instant obedience from her grown-up children and delights to be called "ma'am," is head of the family and lives in a huge house in Portman Square, with her eldest son, Henry, and two daughters. Her youngest child is over twenty, but all are in subjection to the stern old woman. The story tells how the children become either emancipated or found out by their mother. Colonel Henry is a scoundrel of the Barnes Newcome type, only far more handsome and, if possible, meaner and more cruel; his intrigue with a dressmaker whom he deceives in the usual way is the chief episode of the book. One is inclined to become a little tired of the continual insistence on the hideous depravity of religious people; perhaps it is for that reason that the book becomes somewhat tedious, as it proceeds; and, though Lady Sykes writes with considerable cleverness, she has not mastered the craft of constructing a novel, and the story does not run smoothly from start to finish. The characters have in them a semblance of life that is above the average, and certain scenes contain undoubted force, but as a whole the book is rather meaningless and does not succeed in holding the attention of the reader.

The Girl of La Gloria. By CLARA DRISCOLL. (Putnam, 6s.)

FROM certain signs we take this vigorous story of the Far West to be the author's first book, and from certain other signs we suspect it will not be her last. Miss Driscoll can tell a tale with freshness and an engaging individuality—which makes us expect, and hope, to see more from her. But at present—and this, if we mistake not, indicates the novice—she is a thought too conscientious with her facts. She seems afraid of being misunderstood through leaving too much for granted. She has not quite got the knack either of omitting unessential details, or of saving essential ones from being a trifle tedious. She devotes, to cite a case, a chapter to the history of Texas. The chapter is short, it is true, and the historical facts are summarised with a deft felicity of expression, but chapters of history have nowadays no real place in novels. Tastes have changed since Sir Walter Scott wrote. Readers demand, and we think not without reason, that, if they are to be made acquainted with things which they ought to have learned at school and did not, the process be effected by gradual and almost imperceptible doses. There is, of course, no law binding authors to bow servilely to this demand. They have their ideals of art to consider. But it is well to remember that fact is in itself something of an art, and that on the whole it pays. We do not, however, wish to insist too much upon the defects of this book. Between its covers there is a very excellent and very well-told story laid in a region of America, which we are glad to know can still thrill us with its romantic realities; and if these covers hold as well other matters which are less interesting, we mention them only that our pleasure may be the greater when next we encounter a pair stamped with Miss Driscoll's name.

THE BOOKSHELF

Ordo Romanus Primus, with introduction and notes by E. G. Cuthbert F. Atchley, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (the Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology for English Readers). The De La More Press, 7s. 6d. net. The "Ordines Romani," or directories of the ceremony of high mass at Rome, as distinct from the sacramentaries or actual service books, are but little known except to professed students of liturgiology. "Ordo Primus," which is here made accessible to "the intelligent Churchman who is interested in the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church," sets forth the ritual of pontifical high mass as celebrated at the beginning of the ninth century. Mr. Atchley has not deemed it necessary for the present purpose to attempt a critical edition of the text, and the work can, therefore, only be described as a "popularisation" for, we should imagine, an extremely limited number of readers. He has reprinted Mabillon's text (Museum Italicum ii, Paris, 1689), supplemented by a few readings from other sources, and has supplied an English translation on the opposite pages. In his introduction, after discussing the date (generally accepted as the eighth century) at which this particular "Ordo" was drawn up, the author has brought together a series of notes illustrative of the church, its ornaments and the various functionaries alluded to in the "Ordo," and he discusses the origin of

these in relation to the organisation and usages of civil Rome. In the second part is briefly outlined the service and its ritual, as described in the "Ordo," and the derivation and development of these are commented upon. These sections of the book are supplemented by references to authorities which will be of use to the reader if he wishes to follow up the subject: trained liturgiologists are few, and but seldom are disciples added to the little band. Mr. Atchley's book will have achieved its purpose if it indicates the existence of a field in which the labourers are not many and the work to be done out of all proportion to the number of workers. The printing of the text of the "Ordo" as Appendix I. gives the book the odd and incomplete appearance of consisting only of introduction and appendixes; and as the readers for whom it is intended cannot be expected to have Mabillon's text at hand, the hiatus between sections 22 and 48 of the text should have been explained, as the obscure reference in the introduction may easily be overlooked. It would also have added to the convenience of the arrangement if the illustrative notes had been numbered with reference to the sections of the "Ordo" to which they relate. Considerable care has evidently been bestowed upon the book, but it is very irritating constantly to meet with the word "either" used in place of "each" or "both." It does not at all accord with the precision of ritual to say that "the singers arrange themselves in a double row on either side of the quire," as if the particular side were of no consequence. We doubt the value of the English translation provided by Mr. Atchley. A student of liturgiology who has no Latin would be spending his time to better purpose in some other work, and there is a clear case against the translation if it leads him to suppose that the beautiful prayers of the Mass convey no other sense of words than he obtains in the bald rendering offered him in an alien tongue. The book is provided with a satisfactory index, some interesting illustrations, an ill-designed title-page and, though clearly printed, is presented in a somewhat clumsy form.

We have received from Messrs. P. S. King and Son a valuable contribution to the literature of the Poor Law, in *The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut* (12s. net), which forms vol. 22 of the "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Dr. Edward Warren Capen, who is Alumni Lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, traces the development of the Poor Law of Connecticut from its beginning in the early colonial period to its present form. He divides his subject into five periods; the early colonial period, 1634-1712, the late colonial period 1713-1784, the period of interpretation and completion, 1784-1838, the institutional period, 1838-1875, and the period of special legislation, 1875-1903; and in each period Dr. Capen arranges his work in four sections: chief characteristic, preventive measures, measures of relief, and special legislation. The subject is interesting, as Dr. Capen points out, because the Poor Law of Connecticut is perhaps the best instance there is in the United States of what is known as the Town System as distinct from the County or State System; and in a valuable little chapter at the end of his work he points out the merits and demerits of the Town System—what it can do better than the others and where it falls short. The book has an excellent subject index.

Mr. Charles H. Cochrane, who wrote not long ago "The Wonders of Modern Mechanism" has produced a new volume called *Modern Industrial Progress* (Lippincott), in which he deals once more with what may be called the romance of modern practical science. The developments he describes are mainly American, as is only fitting in a writer who dates from New York; but he pays proper attention to British inventions and improvements, and has a very interesting paragraph in his preface, in which he shows how the exclusive policy of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries led by the force of necessity to the inventiveness of America in the nineteenth. The chapters that will appeal most of all to people interested in literature are those devoted to Printing, which Mr. Cochrane calls "the art preservative of all other arts," the Making of Newspapers and the Age of Paper. We have been much impressed by the picture of an august-looking editor in a frock coat sitting alone in a handsome room and speaking some no doubt epoch-making article into a phonograph. You turn the page and find a picture of a printer rattling off that epoch-making article from the phonograph, which is close to his right ear, on to the keyboard of a linotype. The three-colour-process, which has made such enormous improvements in the reproduction of coloured pictures, is carefully explained by Mr. Cochrane; but, as every artist knows, the great objection to the process is the peculiarly ugly tint of mustard which seems to be the only yellow its users can attain, and the four illustrations which Mr. Cochrane gives only serve to show how true the complaint is. The book is lavishly illustrated, and should be welcome to lovers of popular and practical science.

The War of the Succession in Spain (1702-1711), by Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell (Bell, 7s. 6d. net), is a book which was first published in 1888, but which is well worth reprinting in a cheaper form. The history is based on original manuscripts and contemporary records, and is of particular value; since the author, besides going deeply into the history of the war, has provided a very full list of authorities. The most interesting question in the book is really the character of Peterborough, whom Colonel Parnell describes as "a thin, brisk-looking man, notorious for foul living, open atheism and boastful talking." Peterborough's campaign in Spain on behalf of the Austrian claimant to the throne of that kingdom was of small profit to England and was eclipsed by the glorious victories of Marlborough, which were won at the same time in the Low Countries; but Peterborough was one of the most successful of British generals. His methods were remarkable and found little favour with the Duke of Wellington; who

tersely described him as a brilliant partisan: Eugène declared that he thought like a general, and Marlborough acknowledged his good qualities. He was an eccentric genius, and Colonel Parnell's account of the war in Spain is excellent, although he allows so little merit to Peterborough himself, whose genius inclined to making war "by moral rather than physical force, by scaring men into the delusion that they were beaten rather than by actually beating them." A cantankerous nature, coupled with great conceit, has brought Peterborough a good deal of posthumous suffering at the hands of historians, which he does not wholly deserve.

BOOK SALES

THE most important Book Sale of last week was that of the books of the late Mr. Fraser Rae by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

To Mr. Rae's books were added other properties consisting of books with coloured plates, the publications of the Grolier Club, French Illustrated Books, Works on Costume, Water-Colour Drawings, Extra-Illustrated Books, Early Poetry and First Editions.

The greatest interest was taken in the following:—

Gulliver's Travels. First Edition. £15 10s.

Ackerman's History of the University of Oxford, with coloured engravings by Pugin and Nash (somewhat damaged), 2 vols., 1814. £11.

Ackerman's Foreign Military Gallery: Costumes of the Indian Army, a series of coloured plates of all the regiments, drawn by Martens and engraved by Harris, 1845-49. £20 5s.

The First Collected Edition of Spenser's Works, 1611. £8 5s.

Dobson (Austin) Old-World Idylls and other Verses, large paper, only 50 copies printed, a presentation copy to G. H. Boughton, with MS. poems on 2 leaves, signed by Dobson, 1883. £20.

De Vinne Press. Andrews (W. L.). A Stray Leaf from the Correspondence of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. 77 copies printed. New York, 1894. £15 10s.

A Parcel of Boughton's Sketch Books. £10 5s.

Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America (1773-1783). 25 vols. A magnificent work done as a labour of love to his native country by the late Mr. Stevens of Trafalgar Square at great expense. £22.

Bacon (Sir F.) *Essays: His Religious Meditations, Places of Perseverance and Dissuasion*, 1624. £7 10s.

Goldsmith's Traveller. First edition. 1765. £14 15s.

Heywood (John) *The Spider and the Flie*. Black letter. 1556. £5 5s.

A collection of pamphlets relating to Archbishop Laud, 1641. £4 15s.

The Most Pleasant and delectable Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes a Spaniard. Black letter. 1596. £10 10s.

Milton's True Religion, Haeresie, &c. First edition. 1673. £11.

Sir Philip Sidney's *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*. Second edition, 1593, brought £29. It was sold at Heber's sale for £1 18s.

The entire sale (three days) realised £1403 5s.

THE DRAMA

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

THERE is no doubt that, in spite of his persistent levity, Mr. Bernard Shaw is serious, that the views of life which he advances he believes. Beyond the mere statement of them, however, he does not seem to have aspired, and why, in view of this, he chose the theatre as his medium, is and probably will remain a mystery. A statement can be made at least equally well in any literary form, and to use a complicated form when a simple one would serve the purpose is surely inartistic. In the theatre, moreover, the particular class of statement which Mr. Shaw makes in *You Never Can Tell* not only does not gain but even loses. Many a playwright, having introduced you to his characters, proceeds merely to narrate what happens to them—to give a mere description, though in terms of actuality, of the course of their careers. This class of statement, though it does not gain upon the stage, at the same time does not lose—the comparative baldness of the narrative being atoned for by increased reality. But Mr. Shaw's interest in his characters is only of a secondary nature. What he desires to state is not so much the course of their careers as the various reflections which the course of those careers inspires in him.

The governing fact relating to the theatre, and the point in which it differs from every other form of art, is that it deals not with an aspect only of reality but with reality

itself. A story, for instance, must be told by some one. A play is told by no one. It tells itself, it is; its object is complete illusion. On the quality of the reality, the completeness of the illusion, depends the interest of a performance. By as much as the personality of the author is obtruded, by so much will the illusion be destroyed and the interest diminished. Of course, in every play of any quality the personality of the author always does and always must appear, but it is in the facts that you will trace it rather than in the presentation of them. If the facts are personal, the presentation of them is impersonal, and on that account the facts obtain reality, being life seen, as it were, through the glasses of a personality. But from the presentation of the facts the personal element must be rigidly excluded, and, if the author's reflections are introduced at all, it must be by characters to whom in the circumstances they would naturally occur. Now Mr. Shaw's personality is probably unique, and with it the many reflections which crowd his play and dictate the conduct of the situations are very strongly marked. His characters, too, are very clearly drawn and possess distinct personalities of their own, but in no case does the personality coincide with Mr. Shaw's. The result is that they all seem, Faust-like, to be followed by a Mephistopheles—a Mephistopheles who thrusts and parries for them more often than they do so for themselves. Had they possessed less definite characteristics of their own they would have been able to assume more naturally the individual views of Mr. Shaw. In that case, however, the play would have ceased to exist as a reality, and, consisting only of a recital of Mr. Shaw's reflections, would have been even more unsatisfactory in the theatre than it is. But in these reflections the value of the play is to be found, and it would then at least have been possible to give them full attention. As it is, the attention of the audience, though divided, inclines in the direction less important. The reflections (Mr. Shaw) are at war with the reality (the characters), and in the theatre the effect of the reality is the greater.

It must be difficult, in playing a piece of this description, to decide whether, in the interest of the reality, the personality of the characters should be exploited, or, for the sake of the more valuable aspect of the play, should as far as possible be destroyed. In the present revival the former course is followed; and, although a finer example of impersonation (the parts of course admit of nothing more) is seldom seen, it follows that the influence of the reality is heightened and that the effect of the performance is in consequence bewildering.

"BECKET" AT DRURY LANE

Becket is not a great play, but it is the medium for great acting. Some dramatic rôles, like certain men, have greatness thrust upon them. Of such is "Becket": Sir Henry Irving thrusts greatness on the unsubstantial figure of the Chancellor-Archbishop. Under the dominion of his art, the portentous conflict between Church and Crown fades into nothingness against the glorious humanity of Becket, the priest, and Becket, the man. The spell that Irving exercises over men's minds can be understood after witnessing his performance as Becket. Here is in truth the militant priest whose unswerving faith shines through his every word and deed. It illuminates him with a dignity and a majesty and a vast elemental strength which invest this stupendous figure with a wondrous glamour, turning his lightest act to power and significance. In his dealings with Fair Rosamund he exhibits the strong man's love for weak and pitiable things. His rescue of this loyal heart from Eleanor's murderous hand is unalloyed melodrama; yet he robs it of banality, makes it seemly indeed. Such gentleness, such high courtesy, such "noblesse" as his deprive criticism of its function; art and truth in this instance are one. How touching his petition to Rosamund: "Pray for me, too; much need have I of prayer!" How exquisitely sad, too, that moment before his death, when

he recalls the "fair-haired Norman maid" who was "the world's lily!" And when his body falls conquered under Fitzurse's blade and he commends his unconquered spirit to God who gave it, the limit of tragic poignancy is reached. Yet we do not suffer, for we have walked all this while with a man nobly prepared for death, and this is but the end ordained. Sir Henry Irving's Becket glows with living colour; it shines in the radiance of an imagination which burns like fire. It is a wonderful performance, an imperishable memory.

"JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

John Chilcote, M.P., is the usual undramatic adaptation of an undramatic novel. Armed with foreknowledge of Mrs. Thurston's book the play is intelligible; without that, it is perplexity and the cause of wrath. Essentially a theme for psychological examination by the novelist, whose art may render acceptable its inherent improbabilities, it involves an interchange of "identities," which the visual conditions of the stage make it almost impossible to accept. The novelist's difficulty becomes, in its stage embodiment, a matter of machinery worked by an actor with sufficient skill to differentiate the "doubles" to the point of credibility. Mr. Alexander seeks to fortify the illusion by the introduction of a physical double, but dexterously as this is done, the trick only subtracts from the little dramatic virtue the piece possesses. In the whirlpool of small things in which the play moves—political prattle, crystal-gazing and what not—we are always on the verge of dramatic vacuum. Only twice in the long palaver about nothing in particular is the fringe of action touched—once when Lady Astrupp, a character played with great distinction by Miss Marion Terry, discovers Loder's identity, and again when she discusses Chilcote with the morphinomaniac's wife, a rôle enacted by Miss Miriam Clements with quiet grace. Mr. Alexander plays with much skill and earnestness, but the thing is not worth it.

"LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE

A THING good after its kind is always to be praised, and because *Leah Kleschna* is a play of quite unusual quality in its own class, it must be welcomed. In it the theatricism which is so singularly ineffective in *John Chilcote, M.P.*, is used with an unerring sense of the stage and is triumphant. Mr. McClellan, the American author, has achieved a *tour de force*, indeed, for he is, we understand, the librettist of *The Belle of New York*. In contemplating *Leah Kleschna*, so significant of strength, observation and dramatic aptitude, one can only forgive that other "base slander" of his brain, yet not regret, for the sake of the ensuing comparison. Theatricism fertilised by thought is so rare on our stage that its presentment may earn acclamation beyond its merit. This is the danger of *Leah Kleschna*. It is endowed with qualities which almost cajole the critic into placing it in a higher plane than that in which it moves. For *Leah Kleschna* after all, is but melodrama—a melodrama full of thoughts and thrills, but, in spite of its admirable expression, melodrama. Indeed, so fine is this melodrama of a criminal's reclamation that it almost hides its true nature as a play of situation by the high value of its observation of character. All its men and women, good and bad, are vividly drawn. "If you prick them" most of them do bleed. Especially is this the case of Leah Kleschna's father, an habitual criminal of resource and courage. He is depicted by Mr. Charles Warner with great reserve, great power and rare skill. Kleschna is a masterly and vital study of the instinctive criminal, who might have been dramatised from the pages of Lombroso. His daughter, an accidental criminal, is portrayed with much nervous intensity and fine restraint by Miss Lena

Ashwell. Great care has been taken with the play, which but for Mr. Leonard Boyne's portentous manner, is well-acted all round, and will be, as it deserves to be—after it has been purged of its plethoric words—a success with critical and uncritical alike.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

So recently as twenty years ago there may have been some point underlying the rather vacuous question that pervaded the air at this season: "Is it a good or bad Academy?" At present, chiefly through the fault of the Academy itself, the Exhibition has lost much of its predominant position, and whatever meaning the question ever had, has been rendered futile.

Rumours have been rife that this time the Academy had at last put its foot down and exercised a stern rigidity in its selection. If so, it must have been unusually unfortunate in the works submitted, for the Exhibition shows no improvement in the standard. It is just the usual jumble of all grades, the excellent, the creditable, the discreditable, and the incredible.

One fact that marks it from other exhibitions and is so far perhaps a credit to the selection, is that there are very few pictures of any considerable merit to be found by unknown men.

The pictures that claim our attention by their excellence are nearly all by members of the body or by painters of reputation. The small or "unimportant" works are truly unimportant. Of course, we cannot judge the significance of the fact, since we do not know what works were submitted, and in one case at least, Mr. Havard Thomas' "Lycidas," now at the New Gallery, the rejection cannot even be excused on account of the insignificance of the work. But if we make the bold assumption, that the works exhibited were the best submitted, it is quite as it should be that Academicians and Associates should come out on top.

We often hear complaints that artists are forced in these times to repeat former triumphs, but it must be admitted that any excursions into new ground, or any jumping of other people's claims have droll results—in the Royal Academy. Probably the game of prisoner's base is one requiring more agility than the staid Academician can command, and the result is seldom happy.

Mr. Dicksee in *The Ideal* was ill advised in calling up the spirit of George Frederick Watts, since he has not conjured with it. Mr. McWhirter has introduced a pleasing variety in his birch-tree, lonely from the departure of many sisters, by placing it this time in a winter landscape No. 202; but if he wished to poach he might have chosen some richer preserves than those of Mr. Henry Woods in 477, *Lake of Como from above Lenno*.

Mr. Clausen too, reminds us to his own detriment of Claude Monet and P. Wilson Steer in No. 54, *A morning in June*. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema startles us in No. 212, *The Finding of Moses*, by emulating his late colleague Edwin Long, or perhaps we should say Mr. Ernest Normand. In any case the departure is not to be recommended.

Mr. Sargent has accustomed us of late years to acknowledge his pre-eminence, but here also guileless colleagues have been lured by his repeated challenges to try and meet him on his own grounds, and have suffered. Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. Luke Fildes are among the prostrate. How much wiser in their own generation are Messrs. Leader, Peter Graham, Davis, and Oules!

"The eldest oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head."

Mr. Sargent's influence on contemporary painters is regrettable. It requires all his immense energy and experience,

his faultless eye and hand and his taste, which is more accurate than exquisite, to reconcile us to the positive style of his painting. It is only the intense nervous tension of his work which renders it interesting, like that of a great virtuoso. Without these characteristics it would be dull, besides being, as it inevitably must be, harsh and strident.

Painters of much smaller gifts than his could produce more artistic results, if they would permit themselves to hint and suggest rather than to assert. As an instance of the kind of work that should not be beyond the reach of several contemporaries, I should quote the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes by Fantin-Latour, now in the National Gallery. The pre-eminence of this work is due to taste and sensibility rather than to extraordinary gifts, and it consists chiefly in the due proportion of emphasis and reticence, those passages in which there was not much to be said, having been, as it were, gently whispered, thereby making the positive statements all the more striking by contrast. But when everything in a picture is asserted with equal dogmatism, the result is rather to alarm than to convince, and when, as with every one but Mr. Sargent, those assertions are not even accurate, we are distressed as well. But such an achievement as Mr. Sargent's *Marlborough Family*, No. 256, is enough, it must be admitted, to shake any conviction for the moment. Moreover, Mr. Sargent has evidently studied Vandyck to some purpose in this canvas. The plan of the picture is superb, especially the manner in which the foreground figures, the child holding up the massive train and the leaping dog enliven a mass which would have become too heavy. Of his other portraits, No. 376, *A vele gonfie*, is the most interesting, but the two at the New Gallery of Mrs. Ernest Raphael and Sir Frank Swettenham show even greater accomplishment.

It is remarkable that at the present day the Academic style is the reverse of traditional, and that nowhere do we find cruder statements of the positive method. By positive we mean the uniform treatment of every portion of the picture without regard to relative importance, or character. Mr. Stanhope Forbes matches the colour of a blue sea as he does that of a blue jersey. We do not feel that the one has a different character and quality as well as a different tone from the other. We find the same baldness of statement in Mr. Tuke's work, in that of Mr. Hacker, of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, of Mr. David Murray, of Mr. Waterhouse.

Mr. La Thangue, after many divagations, has invented a technique which has certainly the merit of originality. He delights in the brilliant lights and reflections of southern climes and has developed the positive method to meet these aspects in the oddest way, so that his pictures can be recognised at a glance. Every touch appears to have been put on with a heavily loaded spatula and jumps in your eye with equal insistence. Since he is scrupulous to give the conflicting colours of reflection, the effect of this uniform treatment is that of a "shot" colour and must be bewildering to any one who is not capable of appreciating the study and observation traceable in his work. In regarding any of his pictures we feel that we are face to face, not with nature, but with some formidable, monstrous, and efficient machine. It is not the flicker of sunlight that we see, but rather of a biograph, and we long to set the machine in movement, so as to justify the action which has been arrested in a kind of unstable equilibrium. In one of the pictures, No. 135, *A Ligurian Mill-race*, a girl is bending down and drinking from the stream. Her dress is an orange-red, and her face is illuminated by the same colour, sunset, we believe. The two colours, the one local, and the other caused by illumination, are represented in precisely the same way by positive mixtures of paint and the effect is wonderfully unlike nature. Quite wonderfully, because Mr. La Thangue has set himself to copy the aspect, and has done so with as much precision and force as his method could allow him. If with all his skill and experience he can only produce work ugly of necessity, but false even more, does not that show that the whole direction of

modern academic art, of which Mr. La Thangue is only one and perhaps the most accomplished example, is towards a blind alley?

B. S.

THE NEW GALLERY

WHEN the New Gallery was started under the direction of Messrs. Carr and Hallé, although there was no actual Society or enrolled body of painters, the Exhibition was continued on the lines of the Grosvenor Gallery, and had a certain character of its own distinguished chiefly by the Pre-Raphaelite rump. Year by year the distinction has diminished until at the present time it is difficult to regard it as anything but an annexe to the Royal Academy. But this year at any rate it has justified its existence by including among the exhibits one masterpiece that the Royal Academy has had the incredible folly to reject.

Mr. Havard Thomas's "Lycidas" is the most scholarly, original and sincere piece of sculpture that an Englishman has produced for many years, and its offence to the academic mind is an absolute mystery. Not only is it exquisitely finished, but it is even, we should have thought, in sympathy with the tendencies of modern Academic sculpture which are towards the Florentine Renaissance of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, rather than, as formerly, influenced by the Greek classics.

The Royal Academy has once more asserted that mediocrity is the only sure claim to recognition. Silly imitations of Donatello are sure of a place, but this work, which is no imitation at all, but informed with the spirit of the Renaissance, whilst retaining a sure hold of nature, is shocking to their susceptibilities. Another piece of sculpture which, we believe, was unjustifiably rejected is Mr. Toff's bronze bust of Mark Hambourg, a strong piece of work, worthy of the Napoleonic head of the sitter.

It is to be regretted that the managers of the New Gallery weaken an exhibition which is not otherwise pre-eminent by including the works of titled amateurs, prominent nonentities, and the sisters, cousins, and aunts of distinguished people. It cannot be of much service to anybody, and is prejudicial to the serious efforts of artists who are entitled to consideration.

It is curious to watch the gradual decrepitude of what seemed, at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, the most important movement of the time, the later or eclectic school of Pre-Raphaelites, of whom Edward Burne-Jones was the chief exponent. We have here in 1905, only gibbering ghosts to remind us of its previous existence, and when these are laid we shall expect to breathe more freely.

One impression that is very marked is that Mr. Sargent's proximity, or indeed his presence, is absolutely disastrous to any exhibition, and since he has extended his operations not only to scenes of former triumphs, like the New English Art Club, but to new fields like the Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, he will soon have "left no man on his legs."

His agility and force are, as always, phenomenal, and there are moreover a certain dignity and absence of swagger in his work which are cruel to so much that is loose or tired or fatuously complacent in the other works. His singleness of purpose, and the way he goes straight to his object without looking to the right or to the left are quite admirable. It is only by his indifference to the material he is handling, as exemplified in the pearl necklace of No. 216, *Mrs. Ernest G. Raphael*, that he shows his inferiority to the great masters. In his work there never has been, and it is too late to hope that there ever will be, any tenderness, and without tenderness the highest level cannot be reached. Mr. J. J. Shannon spoils his charming talent by unnecessary swagger. He is evidently preoccupied by Lawrence and Romney, and failing to emulate these accomplished roysterers, the challenge and provocation are unjustified. The painter of the head of 110, *Miss Kitty Shannon*, really need not have worried about his precursors. Mr. Charles

Wyllie, whose work is too little known for its merits, shows in No. 5, *A Water Frolic*, a research in drawing and a study of the play of light on the nude, which are remarkably accomplished. Taste and beauty are absent, it is true, but we almost forget this in the vigour and brilliancy of the handling. Mr. James Charles' No. 17, *Skittle Players*, is also a brilliant work in a very different style, being more Continental in its summary statement. No. 81, *The Doctor's Garden*, by Mr. Alfred Withers, has some charm, spoilt like so much in modern painting by meaningless crudities of pigment.

Mr. Harold Speed shows much cleverness in all his work, especially in the striking portrait of Mark Hambourg, No. 191; Mr. Edward Stott has less to say and says it at greater length than before; Mr. Austen Brown combines the subjects of Millet with the handling of Glasgow in his sophisticated canvases; Mr. James S. Hill is sophisticated to some purpose, and his *St. James's Park*, No. 113, is charmingly successful. As for the rest of the exhibitors, they are neither better nor worse than in former years, and what more can be said?

B. S.

ART SALES

AFTER the Easter vacation Messrs. Christie began business again on Saturday last with an important sale of the collection of modern pictures of the late Mr. John Gabbittas. The highest price was reached by a Corot, "La Chevre," a picture of a child tending a white goat on the outskirts of a wood with a distant view of a castle, 23½ in. by 19 in., 1650 gs. (Watson). A river scene by the same artist, 10½ in. by 17½ in., fetched 380 gs. (Devereux). Other works by foreign artists were: Ch. Jacque, sheep and shepherd outside a wood, 18 in. by 26 in., 560 gs. (Wallis); N. Diaz, a rocky landscape with peasants and cattle, on panel, 16½ in. by 21 in., 1848, 480 gs. (Obach); and a forest scene, 19 in. by 13 in., 1848, 130 gs. (Wise). *Descamps'* "On the Look-out," 12 in. by 15½ in., 270 gs. (Williams); J. Maris, the outskirts of a town with a man on a white horse, 6½ in. by 9 in., 260 gs. (Wallis). *Roses* in a vase by Fantin-Latour, 16 in. by 13½ in., 1879, 180 gs. (Wallis); a Monticelli, nymphs in a garden, 13½ in. by 23½ in., 180 gs. (Moore); and a *fête champêtre*, by Watteau, on panel, 15½ in. by 20½ in., 120 gs. (Eyles). Three drawings by David Cox were sold: a landscape with a windmill, 18 in. by 27½ in., 260 gs. (Ormonde); a landscape with a peasant woman, 1851, 10½ in. by 15½ in., 160 gs. (Agnew), and "Seedtime," 10½ in. by 14 in., 1853, 65 gs. (Price). A landscape by Copley Fielding, 11 in. by 15½ in., 1833, reached 250 gs. (Waters); a De Wint, 11 in. by 17½ in., reached 60 gs. (Ward); a Constable, landscape with a peasant woman on a road, on panel, 8 in. by 11½ in., fetched 105 gs. (Maclean); and another, representing an old cottage at Langham, Suffolk, on panel, 12½ in. by 14½ in., 280 gs. (Osston). Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Leslie Baker, of Bath, 30 in. by 24½ in., went to 170 gs. (White); and Sir T. Lawrence's "The Age of Innocence," 35½ in. by 27 in., to 250 gs. (Miles). "Driving the Flock," by J. Linnell, Senior, 26 in. by 36 in., 1854-6, fetched 270 gs. (Wallis); and a picture of Venice, by Holland, 100 gs. (Norman). A landscape by Professor Legros, with a peasant and horses, 36 in. by 50 in., 1900, was sold for 110 gs. (Dunthorne). The sale also included works by Clausen, Detaille, and Weissenbruch.

SCIENCE

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS

THE question of questions is the concern of philosophy—which is the quest of reality. Hence we may divide all schools of philosophic thought into two great categories—those which believe that they have found the answer to this question, and those which believe that it is unanswerable.

Truth not being determinable by a counting of heads, however distinguished, we need not expect to reach any conclusion as to whether or not Reality is knowable, by citation of the authorities for or against. Perhaps the great names are equally balanced; and perhaps exception might be taken to any off-hand attempt to assign the great thinkers to one or other category. But Plato(?) and Kant, Spinoza and Spencer may be named as representative of those who, though widely differing among themselves, agree in denying that the ultimate reality can be

known. The terms noumenon, thing-in-itself, and unknowable, may be recalled: whilst even "the God-intoxicated" Spinoza, who spoke of *Deus sive Natura*, declared that "to define God is to deny Him."

On the other hand, there are many illustrious thinkers who teach that Reality can be known. It is true that most of them lived before the days in which men began to study the knowing process; but their names compel our respect. It will probably be admitted that Democritus, Aristotle and Berkeley were of their number. But if the mutual differences of the first—the ultimately sceptical or agnostic group—are immense, profounder still are the differences between the thinkers of the gnostic or dogmatic group. For this method of classification—which I am nevertheless prepared to regard as the primary classification of all philosophic systems—groups together, in respect of their dogmatism, the theologians of all creeds, Christian, Buddhist (if it be not incorrect to speak of a Buddhist theologian), Mohammedan, Hebrew, or what you please—every religious system including a philosophy or theory of reality, and all such theories being necessarily dogmatic or gnostic; the idealists who maintain that mind, which they regard as obviously and immediately knowable, is the ultimate reality; the Materialists, who regard matter or atoms as the (knowable) reality; and their successors, who answer the question of questions by referring us to an (equally knowable) Energy or Force. Thus, in respect of their belief that the quest of Philosophy is attainable, the Theist, some Pantheists, and some Atheists may be found to agree.

But in one respect, at any rate, *all* the philosophic thinkers of any weight, whether gnostic or agnostic (I use the words in their primary senses), are found to agree—and that is in the belief that Reality, whether knowable or unknowable, whether personal or impersonal, material or immaterial, is *one*. No philosophy that counts is content with anything but some form of monism. If we believe in God and Nature as antithetic, we must at any rate declare that God made Nature from his own substance; if we believe in mind and matter as antithetic, though knowable, we must at any rate declare that Reality consists in the "union of subject and object"; and so forth. Mr. Balfour, who ranks at times beside the ancient sceptic who denied everything, even to denying that he denied anything, doubts whether there are any grounds for this constant search for the One: but at any rate we find that a belief in the unity of Reality is common to all the systems that are not negligible. Whether Reality be a knowable God, or the Unknown God, or Matter, or the "Unknowable"—it is believed to be *one*.

As a camp-follower of those who believe that we cannot know Reality I am in company too good to permit me any distress at the allegation of "having one of those uncentred minds which cannot be happy without a mystery"; and so I hope I can consider, without any resentment due to such an unkind heart-thrust, a volume which I have just finished reading—*The Evolution of Knowledge, a Review of Philosophy*, by Raymond St. James Perrin. (Williams and Norgate, 6s.) The author of this book believes that "the reason why our knowledge is only of phenomena is that there is nothing but phenomena": he regards the postulating of anything that cannot be known as mysticism and superstition, and his main thesis, which he considers to be abundantly proved, is that the ultimate reality is *motion*. He is an evolutionist, and it would appear that, from the doctrine of universal change, he infers reality to be none other than material change or motion. It would be idle to follow him in the whole of his argument—how idle no reader will need more than ten pages to show—but it is expedient, I think, to consider the chief difficulty which he has to encounter—the resolution of mind into motion.

Whilst we who believe that neither mind nor not-mind is the ultimate reality, but that both are phenomenal of an underlying reality, can afford to recognise a *proximate* dualism of mind and not-mind, those who believe that they have found the answer to the question of questions are commonly compelled, by the passion for unity which

they share with us, to resolve mind into not-mind, or *vice versa*.

A few years ago, we could have used the word materialism to describe the doctrine which professes to explain mind in terms of not-mind. But recent discovery, as every one knows, has cracked the clay feet of materialism, and we are now at a loss for a word until people shall become familiar with the appropriate substitute, which is, I suppose, Energism. Let us admit that everything that is not mind may be resolved into Energy—ignoring the palpably derivative concept of motion—and let us then inquire into the contention that mind may be resolved into Energy.

From our author we may take the very crudest conceivable form of the doctrine which explains mind in terms of not-mind. In words which this pen is too feeble to characterise, Mr. Perrin gives, as "the modern scientific definition of mind"—"*that part of the sensorium capable of the greatest molecular activity*"—a definition which is almost enough to make one forswear science for ever and go in for black magic, hell-fire theology, or the Baconian theory. Even admitting that the matter of which the human sensorium is composed is really like all matter, a manifestation of that form of energy which we call electricity, let us consider it in relation to our author's theory of mind.

It is an easy thing to dissect a human brain. The post-mortem room attendant preserves it in formalin or alcohol and sells it to the student, who proceeds, with a long knife, to slice it from above downwards, examining each section *seriatim*. He can also make microscopic sections of the grey matter from various areas, stain them with silver salts, and examine them under a high power. He thus is certain to encounter "that part of the sensorium capable of the greatest molecular activity"; but as he fingers and smells and sees it, does it ever occur to him that he is fingering and smelling and looking at mind? Is he entitled to say: "This morning I bought a small piece of consciousness, cut a thin section of it, stained it by Golgi's method, and mounted it in Canada balsam?" Even granted that the thin section is really a manifestation of Energy, can anything more fatuous than such a mode of thinking be conceived?

Of course the materialistic or energistic theory of mind can be framed in terms slightly less ridiculous. If we avoid the use of the term "matter" and confine ourselves to such words as "energy," we can declare, if we like, that "consciousness is a form of energy." This is by far the most plausible form in which the theory can be presented, for we are easily deceived by the excellence of the metaphor into thinking that it is more than a metaphor. But—to name the one objection my space will hold—all the natural sciences have united in the demonstration of the fact expressed by the phrase "conservation of energy." Heat, light, electricity may be transformed, but they are never lost; nor is any energy ever created. Those who would persuade us that "consciousness is a form of energy" must be good enough to demonstrate that its manifestations are compatible with this law. But how is this to be done whilst no one can even furnish us with any unit or scale of consciousness? Even if we assume, for argument's sake, that exactly the same number of milligrammes of phosphorus are oxidised during an hour's consciousness—whether of a Shakespeare or a sot—who will declare that those two conscious entities, even though accompanied by exactly equal amounts of chemical change, are equal? Burn a gramme of phosphorus, in a brain or a pan, and you will always obtain an invariable amount of heat. But one brain will yield, meantime, the Prelude to *Parsifal*, another the "Washington Post" March, whilst the pan yields nothing at all but the heat. The law of the conservation of heat-energy is observed, but to resolve mind into energy (which is, as a fact, a material concept) you must demonstrate that the Prelude to *Parsifal*, Mr. Sousa's March, and nothing are equal. We wish you joy of the task.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

THE USE OF OPERA

IF those conclusions are accepted which were reached in our discussion of the failure of opera in the ACADEMY of March 25, the question then arises, has the whole operatic movement been a misdirected effort as a serious art? Is it possible that all the great masters, with the exceptions of Bach and Brahms, have "followed wandering fires," and during a large portion of their lives given themselves to a branch of art which is no true art; and consequently that their great efforts are wasted? We wish to draw no such pessimistic picture. Apart from the truism that every honest effort, even if misdirected, has its value, and that the music of *Don Giovanni* or *Fidelio* is great music and therefore to be revered as such, notwithstanding its operatic form, opera has done a great work for musical art in general, which could not have been done in any other way. A glance at the history of music shows us that opera has always received a new impulse, whenever it has been necessary to emphasise the human side of music, that which expresses emotion as opposed to the purely intellectual beauty of formal or abstract music. These two great elements in the appreciation of music, intellectual beauty, and emotional sympathy, have had, for the most part, to receive alternate, not simultaneous cultivation. It is never possible wholly to lose sight of either and still to keep music alive, but it remains for some millennial period of art to present the two in exact counterpoise. There are during the past three hundred years—which practically contain the history of modern music—three prominent instances in which opera has come to the rescue, by turning music back from intellectual development to consider the need for the cultivation of the more directly expressive side of art.

The first is the birth of opera, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The etherially beautiful and abstract art of Palestrina and his contemporaries had just been completed. Anything more spiritual and truly uplifting, but at the same time more completely removed from the ordinary emotions and feelings of everyday life than this music, it is difficult to imagine. The ideals of the small body of enthusiasts, spoken of as the Florentine Academy, were in direct opposition to this view of music. Under the influence of the Italian Renaissance they attempted a musical form founded on the principles of Greek drama, which ultimately resulted in opera. As their music was illustrative of dramatic action, so it was necessarily of the earth, earthy. To those trained in the principles of ecclesiastical art, their efforts at declamation were chaos; to us they are crude in the extreme, but we now reap the benefit in the possession of recitative, with all its varied possibilities. Nay, further, we may almost attribute to this movement our possession of harmony, as opposed to counterpoint, since these men first felt the need of it as an accompaniment to a solo voice. It may be said that the efforts of these composers were not only in the direction of opera but in that of oratorio, and this is true; but it was the dramatic impulse which gave birth to both forms, and while oratorio at a little later period profited more largely by the work of the early ecclesiastical music and incorporated its contrapuntal principles into a scheme which found fulfilment in the great choral works of Bach and Handel, opera on the other hand, by the greater variety of sentiment and emotion which its subjects admitted, did more to widen the scope of expression by means of passages of free declamation, new harmonic progressions and the use of instrumental interludes and incidental music.

This done, opera sank into conventionalism, and the absurdities with which the operatic works of Alessandro Scarlatti and Handel abound. It became merely a fashionable entertainment, and as such could do no abiding service to musical art, until the next strongly revolutionary influence arrived in the person of Glück. His reforms, though they

primarily affected opera itself, yet had an important bearing upon the art in general. In his hands opera did much for the development of the orchestra; and, as tone-colour is to the ear what stage scenery is to the eye, the art of orchestration owed much of its advance at this time to the theatre, and the first great master of the orchestra, Mozart, attained the art largely through his early experience as a composer of operas.

We find all these qualities of musical expression, declamation, development of harmony and tonality, as well as the art of orchestration, carried much further in the opera of Wagner. As the latest phase of stage music, it seems to sum up in its relation to modern music all that opera has ever done for the art in general, and to do the same work over again in a heightened form. It was Wagner who first pointed the way towards that new range of harmonies in which every modern composer makes some experiment, and which is still partially unexplored; it was he who fused together recitative with metrical music so that the two became almost indistinguishable, and it was he, together with Berlioz, who set composers hunting for new orchestral colours, so that we are almost justified in laying to his charge the present epidemic of muted trombones and saxophones.

This is the good that opera has done to music; it has widened its resources in every direction which has to do with its expressive side, and it may perhaps be maintained that it has still further work of this kind to do. That is possible, but we think improbable. The art of music is now beginning to pass from infancy into maturity. Just as the mind of the child in its first reading lessons has to be helped to formulate ideas by means of pictures, so the accessories of stagecraft and drama were necessary to the development of musical expression in its initial stages. But when the child has learnt to read, and his mind possesses the experience of a grown person, pictorial illustrations are not only unnecessary to his enjoyment of reading, but often hinder his own mental picture. So in music, the present movement in the direction of "programme" music is like the assertion of the growing mind that it can enjoy a romance without the aid of pictures; it is an attempt at musical drama without staging. If this be so, it is actually a step towards, instead of a step away from, abstract music, since it renounces the childish aid of scenic appliances; and one can easily foresee that the next step will be to renounce also the written description of the unacted drama, which at present is given in the programme. Having so fully waked up to the possibilities of dramatic thought and expression in music apart from dramatic action and scenery, it is hardly likely that the art will revert to its childish picture books for instruction. We need not despise them: we may even sometimes like to take them out and look at them, but it will be as a relic of a period which we have passed, in grateful recognition of what we once learnt from them, rather than as the mental food wherewith we now sustain life. Least of all does it appear that opera or music-drama can be, as Wagner predicted, the music of the future. It has been at best a useful vehicle, whereby the range of our musical art has been much extended, but it is one of those means of education which the child has outgrown, and so must now be put away with other childish things.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The first issue raised by J. A. B. is as to the phrases animated upon. When I used the phrase "profoundest thinker" I assumed a distinction between philosophic thought on the one hand, and such powers as observation and imagination on the other. Had the names of Coleridge or Milton been cited against Wordsworth, I should have better understood J. A. B.'s objection. On asking the two most competent critics of my acquaintance, both of them poets who yield to none in their admiration of Shakespeare, I learn that neither

of them would be prepared to describe him as a "profound thinker." Can any one state Shakespeare's attitude to the ultimate problem of philosophy? Is there any evidence that he had formulated the ontological question for himself, or was aware of its existence? Then, as a psychologist, he was doubtless the greatest observer of any age, but could he be called a profound thinker as was Kant or Berkeley?

As to the origin of creeds, can J. A. B. name one, the beginnings of which are not Oriental? The "of course" was my manner of saying that I did not regard the observation as other than platitudinous.

The point about "all" and "innumerable" seems to be that one cannot speak of "all" of an "innumerable" number of things. This involves a palpable confusion between innumerable and "infinite," I think. May one not say, for instance, that all the innumerable stars are bound together by gravitation?

The indictment of my essays as not being "science pure and undefiled" involves more radical questions. With your permission, I hope to submit my apologia for my work to its readers next week.

C. W. SALEEBY.

THE FIRST FARCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you be courteous enough to permit a brief correction to appear of certain misrepresentations contained in your criticism of my translation of "Patelin"?

The title-page was explicit as to which version was attempted to be translated, and the advertisements and preliminary announcements left no room for doubt either upon this point. I did "look the matter up" before (guardedly, not confidently) stating that the subject was first introduced by me to the English reader. My principal authority is the exhaustive monograph of Dr. Schaumburg, "*La Farce de Patelin et ses Imitations*," as translated, annotated and enlarged by M. L. E. Chevaldin (Paris, Librairie Klincksieck, 1889). In this book copious extracts are set out taken from an infinitely earlier adaptation than the one cited by your critic; they are to be found in one of the Towneley Mysteries (Surtees Society, London, 1836). Dr. Schaumburg does not mention *The Country Lawyer*. An "acting version in one act" would not seem to have been primarily intended for the English reader; and in any case it has certainly missed him! To the discredit of English letters I am afraid, then, that my statement is substantially correct. It is likely now that a better hand may stretch forth to the like labour: *Prosit!*

Dr. Schaumburg and his translator (whose taste and judgment may be supposed at least to be on a par with those of my numerous rigid and precise critics) prefer Bruyès' version to all other renderings.

"M^{me}" and "M^{lle}" are quite usual in English; the latter form is given in Ogilvie and in Webster. To estimate the limitations of another's acquaintance with a foreign tongue by the discovery of a superfluous letter in an abbreviated stage direction in English may possibly be ingenious conjectural criticism, but it is certainly not ingenious, nor in every instance trustworthy.

April 26.

SAMUEL F. G. WHITAKER.

[Our Reviewer writes: "Mr. Whitaker described the piece which he had translated as 'the fifteenth-century farce.' The piece actually translated by him belonged, as I pointed out, to the eighteenth century. I can admit no responsibility for the omission of all mention of *The Country Lawyer* in Dr. Schaumburg's monograph. Mr. Whitaker would not have failed to discover it, if he had searched the British Museum catalogue. To say that because it was an 'acting play' it was not 'primarily intended for the English reader' is no answer to my contention that Mr. Whitaker was mistaken in supposing that the piece was, in his version, 'introduced to the English reader for the first time'—in italics. It is true that 'M^{me}' and 'M^{lle}' are 'quite usual in English.' So, for that matter, is 'Mons.' But all these abbreviations are wrong, and none of them are employed by scholars."]

THE GOLDEN ASS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to a review of "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," which appeared in your issue of April 1, I consider it just to myself to inform you that the book in question, though substantially my work, was published without my knowledge or consent, and without my having been permitted to correct the final proofs or give the book the form in which it should have been put before the public. I had not even received an "author's copy," and your review was my first intimation that the book had appeared—as I saw, in a deplorable state, for which I decline all responsibility.

With some difficulty I have ascertained the address of "The Imperial Press," the manager of which informed me that he had purchased the copyright of the work from the publisher for whom I executed it on commission, and that he published it without being aware that my rights had been so grievously transgressed.

I must, at the same time, protest against the insulting headline under which your review appeared, and which it seems to me no incompetence on the part of a previously unknown author, however great, could possibly justify.

And I maintain that any one who read my work fairly through should have recognised what my other reviewers have done, viz., that it was impossible that the author of the work could have been responsible for the defacements caused by the ignorant hands which ampered with it.

Trusting you will give my defence in this matter the same publicity that you gave to your reviewer's attack on my fair name,

May 1.

F. D. BYRNE.

[It was impossible for any reviewer to divine the extraordinary circumstances under which Mr. Byrne was rendered irresponsible for the mistakes in his own book.—ED.]

THE CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Possibly the phenomenon Mr. Tabb witnessed was, as he suggests, the effect of an occultation.

Usually, by virtue of the moon's airless condition, the disappearance of occulted stars is instantaneous; but there have been occasions on which the star has been seen apparently to "hang" for a moment upon our satellite's limb, or edge. This does not discredit the theory of the moon's airlessness; but is due, in my opinion, to certain local conditions in our own atmosphere at the time.

I do not understand, however, how—on the theory of occultation—the star could have "dogged," i.e., followed, the moon for the rest of the evening. By reason of our satellite's proper motion eastwards, the star would disappear at the eastern edge; and, remaining hidden for an hour or longer according to the circumstances, would emerge at the western limb. Is Mr. Tabb quite satisfied that the "star-like" appearance upon the "nether," or southern, tip did in verity persist until the moon set?

April 29.

J. B. WALLIS.

THE AGE OF MODERN WELSH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The late Mr. Vaux of the British Museum, an expert numismatist, prepared an analysis of the Welsh vocabulary, expressing his view that 90 per cent. of the words were from Latin.

Their term for old is *hen*, Latin "senex" exchanging s for h as in *sine*—*hind*; their word for fountain, which is *ffynnon*, replaces the Latin "fons"; a full consideration then results in the conviction that modern Welsh is a survival of Legionary spoken Latin, based on a Celtic grammar.

April 29.

A. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, A Retrospect: 1805-1904. Woman's Printing Society.
Hobson, R. L. B.A. *Catalogue of the Collection of English Porcelain in the department of British and Mediaeval Antiquities and Ethnography of the British Museum.* British Museum.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Legge, Helen Edith. *James Legge, Missionary and Scholar.* The Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.
Alderson, J. P. *Mr. Asquith.* Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Jones, Henry Arthur. *Mrs. Dane's Defence: A Play in Four Acts.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

Cox, Harold. *Protection and Employment.* Unwin, 6d.
Hatch, E. F. G., M.P. *In Support of Free Trade.* King, 1s. net.

EDUCATION.

Ashmore, Sidney G., L.H.D. *The Classics and Modern Training: A Series of Addresses Suggestive of the value of Classical Studies to Education.* Putnam, 5s. net.
Nicklin, Rev. T. *Old Testament History, for sixth-form boys.* Part III. From the death of Jehoshaphat. Illustrated. Black, 3s.
Nicholson, Jaffray B. *The Higher Education of the Blind.*

FICTION.

Fuller, Anna. *A Bookful of Girls.* Putnam, 6s.
Kernahan, Coulson. *The Jackal.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
Hocking, Joseph. *Roger Trewinion.* Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
Noble, Edward. *Waves of Fate: A Romance.* Blackwood, 6s.
Francis, M. E. (Mrs. Francis Blundell). *Dorset Dear, Idylls of Country Life.* Longmans, 6s. (see p. 494).
Wenlock, Arthur. *The Countermine.* Alston Rivers, 6s.
Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longard de Longgarde). *The Three Essentials.* Hutchinson, 6s.
Barrett, Frank. *The Error of her Ways.* Chatto and W. dus, 6s.
Muddock, J. E. Preston. *The Sunless City.* White, 6s.
Clouston, J. Storer. *The Adventures of Monsieur d'Horico.* Blackwood, 6d.
Harraden, Beatrice. *Katharine Frensham.* Blackwood, d.
Grier, Sydney C. *The Warden of the Marches.* Blackwood, 6d.

HISTORY.

MacDonnell, John de Courcy. *King Leopold II. His Rule in Belgium and the Congo.* Cassell, 21s. net.

LITERATURE.

Loring, Andrew. *The Rhymers' Lexicon*. With an introduction by Professor George Saintsbury. Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.

MILITARY.

Cassell's *History of the Russo-Japanese War*. Part 22, 6d. net.

MUSIC.

Platt, William. *Child-Music: a Study of Tunes made up by quite young Children*. 77 St. Martin's Lane and Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.
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THE LITERARY WEEK

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that our article on Prize Poets should be supplemented by some reference to the winners of the prizes awarded at each University for Poems on Sacred Subjects. At both Universities alike the proportion of eminent names is small. These are the four most interesting entries in the Cambridge list :

1759. B. Porteus of Christ's.
1830. M. M. Praed of Trinity.
1854. E. H. Bickersteth of Trinity.
1869. H. C. G. Moule of Trinity.

Beilby Porteus is, of course, the Bishop whom Thackeray covers with sarcasm in "The Four Georges." Praed needs no introduction, though one is a little surprised to find him in the galley. Bickersteth is the compiler of the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer. H. C. G. Moule is the present Bishop of Durham, distinguished as a biblical critic.

At Oxford the prize was only instituted in 1848, and is only awarded once in four years. Nevertheless, though we find no name quite of Praed's poetical celebrity upon the list, we do find at least five names which stand for something. They are :

1857. "The Death of Jacob." Charles Henry Pearson, M.A., Fellow of Oriel.
1860. "The Waters of Babylon." William Alexander, M.A., Brasenose.
1863. "Saint John at Patmos." Richard Watson Dixon, M.A., Pembroke.
1884. "The Sea of Galilee." Alfred John Church, M.A., Lincoln.
1896. "The Life of Saint Augustine." Henry Charles Beeching, M.A., Balliol.

Henry Charles Pearson is the Pearson who discovered the Yellow Peril. William Alexander is the present Archbishop of Armagh. Richard Watson Dixon is the Canon Dixon known as a poet and a friend of Pre-Raphaelites. Alfred John Church is the author of "Stories from Homer," "Stories from Herodotus," and similar works much read by schoolboys. Henry Charles Beeching is Canon Beeching, Preacher to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and the "Urbanus Sylvan" of *Cornhill*.

ADMIRERS of John Stuart Mill will hope that his house at Avignon, which is on sale, will remain in English hands, even though it cease to form part of the property of the Taylor family. Mill had made acquaintance with the south of France in early life, but the reason for his attachment to Avignon is to be found in the fact that his wife died there after seven years of married happiness. When he lost his seat in Parliament in 1868 he took entirely to literary work, spending much of his time in "the windy city" on the Rhone. Here his devoted stepdaughter, Miss Helen Taylor, arranged a herbarium, a vibratory and a circum-gyratory so that he could walk about in all weathers

or pursue his studies in botany. It was after a walk of fifteen miles on a botanical expedition that he was seized with the illness that ended in his death.

This was erysipelas, which seems to have been a local endemic malady. The house, as a matter of fact, was not in a healthy situation, but Mill bought it because it was near the grave of his wife, which he liked to visit as often as possible. In the grounds were a number of tall trees, where the nightingales sang, and the philosopher always refused to have any of them cut down lest the birds should be frightened away. Mr. Mansfield Marston, who visited Mr. Mill during his last illness, relates that the birds were so tame that they followed him about from tree to tree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning had no personal connection in her youth with Camberwell, but her husband was born there. It was in his quiet home at Camberwell that he indulged in his taste for pets, and here he received instruction in the school of the Misses Ready. But the foundations of his real education were laid not at school, but in his father's excellent library, for his father, though he had been connected with the Bank of England, was passionately fond of books and had besides no mean capacity for versification. In after life the poet seems to have drifted further and further away from Camberwell, but it can scarcely be said that it was entirely ignored by her who wrote "The Cry of the Children" and "The Song for the Ragged Schools."

An American journalist, who has been trying to explain the decadence of American literature, puts it down partly to feminine influences and partly to the commercial instincts of the American people. He goes on to say that it is the secret wish of every Englishman to be a lord, of every Frenchman to be elected to the Academy, and of every German to write a good-sized book on the Turanian languages. Now these ambitions elevate and adorn the lives of those who have them. But what is the ambition of the citizens of the United States? The discontented journalist has found the answer in the prospectus of an insurance company. It is to eat well, to dress well, to have a fine house and a position in society. Disciples of Emerson will easily understand that it is impossible for people of this sort to produce great literature.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.
When duty whispers 'Lo, thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can.'"

That is the stanza of Emerson which Mr. Choate recalled in his farewell speech last Friday. But is this exactly how Mr. Choate recalled it? As a matter of fact, duty (in the original) "whispers low, 'Thou must,' not 'Lo, thou must.'" Who is responsible for this new reading, speaker, reporter, or compositor? At any rate, "Lo, thou must," is the version printed in at least one morning newspaper. But the word "Lo" is already associated with misconceptions, since the time of that student of Pope's "Essay on Man," who in the lines :

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

took "Lo" to be, not an interjection, but the name of the untutored though instinctively religious barbarian.

In the current number of *Good Words* under the head of "The Shelf and the World" Mr. Lucas prints the following characteristic anecdote of Charles Lamb, which he has lately come across in a book lent to him by a friend, entitled "Living Authors," by Thomas Powell (New York, 1849). It is in the account of Edward Moxon, who married Emma Isola, the Lambs' adopted daughter.

"A cheesemonger, who having realised a large fortune retired with a genteel wife and still genteel daughter to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in a nobleman sort of way at Highgate, where he had a

superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of cheesemonger. It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was construed by him into a deadly and never-to-be-forgiven insult.

"In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the quondam cheesemonger were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor; turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company, generally but more particularly to Lamb: 'You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the Milk of Human Kindness.' Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: 'Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all into cheese several years ago!' The retired cheesemonger was inconsolable."

Mr. Lucas states that he has not seen this story before. It is, however, to be found with but slight alterations in "Bon Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold," edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by the late Aubrey Beardsley, and first published in 1893, a cheaper edition of which appeared last year.

"Posterity," said Alexandre Dumas, "begins at the frontier." This should mean that immortality will be the lot of the authors who get their books translated into foreign languages. The new catalogue of the "Société du Mercure de France"—a publishing house of notoriously Anglophil proclivities—enables us to see which of our own writers are achieving that distinction. The "Mercure's" list, which includes both the living and the dead, is as follows: Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Thomas Hardy, Frank Harris, Rudyard Kipling, George Meredith, Walter Pater, Thomas de Quincey, John Ruskin, Mark Twain, and H. G. Wells. This is a strong eleven; and the member of the team who makes the best score is Mr. Wells. "Eleven not out" is his present figure. Next to him comes Mr. Kipling, who is represented by nine volumes.

European critics have often said their say about Japanese literature. It is not less interesting to hear what the Japanese critics have to say about European literature. This is their view of our fiction, as reported by M. Gaston Donnet, the author of a popular history of the Russo-Japanese war:

"Why (the Japanese critic asked M. Donnet) is it so full of love, and of nothing else than love? Your heroines are always women who 'have a right to love,' who are 'determined to have their share of love,' and who, not finding it in marriage, seek it in adultery. Or they are young girls looking out for husbands, to whom they will soon be unfaithful, because they have been unable to 'have their share of love with them.' All this is terribly tedious. I wonder where your novelists and your dramatic authors go for their models in real life. It is not the drama of love but the drama of money that is true to life. And why is it that they never mention hunger and thirst, and are always talking of this love which, after all, is a function just as banal and animal as thirst and hunger are? We do not think of a man as being unhappy when he is eating. Why then should we think of him as being unhappy when he loves?"

Decidedly this is a new point of view, though the Japanese critic's studies seem to have been confined within somewhat narrow limits, and to have left a good deal of European literature—and even of European fiction—untouched.

A propos of the centenary of Schiller's death M. de Gleichen, one of his descendants, has recently published several anecdotes. Here is one that shows how Schiller was ennobled. Herder's wife was extremely anxious to figure among the titled people, who visited the court at Weimar, and poor Herder was at his wit's end to know how to gratify the ambition. However at last he bought some lands, which gave him the right to consider himself a titled personage. But the court still refused to receive Madame Herder. It even went further, and in order to annoy Herder conferred on Schiller and his family the titles required to ensure presentation at court. Schiller, a great believer in "the simple life," was so kind-hearted that he

accepted the privilege with extreme reluctance, knowing the annoyance that it would cause the unfortunate Herders.

Here is another story to illustrate his views as to the remuneration that a poet should receive. *Wallenstein* had just been performed, and a duchess, who was one of the spectators, was so delighted with it that she presented the author with a silver coffee service. Schiller, in thanking her, said that a poet should receive no remuneration, but that which came in the shape of voluntary offerings, "for," he added, "there is a natural affinity between the gifts of the poet and the gifts that are made at the dictation of the heart. Both ultimately are to be traced to heaven." If the public would only take this sentimental German view and be sufficiently open-handed, the long-vexed question of the relations of an author to his publishers would soon receive a satisfactory settlement.

Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* has been played with great success since the beginning of March in the chief theatre of Tokio. The characters have Japanese names, Tell is a Japanese hunter, and Gessler a Daimio.

Lord Goschen's biography of his grandfather, the publisher, George Joachim Göschen, has been translated into German. The author has made a few improvements in the text, and shortened some passages, but in all essentials it is the same as the original. It is published by the G. J. Göschensche Verlagshandlung of Leipzig.

A copy of Miss Ethel Clifford's "Songs of Dreams" was included among the recently-sold collection of books from the library of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Morpeth, author of "Ballades of a Country Bookworm;" and on the fly-leaf fronting the title-page Mr. Hutchinson had inscribed a poem "to Miss E. Clifford." The verse tribute is based on a favourite saying of the late W. K. Clifford, and opens thus:

"Let us take hands and help
For to-day we are together,
And bright will be life's skies
In every kind of weather.
And sweet remembrances
Of mutual joys and sorrows
Will dissipate the clouds
That may darken our to-morrow."

It must be admitted that France knows how to honour her great men. Not two months have elapsed since the death of Jules Verne, and already three places have decided on measures for keeping his memory alive. The first in the field was Chantenay, a manufacturing village near to Nantes, where Jules Verne spent a portion of his youth. On the day after his death it was resolved that one of the streets should henceforth be called Jules Verne Street. A fortnight later the town council of Nantes agreed to set up a tablet on the house where he was born, to give his name to a square, and to open a public subscription for a suitable statue to his memory. The town council of Amiens has also decided to rename the Boulevard Longueville, where the famous writer was living at the time of his death. Meanwhile a beginning will be made with the publication of some, at any rate, of the sixteen plays and fourteen novels which he left behind in manuscript.

The erection of a statue at Rome to Victor Hugo is another instance of the power of literature to link nations in bonds of sympathy; though the poet never fell to any considerable extent under the spell of the Eternal City. Modern Rome, the Rome of the Papacy, he abhorred. It is "a snake," "the sewer of the human race." When the newly-invented chassepot killed six hundred Garibaldians at Mentana at the rate of twelve a minute, because they wished to take possession of the city, he apostrophised

"the sinister old man" who sat upon the throne of St. Peter in lines that glowed with indignation. After the invasion of France by "the barbarians" in 1870, he went so far as to assert that the Capitôl, that is the virtues of the old Rome of the Republic, was to be found only at Paris, and to predict that in the coming struggle between Paris and Rome, the principles of the former would certainly triumph. When, a year or two later, the citizens of Rome sent the French people an address, they chose Victor Hugo as the medium, and he in reply thanked them for their sympathy with France in her unequal conflict with Germany, Russia and the Papacy, three spectral powers that in his opinion symbolised war, barbarism and darkness.

The leading Belgian men of letters have decided to boycott the festivities in commemoration of the achievement of Belgian Independence on the 75th anniversary of the expulsion of the Dutch. This is M. Maeterlinck's reply to the invitation addressed to him:

"I mean to take no part whatever in the celebration of a fallacious independence which, at the present moment, afflicts us with a Government which is the most retrograde in Europe, and the most opposed to all ideas of justice and freedom, excepting only those of Russia and Turkey. There are a few of us who are waiting for this state of things to pass and who hope that we shall some day be able to rejoice over the achievement of a true independence."

Which means, being interpreted, that the clericals are in power in Belgium, and that the sympathies of M. Maeterlinck are ranged on the side of the opposition.

The *Gaulois* has an interesting Flaubert note, giving the author's own account of the adventures of a play which he wrote, but which he tried in vain to get produced. These are the notes which he sent with the manuscript when he finally offered it for publication in a magazine:

"1. Marc Fournier refused to hear the play read on the ground that I was incapable of writing one.

"2. Gustave Claudin asked for the piece for Noriac, manager of the Variétés. Enthusiasm of the said Noriac, who talked of putting it in rehearsal at once. Then silence for six months, at the end of which time I could only recover my manuscript by brutal insistence.

"3. The piece was taken to Hostein, manager of the Châtelet, who, within forty-eight hours, sent a footman with the message: 'M. Hostein told me to tell M. Flaubert that this is not at all what he wants.'

"4. A manager of the Gaieté heard the piece at my house, and expressed admiration, but I heard nothing more from him.

"5. The piece was asked for on behalf of the managers of the Gaieté, was kept three months, and was then returned to me with scorn.

"6. Raphael Félix heard it read at Michel Levy's, and proposed to draw up an agreement on the spot, but suddenly changed his mind because he remembered that he wanted to revive *Lucrezia Borgia* instead.

"7. Last year the manager of the Gaieté kept the manuscript for a week, and then gave me the same answer as his colleagues.

"8. This winter Dalloz refused to publish it in the *Revue Française*."

Let us hope that it is not often that genius knocks so vainly at so many doors.

As the Barbier centenary is still impending, we may find place for the story of the circumstances which induced the poet to write his famous revolutionary rhymes. He came to Paris immediately after the "three glorious days," and with him was a general who had strong ideas about law and order. The barricades were still standing in the streets, and a civilian friend of the general advanced from one of them to shake hands. "General, we have done well," said the civilian. "What do you mean?" asked the officer. "You have let yourselves be beaten by this rascally mob." "General," was the reply, "the people were sublime." And Barbier writes in his *Reminiscences*: "This young man, whom I never saw again, and whose name I do not know, was he who first inspired my enthusiasm."

The price of Messrs. Watts's edition of Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," translated by Joseph McCabe, is 42s., not 45s., as stated in our issue of May 6.

LITERATURE

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830. By the late J. E. HODGSON, R.A., and F. A. EATON. (Murray, 21s. net.)

THE imperturbability of the Royal Academy is almost admirable. Some forty years ago a Commission, appointed by the Government, invited it to reform. As late as last autumn a Committee of the Lords urged it to alter the method by which it administers the Chantrey Bequest. It is indifferent to Commission and Committee alike; it goes on its road deaf to abuse as to remonstrance; and when in the future a falling balance-sheet does persuade it to consider its position, it will find some other method than reform to win back its hold upon a patient public. It may, for instance, offer prizes for the solution of puzzles, or it may instal a *café chantant* in the central hall. But it will never be false to its noble ideal of mediocrity. Though it has never encountered so much ignominy as during the last six months, it declines to explain or refute. That, as Sir Edward Poynter said the other day, would disturb a festive occasion. What, then, does it do? It publishes a pompous history of itself and its members, and thus reminds us in a dim and shadowy way of imperial Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning.

It is not a glorious record, this of Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton, but as though to atone for its meagre episodes it is composed in a proud and vaunting style. When the authors compare the present triumph of their institution with its humble beginnings, they cannot restrain their enthusiasm. In 1760 one hundred and thirty pictures, exhibited by sixty-nine artists, produced a net profit of one hundred pounds! It is not much, to be sure, and it is perhaps not without irony that the authors of this book set forth the paltry sum. But paltry as it was, it started painters on an evil road and suggested to them that there might be as much money in a peep-show, if it were properly worked, as in a theatre. "That was a very remarkable sum of one hundred pounds," says Mr. Hodgson, "one of the most remarkable recorded in history; it revealed a new source of wealth, a money-making power hitherto unknown." Of this source Titian and Velasquez knew nothing, and therefore may be supposed to have practised their craft in vain. But the Royal Academy, more happily inspired, found "the money-making power" ready to its hand, and its worst detractors cannot say that it lost its opportunity. "Annual exhibitions of pictures," again we quote, "under such promising circumstances were continued, and have gone on until they have attained the present portentous results—an exhibition of some two thousand works of Art" (note the capital A), "by more than one thousand two hundred artists, which is visited on an average by some three hundred thousand people." Portentous is it not? And though the statistical method is not the best, whereby to estimate the virtues of an Academy, it has the double advantage that it is easy to apply, and that its figures are indisputable.

So, on November 28, 1768, King George III. founded the Royal Academy, "my Academy," as he was wont to call it, and signed the "Instrument," which still defines the duties of the body. He did more than this: he provided the Academy with rooms, and, when it was in need, with money. Thus it is not easy for the Academy to justify its existence as a private club. It was established upon the rock of kingly munificence, but it has a worse memory for this truth than for the number of persons who pass the turnstile, and it persists in declaring that it is accountable to nobody for its policy and administration. However, it commenced business under the best auspices. Its first President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was not merely a most distinguished painter; he was also a man of intellect and of the world. So long as he lived, the institution was worthily governed. If he did not appreciate Gainsborough as he should, he was for the most part catholic in taste

and scrupulously fair in the conduct of his office. That all the members of the Academy were not great men was not his fault. He made the best of the material which came to hand, and that was all the wisest of men could achieve. With his death the Academy declined in prestige, and it has never recovered itself. The results of the turnstiles are more "portentous" than ever, but the most bigoted partisan cannot pretend that the Royal Academy of to-day represents any interests but its own, and its three hundred thousand visitors are no more significant than the crowds which nightly frequent the music-halls of the metropolis.

If for a moment we forget the thousands of persons who look at the pictures and descend to consider the painters who make them, it is a dreary tale which we have to tell. It is true that in the time of Reynolds the Academy could not boast, as it boasts to-day, of twelve hundred "artists" contributing their masterpieces to its exhibitions. But few as they were, they are, for the most part, forgotten to-day, Academicians and all. Who has heard the names of John Baker, Jeremiah Meyer, and Peter Toms? Yet they were eminent in their day and entitled to write R.A. after their names. The obscurity into which they have fallen should teach a lesson of humility to the twelve hundred intrepid spirits who every year attract three hundred thousand people to admire their works, and should suggest to Sir Edward Poynter and his colleagues that they do not inherit all the arts of all the ages.

When the Royal Academy was first discussed, it found a determined opponent in Hogarth. "It will be vain to attempt to force what can never be accomplished," said he, "at least by such institutions as royal academies on the system now in agitation." It is a confused sentence, but its meaning is perfectly clear and perfectly sane. Such books as this, which we are now reviewing, do but prove the uselessness of Academies. No one can be persuaded to produce masterpieces except by his own genius, and the best Academy can do no more than foster mediocrity and encourage intrigue. The Royal Academy has long since forgotten the purpose for which it was established. It is quite out of touch with the art of painting. It administers the fund bequeathed by Chantrey to the great comfort of its own members. And nothing but a falling off of the three hundred thousand citizens will ever bring it to reason. But it is no worse than other academies, and it may take to its soul whatever consolation this sad truth can bring it.

DREAM-COME-TRUE

Dream-Come-True. By LAURENCE BINYON. (Eragny Press, 12s. 6d.)

A BOOK of which only one hundred and eighty-five copies are issued is obviously not a book for every one. The question for each lover of books will be: Is "*Dream-Come-True*" a book for me? Mr. Binyon is a poet most of whose admirers, we imagine, cannot help feeling as though they were his friends. "*Dream-Come-True*" is the lyrical monument of the poet; betrothal, honeymoon, and first year of wedded life. Naturally therefore it will be of intense interest to all those many admirers of Mr. Binyon who feel as though they were his friends. "*Dream-Come-True*" is in every way an exquisite little book, and makes one feel at once that its full perfume can only be disengaged on familiarity. Mr. Pissarro has been lucky in designing the delicate patterned paper for its cover: and to read such excellent modern work, in so choice a type as he has designed, is a pleasure not often offered to us. Mr. Binyon has himself designed and cut a wood-block for the frontispiece, in which he shows that he has fully profited by the admirable example of Mr. Selwyn Image's chaste and haunting idyls, rendered by the full reed pen with a few expressive lines. The complete double page, on which this design and the first poem are framed by Mr. Pissarro's cornflower border, is printed to entrancing result, in a

delicate sage green, with its text in black caps and an initial and device at the end in pale vermillion. The whole book breathes an intimacy which suggests some trysting-place among the river salallows, on an early June afternoon fragrant with meadow-sweet.

"Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me."

sang Rossetti in one of his most beautiful lyrics and Mr. Binyon begins with a delicate and probably unconscious echo of the first two lines:

"Within the eyes of Dream-Come-True
Shine the old dreams of my youth,
Ere they faded, ere they grew
Distant, they were born anew
In her truth."

"Within the heart of Dream-Come-True
Lies my life, a folded bud."

No doubt the principled critic would like us to regret this echo. We are all to be "on our own" nowadays, and be quickened by no more estimable spirits than that of to-day and our own uncultured and uninfluenced animalism, for which the past is rich in vain. Leaving the poor principled critic to welcome the motor-car into verse, and remembering that true originality is not afraid of father and mother, but delights in many relationships less inevitable, the lover of poetry will trip with a thrill of manifold recollection over the threshold of this new home to which he is invited, by the poet's frank and generous faith in the nobility and delicacy of his nature. The fall of the rhythm may remind him of Shelley as well as Rossetti, and if he needs must analyse his impressions, he may remark that Rossetti's Latin nature inclined to elaborate a perfectly balanced form which enabled him to produce more definite impressions and led him to the almost epigrammatical terseness of his last two lines:

"Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul."

While Mr. Binyon with a more spontaneous rhythm is led to a more enigmatical expression:

"O may the fountain leap in flood
The young shoot branch in leafy wood,
Blest in promise through and through
By the dear thoughts of Dream-Come-True!"

But most will not care to linger in order that such distinctions may grow clear to them, they will hurry away through these moods of peace and realised bliss, which shift from England to Italy and back again, till they cry with the poet:

"Now my soul hath taken wings,
Newly bathed in light intense,
And purging off the film of sense
Of its native glory sings."

For one, who is evidently both sensitive and delicate, to offer to take the world into confidence over his love, must needs prove him generous and unsuspecting as well. Such a poet is bound to have more real friends than he knows of.

THE RETURN OF THE PAMPHLET

Towards a Social Policy. (ALSTON RIVERS. 1s.)
Gladstonian Ghosts. By CECIL CHESTERTON. (The Lanthorn Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE conspicuous decline of the English political Press gives great scope for the revival of the political pamphlet, of which "*Towards a Social Policy*" is a good average specimen. The writers are a set of earnest young Liberals who find the policy of their party too negative for a long prospect of life. Cutting themselves adrift from party politics, they make an effort to explore the whole ground of social policy with a view to suggestions of prac-

tical reform. It is not our province either to analyse their explorations, or to criticise the resulting suggestions. The sight of these young Japhets in search of a parent must touch the hardest heart and disarm the severest critic. The fact that they should thus be wandering in the wilderness after so many years of talk suggests indeed certain thoughts about the party system which we will not further pursue. Suffice it to say that the writers cover immense ground in this series of articles—touching not without some originality and freshness on such thoroughly diverse questions as Land Reform, Housing, Poor Law, Old Age Pensions, Factory Laws, Finance, and Local Government. The book is rather intended for the speaker than the general reader.

Quite a different type of political pamphlet has been put forth by Mr. Cecil Chesterton under the title of "Gladstonian Ghosts." Mr. Cecil Chesterton has some of his brother's cleverness, and all his audacity. He possesses a fair share of that critical cleverness which is hateful to the good party man, and generally indeed forms a dissolving rather than a binding force in politics. It is very difficult for the plain man to tell exactly where Mr. Cecil Chesterton stands. He seems to be a kind of Conservative Socialist, fighting sometimes from the standpoint of the Conservative, sometimes from that of the Socialist. His attack on Free Trade and Temperance smacks of Toryism; but on the other hand his attack on Lord Penrhyn and employers in general seems to smack of Socialism. But perhaps we take him too seriously. The book is probably meant rather as a jest than as a serious piece of criticism. The main point of the jest seems to be to take the English party system with great gravity and logical precision, excluding it from all those kindly indulgences which we generally extend to things human. This stern process is mainly extended to the Liberal party, which is rigidly pinned down to consistency with its early doctrines and stringently excluded from any change or variation of faith. Alas! Mr. Cecil Chesterton is yet young. He will learn as he grows older that names, and especially the names of parties, offer convenient tickets which soon lose their original meaning. Most party badges survive as little more than indolent tribal categories. The names of the two great American parties are still "Democrat" and "Republican"; but that does not prevent every Republican from being a democrat and every Democrat a republican. We do not bind the English Conservative to fight under the flag of Slavery or even Protection: why then should we hold the English Liberal to the teaching of the Manchester School? When Mr. Chesterton has grown old enough to see the beauty of compromise, he will put aside his inquisitorial robe. Instead of driving the wandering political flocks back to their folds, he will try to persuade them that they can safely follow him as the true shepherd. Still, this is an amusing piece of youthful cleverness, and deserves to be read as such.

LITERAL OR LITERARY?

Les Sonnets du Portugais d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Traduits en vers français. Avec préface, texte anglais en regard, et notes. Par LÉON MOREL. (Paris: Hachette.)

Les Sonnets Portugais d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Traduits en sonnets français, avec notice, texte anglais, commentaire et notes. Par FERNAND HENRY. (Paris: E. Guilmoto.)

THE pacific penetration of English literature into France is proceeding rapidly, although the present invasion cannot compare in magnitude and influence with that of the eighteenth century so well described by M. J. Texte, when Locke and, later, Richardson took France and even Europe by storm. Still the influx of our nineteenth-century authors goes steadily on. Of the earlier writers, Byron and Shelley have been more or less entirely translated. A

good deal of Tennyson has also been turned into French. Recently there has been a run on Mrs. Browning. At the present time there exist no less than three verse-translations of the Sonnets from the Portuguese, one by M. Charles des Guerrois, and the other two by M. Léon Morel and M. Fernand Henry, both of whom have already won their spurs in this particular field of literature. M. Morel has translated Tennyson's "In Memoriam," M. Henry has to his account translations of the Sonnets of Shakespeare and of "Omar Khayyâm". In addition, a certain number of notices have appeared on Mrs. Browning by Taine, Emile Montégut and Joseph Texte, mainly in reference to Aurora Leigh. More complete studies have been made by M. Gabriel Sarrazin and Madame Mary Duclaux-Darmesteter.

At first sight Mrs. Browning does not seem to be a poet to allure a French translator. We have only to recall her carelessness of form, her fatal tendency to confound improvisation with inspiration, her manner of throwing the bridle, to use Madame de Sévigné's picturesque phrase, on the neck of her Pegasus, her positive sympathy for the worst of her poetical lapses which strangely enough recalls the foible of a far correcter poet—Ovid. Nor are her grammatical audacities, her rhythmical monstrosities, her verbal obscurities, precisely the qualities to commend her to the average Frenchman with his nice sense of proportion, correctness and polish. Again, no small part of her work consists of *vers de circonstance* due to a curious itching to set to poetry the most unsuitable themes. Such still-born stuff is not likely to enjoy re-incarnation in any language. Yet when we come to the Sonnets from the Portuguese we find ourselves obliged to take back nearly everything we have advanced. For once in a way the exigencies of the composition imposed on the author the necessity of paying attention to technique. In addition she brought to her subject a rare efflorescence of passion, the bursting into bloom for the first time of a soul that for forty years had been accumulating and storing up the finest essences in literature to blend with its own rich personality. But what distinguishes them from other love-poems is that they are an analysis of a woman's soul by a woman, which is still a rarity in poetry, though the transcriptions in prose are growing more numerous. As a feminine *Confessio Amantis*, with its pure yet penetrating psychology, it cannot fail to be of great interest to the cultivated Frenchman.

What adds piquancy to the task of the present reviewer is that MM. Morel and Henry are not only rival translators, they are also mutual critics. M. Morel has already stated elsewhere his opinions of M. Henry's earlier efforts at translation. M. Henry, who on this occasion is later in the field, avails himself of the opportunity of criticising M. Morel's poetical principles and practices. It is an admirable *riposte*, and the courteous manner in which it is couched is equally admirable. Still we cannot help surmising that M. Henry has deliberately invaded M. Morel's territory, not merely to contest his theories, but also to challenge a comparison between the actual performances of each. It is certainly a very interesting duel. M. Morel is the champion of literal translation. Taken as an example of close and faithful rendering and of a dogged determination to cut no difficulty, however thorny, his version must be pronounced a veritable *tour de force*. Unfortunately too great a fidelity to the letter may lead to unfaithfulness towards the spirit. There are times when the word for word method takes us further from the original than an entire recast of the sentence. The faithful keeps us falsely true. Moreover the literal is not always the literary, more especially in French, which is far less plastic or elastic than English. In no language is a suggestion in the translation of the construction of the foreign sentence less tolerable, or a literal reproduction of bizarre expressions more obscure, especially when those expressions depend for their effect on certain national idiosyncrasies which make them household words in one country and logographs elsewhere, such as, for instance, the

majority of biblical allusions current in England. Of course, if the qualities themselves are entirely lacking in French, no system of translation can transplant them. Take, for instance, the *naïve*, which is as common as possible in everyday German poetry, and constitutes perhaps its principal charm. It seems quite impossible to reproduce it in French. The *naïve* as understood by our neighbours across the Channel is often adorable, but it has in it either a dash of coquetry on the part of the character or of *malice* on the part of the author. It is never unconscious. The talent for introspection is not only common to all classes, but the children themselves seem born with this sort of dual consciousness. Naturally it pervades the whole of their literature.

Against the ideal of translation pure and simple M. Henry sets up his theory of *explication*; *paraphrase* is a poor equivalent, besides it has got a bad name in England from its misuse in our schools. What M. Henry really means is a complete re-cast, wherever such is necessary, in order to preserve the spirit of the original and ensure that the rendering shall be really and truly literary French.

M. Henry lays stress on the still greater importance of the number of passages in which the translations give different interpretations. We have noticed one or two in which the renderings are entirely distinct. For the most part on such occasions we are inclined to agree with M. Henry, who has fortified his position by a careful study of the Browning correspondence, which often serves as a precious commentary. Thus, while M. Morel renders "Lost Saints" in the well-known Sonnet XLII. as "Mes Saintes délaissées," M. Henry, with his "Ceux que le Ciel m'a pris," is obviously nearer the original, which alludes to the author's lost brother. But in the majority of instances, the difference comes in the case of those sentences into which Mrs. Browning squeezes a quart of metaphor, where there is only room for a pint according to French measures. In English at a pinch one metaphor can "nurse" another; in French each must have its separate place, and when the space is limited, something has to be excluded, and so one translator sacrifices one part of the idea and another another. Take for instance the phrase:

"To let thee . . .
 . . . hear the sighing years.
 Re-sighing on my lips renunciative."

M. Henry very cleverly translates "renunciative" by

"Te forcer d'écouter toujours ce *non* sévère
 Que les ans malheureux ne cessent d'amener
 Sur ces lèvres."

M. Morel gives up "renunciative" altogether: on the other hand he makes some attempt at bringing out the force of "sighing," which M. Henry merely indicated in a rudimentary fashion by the word "malheureux"

"Entendre les dolentes
 Plaintes des tristes ans de ma lèvre émaner."

But neither appears to be able to find proper room for "re-sighing" at all.

The contest through the forty-three rounds which the sonnets constitute is well fought out to the end. On the whole we think the palm must be awarded to M. Henry on two grounds. Thanks to his methods of simplifying and rewriting, his version is less intricate and involved and *ipso facto* more truly French than that of M. Morel who in following up too closely the twists and turns of the original occasionally falls into a laboured and labyrinthine style. We may compare, for instance, M. Henry's opening stanza of Sonnet VI. with the somewhat tortuous version of M. Morel.

"Va-t-en donc ! mais pourtant je sens à l'avenir
 Dans ton ombre toujours je resterai blottie,
 Quoique seule à jamais sur le seuil de ma vie,
 Je ne convierai plus mon âme à m'obéir."

"Quitte-moi. Mais je sens que je vis désormais
 Dans ton ombre. Jamais seule, au seuil de la vie
 De mon être, dès lors, je n'appelle et convie
 Les facultés de mon esprit."

Again the suave and smooth-flowing verse of M. Henry seems more in keeping with the best tradition of French poetry than the rather jerky transcript of M. Morel, in which, as may be noted in the passage quoted above, the pause is far more often in the middle than at the end of the line. On the other hand, from time time to M. Morel achieves through his devotion to literalness a more picturesque effect, and he certainly avoids the *banal* into which M. Henry through excessive simplification occasionally falls. Thus M. Morel successfully preserves the full force of "vindicating grace" and "renounce to thy face" in:

"A l'amour souverain
 Je dois le riche don, la rédemptrice grâce
 De vivre, aimant toujours, aimant toujours en vain . . .
 De te bénir en te reniant à ta face :"

where M. Henry is content to write

"J'ai le droit d'obtenir
 De cet amour au moins cette grâce suprême
 De vivre, quoiqu'en vain, en t'aimant tout de même,
 Et tout en renonçant à toi, de te bénir."

M. Henry has made his task rather easier by adopting the less strait-laced metre of the French sonnet in which, in the regular form, the first two lines of the sextet rhyme together instead of severally rhyming with the four concluding lines. He speaks "of preserving the regular form," but he also employs the irregular, and on one occasion at least he makes use of the ordinary English ending for the sextet, while in the opening quatrains he adopts alternative rhymes. As for the rhymes themselves, each writer takes out a full licence. We note such rhymes as *appelant* and *prunelles*, *non* and *monts*, *cœur* and *heurts*, which must be perfect eye-sores to the literary descendants of Boileau and his tribe, but are as a matter of fact absolutely harmonious. M. Henry boldly proclaims himself a hardened sinner in this respect. M. Morel, while arguing the point, seems to shelter himself behind the example of Mrs. Browning. Even in literature it is an advantage to find an Eve for a scapegoat.

THE SHORES OF OLD ROMANCE

Aucassin and Nicolette. Translated by ANDREW LANG.
 (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.)

Who better equipped, as a scholar and as a writer of charmingly musical verse, than Mr. Andrew Lang to translate for English readers the famous poetic love tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette"? Surely Mr. Lang, born and nurtured almost among the Braes of Yarrow, with its ballads, its loves, and its romantic encounters, has drawn in with his earliest breath "all the charm of all the muses," and is an ideal translator and editor of this old French masterpiece. Mr. Lang's versatile genius is one of the mysteries of our generation. Translator of Homer into stately and picturesque prose, and of Theocritus into honey-sweet phrases, here he is at home again in pouring the wine of romance from the golden into the silver cup in the deftest manner. A year or two ago he wrote a learned and exhaustive introduction to a translation of Longinus, and, anon, he figured in his obliging versatile rôle in an introduction to Alexandre Dumas' "Three Musketeers." He is the good genius for giving every one a literary lift, whether on to the fleet Pegasus or a cart-horse. In his youthful prime, he must, in the "gloaming and the mirk," when the "freenge was red on the western hills," have strangely foregathered with the spirit of Merlin, where the Powsail loses itself in the Tweed, in his own borderland; and been gifted by the wizard with his strange and unapproached versatility and adaptability! The publishers have entered with enthusiasm into the making of this daintiest and most delightful of volumes, and produced a work of art, paper, printing, and illustrations being worthy to enshrine this saga of love and chivalry. Every one can now enter into this "kingdom by the sea," and those who are sorrowful will get a glimpse into a past that might well make them less forlorn.

NEW CLOTHES

O ALL ye meadows fair,
And soft sunshiny banks,
Where daisies without number—where
Pale cowslips range their comely ranks
And buttercups with prouder yellow
Think each himself the finest fellow;
Since I put on new clothes to-day,
Call, call me forth to you;
For I would bear myself the way
Your trimmest blossoms do.

Ye nobly peopled woods,
And stately thronged dells,
Moods of grand oak and beech-tree—moods
Of lofty pines whose music swells
To the hale wind's repeated pleasure,
When all their tops keep time and measure—
Are moods that I would learn to share,
Then call me forth, ye trees;
Teach me grave bows and curtseys fair
As those ye give the breeze.

T. STURGE MOORE.

WINNOWER'S SONG TO THE
WINDS

(From Joachim du Bellay)

LIGHT flock, to you I sing,
Ye winds with fleeting wing,
Who thro' the world do fly,
And whisperingly make
Sweet murmur, as ye shake
The shadowed greenery.

I bring you flowerets—
Lilies, and violets,
And here are roses new;
Sweet roses newly blown
Of hue vermillion,
And pink carnations too.

Come with your sweet blowing
To this my winnowing:
Breathe o'er my lands and home!
The while I toil and sweat
To winnow out my wheat
In the hot noon-tide, come!

A. E. J. R.

TWO OLD SONGS OF MAY

(From the Gaelic)

ONE of the most beautiful of old Gaelic poems is an Ecstasy of Spring composed no one knows how many generations before the lyric voices of Elizabeth's day. The name of the poet a thousand years ago went away like a blossom on that swift river which fills the pools of oblivion. Perhaps even then it was hardly remembered, for the singer is often but the fleeting shadow who sang of a star, while the star remains. This Ecstasy of Spring is known as the May Day Song, and it is recorded in an old Gaelic MS. of the later part of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century, though how much older it is than this MS. none knows. The MS. is called "Macgnímartha Finn," and recounts the Boyish Exploits of Finn, the great warrior-king of the Gael, the Gaelic Nimrod. This narrative in Middle-Irish has been translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer in "Eriu," vol. i. Pt. 2, who gives there also a portion of the May Song. It is to be found intact in the "Four Songs" translated by this

indefatigable Celtic student, who brings the light of poetry into his most severely difficult work . . . and how difficult old Gaelic is to translate few can realise. If any present reader knows modern Gaelic, with its confusing complexity, its puzzling spelling, its singular inversions and habitual pleonasm, let him see what he could make of ancient Gaelic so crudely concise as

"Táinic sam(h) slán sóer,
día mbi clóen caill cīar,
līngid ag sing snáid
día mbi réid rón rian."

He will almost certainly find it incomprehensible. The other day I read slowly to a Gaelic islesman the following two quatrains (from another old-Irish poem):

"Maidid glass for cach lus,
bilech dīss daire glaiss:
tāinic sam(h), rufāith gaim
gomit coin cuilinn caiss."

"Canaid lon dron dard
día mbi forbb caill cērb,
sūanaid ler lonn liac(h)
foling iach brec bēdc."

On a second and slower reading, dwelling on each word, he got nothing more from the first quatrain than what he had already got—"there will be something about a flower (*lus*) and a dog (*coin*) and maybe holly (*cuilinn*)."
In the second, *lon* was easily recognisable as a blackbird: but he did not even guess at any more except to make a mistake in *brec*, first thinking it the familiar Gaelic name for a trout (*breac*) and then thinking it might be the old word for a wolf (also *breac*, for one of the meanings of the word is "brindled"), where as here it is the adjective "speckled" qualifying "salmon" (*iach*), a name which naturally he did not know. And what this islesman, a Gael with very little English, and in a sense learned, for he could read Gaelic well and even that with old-fashioned spelling and obsolete words, could not do, I do not think even a specialist in modern Gaelic could do. But the crude jerky quatrains are full of poetic feeling, as word by word unfolded for us out of the past by Dr. Kuno Meyer:

"Green bursts out on every herb,
The top of the green oakwood is bushy,
Summer is come, winter has gone,
Twisted hollies wound the hound."

"The blackbird sings a loud strain,
To him the live wood is a heritage;
The sad excited sea sleeps,
The speckled salmon leaps."

(literally, and Dr. Meyer might as well have so rendered his translation: "Breaks greenness on every herb" . . . "arrived is summer, gone is winter" . . . "Sings the blackbird a strain loudly" . . . "sleeps the sea, sad, heaving"—for *liac* may mean that rather than "excited," which does not go with *sūanaid*, "sleeps.")

In this old poetry the observation is always very close, and what we should call unconventional, as "*Forbrú brain, táinic sam(h)*" . . . "Ravens flourish, summer has come"—which is every whit as true, and in the northlands of the Gael even more true, than the identification of May-tide, with the often refraining cuckoo, the often tardy swallow. But of the cuckoo, also, the old poetry can speak revealingly; for if, as seems likely, the word *mbind* can be rendered "drowsy" (or "softly tender"), the line "*canaid cūi cēol mbind mblāith*," "singeth the cuckoo a drowsy sweet music," is full of the heat of the summer days that come in May.

In giving my version, as concisely and in as brief a metre as practicable, of this old-world Song of May, after the redaction of Kuno Meyer, I am aware of how much is missed even though I have tried to retain the most distinctive phrases, as that lovely phrase in the seventh quatrain "where the talk of the rushes is come." I cannot improve upon Dr. Meyer's version, but mine is an effort to translate into rhymed quatrains the old Gaelic song in a metre as succinct as that of the original, to keep to the

sense always, and to the actual words where practicable. When I have changed these, it has been to the loss of the old poet; e.g., his dust-coloured cuckoo does not personify summer, and call her a queen. It says: "Welcome, splendid summer." But in the main I have tried to keep to the original.

- " May, clad in cloth of gold,
Cometh this way:
The fluting of blackbirds
Heralds the day.
- " The dust-coloured cuckoo
Cries ' Welcome, O Queen !'
For winter has vanished,
The thickets are green.
- " Soon the trampling of cattle
Where the river runs low !
The long hair of the heather,
The canna like snow !
- " Wild waters are sleeping,
Foam of blossom is here :
Peace, save the panic
In the heart of the deer.
- " The wild-bee is busy,
The ant honey spills,
The wandering kine
Are abroad on the hills.
- " The harp of the forest
Sounds low, sounds sweet :
Soft bloom on the heights ;
On the loch, haze of heat.
- " The waterfall dreams :
Snipe, corncrakes, drum
By the pool where the talk
Of the rushes is come.
- " The swallow is swooping ;
Song swings from each brae :
(?) Rich harvest of mast falls ;
The swamp shimmers gay.
- " Happy the heart of man,
Eager each maid :
Lovely the forest,
The wild plane, the green glade.
- " Truly winter is gone,
Come the time of delight,
The summer-truce joyous,
May, blossom-white.
- " In the heart of the meadows
The lapwings are quiet :
A winding stream
Makes drowsy riot.
- " Race horses, sail, run,
Rejoice and be bold !
See, the shaft of the sun
Makes the water-flag gold.
- " Loud, clear, the blackcap ;
The lark trills his voice—
Hail, May of delicate colours !
'Tis May-Day—Rejoice !"

The other old Gaelic May-poem is not ancient, but is certainly over a hundred and thirty, and may be about two hundred years old. I came upon it the other day through the courtesy of an unknown correspondent in America. This gentleman caught sight of a little leather-bound volume in a second-hand bookshop in New York, and was puzzled at the language in which the poems it contained appeared. Well he might be at first, he not having the Gaelic, for the title runs "Comh-Chruinneachidh Orannaigh Gaidhealach," and how was he to know that the imprint at the bottom of the page, "Duneidunn M.DCC.LXXVI.," is merely Edinburgh? He was good enough to ascertain an address to which he could forward the book to me, and in his letter said that he thought it only right that this forlorn exile should return to its own land. And right glad was I to have it so. This little volume of Gaelic minstrelsy is "Le Raonuill Macdomhnuill, ann 'N Eilean Eigg," i.e., by Ronald Macdonald of the Isle of Eigg, that beautiful precipitous island of the Inner Hebrides which so many years ago now Hugh Miller made

famous in his geological "Cruise of the Betsy." Or, rather, it was compiled by him; for the poets of the songs and poems in this volume are for the most part as nameless, as well as tameless and rude and wild, as the makers of the border-ballads. The contents are diversified too: now one comes on a *Iorram*, or boat-chant, now on a *Marbh-rann* or threnody, now on a love-song such as the "Oran gaoil le Mac Cailein d'inghein Mhic Dhonuill Ile," or a feudal song so well known as the "Oran le Inghin Alastair ruaigh do Mac Lèoid" ("Song by the Daughter of Alexander the Red—i.e., the famous Mary Macleod—to the Macleod"). The book is a delight if only for its quaint wild-swan like primitive refrains or chorus effects, e.g.:

" *Holìbh o iriag o ilil o,
Holìbh o iriag o ro thi,
Holìbh o iriag o ilil o,
Smeorach le clann
Raonuill mi,*"

which may well have been caught from the *smeorach* (thrush) itself: or this other *luinneag*:

" *Hi il u il agus o,
Hi il o ho ri nan,
Hi il u il agus o
Fa lil o hu lil o
Ho ri ghealladh hi il an."*

But to the Maytide poem! It is nameless, as to author; and is entitled simply "Oran an 't Samhraidh." It is, however, too long, and in its metrical skill too involved and continuously alliterate to be rendered into English here. So I do no more than give the drift of it, for in the opening stanzas is to be found the essential part of the whole poem. I may add that in the first stanza here "son o' the wind" is a poetic simile for the bagpipes (or here, perhaps, the *feadan*, the whistle or flute of the pipes): and that, in the third, May is, Gaelic fashion, personified as a youth.

" At break of day when all the woods are wet,
When every bush is shining white,
When in a silver maze the grass is set,
And the sun's golden light
Floods the green vale,
Lift, lift along the dewy grassy trail
The cheerful music of the son o' the wind,
Till, in the forest, floating voices sail,
And vanishing echoes haunt the old rocks stern and blind.

" Let the fresh windy birch her odours breathe,
Her shimmering leaves ablaze:
Let the wide branchy beech with sunbeams seethe
While clustered cattle gaze,
The sunshine on them too:
Let yonder thrush that flew
Carry the tidings of the golden day
Till not a glen or copse heart-turning to the blue
But thrills with the green rapturous loveliness of May.

" When evening falls, what bell is't rings so clear? . . .
The cuckoo tolling down day's ebbing tide.
And what is that glad call, so near? . . .
The Mavis with his rain
Of song thrown far and wide.
And what these blooms May gathers to his side,
And with his sweet warm breath doth redly stain? . . .
Roses, red roses, culled from hill and plain,
Roses, white roses dipt in dew, for May's awaiting bride."

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY IN GERMANY

THE German newspapers and magazines are just now full of articles on Schiller, the centenary of whose death fell on May 9. The *Litterarische Echo* sent forth requests to great men in various lands for a statement of the influence on them of Schiller and his works. Three Englishmen—Lord Goschen, George Meredith, and George Moore—responded to the call.

Lord Goschen writes:

"Apart from some of his youthful literary extravagances and aberrations, Schiller stands out as one of the purest writers who ever

achieved immortal fame. But the key to Schiller's immense hold on the imagination of the German people is not to be found in his literary supremacy alone. Goethe has done more for literature, Schiller more for national life and humanity. Schiller was, in a sense, a national prophet who felt in advance, aye, and prepared in advance, the greater life, the freer existence, the future possibilities, within the reach of his German *Vaterland*. His gospel was a gospel of duty and high purpose. To this day he wields a vast influence for good over German youth. They could have no nobler teacher, and to the world at large he still stands out as a glorious figure on a pedestal which a hundred years have left unshaken, with laurels on his brow still green; and long may it be before iconoclastic criticism, or misty unintelligibilities, or the hard and heartless teaching of materialism weaken the hold on generations to come of Schiller, the poet and the man."

George Meredith writes:

"After the *Sturm* and *Drang* of Schiller's youth, a mental equilibrium conducing to a noble rectitude set in, and that has made his work of enduring value, *Die Räuber* being but a temporary stimulant. His highest works will surely maintain their influence as literature, and whatever may be thought of the tragedy of *Don Carlos*, the wise words of Marquis Posa remain fresh and sustaining. My personal preference in Schiller's dramas is for *Wallenstein's Lager*. The name of Schiller calls forth that of Goethe, so splendidly fraternal they were, though with qualities in sharp contrast. Their joint labours in the *Xenien*, their constant friendship, are an example for all who are great and would be eminent above the thought of rivalry. Schiller is to me the forceful pure well-spring, Goethe the Alp of the upper snows and flowering vales; the one poet and hero; the other poet and sage. Happy is Germany in having such a couple to head and inspire her young. Changes there must be, but the Germany that could produce those two assures the world that she has in her breast others to follow. Glasses will be raised in England on the day of the Schiller centenary in close sympathy with the Fatherland."

George Moore declares that he has never read a line of Schiller in his life, but it would be rash for any one to conclude that he had no opinion about him. The name Frederick Schiller inspired in him an instinctive distrust, yet he is sure that Schiller's works are full of all those sterling qualities which make works classical and unreadable. We can only deplore utterances of such very doubtful humour, and trust that the German nation will not take them for an expression of the cultivated opinion of England.

Maeterlinck's reply to the same question is an interesting piece of criticism. He writes:

"Schiller est le type du grand poète normal. Quand on commence la lecture d'une de ses œuvres on a l'impression que l'on sait d'avance ce qu'il va dire. Il n'apporte rien d'imprévu; mais il dit mieux que nul n'eût pu le faire ce que tout le monde aurait dit. Il est le grand poète général et universel, d'équilibre parfait. Dans la littérature mondiale, au milieu de génies plus exceptionnels, plus puissants, plus originaux, plus pénétrants, plus profonds, il marque le niveau des plus hautes marées de la grande santé lyrique."

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT AND SUMMARY JURISDICTION

THE present crisis in the music trade is sufficiently acute to raise the whole question of summary procedure in cases of infringement of copyright. The absence of any effective powers under the Music (Summary Proceedings) Copyright Act 1902; the defeat of the Amending Bill; and the incredible supineness of the Government have given so startling an impetus to the traffic in piratical songs as to paralyse the entire trade. Mr. Akers Douglas has flippantly ventured to doubt the importance of the question at all, and those *chevaliers d'industrie* who trade upon the shortcomings of the law will, we may rest assured, hasten to secure their ill-gotten gains. Nor will copyright music alone be exploited. Popular works are just as much at the mercy of the pirate. For, unless the copies have been unlawfully imported, none of the Copyright Acts give any right of search. Only the other day Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" was openly hawked in the streets with impunity and without, as far as we are aware, any proceedings being instituted against the offenders, who lay *perdu* while the hawkers plied their trade with brazen-voiced audacity.

The grievance is not limited to these two cases. Plays are openly stolen, travestied, or pirated without any practical remedy. Popular titles are given to preposterous versions, and, conversely, well-known favourites are performed under the thin disguise of another name. The real owners have no remedy against the lessees of theatres, while the offenders hie to fresh woods and pastures new before they can be served with a writ. At the personal instance of the leading managers the draft Copyright Bill which the Government has pigeon-holed, provides drastic summary remedies. But the whole business serves to illustrate the fatuity which has stigmatised our copyright legislation as a byword. None of these Acts provide any summary remedy for the patent infringement of literary, artistic, dramatic, or musical copyright. Neither a policeman nor a magistrate has any terrors for pirates deliberately appropriating a book, a work of art, a play, or a song. It is merely idle to talk of actions for damages against undisclosed defendants or to apply for injunctions to restrain the commission of offences indistinguishable from larceny.

A summary machinery, it is true, exists under the Newspaper Acts which, although clumsy, might, if effectively enforced, serve a useful turn. For the Newspaper Acts apply to "books," and a sheet of music is a "book" under the Copyright Acts. Everybody knows that a printer of any newspaper or book omitting to print his name and address thereon is liable to fine on summary proceedings instituted by the Attorney- or Solicitor-General. And the same remedies can be enforced against any one "publishing or dispersing" or assisting therein. It may be somewhat cold comfort to persons who are being robbed of their own property to tell them to go in search of the Law Officers of the Crown and secure their co-operation, but unless "the law" is to be made more of "an ass" than ever it is incredible that on duly certified information consent would be withheld. A single conviction against a single street hawk would suffice to stop the whole traffic.

But, if so, this does not settle the question of principle. Mr. James Caldwell, emulous of an unenviable notoriety, has ventured into ethical arguments in defence of his irreconcilable attitude and discourses with an affectation of profound knowledge about "monopolies." The late Mr. Herbert Spencer exposed the fallacy of this argument against the principle of copyright property. In his "Views Concerning Copyright" he remarks:

"The monopolist is a man who stands in the way of some one who, in the natural order of things, would be able to carry on some business in his absence just as well as in his presence. The free trader is one who needs no help aid from the monopolist, but simply wishes to do that which he could do did the monopolist not exist. But one who, wishing to reprint an author's book, calls the author a monopolist for preventing him, stands in a widely different position. He proposes not simply to use his powers with the aid of such natural resources as are open to every one. He proposes to use that which would not exist but for the author. It is, therefore, an utter misuse of the word to call the author's claim a monopoly."

The bargain between copyright owners and Parliament has been fortunately placed beyond the possibility of doubt. Copyright was made the creature of statute and came under statutory restrictions in order to secure statutory protection and obviate the necessity for proceedings at common law or in Chancery with their prodigious costliness and intolerable delay. The Copyright Acts took the place of the Licensing Acts, which, while they restrained the liberty of the press, protected the rightful owners of copyright property. In short, copyright has a stronger claim to protection now that it is a State-restricted right. The State imposed an arbitrary limitation upon its enjoyment in place of the rights at law which were illimitable and, therefore, during the whole period of user, the State is under the most solemn obligations to secure to owners quiet enjoyment.

Mr. Akers Douglas obviously regards English composers as people of no importance. Would foreign masters backed by all the influence of their own countries come within the same category? We are, it seems, on the eve of a period of unbridled licence and we shall only have ourselves to

blame if we do not secure tangible assurances of immediate reform. The petition of the Musical Defence League in the face of the Government's *non possumus* must be so supported that it cannot be ignored.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

CHARACTER AND STYLE

THE other day I was turning over the pages of that handsome and yet moderately priced edition of Fielding's works, which is issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird, when I began to reflect on the very great contrast between the novels of the twentieth and the novels of the eighteenth centuries. As far as I know, a great many of the offensive words, such as realist, idealist, romanticist, symbolist, now in common use in literary circles, had not been invented in the days of Fielding and his friend David Garrick. But it may be asked why the epithet "offensive" is applied to them, and the answer is perfectly simple. The words to which I have referred are the formulæ of people who, whatever be the extent of their studies, are in the strictest meaning of the word illiterate. They endeavour to map out the world of intellect into districts and counties, where each writer is king of one little patch, and they throw the burden of distinguishing, not upon capacity and temperament, where it ought to be, but upon mere method. The consequence is that all these descriptive adjectives are more or less false. When we say that Emile Zola was a realist we do not mean that he presented the realities of life, because the realities of life embrace the poet as well as the clodhopper, and are of the spirit as well as of the flesh. Tears, and faith, and hope belong to human life just as much as desire, and greed, and envy. So the novelist who looks out on life clearly and with his own eyes will never be exclusively one thing or another. To speak truly it is necessary to see truly, and before any man can see truly he must understand exactly what are the limits of his own vision. But this is only a new translation of the old Latin tag, "*ne sutor supra crepidam*." It is a very simple-looking truth, and yet what we call sincerity in art depends upon its recognition. What day passes in which we do not see men without a vestige of dramatic talent trying to write plays? They will tell you, too, that they have succeeded because of the crowds that are attracted. They can measure neither themselves nor the value of the verdict of groundlings which they have gained.

In the same manner we may see an absolutely prosaic person pluming himself upon his ability to write poetry, quite unaware of the dull mechanism of his lines. He does not understand his limitations. Now it was the first merit of Fielding that he absolutely knew what he didn't know, and refused to attempt what he was unsuited to produce. That, of course, refers to the middle period of his life. During the ignorance of hot youth he had tried to be a dramatic writer, and had, broadly speaking, failed—the talents that make a playwright being quite other than those which produce a novelist. But then Fielding found out that his genius was epic in nature, and that his mind was constructed so as to produce the most brilliant narrative, yet without the faculty of unfolding a story by action and conversation alone. Moreover he knew his own limitations as an observer of life and of nature. He seems, as far as we can see, to have felt little of the poet's ecstasy in regard to stars, and moon, and falling water, and rustling breeze, and echo; he had just sufficient sympathy to admire the poetry they give rise to in the greatest writers, and to adorn his own tale with a mockery of it that was too clever to be offensive. The "things of the spirit" generally were beyond his ken. We could not imagine him creating a Hamlet, or a Macbeth, and he would have spoiled his novels if he had introduced into them any characters of those types. Had he met them in real life, we can fancy with what

kindly mockery his eyes would have gleamed. But he knew the boundaries of his world and was careful not to overstep them. The sincerity which kept him in his proper region also purified his style. There is no better narrative extant than his. Yet over many of the storyteller's usual resources he had scarcely any command. Pathos he scarce ever attempted, and when he did, was ever without the art of Sterne, who at the same moment could command laughter as well as tears. Nor had he that direct appeal to the very heart of things which is the dearest possession of the poet. We cannot imagine Fielding at any time forgetting his pursuits and his pleasures to dream in wistfulness over the meaning of life; its sadness and tragedy, the charm with which it attracts at one moment, the disgust and repugnance it inspires at another. These, to adopt the phrase used in one of the witty initial essays in "Tom Jones," were not in his bill of fare, and the reader therefore has no right to expect them.

What he does find is a great gentleman; and, in spite of the company he kept at one time of his life, the cook he married, the questionable pleasures he indulged in, Fielding remained that to the end. He had equally lived the life of a town rake and of a country squire. But when he came to write novels he was detached from all this. I figure him often in his great armchair curious as to the proceedings of his fellow-men but tolerant of their weaknesses, and greeting even their worst actions with something of the cynicism of the man "who has been there." He claimed in the famous introduction to "Joseph Andrews" to be a prose poet, and the claim must be admitted if we accept his idea of poetry as a good one. His "comic epic poem" contains "fable, action, character, sentiment and diction, and is deficient in metre only." But had he more closely approached the conception of the poet as the Seer or Interpreter, this vision of a passing world, beheld, so to speak, from a distant outlying crag, must have been tinted with the colours of the westering sun that spring from vain regret, from the feeling of transience—"shadows we are and shadows we pursue"—from youth that passes and hopes that die and the other high thoughts of life. They were not for him. He is a great gentleman, but nothing more; his is not "the vision or the faculty divine."

The man and the style, however, which are one and the same, may be traced in the famous piece of criticism to which I have referred. He discovers to us there that his greatest bugbear is affectation, a thing which is fathered either by vanity or hypocrisy. It is a good foundation, and it leads him to follow Nature, to be absolutely natural with unequalled devotion. There is no "tearing a passion to tatters" in his work, and the romantic and realistic are noted only to be made the butt of his ridicule. So in his language. Few novelists have been so sparing of adjectives and epigrams. It is a lesson in composition to place a page of his work beside that of any modern writer, George Eliot, for example. Mechanically to count the adjectives is to bring out the simplicity of the old master. And this quality has made him immortal as a humorist. The danger besetting every writer of caricature or burlesque is that of extravagance or over-statement. It was the ruin of Dickens as a writer and has proved disastrous to his crowd of followers and imitators. How did Fielding avoid it? He was a natural "stylist", the foolish may reply, for the very word "stylist" is foolish. It is a key to the artificial in modern literature, and the ambition of the young writer of to-day to be a stylist is to a large extent due to Stevenson's playing the "sedulous ape." A weak man makes up a style that he thinks will win him admiration. He studies the style of this man and of that, stealing a bit here and a bit there, and mingling them into a passable imitation of a style. The critic is shocked because the huge uncritical British public, which puts up with "fakes" of all kinds, accepts the trash for genuine as readily as it buys *objets d'art* "made in Germany," and as it likes a much ornamented "mixed-up" house more than one built on fine and simple lines.

Fielding did not play the sedulous ape to anybody

although there is evidence enough in his work of an intelligent study of Cervantes, Le Sage, Scarron and others. Instead he went to the fountain head, for "a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature." This, then, was his study: to see human nature so clearly that the affectations and hypocrisies of life concealed it no more than the stream does a salmon on its bed of gravel, and to describe it with the unforced naturalness of his own mind. In other words he was true to himself and gave us a picture of the world that is alive with his vitality. It was not the mock-heroic he delighted in, but the real heroic which may be imitated only by those of his Titanic stature. Tennyson complained that "all can grow the flower now for all have got s ed," but the flower of Fielding's prose never can be grown by any one else—since it has its origin and abiding place in his own individuality. He was the father of the English novel, not of the sentimental French type; and those who inherited his traditions, Sir Walter Scott, and Thackeray, and to a less extent Dickens and George Eliot, followed his example, inasmuch as each retained and kept true to a self of his or her own while learning all that it was in them to acquire from their great predecessor. But to this day his English is unapproached. Scott hardly comes into competition, though his conversations are as good as anything of their kind out of Shakespeare; Thackeray has the slightest suspicion of being "made up;" George Eliot reminds one of a portly female straining and striving to keep step with her male companions. But easy and gay and ironical Fielding holds his place without apparent effort.

A.

FICTION

Rose of the World. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

To turn the pages of this, the latest novel by the authors of "The Secret Orchard," "The Pride of Jennico," "Young April," and "The Bath Comedy," is to be struck afresh by the versatility of their genius. It is a far cry from eighteenth-century Bath to modern India; from charming, elementary Kitty Bellairs to complex, inscrutable Rosamond Gerardine; from Denis O'Hara, who flaunted that impressionable Irish heart of his so ostentatiously upon his sleeve, to Harry English, a man whose inner self was known only to her he loved.

But if the book now under discussion presents a striking contrast to its predecessor, it contains within itself more noteworthy contrasts still; it is indeed a study of anti-thesis, of metamorphosis. At the outset, when Raymond Bethune, the *deus ex machina* of the story, enters Lady Gerardine's drawing-room, leaving the town which hangs "like a great rose jewel scintillating, palpitating in the heat," we have the contrast between "the glare, the colour, the movement, the noise . . . the throng of smells—spice, scent, garlic," and "the dim cool room" which Lady Gerardine's fastidious fancy has transformed into an elusive likeness of an English drawing-room. The glamour of the East takes possession of us in the opening chapters, yet the tale grows most enthralling when the scene is shifted from Northern India to the "Old Ancient House" on the Dorset Downs. It is there in that tranquil, grey-walled manor-house, where all was "frankly, beautifully old . . . perfect in antique shabbiness . . . in that old silent house haunted only by a memory, a presence," that we reach the greatest heights of passion and tragedy. For the memory, the presence, that haunts the place is that of the husband of Rosamond's youth. And absorbing as is the narrative, the main interest of the book is centred in the development of Rosamond herself, the gradual awakening of her woman's nature.

A retrospect set before us by a few deft touches enables us to realise Rosamond Tempest, the seventeen-year-old

bride so hastily wooed by Harry English, Captain of Guides; a beautiful penniless child, whose only thought during the days of his brief passionate courtship was "of sailing away from that sordid genteel abode," where she had been misunderstood and unhappy, "back to fair India, the land of her dreams."

"This is the truth: you never loved me, but you are still a child," wrote the husband, from that far-away mountain fort where, in the second year of their marriage, he found himself besieged. "I never kissed you but you turned me your cheek. Now it breaks upon me like a wave that, if God only gave me ten minutes more with you, I could teach you how to love . . . Oh, my darling, you wept when I left you . . . In that hour of grief you left me your lips at last, but they were open lips like a child's; what could they give me—who wanted your woman's soul?"

These lines, penned with such fervent agony of longing by a man whom death stared in the face, were never read by that beautiful undeveloped wife of his until ten years after the hero of Baroghil had fallen beneath the Ghazis' swords.

"The journals he had kept for her during the endless months of siege; the letters he had written to her, never to post; his notes; sundry trifling belongings marked with that poignant personal touch which seems to inflict the hardest pain of all" . . . Rosamond English "in her nausea of misery, her rebellion against the unaccepted, unrealisable sorrow, could not look at them, could not touch the poor memorials. She had thrust them back in the battered box away from her sight."

And there they remained until Fate in the shape of Raymond Bethune, Harry English's friend, sought out Rosamond Gerardine in the Indian palace where she dwelt in tedious state with her new fond, tyrannical lord, and having need of important material for the life of his comrade, which he was about to write, forced her to read them in order to select such passages as were essential to his task. Then follows the catastrophe:

"There are women apart, women who unite with their own innate spirituality a virile capacity of feeling; who can love fiercely and suffer as fiercely. Of such was Rosamond. And she had been called to suffering before her undeveloped girl-nature had had time to lay hold on love. . . . The Nemesis of her nature had come upon her now; and she was to be fulfilled to herself after so many years at this moment of her woman's maturity, with a handful of relics and the dust and the smell of the distant Indian fort upon them."

And indeed no one can read that siege diary without acknowledging that Harry English was a fine fellow. It is scarcely possible to believe that this journal is not an actual document, so vivid is it, so natural, so businesslike, the items jotted down in bald, matter-of-fact fashion as though they did not deal with such soul-stirring facts. Reading it, one feels that thus indeed would this man have written, as simply, as graphically; but patriot and hero as he was, he was also a lover. Not a page of this record of privation and strife but bore a special message to his wife:

. . . "Then, even then, upholding my country's flag, the fury of my thoughts was all with you: 'If the flag falls I shall never see her again.' . . . 'The hunger is nothing, it's the thirst . . . Last night I think I had a touch of fever; you were so mixed up in my mind with my thirst that it seemed to me it was the want of you that made me suffer so much—I found myself, found my dry tongue, calling for you, clamouring out loud in the silence.'"

What wonder that Rosamond Gerardine, dragged unwillingly downstairs to entertain the guests whom her second husband has convened in the home consecrated to that sacred memory, should feel her soul sicken within her. "I am sick . . . oh, to see you all eat and drink . . .!"

This is, perhaps, the finest book that Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have as yet produced—daring, original, moving. The plot is developed with that reticence which is the soul of art; the tension is relieved by delightful touches of humour, charming descriptions of scenery, clever character-drawing. Space forbids us to dwell at length upon the minor personages, but a word must be said for Aspasia, who in her fresh simplicity presents such a contrast to her beautiful, mysterious aunt; Sir Arthur, who, "upon the slightest premises and with limited reasoning faculties, formed unalterable views of life;" M. Chatelard, the genial

French savant. No portrait in all the gallery is more delicately touched in than this of the author of "*La Psychologie Féminine des Races*," who draws such characteristic and deliciously inaccurate conclusions from the hypothesis which he has formulated for himself.

Shining Ferry. By "Q." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

HAD we read all of this novel but—let us say—the last third of it, we should cheerfully and confidently have pronounced it to be amongst Mr. Quiller-Couch's best work. He exploits once more his favourite Duchy; and he writes with all his accustomed zest and mastery of his favoured theme. The chief characters are excellently drawn, the quaintnesses of local minor character touched in with a loving and skilful hand. Local colour is suggested rather than laboriously emphasised, as only so experienced an artist could suggest it. The handling of the book, in fact, as we have indicated, is in the writer's best style; the interest, up to a certain point, is sustained unflinching and naturally. Yet we laid it down, at last, with a sense of blank disappointment. For in the last third or so of the book the interest, to our mind, suddenly filters away. The fault is one of structure. Mr. Quiller-Couch has begun the book on a scale which, for its due working-out, would need almost a second volume perhaps half as long again. The scale is sustained for about two-thirds of the novel; and then, under the necessity for a speedy finish, the design is contracted, and the book seems to collapse rather than end. Nor is this all. We experience a kindred disappointment in the very character of the novel. Mr. Quiller-Couch appears to purpose in the outset a serious study of character in the grip of situation: the inception and unfolding of the situation are carefully and fully developed, and our expectation as to his purpose is maintained, until we reach that turning-point in the closing third of the story. Then, having got his situation, the author throws it away. Tired (one might think) of his work, he drops all appearance of serious intention, and the book ends conventionally on a thin love-interest as a slight, if pleasant example of the novel of commerce. One is puzzled, with a sense of unkept promise. The interest of the novel dribbles out along several lines, none of which assumes a principal position and concentrates attention. All this is a pity; for till the disaster of the conclusion the book has really held attention, and seemed secure of excellence. And it is all done, seemingly, because Mr. Quiller-Couch had bethought himself of the necessity for a somewhat delayed love-business, and found that he could not satisfactorily finish his novel on the scale on which he had been writing it. That may not be so; but such is the effect on the reader. And such is the reason why we are disappointed with what is in large measure a well-written book, with plenty of character and written in excellent English.

The Grey Brethren: and Other Fragments in Prose and Verse. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)

THESE posthumous "fragments" of the lady who wrote under the name of Michael Fairless, very diverse in literary form, are (as the editor says) united by a common and very winning personality. Throughout one feels the breath of a very gentle womanliness, "steadfast and demure" in the Miltonic sense of the latter, now degenerate, word, and the unclamorous endeavour after the higher life. They are only fragments in the sense of being heterogeneous in literary character, brief and obviously incidental in their manner of production. But all are quite complete in their slight kind. Though slender and unambitious, they are written in a refined style which is the natural effluence of a refined personality; and if not quite strong enough for all that is implied in the exacting term "distinguished," the style has yet a touch of distinction, such as comes from an habitual mental asceticism, electing only the things of good repute. With an earnest natural religiousness, and a high ethical sense, "Michael Fairless" combines a certain grace and sweetness of fancy, in the fairy

stories sometimes happily playful. Her imaginative faculty (in the stricter sense of that variously used phrase) is not strong, but rather gentle and feminine. In all she writes there is a pervading atmosphere of domesticity; the sense of the home is never far from her, as it is, indeed, the most native of womanly interests. "*The Grey Brethren*," which gives its title to the volume, is a tenderly and reticently touched reminiscence of two maiden ladies, with a certain dove-like shimmer of high quietude over it all. "*A German Christmas Eve*" is a descriptive sketch of characteristic domestic charm. "*A Christmas Idyll*" is an imaginative fantasy full of fine ethical feeling and thoughtful religion. It is the most ambitious of these papers; but while it is never merely cheap, it is subject to the remarks we have already made on the writer's imaginative limits. "*Luvly Miss*" is a sketch in quite another kind, the simple record of a poor child, dying from an accident, and her devout worship of an altogether ridiculous doll. But it is done with a true and unstudied pathos, the story being allowed to tell itself. The poems, as a whole, are the least successful work in the volume. Yet the "*Lark's Song*" has a soul of simple joy with some not too remote kinship to Blake; and "*Spring*" also has its freshness. There is genuine feeling in these poems, but an insufficient magic. Better, in some respects best of all, we think, are the "*Four Stories Told to Children*." In the fairy story Michael Fairless's unforced fancy blends naturally with her moral earnestness, yet there is no suspicion of the preachiness which children loathe. "*Tinkle-Tinkle*" has a quiet and serious beauty; "*Discontented Daffodils*" is very good of its kind. And "*The Dreadful Griffin*," for once, shows the writer in a vein of genuine laughter and extravagance at play. No child but would accompany the recital with delighted mirth. It is a story altogether different from the horse-play and tasteless clowning with which would-be followers of Lewis Carroll have made children too familiar; a story full of the simple fun which they love. Not the least of Michael Fairless's qualities as a child's writer is this gift of simplicity. She does not write down to the child, but feels with it. And that is nowadays rare in a sophisticated age.

The House of Barnkirk. By AMY McLAREN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

HERE we have a delightful picture of a charming family, consisting of a mother and three children who have settled in a beautiful old house in the Lowlands; and are on terms of intimacy with the surrounding gentry, Sir Wyndham, to whom the House of Barnkirk belongs, Lady Jean Mowbray, and a Captain Anson, whose birth is wrapped in mystery. A mystery of some kind would seem inevitable—to stimulate the interest of a large number of readers, no doubt—but it is certain that the book would be a much better one without that element, which is somewhat far-fetched and unconvincing, in so far as it would be a far truer picture of life. For, in our opinion, Miss McLaren writes so well that it is unnecessary for her to have recourse to well-worn devices of uninhabited rooms and secret marriages to gain a hearing for her work. She has the gift of making her characters charming and lifelike; there is a sureness of touch in her delineation of them which is not often met with; and though she does not probe deeply into them, they all possess a distinctive personality. This is not an easy thing to achieve; it cannot be done without an insight that comes from a power of observation and much sympathy. She would do well to cultivate and develop these gifts, and, aiming at a higher mark, she would be able to step out of the well-filled ranks of the mere storyteller. As it is she has written a pleasant enough tale, with material in it that seems rather wasted when it serves to usher in sensation which is quite commonplace, and not particularly well executed compared with the excellence of the treatment of the characters of Lady Jean Mowbray, Mrs. Beaton and her two daughters, Geraldine and Louisa. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of Miss McLaren's next novel.

THE BOOKSHELF

ANY collection of extracts from the drama of the Elizabethan period must inevitably court comparison with that made by Charles Lamb. Mr. W. H. Williams, in his *Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama* (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.), handicaps himself at the outset by making his collection supplementary to Lamb's. One doubts whether such a work is necessary. Lamb's "Specimens" are by no means faultless in the eyes of later students, but the fact that they acted as a finger-post, and the first finger-post of their kind, is more than sufficient justification for their existence. But what was new territory at the beginning of the nineteenth century is not by any means new territory at the beginning of the twentieth. Very few of the dramatists noticed by Mr. Williams (and they range from Lyly to Shirley) are not available in more or less complete editions to any one who cares to study them; whereas Lamb had to hunt for more than a third part of his specimens in copies found only in the British Museum or in private collections. If, therefore, there is room for a new set of specimens, its editor ought to approach his task entirely uninfluenced by Lamb. Lamb's aim was purely æsthetic, but none the less he frequently selected the passage in a play which must appear the most striking to any editor compiling with an educational object in view, and obviously a book which does not contain such passages must be incomplete. To cite the case of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Lamb includes the soliloquy uttered by Faustus during the last hour of his life, before he pays the penalty of his compact with Mephistopheles, and this accordingly finds no place in Mr. Williams's book. But Mr. Williams does not in our judgment always do the best with the material that his plan leaves him. Lamb does not print, for example, Faustus's apostrophe to Helen and Mr. Williams omits to take the opportunity, which one would have expected him to jump at, of including it. There can be no doubt that the most valuable book of this kind would be one which selected, as Mr. Williams has done, the typical dramatists and gave, as Mr. Williams has not done, the most typical extracts, without regard to Lamb, or, perhaps, gave Lamb's specimens, with additions where they seemed to be necessary. Mr. Williams has, however, elected to supplement Lamb, and it remains for us to see whether he has got the best possible results within his self-imposed limits. We are inclined to think not. He gives a brief biographical account of each dramatist and appends a critical estimate of his style. This is well; but the *Specimens* which follow do not always illustrate the qualities which he has attributed to their authors. He says, for instance, that there is nothing "amateurish" about William Rowley's work; and either we are not at one with him in his understanding of the word amateurish or else he has overlooked the fact that the action of the passage which he gives from *A New Wonder* could hardly have failed to occur to the most ordinary sentimentally inclined amateur in existence. The passage as it stands is apparently stamped with amateurism, and one must read much more of the play to realise the masterliness of its characterisation. We venture to suggest that the work would have gained considerably in value as a handbook for students had it taken a form entirely different from that of Lamb's "Specimens." There is ample room for an extended biographical survey of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period, with an appendix of really illustrative extracts from their writings.

The old wild humours and surprises of collectorship diminish daily. Each corner of what was once a vast, unregulated, rich domain belonging to the lover of the applied arts of the eighteenth century is now parcelled-out, scientifically analysed and reduced to absolute and unromantic order. One tiny island of this fair estate had remained somewhat neglected until recently. Those who collected old English glass had at least some excitement left them, for little had been written on the subject with the exception of Mr. Hartshorne's fine work which was not often consulted by the modest amateur. Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy we hardly know whether or no to congratulate the collector upon the publication of Mr. Percy Bate's admirable work *English Table Glass* (7s. 6d. net) in Messrs. Newnes' "Library of the Applied Arts"; but we can, at least, felicitate the author on having made a book at once pleasing and packed with information, personal and yet of broadest application. Mr. Bate has drawn freely from his own collection for the illustrations—photographs of actual pieces—and also from the stores of his fellow collectors and from examples at the British Museum. Although the result gives many excellent specimens and shows, with agreeable clearness, the genesis of English table glass during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is possible that the author could have added to the interest of the book had he gone a little further a-field. At South Kensington we can recall some drinking glasses that might well come within his purview, and in the collection of one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished amateurs of glass, Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, there are some Jacobean examples which might well have helped to elucidate his story and decorate his page. But as a whole the selection is wise. Now that collections are finding their way into the light of day it is apparent that old country houses and disused closets contained a vast deal more of these interesting relics of past domestic life than their brittle quality would lead us to expect. To those who would interest themselves in the glass of our great grand-parents there can be no more agreeable and easily accessible guide than Mr. Bate. If his knowledge and experience will rob the quest of some of its chance delights, his information will prevent many disappointments and his exposition of the subject add a new pleasure to the pursuit of the hobby. As in all the books in this series which we have seen, the type is excellent, the printing of the illustrations above reproach, and the indexing fit and

Giotto, by Basil de Sélincourt (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net). The fact that so many of Giotto di Bondone's early works are lost, or rather have simply faded away, makes it extremely difficult to piece together a consecutive account of his art development. It may, however, be fairly claimed that his new biographer has made the best of the meagre materials at his disposal and has also succeeded in realising to some extent the personality of the gifted master, who shares with his teacher Cimabue the glory of having inaugurated, if not actually the first, undoubtedly the second and more important stage of the great revival of painting in Italy, when artists finally freed themselves from the old hampering Byzantine traditions and dared to follow the leading of their own individual inspiration. The significance of Giotto's affinities with both the schools into which painting in Italy branched off during his life-time is very clearly brought out by Mr. de Sélincourt, who recognises in his pictures—a great number of which are here reproduced—the richness of imagination that distinguished the Florentines with the feeling for grace of form so characteristic of the Siennese. "Essentially an idealist" he observes, Giotto was governed by a wholly different conception of art and human life as well as of the relations between them, "from that of the masters of Sienna." "Whereas," he holds, "the general tendency of Siennese art was to aim at expressing passion in its essence, and to disregard all parts of life in which passion was not the principal feature, it was characteristic of the Florentine attitude to view it as part of a whole, and to aim at raising the whole to the level of the highest element in it." To this new spirit, alien to that which inspired his contemporary and friend Dante, Giotto yielded himself up entirely, and it was in a great measure due to his subjection to it that he became the founder of the ideal Christian art, the interpreter in pictorial form, as the poet was in literature, of spiritual allegory, a leader in thought as well as in art. Perhaps the most typical works of Giotto, in which his peculiar excellences as well as his technical defects are very clearly brought out, are the series of frescoes at Assisi of the life of St. Francis and the so-called Allegories embodying the principles of his teaching. Both are minutely examined by Mr. de Sélincourt, who is careful to make each one of the compositions fully intelligible to his readers and incidentally throws a good deal of light on the attitude of mind in which the painter approached his subjects. The chapter on the frescoes at Padua is also full of interest, and of real value for the student, for it has been too much the custom to assume that the last word in the matter has been said by Ruskin, whereas, as is pointed out by Mr. de Sélincourt, the great writer founded his account not on the paintings themselves, but on woodcuts after them, and was really, when he wrote, insufficiently acquainted with Giotto's work. The useful little monograph closes with what is, perhaps, the ablest section of the book, a very acute analysis of Giotto's influence over others, examining to what extent he combined the creative genius with the faculties of a true teacher, how his very excellence paralysed in his lifetime those unable to breathe in his exalted atmosphere, yet how even after his electric personality was removed, his principles were carried on by men as great, perhaps even greater than himself, amongst whom the painter Orcagna and the sculptor Andrea Pisano were the chief.

BOOK SALES

AT Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's Auction Rooms on May 4, 5 and 6 was sold the Library of the late Frederick Clifford, K.C.

The books were of a general character, but included some well-known bibliographical works and a number of books on fine art and especially costumes. The books of interest sold included the following:

The Poster: an Illustrated Monthly Chronicle, 5 vols., 1898-1901. £1 8s.

Richardson's Iconology, 354 Original Drawings (from Lord Crawford's Library), 1779. £5 15s.

A'Beckett (G. A.), Comic History of England. Ill. by Leech. First edition. 1847-1848. £2 4s.

Ackerman's Repository of Arts. Vols. 1 to 14. £5 5s. (Spencer). Baker's Our Old Actors. Extra illustrated. 1873. £5 12s. 6d. (Young).

Bellamy (G. A.), Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy. 1785. £2 2s.

Boccaccio (G.), Il Decamerone. Finely illustrated. 1757. £11 (Howlett).

Clio and Euterpe; or British Harmony. A Collection of Songs. 3 vols. 1762. £3 (Hill).

Combe's Dance of Death. Coloured plates by Rowlandson. First edition. 1815-1816. £7 6s. (Moore).

Combe's Dance of Life. Coloured plates by Rowlandson. First edition. 1817. £3 16s. (Edwards).

Cunningham (Peter), Story of Nell Gwyn. Extra illustrated. 1852. £2 15s. (Sheppard). (This used to be a cheap book until used for extra illustrating).

Dennistoun's Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino. 3 vols. 1851. £2 5s. (Hill).

Dibdin's books brought small prices, the highest obtained being for *Ædes Althorpania*: an account of the books, &c., at Althorp. £2 2s.

D'Urfe (T.), Pills to purge Melancholy. 6 vols. 1719-1720. £6 17s. 6d. (Thorp).

Frøissart's Chronicles. 1868. £5 (Hill).

- Bouilloux's *La Venerie*. £11 15s. (Leighton).
 Ackerman's *History of St. Peter's, Westminster*. 1812. £4 (Edwards).
 Birch's *Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain*. With portraits by Houbraken and Vertue. 1743. £10 10s. (Lewin).
 Boydell's *Graphic Illustrations to Shakespeare's Works*. £8 15s. (Edwards).
 Burlington Fine Arts Club: *Exhibition of Bookbinding*. 1891. £7 15s. (Edwards).
 Burlington Fine Arts Club: *Catalogue of European Enamels*. £4 18s.
 Clouet's *Portraits of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.* 300 portraits. 1875. £3 (Roche).
 Constable's *English Landscape Scenery*. 1855. £3 2s. (Maggs).
 Hamilton's *Memoirs of Count Grammont*. 1811. £2 17s. (Spencer).
 Horatius. *Opera*. *Pine edition*. 1733. £5 (Moore).
 Same work. 1737. £6 (Maggs).
 La Borde (M. de), *Choix de Chansons Mises en Musique*. 4 vols. Paris, 1773. £50 (Maggs).
 Montaigne, *Essais*. 1659. £3 4s. (Symes).
 Kay's *Portraits*. Edinburgh, 1838. £3 6s. (Hopkins).
 Lodge's *Portraits*. 12 vols. *Large paper*. 1835. £7 (Rimell).
 Molière, *Œuvres*. 6 vols. Paris, 1734. £17 5s. (Rolandi).
 Ovid, *Les Métamorphoses d'Ovide*. Paris, 1767-1771. £27 10s. (Rolandi).
 Planché (J. R.), *Cyclopædia of Costume*. 1876. £5 2s. 6d. (Hornstein).
Costume of Yorkshire. 1814. £7 5s. (Sabin).
 Frankau's *Eighteenth Century Colour Prints*. £8 5s. (Hornstein).
 Holbein, *Imitations of drawings of Illustrious Persons in the Reign of Henry VIII.* 1792. £8 10s. (Lewin).
 Humphreys (H. N.), *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages*. 1849. £8 10s.
 Thackeray's *Works*. 22 vols. 1869. £9 5s. (Sotheran).
 Racinet, *Le Costume Historique*. 6 vols. £9 5s. (Hill).
 Perini, *Scelta di XXIV. Vedute delle principali Contrade, Piazze, Chiese, Palazzi della Città di Firenze*. £20 10s. (Batsford).
Physiognomical Portraits of Distinguished Characters. 1824. £9 15s. (Maggs).
 Pyne's *History of the Royal Residences*. 3 vols. 1819. £20 5s. (Hornstein).
 Reynolds. *Engravings from the Works of Sir John Reynolds*. £11 5s. (Maggs).
 —The total amount realised was £1344 12s. 6d.

THE DRAMA

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

WITH four performances of *Romeo and Juliet*—the first that it has given of the "lamentable tragedie"—the Elizabethan Stage Society has terminated its career. Though not on the whole as satisfactory as some of the Society's efforts, the representation, judged by the simple standard which is nowadays accepted, was intelligent and adequate enough. To interpret the play, to invest it with the sense of an occurrence of greater and of more universal significance than that with which it deals—the only treatment which would secure for it the full and due effect—no more attempt was made than in the average Shakespearean production; and on this account the sorrows of the "star-cross'd" lovers affected only those to whom the personalities of Mr. Esmé Percy and Miss Dorothy Minto, and the delivery of the text dictated by those personalities, appealed. But, if the major possibilities in representation seemed once again to have passed unnoted, a considerable proportion of the minor ones was, on the other hand, successfully realised. The *Romeo* and the *Juliet* looked in years the *Romeo* and the *Juliet* of Shakespeare; the *Prince* of Mr. Eric Maxon was a man obviously more noble than his fellows, and the *Nurse* of Miss Dolores Drummond combined affection with temper and with want of principle in the easy and humorous manner of the type.

Two quotations from Lessing given on the programme suggest that at least one of the Society's aims has been, by representation "in the Elizabethan manner," to prove that Shakespeare's plays not only do not need pictorial setting, but are even more intelligible without it. If this was indeed an aim of the Society, it has not been realised, and no performances either in the Elizabethan or

in any other manner were necessary to show it would not be. The whole question of mounting, often as it arises, is never discussed in connection with any plays but Shakespeare's. The fact, at first sight curious, is at second sight instructive. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist whom England has produced, is also one of her greatest poets. On that account he occupies a place as much apart from as it is above that of all other writers for her stage, and his plays appeal, as poems, to those by whom the theatre is not really understood. Now it is with the poet, rather than with the dramatist, that the dissentients are concerned. Finding that the verse is less intelligible in the theatre than in the study—that its meaning can be grasped less easily and its beauty less readily appreciated—they conclude that the mounting is responsible, and decide in consequence that the plays should be presented unadorned. It is not the mounting, however, that is responsible, but the nature of the theatre; and this, whether scenery is used or not, remains the same. A statement may always be understood more fully by the eye than by the ear, and in the theatre it is not so much the meaning as the effect that tells. In it the quality of Shakespeare's verse, as of all dialogue, is not destroyed, but becomes effective in another way. The meaning and the beauty are preserved, but they are felt—and were intended to be felt—rather than understood or realised.

But, if the plays are no less intelligible adorned than unadorned, they should be infinitely more effective. A play is an attempt at a reality, and, by as much as it fails to seem this in performance, by so much will its proper effect and interest be diminished. No dramatist ever wrote with a more constant appreciation of this fact than Shakespeare. His knowledge of it was probably instinctive and perhaps unconscious, but it is nevertheless apparent in his work. To give the plays, when written, the complete reality which can only come with mounting was beyond the resources, and possibly beyond the conception, of his time; but, as much as could be given them in the writing, they undoubtedly possess. If Shakespeare was denied the advantages of mounting, he had not to respect its limitations. He was in that regard unfettered, and yet the scheme which he invariably chose was that which, by the number and variety of its scenes, recalls most vividly and represents most truly the world and life itself. And with his subject, whatever it might be, he never dealt directly, but always through the medium of a reality in which it was embodied. The subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance, is young love, but the development of the idea is made entirely to depend on the course of the story which contains it. It is as if Shakespeare, himself concerned with love in the abstract, had wished his audience to be concerned with the individual concrete loves of his heroine and hero, in order that, through their interest in them, they might be made to feel, to realise, the beauty which he saw in the abstraction. In such a case, the susceptibility of the audience is proportionate to their interest in the lovers, and the interest in the lovers depends upon the sense of their reality. This, again, depends partly on the reality of the story—a reality which itself depends partly on that of its environment. But unless it be mounted, a play has no environment at all; and only by careful mounting can that atmosphere and sense of locality without which no environment convinces be produced. In Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Hamlet* additional reality was given to the performance by the sense of locality alone—a sense conveyed by the inclusion in every outdoor scene of some aspect of the castle keep. In its shadow Hamlet saw the ghost; in the orchard near at hand Laertes found his sister, and in a churchyard a mile or so away he saw her buried; while in a pavilion distant by the length of a green meadow Fortinbras found Hamlet at the end. To mount successfully in all respects, however, plays which, like Shakespeare's, were written to be played without adornment, it is necessary to understand the complicated philosophy which underlies that section of the subject.

FINE ART

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS AT OXFORD

FOLLOWING the most interesting collection of last year, which included portraits of historical personages who died before 1625, the present loan collection at Oxford consists of portraits of those who died between 1625 and 1714. Every care has been taken to rescue from the obscurity of the College Halls many pictures which are now properly seen for the first time, while the Bodleian Library, the Ashmolean Museum, and other University collections have also been drawn on. In a few instances the exhibition is indebted to private owners.

These 228 pictures are undoubtedly interesting more from the historical than from the artistic point of view, but they give an insight into an early and somewhat unknown school of English painting. The great influence on this period was the arrival of Van Dyck in England in 1632, and we might perhaps have expected to find more traces of his handiwork at Oxford. There are seven copies of Van Dycks here, and others are attributed to his school; but only to one portrait have the committee appended his unqualified name: a full-length portrait of Charles I. in the robes of the Order of the Garter, similar to one in the Royal collection at Windsor Castle. There are traces of the master's hand in some parts of the picture, notably the head, but it has far more the appearance of another school piece than of a genuine work of the artist himself. This absence of Van Dyck's work in Oxford is not so extraordinary when we remember that his stay in England lasted little more than six years, but it is rather more surprising that Sir Peter Lely is so badly represented. We have but one portrait here which can be classified as his undoubtedly unassisted work. His *Anne St. John, Countess of Rochester*, lent by Lord Dillon, is a splendid portrait, and an excellent example of its painter's art, while of the other pictures attributed to him, only one—the portrait of Mary of Modena—has very evident traces of his handiwork, and this is crude in colour and harsh in expression.

One of the most interesting groups of portraits is that in which the various members of the Tradescant family figure. On the second screen is a small bust of John Tradescant the elder, emerging from a cloudy background. As a painting it has no great merit, but it serves to recall the career of the famous botanist who was the first to study Russian plants, and who utilised an expedition against the corsairs of Algiers to introduce the apricot into England. For Oxford, interest in him rests on the fact that he was the first gardener at the Botanic Gardens. His interest in Natural History was inherited by his son, of whom we have an excellent portrait attributed to William Dobson, the pupil of Van Dyck, and his successor in the position of court painter, a capacity in which he resided at Oxford while the Court was established there. The younger Tradescant stands in his garden, leaning on a spade, and clad in a fur coat, which falls back to show a white shirt open at the bosom. If this be indeed the work of Dobson, it is a very favourable specimen of his art, for the pose is strong and graceful and the head is very well painted. Numbers 140 and 141 of the catalogue show us Sir John Tradescant's second wife with her step-children. In the second of the two we have Hester (the wife) and Frances and John (the children). The latter are not very well drawn, the girl being especially unconvincing, but the boy leaning on his stick to the left of the picture and looking away from the group is a more attractive figure. The mother, looking in the same direction as the boy, with her hand stretched in front of the girl and resting on her stepson's shoulder, is by far the best part of the picture, for there is an easy grace in her attitude, and a look of sympathetic sadness in her not uncomely face. Her dress is beautifully painted, with a rich brown ground and golden trimmings. As a whole the picture breathes a subdued atmosphere, and herein it contrasts with No. 140, in

which only the mother and son appear. Here we have two of the most pleasing portraits of the whole collection. On the left stands the boy looking out of the picture, in a pensive mood, caring nothing for the jewel which is being handed to him by his stepmother. Great care has been lavished on the painting of his little coat, which is treated with much delicacy of touch in a beautiful dull green. On the right stands Hester Pooks in the same easy attitude as in the other picture. The lace of the dress is painted with care, and her hands are remarkably well drawn and lifelike. There is more character in the face, more determination, and less submissiveness. It is useless to pretend that either of these two pictures is a masterpiece, but they stand in pleasing contrast to the majority of the exhibition, and the same may be said of a full-length portrait of William Child, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and a composer of sacred music. This portrait has no attribution to any particular artist in the catalogue, but it is amongst the most striking in the exhibition. There is a quiet dignity in the man as he stands by a table covered with a simple red cloth. The long white robe which hangs in loose folds from his shoulders bears the signs of skilful manipulation; the folds are beautifully shaded, whilst the faint pattern on the cloth relieves the long stretch of white. The head, well and squarely set on his shoulders, commands attention with a face full of character, speaking of kindness and good humour. If the arms are somewhat out of drawing, the hands are excellent, one holding a scroll of music, the other pointing to the table. The artist, unlike so many of the painters in this collection, does not seem to have regarded the hands of his sitter as useless though natural accessories of the human body; for here they are an essential part of the picture. The whole portrait gives an idea of reserved strength.

There is a strong note of tragedy running through at least the earlier part of the collection, the tragedy which surrounded the unhappy Charles I. Foremost among the pictures of this class is a portrait of the monarch himself, which at the back bears the inscription: "King Charles the first as he satt at his Tryall in Westminster Hall," very similar, both in conception and detail, to a picture by Edward Bower in the possession of the Duke of Rutland. Near by are six other portraits of the "martyr king," one of which has been already mentioned, and all around we find the leading actors of the drama of the Civil War—Noye, Clarendon, and Falkland. Here, too, are five portraits of William Laud, and two of the dashing Rupert. In strong contrast stands Cromwell, ready armed for the parliamentary struggle, in a fine portrait by Robert Walker lent by Lord Spencer. Others on the parliamentary side are the Earl of Manchester, and a picture from Wadham College which may represent Robert Blake, the adversary of Tromp and the victor of Santa Cruz. Amongst these representatives of the age of the Civil War we miss Strafford; if we are not mistaken, the Bodleian possesses a portrait of him, which might have been added to the collection.

Amongst royal persons we have Queen Henrietta Maria and her two sons, Charles II. and James II., with their respective consorts, Catherine of Braganza and Mary of Modena. There is a poor portrait of William III., but a better one of his wife, Mary, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Finally there is a portrait of Queen Anne by Michael Dahl, a Swedish artist who was one of Kneller's imitators. More interesting than any of these are the famous men whom we meet on every side: divines such as Launcelot Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor; among poets, the royalist Cowley and the puritan Milton, the latter's portrait, a pleasing copy of a lost original, lent by Mr. Lewis Harcourt, while further on we find Dryden, that prince of turncoats. In a dark corner hangs an inferior portrait of Hobbes, and there are two portraits of Locke, one of them by Sir Godfrey Kneller, but by no means a good example of that artist. Amongst many others are Dr. Fell, Dr. Busby, and William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood.

A large number of portraits serve to illustrate the

internal history of Oxford, most of them by unknown artists, but useful as marking epochs in the life of the University; and finally we have one or two quaint old characters, such as John Taylor, the "Water Poet," and uncle of the painter of that name, and Mother George, a widow, of Little Clarendon Street, who "earned her living by displaying her eyesight in threading a needle." She was known to Locke, who visited her, and Antony à Wood tells us that "when she came to be a hundred she doubled every year." Finally we must not forget the *Christ Church Scullion*, which is notable as a portrait, the work of John Riley, and bearing the marks of Dutch influence. It is an old college tradition that this man, who in his left hand holds a pewter dish, was a scullion in the kitchen towards the end of the reign of James II., and was employed to sing satirical ballads pointed at the King and his party.

Though the exhibition may not contain any great works of art, it is full of human interest, and no one who has the opportunity should fail to pay it a visit. On every screen there is to be found an illustration of some point in the history of the period, and the men and women who look out of the pictures seem to tell us something of the secret history of their lives, and to explain to us some things which the mere recorded facts would never make clear.

WHISTLER AND WATTS

THE most interesting articles in the April numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are "The Works of James MacNeill Whistler" in the *Edinburgh* and "Watts and Whistler" by R. E. Fry in the *Quarterly*. Both are first-rate pieces of writing, and will be doubly interesting to readers after the Exhibition which has just been closed at the New Gallery. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* is anonymous, though its trenchant figure seems to reveal a familiar hand. In the *Quarterly Review*, which has very sensibly abandoned the law of anonymity, the article is signed by that distinguished critic and painter Mr. Roger Fry. He finds a stimulating artistic contrast in the recent exhibitions of Watts and Whistler. Both are great and serious artists who followed out a certain faith as to the relation between art and life without care for gain or heed of opinion. In their bold isolation, both stood out from the crowd as perhaps almost too daring types of the individualism of British art. But both stood, in abrupt contrast, at the opposite poles both in theory and practice.

Now that these great artists are dead and their work finished, we can see it in clearer perspective. Whistler seems to emerge from the cloud of witty cynicism and defiant badinage in which he wrapt himself. He remains a lonely figure aloof from English life, perhaps in his essence French rather than English or American. But he becomes intelligible. He emerges as something more than the skilful etcher which we all admit him to be. He is the champion of a theory—the theory of the divorce between literature and art. Coming at a time in English art when painting was little more than the Cinderella of literature, he defiantly proclaimed her independence. He even went further. Beginning with the war against the subordination of the picture to the story, he ended in a struggle for the expulsion of all intellectual ideas from the art of painting. The æsthetic side of life was to stand proudly by itself. In art, as he himself said in his famous proposition No. 1, "It is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise." He tried, in short, to sanctify the artist in a sort of splendid isolation.

Useful as a paradox and amusing as an epigram, the thing became rather a bore when it posed as a serious theory. The penalty of all divorce is sterility. We can now see that Whistler's own development is the most fatal comment on his own faith. His art reached its gradual development in the perfection of his early etchings, the colour-values of works like the "Piano-Picture," and finally in portraits like *My Mother* and *Carlyle*. But here his art

seemed suddenly checked and narrowed by his own terror of linking it up with the other high activities of man. From being a law to itself, his art became lawless. His very theory cut him off from the finest subjects. It encouraged eccentricity and obscurity. It led to defiance. It turned him from an artist into a sectarian, and threw his force from painting into fighting.

Watts stood for a quite opposite view. With him art had no pride except in service. Its service was the service of man, and its function was to lend its mighty mastery of form and colour—its trained prophet's vision—to serve as a clue and a guide to life. To Watts, as to Ruskin, it was no matter of indifference whether the artist was occupied in painting a poet or a ballet girl, paradise or Cremona. The result was that Watts, as he advanced in years, grew at once broader and more severe in his choice of subjects. He gradually widened his art to embrace all the highest themes of literature and religion. Alone among modern English artists, he had the courage to attempt the sublime. Looking back on his life and his art, we link him naturally with Milton and Michael Angelo both in power and austerity. Like Milton, he outgrew perhaps too much the light and playful touch of youth, and took his art perhaps too far away from the common haunts of men. He dwelt too much with the Olympians. Like Michael Angelo, he developed a passion for allegory, though without Michael Angelo's simplicity. He brought with him a new subtlety not at all Miltonic or Michael Angelic, but reminding us perhaps rather of his contemporary in poetry, Robert Browning.

Differing in everything else, Whistler and Watts were at any rate alike in their devotion to art. Like Wolfe and Montcalm, who perished in deadly conflict, but lie buried at Quebec under one common tombstone, they seem to have been brought together by death. Both did a great work. Whistler performed no mean service to British art when he emphasised the claims of the craft itself—the craft of colour and form—as distinct from its subject-matter. Watts added a new glory when he showed that paint and pencil could still, even in the nineteenth century, be made the instruments for visualising the sublime.

ART SALES

THE CAPEL-CURE COLLECTION

THE most important sale of the month, and possibly of the year, took place last week at Messrs. Christie's of the collections formed by Mr. Edward Cheney, of Badger Hall, Salop, which descended, on his death in 1884, to his nephew Colonel Alfred Capel-Cure, and were till recently the property of Mr. Francis Capel-Cure. On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4 and 5, were sold the Italian bronzes, faïences, objects of art and furniture, the two days' sale realising over £15,000. The highest price on Tuesday was for a walnut-wood throne, dated 1559, which was removed in the early eighteenth century from the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Ducal Palace at Venice. This reached 1000 gs. (Partridge); and next to it was an Italian *cire-perdue* bronze of Pluto and Cerberus, early sixteenth century, possibly the work of Benvenuto Cellini, which Sir George Donaldson bought at 860 gs. On Wednesday, the highest price was reached by two bronze rectangular panels, moulded in *alto rilievo* with the Resurrection and Christ descending into Hades, in the manner of Andrea Riccio, 16½ in. by 15½ in., Italian, early sixteenth century, which ran to £800 (Durlacher). Two pieces of general interest were a marble seated figure of Sir Walter Scott by Chantrey, 3½ in. high, 310 gs. (Gooden and Fox), and a life-size bust of Sir Walter Scott, artist unknown, 58 gs. (Agnew).

The English and Chinese porcelain included the following: A pair of turquoise-blue vases, formed as double fish, mounted in ormolu, 17½ in. high, 280 gs. (Gribble); a pair of cylindrical vases, 10½ in. high, Kang-He, 130 gs. (Gribble); a pair of Dresden mayflower vases, panels in polychrome after Watteau, mounted in chased ormolu; 9 in. high, 125 gs. (A. Wertheimer); a pair of oblong Sèvres biscuit plaques, with subjects in relief in white on pale blue, 11½ in. wide, 105 gs. (D. Rothschild); and a pair of English late eighteenth-century candelabra, each shaped as an oviform vase of blue-john, mounted with metal gilt, 15½ in. high, 100 gs. (Bruce). Among the faïence were a circular medallion of Della Robbia, moulded in almost full relief with three heads of children, 28 in. diameter, Italian, sixteenth century, £300 (Seligmann); a statuette of the Virgin and Child by Lucca della Robbia, 32 in. high, £95 (Durlacher); and two circular bas-reliefs by Lucca della Robbia, with

figures of Prudence and Faith, £195 (Goldschmidt). The bronzes included a group representing a boy astride a dolphin, Florentine, early sixteenth century, 5½ in. high, 460 gs. (Durlacher); a variation of the Crouching Venus of G. di Bologna, late sixteenth century, 9½ in. high, £300 (Durlacher); an oval relief with a profile bust of a man, late fifteenth century, 20½ in. by 12½ in., £250 (Goldschmidt); a set of four candelabra, Italian, late sixteenth century, 6 ft. 10 in. high, 200 gs. (Bentinck); a pair of statuettes of mermen riding dolphins, Florentine, late sixteenth century, £195 (Brandes); a group of two figures, emblematic of Virtue chaining Vice, after John of Bologna, Italian, sixteenth century, 11 in. high, 170gs. (Partridge); a statuette of a warrior, with raised left arm holding a shield, a sword in his right, Italian, early sixteenth century, 13 in. high, 160 gs. (Durlacher); and a knocker of acanthus leaves with figures of Painting and Architecture and a coat of arms, Florentine, sixteenth century, 13 in. high, 160 gs. (C. F. Murray). There was also a head, probably of Hermes, an antique, which was sold for 220 gs. (Grant).

Among the marbles were two trusses or supports of Pentelic marble, of cabriole form, carved with bearded male heads and decorated with acanthus foliage, 53½ in. high, £230 (Charles); a life-size head of Hermes, attributed to Praxiteles, 120 gs. (Ready); a relief by Thorwaldsen, "The Three Graces," 120 gs. (Sinclair); two columns of Fior-di-Persica marble, surmounted by ormolu capitals of Ionic form, 90 in. high, 110 gs. (Salamans).

The terra-cotta included a Saint Sebastian, a model from the marble statue on the altar of San Francesco della Vigna, Venice, attributed to Alessandro Vittoria, 22½ in. high, 400 gs. (D. Rothschild).

On Saturday last the pictures from this and other collections were sold, the Capel-Cure collections producing nearly £7000. The most important picture was a portrait catalogued as Princess Amelia, daughter of George III., by Romney, originally given by Frederick, Duke of York, to his aide-de-camp, General Cheney. This was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi at 2800 gs. Messrs. Colnaghi also bought a portrait by Marco Basaiti of a young man, exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition in 1886, for 840 gs. The Capel-Cure pictures also included a Van Dyck, portrait of Mrs. Killigrew, 24½ in. by 20 in., 165 gs. (Lowe), three Canalettos, a Guardi, a Tiepolo, three Tintoretos, and a portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Colvin Smith, R.S.A. 250 gs. (Reid, of Glasgow).

The chief feature of the sale, however, was the Romney portraits from various collections, which produced altogether over 13,000 gs. The highest price was fetched by the group of Horsley children, George and Charlotte, which was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in 1900. This fell to Messrs. Agnew at 4400 gs. Next in price came the Mrs. Methuen, 29 in. by 24 in., 1784, 3400 gs. (Colnaghi). Others were Lady Emilia Kerr, 1779, 30 in. by 24½ in., 2600 gs. (Colnaghi); the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, one of the "Three Graces" in Reynolds's picture in the National Gallery, 30 in. by 25 in., 1900 gs. (Sully); and a portrait of a gentleman, probably George Hawkins, surgeon to George III.'s household, 30 in. by 25 in., 520 gs. (T. Cox).

Among other pictures in the sale were a portrait by Gainsborough of Indiana Talbot, 35½ in. by 27½ in., 2000 gs. (Garland); Hoppner's portrait of Lady Elizabeth Townshend, 30 in. by 25 in., 400 gs.; Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Bower of Kincaldrum, 30 in. by 25 in., 160 gs. (Blair); Greuze, head of a girl, 220 gs. (Gooden and Fox); Lucas Cranach, portrait of a man, 16½ in. by 13½ in., 500 gs. (Agnew); J. Ward, portrait of Miss Georgiana Musgrave, 1797, 34 in. by 27 in., 1600 gs. (Wylde); Opie, portrait of Sheridan, 30 in. by 25 in., 300 gs. (C. Davis); Rembrandt, portrait of an old man, 29 in. by 23½ in., 290 gs.; Raeburn, portrait of John Rennie, F.R.S., 30 in. by 25 in., 330 gs. (G. B. Rennie); and Ruysdael, a river scene with mountains, 20½ in. by 26 in., 280 gs. (Waller).

SCIENCE

A POINT OF VIEW

THOSE studies which every one recognises as scientific—astronomy, chemistry, biology—have never wanted the services of keen and whole-hearted men. Your youthful Darwin collects insects because they interest him; your Dalton takes to test-tubes as a duck to water—and so forth. In this present age a man will devote his entire life to the study of the Coleoptera, or to the minor planets, or to the spectroscopic examination of flames. The facts of one or other department of the external world fascinate these students, who work for small rewards of money or of fame, and to whom a new chemical synthesis or a new variety of beetle is as interesting as the discovery of lost Schubert manuscripts to a Sullivan or a Grove. Their patience is as inexhaustible as it is unconscious; their fidelity to facts unpurchaseable. Without them none of the inductive sciences could be. Their right to live and work cannot be called in question.

But in these days men of science make claims less humble. They demand recognition and recompense; they seek to impart their knowledge to the many; their appetite for new laboratories is insatiable. And the question arises, to what end? The practical uses of medicine and chemistry and engineering are obvious enough; but what of astronomy and the classification of beetles? How do these affect human life?

To this it may be replied that the pursuit of Truth is its own sanction, as independent of the utilitarian consideration as is the culture of Art; each is an end in itself, and requires no exterior justification.

But to me it seems that this view of the worth of Truth—of truths all and sundry—could be fully justified only in some ideal state of affairs such as our descendants may well maintain but is far from realisation to-day. To put it colloquially, *there are other things that want doing first*. We who have foes like war and alcohol and lust to fight, what business have we with beetles?

For myself—if the unavoidable egoism of this apologia may be pardoned—I have neither patience nor experimental assiduity; and, if neither led to anything beyond itself I should much prefer the study of Victor Trumper's batting or the score of the Emperor Concerto than the study of the rarest of beetles or the newest of minor planets. One can obtain a measure of intellectual gratification from the immediate study of scientific facts, but this is nought beside the pleasures of music and conversation and a thousand other things.

My interests in sciences are, therefore, mainly ulterior. In the beginning one is introduced to scientific studies *en route* to a certain professional goal: and the student, who is really no more than a schoolboy, asks what on earth is the use of botany and mechanics and the like, in preparation for a practical walk of life with which these have scarcely any direct concern. But in later years it is borne in upon him that the facts and conclusions of science are of infinitely more than their *soi-disant* importance. He discovers that even beetles and minor planets have remote but indissoluble connections with all the colossal and insistent problems which face every thinking man. The justification for their study is that, without it, the things that want doing first, the problems that clamour for immediate solution, must remain undone and unsolved. Let us take an instance.

The relation of art to morality is a constant subject of academic dispute, the majority maintaining what Sir Leslie Stephen called the "cant of 'art for art's sake.'" Now this is a vastly important practical matter; and those of us who regard art as one of the main occupations of man in coming time, when his control of Nature shall be relatively complete, think this question certain to become of the very first importance.

The usual method of attacking this question is purely empirical. The disputants quote instances from the two non-material arts, poetry and music, to show that art is necessarily related to morality, or that it is not. (With the separate question whether the artist should have moral questions in his mind's eye as he works, I am not here concerned.) But last week as I listened to the *Valkyrie* and *Siegfried* at Covent Garden, and remembered Count Tolstoy's somewhat amusing account of his visit to a representation of one of them, it struck me that here was a case illustrative of the contention of this essay. I had always been content to follow the *a posteriori* method in discussing the art-morality question, and to quote the music-dramas of Wagner in support of the contention that creative art and morality are related; for the *Ring* is as certainly a "morality" as is *Everyman*; and few will dispute to-day that it is also consummate art. But now I think I see that there is no occasion to quote instances in discussion of this question, for science justifies itself to me in enabling us, as I think, to answer it *a priori*.

For science teaches, as matter of knowledge, that which has ever been the faith of the poet and the philosopher—that All Things are One. I fear I may have insisted on

this truth to weariness: not that one's palate for truth should be satiable. But see how this interesting conclusion of the intellect bears upon the question at issue. If all things are inter-related and inter-dependent; if all facts whatsoever are eventually correlative; if Truth is an organic whole—then it follows, as a matter of pure deduction, independent of experiment or observation, that art and morality must be related. If Art be true, it is a part of Truth, and is therefore related, vitally and indissolubly, to all other parts of Truth, such as morality: Truth being One.

These considerations open up questions of great interest: notably the question as to the sense or senses in which any work of art can be called true or false. To this question, though it is perhaps not recognisable as one of "science pure and undefiled," I may be permitted to revert at some future time. For it is plain that if Art be essentially concerned with the expression of emotions: and if the content of an individual emotion—being possibly a unique and personal thing—can scarcely be regarded as obviously part of the body of universal truth—we must not apply such terms as true or false to poetry and music, unless we are prepared to justify them. Nevertheless, I for one believe that these terms are applicable to art: and that the service and *raison d'être* of science in this connection are precisely its demonstration that true art is inseparable from moral issues.

Further I will be so bold as to declare that my point of view is common even to those who have most frequently declared that all forms of truth are to be sought for their own sake, and that the search is its own justification. For this is an assertion in ethics—an assertion of a duty—but it would be meaningless to assert that there is an ethical element in knowledge, say of beetles, as such. Obvious utility apart, the value of knowledge—that is to say, of science—lies in its bearing upon the problem of existence, nor is any item of knowledge to be named that is without such a bearing; nor can I believe that science is defiled by any sincere attempt to recognise its significance. Measurements of beetles may demonstrate the fact of natural selection, than which, if we knew it, none bears more immediately upon individual and corporate duty: astronomy may teach humility and ennoble that attitude of upright—not grovelling—wonder which is an essential element in religion. Were it not so, I should be little concerned to know that the earth moves, and would give all the pages of Copernicus for one such line as

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night."

C. W. SALEEBY.

CORRESPONDENCE

"HOMER AND SCIENCE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I will appeal to your kind courtesy to allow me space to reply, not to Mr. Andrew Lang's general criticism on my "Handbook of Homeric Study" (with which I have no fault to find) but to an implication he has made regarding my attitude towards the Provost of Oriel, whom I regard, along with Mr. Lang, as "in England the greatest living Homeric scholar."

After quoting my remarks on the unconvincing attempt to establish an opposition between "literary" and "scientific" methods of dealing with the Homeric Problem, in the interests of "extravagant conservatism," your reviewer not merely appeals to the honoured name of Dr. Monro, but declares that I quote him—which I do in quite another context as I shall show—as "one of the severest advocates of unity." Certainly the natural conclusion to draw from this is that I have classed Dr. Monro among the "extravagant conservatives" of Homeric criticism, namely those who still endeavour to maintain the theory of absolutely single authorship of the two poems.

I did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I have appealed again and again to Dr. Monro as an authority opposed to extreme theories of every kind, and, as a staunch bulwark of the scientific school. For instance (on page 92) I have explicitly based one of my strongest arguments for the presence of earlier and later strata of composition in the poems upon the linguistic discrepancies which Monro has taken the trouble to tabulate in his well-known "Homeric Grammar."

But when (on page 135) I include this great Homeric scholar among "the most severe advocates of Unity," I am dealing with a totally different question from the former, namely, that of the Unity of the "Odyssey," taken by itself. The very heading of the page: "Is the

Odyssey composite"? proves this; and had my whole sentence been quoted, the point would have been at once evident. It runs: "The most severe advocates of Unity, from the Alexandrian critics to Mr. Lang are forced to admit," &c. Now Mr. Lang is surely aware that certain Alexandrian critics were the first to suggest separate authorship for the two poems, though certainly none of them doubted the unity of authorship of the "Odyssey." It is true I have, with many other, seen reason to doubt it; but I have nowhere in my treatment of this question, suggested that the older view is "extravagant conservatism."

One little point further in which Mr. Lang quite unintentionally misrepresents me. He says "the *Odyssey*" to him is "*Homer-and-water*." I certainly did not write this, but that "If I may be allowed to differ from many worthy critics, I should say the '*Odyssey*' is less Homeric than the '*Iliad*.' To me the greater part of it when compared with the *Iliad* is mere Homer-and-water." This may be the same thing according to Mr. Lang's theories—it is by no means the same according to mine.

May 5.

HENRY BROWN.

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apparently a "thinker" is one who has "formulated the ontological problem for himself." Like Miss Dartle, I am extremely glad to know that. Gervinus, it is true, calls *Hamlet* "a mine of the profoundest wisdom," and Schlegel describes *King Lear* as an "almost superhuman flight of genius"; but pshaw! what is all this, compared with the "formulating of the ontological problem," which Wordsworth, it seems, has successfully accomplished? After this, it would be cruel to quote Macaulay's words about Wordsworth's "cran metaphysics."

It is a pity that we are not given a definition of the word "creed." If it is used in the strict sense, the "creeds," so far from being "innumerable," may be counted on the fingers of both hands. If it is used by a Master of science in the popular and unscientific sense of "a belief, or body of beliefs, religious or philosophical, in a more or less fluid and unsystematised state," then there are other "creeds" beside the "Oriental." He might have learnt this to his cost in former days; for the Druids would have forced him to take a "burning" interest in the fact, and the Aztecs would have brought it home to him with a "cutting" irony which would have "gone to his very heart." The day on which your admirable journal is published reminds me of another "creed," which has been immortalised in half the days of our week, and which was imposed upon our unhappy forefathers with "the hammer of Thor." I will not encroach further on your space.

May 6.

J. A. B.

[The definition of a "thinker" is not mine. Schlegel's description of *King Lear* might be equally well applied to Beethoven's Violin Concerto, in which no one will discern profound thought. Perhaps "Tintern Abbey" will be found to survive the gibes of the author of "Horatius." Ultimately, I dare say, there is only one creed, but its forms are surely innumerable. If the ridiculous phrase "a master of science" is used ironically—and it certainly cannot be otherwise—I will permit myself to say that I resent J. A. B.'s anonymous discourtesy.—C. W. SALEEBY.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid it is somewhat of an impertinence, but I would ask a little space in which to record my appreciation of Dr. Saleeby's articles.

The scientific basis of them has always been perfectly sound so far as I could ever discover, however one might dissent from some of your esteemed contributor's conclusions.

Possibly "J. A. B." would rather have dry sticks such as the formulæ of physics, from which, however, may a kindly editor defend us!

Science "pure and undefiled" seems to mean simply a chaos of empiricisms; for, to formulate a system—however local and partial—is to introduce that "scientific imagination" which Dr. Saleeby so felicitously employs for the presentation of far wider and grander issues.

May 8.

J. B. WALLIS.

"MUCKERS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of April 8 there is a review of Professor Münsterberg's latest book, in which you mention certain phrases and words—used in it—as distinctly American and translate them into English. They are all slang and translated correctly, with the exception of the word "muckers," which is certainly out of place in such a work as that of Professor Münsterberg. I think, however, that you are wrong in your interpretation of its meaning, which you give as the reverse of millionaires. Certainly in the meaning which the word has around New York it could be applied quite as well to the millionaires as to any one else, as it is descriptive of character and nature, and has nothing to do with a man's possessions. The proper meaning of the word "mucker" is—an individual of low and coarse nature; a man who would play dirty tricks and who is generally undesirable.

I trust that you will forgive my calling your attention to what I think is the correct, and what is generally the accepted, meaning of the word in this locality.

New York, April 26,

JAMES PROSLOW ADAMS.

PRIZE POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to the article in your last number on Oxford Prize Poetry, may I be allowed to say that the absence of my name from the lists, is due not, as might very well have been the case, to failure in the competition, but to the fact that I never competed at all. I should expect to find on inquiry that my namesake of the "Earthly Paradise" was in a similar position from a like cause.

May 6.

LEWIS MORRIS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- Filippino Lippi. Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.
Graves, Algernon. *The Royal Academy of Art: A complete Dictionary of Contributors and their work from its foundation in 1769 to 1904.* Vol. I., Abbey—Carrington. Henry Graves & Co. and George Bell. £2 2s. net.
Zacher, Albert. *Rome as an Art City.* Siegle, The Langham Series, 1s. 6d.
Brown, J. Wood. *Italian Architecture, being a brief account of its principles and progress.* Siegle, The Langham Series, 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- O'Connor, T. P. *Lord Beaconsfield, A Biography.* Eighth edition. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.
Carnegie, Andrew. *James Watt.* Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Famous Scots Series, 1s. 6d. net.
White, Andrew Dickson. *Autobiography of Andrew D. White.* Two vols. Macmillan, 3os. net.
Carpenter, J. Estlin. *James Martineau, Theologian and Teacher, a study of Life and Thought.* Green, 7s. 6d. net.
Wack, Henry Wellington. *The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet.* Putnam, 6s. net.

DRAMA.

- Synge, J. M. *The Shadow of the Glen and Riders to the Sea.* Mathews, Vigo Cabinet Series, 1s. net.
Skey, Rev. Frederic C. *Politics in Petticoats, and other Duologues.* Clifton: Baker. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. net.
Dillon, Arthur. *The Greek Kalends.* Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

- Lees, Beatrice A. *A Biographical History Reader, Selected Lives from the History in Biography Series, for use in Primary Schools.* Black's School History, 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

- Aitken, Robert. *The Redding Straike, an old-fashioned Story.* Edinburgh: Morton. London: Simpkin Marshall. 6s.
Locke, William, J. *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne.* Lane, 6s.
Miln, Louise Jordan. *A Woman and her Talent.* Blackwood, 6s.
Vesey, Arthur Henry. *A Cheque for Three Thousand.* Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.
Rodocanachi, E. *Tolla the Courtesan, A sketch of private life in Rome in the year of the Jubilee, 1700.* Translated from the French by Frederick Lawton. Heinemann, 6s.
Falconer, Lanoë. *Mademoiselle Ixe, The Hotel d'Angleterre, and other stories.* Popular edition. Unwin, 1s. net.
"Betty." *Intercepted Letters, A Mild Satire on Hongkong Society.* Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh, 1s.
Thomas, Annie (Mrs. Peader Cudlip). *The Clevers of Clever.* New edition. Treherne, 1s.
Robins, Elisabeth (C. E. Rainmond). *A Dark Lantern, A Story with a Prologue.* Heinemann, 6s.
Hamilton, Cosmo. *Indiscretions.* Treherne, 1s.
Cullum, Ridgwell. *The Brooding Wild, A Mountain Tragedy.* Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. *The Wise Woods.* Heinemann, 6s.
Ferguson, Dugald. *The King's Friend, A Tale of the Scottish Wars of Independence.* Paisley: Gardner, 6s.
Magray, Sir William, Bart. *A Prince of Lovers, A Romance.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
Hill, Headon. *Millions of Mischief, The Story of a Great Secret.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
Hobbes, John Oliver. *Robert Orange.* Popular edition. Unwin, 6d.
Hayes, Frederick W. *A Prima Donna's Romance.* Hutchinson, 6s.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *Rose of the World.* Smith, Elder, 6s. (See page 519.)
Fleming, Clifton. *The Fate of Ralph Erard.* Digby, Long, 6s.
Smith, Ada Ellen. *First in the Field.* Digby, Long, 6s.
Munro, Neil. *John Splendid, The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Love.* Seventh edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.
Merriman, Henry Seton. *In Kedar's Tents.* Newnes' Sixpenny Novels. Illustrated.

HISTORY.

- Burton, John Hill. *The History of Scotland, from Agricola's invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection.* New edition, in eight vols. Vol. I. Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.
Lang, Andrew. *John Knox and the Reformation.* Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.
Henriques, H. S. Q. *The Return of the Jews to England, being a Chapter in the History of the English Law.* Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.
Perris, G. H. *Russia in Revolution.* Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
MacFibbis, Duaid. *On the Pictorian and the Norsemen.* The original Irish Text edited, with Translation and Notes, by Alexander Bugge. Christiania: Gundersen, kr. 1.00.
Caithness Cellachain Caisil. *The Victorious Career of Cellachan of Cashel, or the Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the Tenth Century.* The original Irish Text, edited with Translation and Notes by Alexander Bugge. Christiania: Gundersen, kr. 3.60.
Bugge, Alexander. *Bjærag til det Sidste fnsnit af Nordboernes Historie i Island.* Copenhagen: Thies.

LAW.

- Solberg, Thorvald. *Copyright in Congress 1789-1904. A Bibliography and Chronological Record of all proceedings in Congress in relation to Copyright from April 15, 1789, to April 28, 1904.* First Congress, first session, to fifty-eighth Congress, second session. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Offices.

LITERATURE.

- Thomson, William. *The Basis of English Rhythm.* Glasgow: Holmes, 1s. net.
Masterman, C. F. G. *In Peril of Change, Essays written in time of Tranquillity.* Unwin, 6s.
Robertson, John G. *Schiller after a Century.* Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.
Gastrow, Paul. *Tolstoj und sein Evangelium.* Geissen: Töpelmann, 1 m.
Thiselton, Alfred Edward. *Notulae Criticae* (22-43). Folkard, 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Gaskell, Lady C. Milnes. *Spring in a Shropshire Abbey.* Smith, Elder 9s. net.
Broomhall, William. *The Country Gentlemen's Estate Book 1905.* The Country Gentlemen's Association Limited, 10s. 6d.
Spalding. *Printing Papers.* A handbook for the use of Publishers and Printers.
Crosland, T. W. H. *The Wild Irishman.* Laurie, 5s.

MUSIC.

- Naylor, E. W. *An Elizabethan Virginal Book, being a Critical Essay on the Contents of a Manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.* Dent, 6s. net.
Fuller Maitland, J. A. *Joseph Joachim.* Lane, Living Masters of Music 2s. 6d. net.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

- Brindle, Ernest. *With Russian, Japanese and Chinese. The Experience of an Englishman during the Russo-Japanese War.* Murray, 6s. net.
Dix, Lieut. C. C., R.N. *The World's Navies in the Boxer Rebellion (China 1900).* Digby, Long, 7s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Beavan, Arthur H. *Animals I have Known.* Unwin, 5s.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Clark, Newton. *Huxley and Phillips Brooks.* Allenson, Heart and Life Library, 6d. net.
Read, Carveth. *The Metaphysics of Nature.* Black, 7s. 6d. net.

POLITICS.

- Compatriots' Club Lectures. First series, Edited by the Committee of the Compatriots' Club. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.
Dunraven, The Earl of. *The Crisis in Ireland. An Account of the Present Condition of Ireland and Suggestions towards Reform.* Chapman & Hall, 1s. net.

POETRY.

- Graham, Harry ("Col. D. Streamer"). *Verse and Worse.* Arnold, 3s. 6d. net.
Maquarie, Arthur. *The Dance of Olives.* Illustrated with reproductions from a bronze relief and nine sepia drawings by his wife, Mary Lintner Maquarie. Dent, 4s. net.
Scott, Cyril. *The Shadows of Silence and the Songs of Yesterday.* Lyceum Press.
Tobin, Agnes. *The Flying Lesson: Ten Sonnets: Two Canzoni: A Ballata: A Double Sestina from Petrarch.* Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.
Prince, Charles Edmond. *Love's Renunciation, Twenty-six Sonnets.* "The Green Sheaf," Knightsbridge. 1s. net.
Sackville, Margaret. *A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems.* Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.
Browne, Maurice. *Zetes and other Poems.* Eliot Stock.

REPRINTS.

- Gambado, Geoffrey. *An Academy for Grown Horsemen, containing the complete Instructions for Walking, Trotting, Cantering, Galloping, Stumbling and Tumbling.* Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.
Purchas, Samuel. *Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas his Pilgrimes, containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travells by Englishmen and others.* Vols. III. and IV. MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net per volume.
Extracts from the Writings of Clement of Alexandria. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.

SCIENCE.

- Taylor, R. L. *The Radio-Active Elements, and a short Introduction to the Study of Organic Chemistry,* being an appendix to "The Student's Chemistry." Heywood, 6d. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Poirson, S. *Mon Féminisme.* Paris: Bernard, 3fr. 50c.

SPORT.

- Glasford, Captain A. I. R. *Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle. A Record of Thirteen Years.* With numerous Illustrations by the Author and from Illustrations. Lane, 16s. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Mathew, Frank. *Ireland.* Painted by Francis S. Walker. Black, 20s. net.
Tarnutzer, Dr. Chr. *Grisons Oberland, with a Historical Sketch by Professor J. C. Muoth.* Translated by Dr. and Mrs. Spöndly-Blakiston. Zurich: Art. Institut Orell Füssli.
Henderson, John. *The West Indies.* Painted by A. S. Forrest. Black, 20s. net.
Goodrich-Freer, A. *In a Syrian Saddle.* Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
Robinson Lees, Rev. G. *Village Life in Palestine. A Description of the Religion, Home Life, Manners, Customs, Characteristics and Superstitions of the Peasants of the Holy Land, with Reference to the Bible.* New edition, revised and enlarged. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.



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WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

1724

MAY 20, 1905

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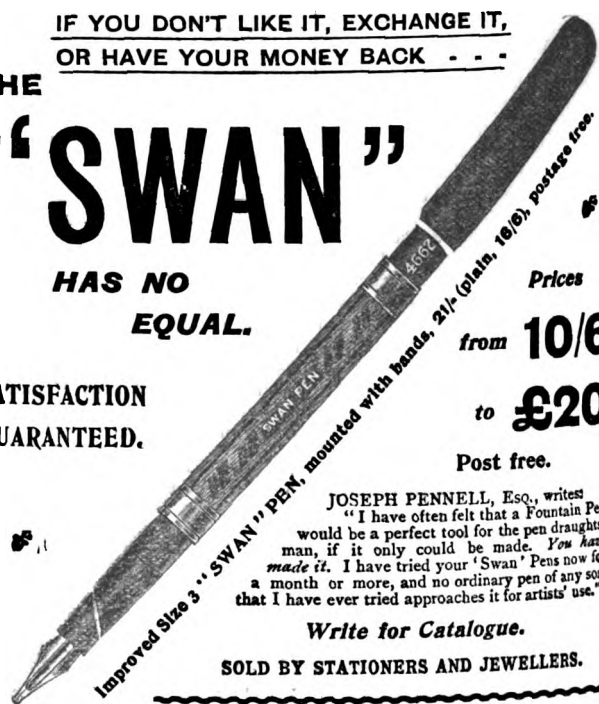
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Upon Mary's fall Buchanan became one of the tutors of James, afterwards James I. of England. When, later, he

was charged with turning that Prince into a pedant, he replied that that was all that could be made of him. A fact not generally remembered is that he was for a short time King of Scotland. Having remarked in his royal pupil an excessive readiness for saying "yes," he one day presented him with two papers to sign. James after a few casual questions, affixed his signature, without having read either of them. One of them happened to be a transfer of the royal authority to Buchanan for fifteen days, and no sooner had the preceptor got it into his possession than he began to assume the demeanour of a monarch, even before James himself, who was at first alarmed and then convinced that the tutor was a lunatic. Buchanan thereupon produced the instrument which had formally invested him with the royal power, and no doubt added a salutary admonition to the youthful Sovereign.

Certain literary problems great and small have a way of cropping up again and again, and a small one has been exercising some correspondents of the *Spectator* for the past three or four weeks. This is the question of the authorship of "The Devil's Thoughts" (or "The Devil's Walk," to give it the name by which it is most frequently mentioned). In 1866, and in 1889, this question was fully dealt with in *Notes and Queries*; in a popular weekly it was discussed last year; and now some of the same old evidence is being adduced to bolster up the old story of Porson's authorship, some of the same details *pro* and *con* are being given in the *Spectator*. Unfortunately the contributors to this correspondence seem ignorant of the extent to which the matter was threshed out in 1866 and 1889: one of them for example, adduces one of Montagu's booklets of 1830—unaware that that worthy brought out two printings of the "Devil's Walks" in that year, ascribing one to Porson, and the other to Coleridge and Southey, and also producing as evidence a letter which appeared in the *Morning Post* of the same year, signed as though by a nephew of Porson's—a letter which has been stigmatised as a forgery or a hoax. The evidence in favour of Porson's authorship of the lines is really of the flimsiest and second hand, while that of the authorship of Coleridge and Southey is first hand, and has been accepted as conclusive by most inquirers who have gone fully into the matter.

"The Devil's Thoughts" appeared in its first form in the *Morning Post* of September 6, 1799 (Dykes Campbell's "Coleridge's Poems," p. 621), a fact which has not been sufficiently emphasised in disposing of the claims on behalf of Porson. At the time in question that great scholar was a close friend of (and brother-in-law to) Perry the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*—the *Post*'s rival—and was a contributor to its columns. We understand that this poem—with the various imitations, &c., which followed at two distinct periods—has for some time been engaging the attention of Mr. Walter Jerrold, and that he will enter fully into the question of its authorship in his introduction to the small volume which he is preparing.

Friends of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B., and of increased teaching of English literature in our Universities, will be glad to learn that the Leslie Stephen Lectureship in the University of Cambridge is now established. At the congregation held on April 27 last the necessary Graces were accepted and approved by the Senate. The sum of £630 contributed by the friends of the late Sir Leslie Stephen has been handed over to the University for the endowment of the lectureship. The lecture, which must be on some literary subject, including Criticism, Biography and Ethics, is to be delivered every two years. The first lecturer will be appointed in the Michaelmas Term of 1906 by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Trinity Hall, the Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy, and the Regius Professor of Modern History.

A wise provision in the regulations is that they may be altered by Grace of the Senate at any time after January 1, 1935, provided that the name of Leslie Stephen be always connected with the foundation, and that the income arising therefrom be appropriated to some academical object of a literary character.

No better way of honouring the memory of Sir Leslie Stephen, philosopher, biographer, critic, could have been devised. Literary lectures of importance are too rare in our Universities, and the future generations of young students who listen to the Leslie Stephen lecture will doubtless acquaint themselves with the career and work of the man with whose name it is associated, and be encouraged thereby to enter the profession of literature in a similar spirit to that of the first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

A more than usually interesting sale of books is promised at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 29, and the two following days. The books to be sold are the library of His Honour Judge Philbrick, K.C., and include specimens from the presses of Aldus, Fyner, John of Westphalia, Jenson, Schoeffer, Valdarfer and the Elzevirs, with bindings by Roger Payne, Bozerian, Padeloup, Derome and others. Perhaps the chief feature of the sale is the large number of editions of "Eikon Basilike" (catalogued as by Charles I.), from the original issue of 1648 (only seven copies known) with its many variants, down to the De La More Press reprint of 1903. There are also a number of editions and facsimiles of "The Compleat Angler," including the 1676 issue, which was the first edition of Cotton, and a good collection of La Fontaine, including the famous Fermiers-Généraux edition. Other treasures are Ravenscroft's "Rinetum Britannicum," and a coloured copy of Griffiths' "Palms of British India." There are also many works on Philately and on Napoleon.

On the 5th instant, according to the *Standard*, a Nonconformist minister was sent to Worcester Gaol for refusing to pay the education rate. To while away the tedium of his imprisonment, he took with him three books: "The Imitation of Christ," "The Commentaries of Cæsar," and "The Essays of Elia." His choice of the latter showed him to possess at least sound literary taste, and to be a wise man withal. The two former he was allowed to keep, but the line was drawn at Lamb's Essays. Why it would be impossible to hazard a conjecture. However, the point is to be settled, as Sir Henry Fowler has given notice to ask the Home Secretary the following tremendous questions: Whether he will say what authority is responsible for this action? on what grounds was this selection of books made? and whether the exercise of such authority meets with the sanction of the Prison Commissioners? How Charles Lamb would have chuckled at all this, and what a merry letter he would have written! It calls to mind his reply to Bernard Barton when the latter told him that it had been proposed to add "Elia" to the Woodbridge Book Club but that the book had been rejected. "Your account of my black-balling amused me. I think as Quakers they did right," adding, "there are some things hard to be understood," a remark that still holds good.

We have been reminded that Schiller was one of the foreigners who, at the time of the Revolution, were made citizens of France on the ground that they had "by their writings and their courage served the cause of liberty and prepared the way for the enfranchisement of the peoples." His companions in distinction were: Dr. Joseph Priestley, Thomas Paine, Jeremy Bentham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Sir James Mackintosh, David Williams, Gorani, Anarsis Cloutz, Campe, Corneille Pauw, Pestalozzi, Washington, Hamilton, Maddison, Klopstock, and Kosciusko.

The clerk taking down this list of names, however, wrote that of Schiller as Gilleers. A copyist corrected Gilleers into Gille, and the notification of the honour was addressed to *M. Gille, publiciste allemand, Allemagne*. The letter consequently wandered about from post office to post office, and did not reach its destination until six years after its despatch. By that time some of the honorary citizens, and several of the signatories of the patent conferring the citizenship had been beheaded. "It is a diploma," Schiller said, "that comes to me from the kingdom of the dead."

Mr. George Moore's view that Schiller's power of writing poetry must have been limited by his possession of the Christian name of Frederick recalls the case of the Christ Church man of whom it was written, in an old work of humour entitled "The Oxford Menagerie," that "he goeth not to lectures for he saith: 'How can a man lecture in bags cut like that?'"

The task, however, of divining a man's genius from his Christian name is rendered difficult by the undeniable fact that men with the same Christian name have often had quite different kinds of genius. What point of resemblance would Mr. Moore guess to exist, supposing that, after his habit with the classics, he had never read a line written by any of them, between the characteristic gifts of Robert Burns and Robert Hichens; of Thomas Moore and Thomas Carlyle; of Theodore Hook and Sir Theodore Martin; of Edward Young and Edward Bulwer-Lytton; of Samuel Johnson and Samuel Langhorne Clemens; of Barry Cornwall, and Barry Pain; of Percy Shelley and Percy White; or, for that matter, of George Moore and George Herbert? Missing links are badly wanted in all these cases, and unless they can be supplied, the theory must break down.

Possibly the doctrine would be easier to maintain in the case of women writers. Among their names we find a good many that are outstanding and unique. There is only one Aphra, only one Felicia, only one Rhoda, only one Letitia in the world of letters. These names, therefore, may perfectly well mean something to the admirers of the works of the ladies who bore or bear them. But the difficulty crops up again with Charlotte. Does the name Charlotte suggest Charlotte Brontë or Charlotte Yonge? "Jane Eyre" or the "Heir of Redcliffe?" What can it conceivably suggest that is common to both of them? Is this a matter upon which Mr. Moore feels that he can throw light?

The *British Weekly* confirms the report which we have already mentioned that certain publishing houses have formed a Trust and mean to employ book-agents as their distributors instead of book-sellers. It is interesting to recall that this profession of American origin was once followed in San Francisco by Mr. Morley Roberts. This is the account which he gives of his experiences in *The Western Avernus*:

"I had to wander round the city with a large sample atlas under my arm, going into every place I thought might offer me a chance to dispose of one, and suffered during some days the misery of trying to induce a man who manifestly was not in need of my book to nevertheless buy it. The successful book-agent is a man who can read character, who is pliable, ready, quick-witted, and not to be repulsed. He must have brains, but cheek, or what is often called 'gall' in America, is far more necessary, and it was most difficult to find. I was lacking. I sold a few, and made 40 per cent. on my time and or 100 per cent. would not have compensated me for the day. I experienced in entering house after house for a while with perhaps only one success to be scored to me, and only too often I worked hard and made nothing at all. Finally, after three days which were absolutely blank, I sold my sample copy at a sacrifice, and renounced a business for which I was evidently unfit."

We should say that the business is one for which only a low type of man would be fit; and we should be sorry to see even good literature circulated by such odious means.

It is very unfortunate that there should be any question of the genuineness of the Corot lately presented by the Prince of Wales towards forming a nucleus for the proposed Irish Modern Gallery, but such doubts are likely to arise in the case of an artist whose good-nature sometimes triumphed over his artistic principles. Apart from those pictures which the dealers induced him to sell, though he thought them in no way representative of his art, there were those landscapes by imitators to which he is said to have given a few finishing touches to justify their attribution to his name. Messrs. Arnold and Tripp—the famous Parisian experts—seem inclined to acknowledge the authenticity of this work, as they consider it is impossible that an imitator could have produced it, while the painting of the trees betrays evident traces of the master's very early manner. On the other hand they consider it in no way representative of Corot's genius, and totally unlike that painter's more mature productions. It is sad to realise that we have only two unchallenged Corots in public collections in the British Isles.

A new Balzac story is told by the *Gaulois*. The novelist, it appears, flattered himself upon his skill in reading character from handwriting; and the story is of the test applied to his skill. A lady brought him an extract from the exercise-book of a twelve-year-old schoolboy, and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prospects. Balzac inquired whether the child was her own. Answered in the negative, he examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment. "Madame," he said, "this child is thick-headed and frivolous. He will never come to any good. If he were my child, I would take him from school and put him to the plough." And then it had to be broken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of his own which had been discovered hidden away between the leaves of an old lesson-book.

We have received a prospectus of "The Pioneers, a Society for producing original plays." It is a sensible and businesslike document. The society's motto is *Acta non verba*, and it does not "propose to bewail the decadence of the British drama." Those who heard Mr. Walkley's lectures on dramatic criticism at the Royal Institution will remember how old and fruitless a game that is. What the society does propose to do is to produce three new and original plays every year, and "merit will be the only passport to production." Good work has been done in the past by such societies; and though we are no great believers in the complaint that good work gets no chance, it is quite possible that the Pioneers will discover much clever and interesting matter which the professional managers have overlooked or found unsuitable to the conditions under which the theatre is now controlled. Particulars can be obtained from the General Manager, Mr. Herbert Swears, Upland, Hadley Wood.

Another society, the "English Drama Society," is to give, at the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street, W., on June 18, a performance of Browning's *In a Balcony*.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy *The Palace of Truth* will be the next production by the Mermaid Repertory Theatre at Great Queen Street. It will be given on Monday evening next and during the week, with matinee on Saturday and rehearsals are now proceeding under the direction of the author.

Recent French publications of interest are: Maxim Gorki, "En Prison"; Comte d'Haussonville, "Mon Journal pendant la Guerre (1870-71)," edited by his son; André Bellesort, "La Roumanie Contemporaine"; the third volume of H. Taine, "Sa vie et sa correspondance" (1870-1875), of which we may doubtless also expect the English translation shortly; C. de Freycinet, "La Question d'Egypte," and Dmitry de Mérejkowsky, *Pierre et Alexis Antechrist*.

LITERATURE

THREE GREAT NOVELS

Vanity Fair. By W. M. THACKERAY (Macmillan, 2s. net);
Waverley. By Sir WALTER SCOTT (Macmillan, 2s. net);
The Pickwick Papers. By CHARLES DICKENS. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

THE charming reprints before us of three works by the greatest exponents of the art of fiction in the nineteenth century suggest many thoughts and many comparisons. They are all books written at the beginning of the authors' careers, although, as it happens, both Thackeray and Scott were middle-aged before they took to this kind of writing. Dickens, however, was quite youthful when he wrote the "Pickwick Papers," and it is interesting to think that this book is in many respects the best of all his works. Even the fastidious few who do not greatly love Dickens usually make an exception in the case of the "Pickwick Papers." Here his sentimentality is kept in check, as is his love of pathos naked and unashamed; while the touch of exaggeration is less offensive in an avowedly humorous book than it would be in any other. Besides, "Pickwick" has all the spirit and go of high youth about it. The author never flags and the reader is carried from chapter to chapter by his infectious enthusiasm. Yet, at the same time, a careful critic would easily be able to show the beginnings of those faults that marred his later work. Several of the characters are merely labels and not real persons. Sergeant Buzfuz, for example, is only an exaggeration of certain faults in the lawyer common enough in the time, while the landlady, the attorneys, the adventurer and his servant, are somewhat mechanically built, as if Dickens had seized on one characteristic, and endowed them with it to the exclusion of everything else. But with all its faults "Pickwick" must still be numbered among the masterpieces of youth, though the innumerable legions of those who have imitated its author have followed its lines less than those of any other of his novels.

The difference between Dickens and Thackeray has often been pointed out, and it would be idle to raise once more the controversy as to which was the greater. A close study of the two, however, would go far to show that Thackeray was influenced by Dickens much more than would at first sight be thought. We are apt to forget nowadays the lofty position which Boz achieved almost at a first effort. He represented success in its most brilliant form, and there were few of his own day and generation who would have ventured even to think, far less to point out, that his most popular works were knocked together with rough tools, and represented no fineness of literary craftsmanship. He had many things temporarily in his favour, not the least of which was that he employed his novels as vehicles for the conveyance of political and moral lessons. It was a time when the idea of self-improvement was in the air, and people lost sight of the elementary truth that if literature be a faithful mirror of life it will teach exactly what life teaches and no more. At the moment when the writer becomes conscious of a moral purpose he ceases to achieve it, because the very fact leads to distortion and consequent falsehood. To picture life truly, to set forth in an undying record the true and genuine impression that it has made in his own mind, is the only right ambition of the artist. It may possibly end in failure after all, and will assuredly do so unless the writer be possessed of clear insight to begin with. Should he take any fantastic or distorted view of life, that will inevitably be apparent in his work and render it of less worth than it would otherwise have been. Thus, high motive is not in itself any guarantee of greatness. It may perhaps be that Thackeray was less earnest and strenuous than Dickens, though we are not inclined to think so. Carlyle, who had the gift of looking deep into the hearts of his fellow men, thought otherwise, and on the contrary deemed Thackeray in

danger of being torn to pieces by his own intense thoughts and sentiments. The cynicism of which we used to hear so much was only a mask worn by kindness, and, indeed, it scarcely ever deserved the name. But, on the other hand, Thackeray also had a self-consciousness that operated against his work. All that crusade of his against snobs only proves that he was not himself without a touch of the very vice he was lashing. The plain, direct and simple man moves among his fellow creatures in a single-heartedness which will take no conscious note of what is called snobbishness. And here again we come to the elementary truth that pure literature will never be a crusade against any human weakness any more than it will be written for the purpose of teaching a moral lesson. There is a tendency just now to revolt against the doctrine which has been called "Art for Art's sake," and it is not a bad tendency. But instead of Art it is Nature that has to be studied. To hold the mirror up to Nature—that was Shakespeare's definition, and it has never been bettered.

Thackeray and Dickens, too, represented two widely different manners. We are speaking at present not of their personal character but of what was developed in their writing. Dickens was in the habit of gushing. He, as it were, shook hands with you in a violent manner, sympathised loudly and painfully with you in your distresses, gave you many good wishes in the most emphatic manner, and parted from you with a farewell of exaggerated pathos. At the back of these phenomena no doubt there was a fine and genuine man, but his personality found an expression exactly opposite to that of Thackeray, who was really an apostle of the informal that has now come to reign in Great Britain. No one could have imagined Thackeray punctiliously observing the stately ceremoniousness that used to be characteristic of English society, a ceremoniousness strikingly exemplified in some of the conversations written down by his predecessor, Sir Walter Scott. We would take an example of it from a conversation between two lovers in "Waverley":

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity, and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility and less enthusiastic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness; for were the irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why, why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?"

"Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow."

It is very obvious that the conversation of Harry Foker was more to Thackeray's taste than the rounded periods, the balanced rhythm, and the careful grammar, in which Edward Waverley and Flora Mac-Ivor exchanged sentiments. It is easy to imagine Thackeray meeting with his dearest friend, or parting from him, and showing no greater sign of emotion than an indifferent "How do you do?" or "Good-bye." He is always giving one the idea of holding his feelings in restraint, and by no more than the depression of an eyebrow giving a hint occasionally of emotion that he would rather the world did not know of. And in this Thackeray has conquered. It is the informal that reigns in English society to-day, and is penetrating far beyond society into the regions of politics, religion, literature, and art. In fact the whole twentieth century might be likened to one of those artists at the music-halls who, while performing the most prodigious feats of strength or skill, smoke their cigarettes and make trifling remarks to the audience as though what they were doing were the most commonplace thing in the world. So with our century. We know by the results that men are living most strenuously while at the same time the smile they wear would lead one to believe that they knew neither work nor care. We cannot be far wrong in attributing this change, in part at least, to the influence

of Thackeray and of the many good and true men who were his acquaintances in life and caught up and transmitted his ideas. To enforce the truth of what we have said it is not necessary to go further than the third person in our trio—Sir Walter Scott. He would indeed be no critic who attempted to argue that the good Sir Walter was not guilty of nearly every defect of style conceivable. He produced those long introductions which, as an old writer said, "putteth off the reader." He was often prolix to the verge of tiresomeness. His descriptions of Nature are often dragged into the page by the scruff of the neck. His English is clumsy and often hopelessly involved, and, as we have seen, he represented the formal exactly as he found it, or it may be a little more so. These are faults that the veriest tyro may find in his work and that have induced more than one modern genius to attempt to re-write it. Yet in spite of all these defects Sir Walter Scott holds his own at the very top of English novel writers, and we doubt if even his master Fielding can seriously dispute the place with him. But Scott had to an eminent degree that unconsciousness we have spoken of. Like others, he had lived and suffered—suffered more than the world was aware of until the publication of his Diary revealed it; only he never esteemed it as anything else but his duty to bear grief like a man and to go on fighting valiantly as long as he had strength enough left to do it. To him the world of his own day and the world of the past were equally but fleeting pageants, with points full of interest, it is true, but not to be searched with any set purpose of finding out what was good and what was evil in them. When his imagination brought before him a band of moss-troopers or rievvers, riding down a valley laughing and talking and swearing, it was not their morality or immorality that he saw; it was only a brilliant picture of a world that had passed away. And to a greater degree than almost any other writer he had the divinest of gifts, that of sympathy, so that it was comparatively easy to him to enter into and realise the life and ideals of the most ordinary hind on his estate and of the greatest of the great dead kings. Here was splendid material for imaginative literature, of which he made such use that his name towers, and is ever likely to tower, above that of every one else who has tried to do the same kind of work.

AN INARTICULATE SAVANT

The Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire. By JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY, C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L. Sometime Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin. (Unwin, 5s.)

THERE is a certain advantage in having made one's self master of a branch of knowledge which nobody else has taken up. The expert can say what he pleases: and if any one thinks fit to contradict or criticise the expert, he does so at his own risk. At the same time, the solitary savant must beware how he ventures into fields of knowledge in which he may have rivals. If, in any such aberrations, he falls into any blunder, the consequences do not end with the exposure of the particular error. A presumption is raised that the expert may be wrong in matters where no one can set him right, seeing that he has gone wrong in matters where he can be corrected. Dr. Mahaffy has made himself master of the period of Grecian history known as that of the Diadochi, or Successors of Alexander the Great. It is a period which has been comparatively neglected by almost every historian, probably because historians previous to Dr. Mahaffy found it quite uninteresting. Our learned author may therefore claim immunity from criticism when he is discoursing on the career of an Antigonos, an Antiochus, or a Seleucus. We will not add a Ptolemy, because there really are people who know something of Egyptian history besides Dr. Mahaffy. In this notice it is not our intention to poach on the more strictly preserved grounds of post-Alexandrian

history. Our author has in this book travelled beyond his own exclusive domain. Whether the excursus has or has not been attended by happy results must be left to the reader to judge.

The very title of the book invites criticism. Strictly speaking, the word Hellenism is hardly correct. Dr. Mahaffy, in his preliminary lecture admits that he uses the word in a merely colloquial sense, so that it is only necessary for the reviewer to caution the reader against any confusion of thought. We may point out that the author's erudition does not appear to include one very notable fact. The name used in Asia for "Greece" or "Greek" was not, and is not, "Hellen" but "Yunan" or "Yunani," i.e., Ionia or Ionian. In the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes the Persian envoy calls the Athenians "Iaones" (*Acharnians* 104—the same form is found in *Æschylus' Persæ* and in more than one passage of the "Iliad"). To come down to our own time, the town of Jaunpur on the eastern frontier of Hindostan, almost in Bihar, is Yavanpur, equivalent to Ionopolis, or Ionian-town. It is a remarkable fact that the name "Ionian" should have survived to this day, in spite of the adoption of the name "Hellen" in the New Testament, and also in the Apocrypha. Dr. Mahaffy would, of course, be entitled to claim the scriptural use of the word "Hellen" as proof of the correctness of his title. It is curious, however, that he should have ignored the survival of the name "Ionian" and the disuse of "Hellen."

We pass to another and more important topic of criticism. Dr. Mahaffy evidently claims for himself the status of a philosophical historian. It is worth while to examine briefly the value of his claim. In the lecture headed "Macedonia and Greece," at page 32 the text says:

"Had Alexander been killed in his first *mêlée* at the Granikos . . . the whole history of Hellenism would have been changed and its progress delayed till some other organising and conquering genius had arisen. It was therefore to the King of Macedon, leading his own people, that the first great spread of Hellenism is directly due." And then follows a note:—"At no moment, by the way, does the now somewhat fashionable theory, that national movements are everything, and individuals nothing, in history, appear to me more absurd. To tell me that the conquest of the East was in the air, and that some other Alexander would have carried out the national desire, had the son of Philip been killed at the outset of his career, is to tell me what no man could possibly prove, and what runs counter to all the experience we possess."

Of course no man could possibly *prove* any such thing, and to use the word "prove" is to prove the writer guilty of slovenly and irrelevant thought. Furthermore, Dr. Mahaffy mis-states what he calls "the now somewhat fashionable theory." Nobody ever said that national movements are *everything* and individuals *nothing*. It would take up too much space to set forth in detail the theory which our author has inaccurately summarised; but we can show in his own words that he himself has enunciated the doctrine which he denounces. In the chapter headed "Xenophon the Precursor," at page 15 we read:

"The campaign of the Spartan King Agesilaus in Asia Minor, where he was attended, and no doubt advised, by Xenophon, pointed to a large invasion of the East, and had he not been recalled by the miserable dissensions and quarrels of Greece, the conquest, partial if not total, of the Persian empire was in near prospect."

If this is not saying that the conquest of the East was in the air, and that if Alexander had not led a Greek invasion of Persia some one else would, there is no meaning in language. But, indeed, in Dr. Mahaffy's language there seldom is any meaning—and when there is, more often than not it is something quite different from what he intended to convey. For instance, at page 71 we read:

"So active was the trade in books copied by slaves from the originals in the Museum, and sold over the world, that a conflagration among the ships in the harbour during Julius Cæsar's campaign spread to the stores on the shore and destroyed so many books that the accident was by-and-by magnified into the destruction of the great library itself."

What he seems to mean is that the activity of the trade in books is shown by the large number of books in stores on the shore which were consumed by a conflagration spreading from the ships in the harbour. We know of no parallel

to the construction of this paragraph except the well-known sentence pronounced by the late Mr. Justice Joseph Miller.

"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has blessed you with health, strength and abilities—instead of which, a jury of your country has found you guilty of stealing ducks!"

In a former work—"Principles of the Art of Conversation"—Dr. Mahaffy enunciated the axiom that "even too careful an attention to grammar and the careful rounding of periods in easy intercourse is apt to be tedious and should be avoided." He appears to have extended his conversational rule so as to apply to literary composition. His vocabulary is as eccentric as his grammar. He repeatedly uses the word "parochial" to designate the local politics of Greek states. At page 36 he calls Eumenes "Alexander's intimate secretary." This is not English. "Private secretary" is in French *secrétaire intime*; but *intimate secretary* is the kind of English which the Vicomte de Florac talked in Thackeray's novel. "He annoys me, the domestic veal!"

An abuse of language which amounts to a vulgarity is to be found at page 58. "The country was broken up into four sections, and in each of them was established what was called in the *shibboleth* of that day a free constitution, &c. &c." One hardly knows how to begin rebuking ignorance such as this phrase implies. The etymology and meaning of the word "Shibboleth" should be known to every one who can read his Bible. We observe, indeed, that in certain very recent dictionaries it is interpreted "a watchword or party cry:" but this is an obvious error. At any rate it never meant "popular phraseology;" yet that is what it must mean, used as Dr. Mahaffy uses it. The fact is that it has become a cant vituperative phrase in the speeches and writings of modern Fiscal Reformers, for use against Free Traders; and Dr. Mahaffy is nothing if not modern. So much for his vocabulary—and his grammar is no better. A favourite blunder is to make a singular nominative govern a plural verb, because the singular nominative may be construed as a noun of multitude. "Endless compromising correspondence *were* seized, &c."—p. 56. "A strolling company of Greek players *were* performing the *Bacchæ*"—p. 99. "A careful study of the relations of the Pergamene kings to their city and people *disclose*, &c.," p. 100. In the last case there is not even the excuse of a supposed noun of multitude. We imagine that it is because the lectures were delivered at Chicago, that we find at p. 14, "there were so many women that their outcry was *quite a feature* in the camp." We knew that French and German affected the learned historian's diction—but we were hardly prepared for Americanism. Then at p. 7 (perhaps we ought to apologise for rambling references), we are told that Xenophon

"allows himself the use of stray and strange words provincial in the sense of not being Attic, picked up in his travels at Sinope or Samos or Byzantium, and *often appearing but once* in his works."

In the note to the same page we find e.g., where the proper abbreviation would be i.e.—but perhaps that is a misprint. Not to be wearisome, we will just quote one more blunder. At p. 122 we find "God made the country, but the *devil* made the towns" quoted as an "old adage." Is it possible that Dr. Mahaffy had in his mind Cowper's "God made the country and *man* made the town"? He needed to go no farther than a dictionary of familiar quotations to trace the "adage;" and had he done so he would have found that Cowley had long before written: "God the first garden made and the first city Cain."

We need say no more. We have not striven to follow Dr. Mahaffy into the province of history in which he claims to be a solitary expert, but we have seen that in dealing with those portions of history which are matters of common knowledge he has been guilty of inaccuracy in his facts and of bad logic in his reasoning. The slovenliness of his style is disgraceful, suggesting Fergus Hume or the *Family Herald* rather than a Fellow and Professor of a great

University. In all our reading we have come across only one worse written book than "The Progress of Hellenism," and that is Dr. Mahaffy's "Principles of the Art of Conversation."

AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Autobiography of Mr. Andrew Dickson White. Two vols. (Macmillan, 30s. net.)

No man has better opportunities for observation of men and things than a modern ambassador. He is the Ulysses of our days. If he will take the trouble to exercise his memory and keep a diary—two parts of the same discipline—he cannot fail to feed history.

Mr. Andrew White, the distinguished American scholar and diplomat, now a veteran of over seventy years, has had rare opportunities of this kind, and has used them well. He has been twice accredited by the American Government both to Berlin and St. Petersburg. He was the chief American delegate at the Hague Convention. He has seen many countries and known many men. In Germany he has been on intimate terms with two generations of great men, with the men of Bismarck's day and the men of William II.'s. In Russia he has known three Czars, and spent days with Tolstoy and Pobedonostzeff. He has seen all parties and heard all sides: and he has brought to this record rare powers of observation and reflection.

The result is the present book, the *Odyssey* of an old man who has already girded his loins for a longer journey. It contains many chapters, varying in importance—some interesting chiefly to Americans, others to all students of human nature. But what will interest Englishmen chiefly will be Mr. White's impressions of famous European characters, and, even more, his records of their conversations.

At the present moment the world eagerly listens to anything at first hand about the characters of the chief actor in the Russian drama—we had almost said, tragedy. Mr. Andrew White knows Russia well and all the chief characters in St. Petersburg. Of the Czar Nicholas II. he holds a very poor opinion. He sums him up as a man who knows nothing about his own country. Mr. White certainly had a very unfortunate experience with Nicholas. He went to him, when heir to the throne, at the time of the Russian famine:—

"I spoke on the general subject to him, referring to the fact that he was President of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering; that there was no famine worthy of mention; and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an off-hand easy-going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so widespread, was more trying than during the year before; . . . and yet his Imperial Highness the heir to the throne evidently knew nothing of all this."

But would it be impossible to find an English minister equally ignorant—say, about India?

Mr. White gives a fairer, because more sympathetic, impression of his friend Tolstoy. He describes with great effect a day with him at Moscow:

"We went out for a stroll. As we passed along the streets I noticed especially what I had remarked during our previous walks, that Tolstoy had a large quantity of small Russian coins in his pockets; that this was evidently known to the swarms of beggars who infest the Kremlin and the public places generally; and that he always gave to them."

Mr. Andrew White thinks that the isolation of Tolstoy's mind on many points is due to want of travel and intercourse with other minds:

"Incidentally I expressed wonder that he had not travelled more. He then spoke with some disapprobation of travel. He had lived abroad for a time, he said, and in St. Petersburg a few years, but the rest of his life had been spent mainly in Moscow and the interior of Russia. The more we talked together the more it became clear that this last statement explained some of his main defects."

Readers of history will not be surprised to learn from Mr. White that the famous Pobedonostzeff, whose religious persecutions have caused such misery to thousands in Russia and Finland, is a man of the mildest character and conversation. The most striking pen-portrait of him is perhaps this:

"During my recent stay in Germany he visited me at the Berlin Embassy. He was, as of old, apparently gentle, kindly, interested in literature, not interested to any great extent in current Western politics. This gentle, kindly manner of his brought back forcibly to my mind a remark of one of the most cultivated women I met in Russia, a princess of ancient lineage, who ardently desired reasonable reforms, and who, when I mentioned to her that Pobedonostzeff was weary of political life and was about to retire from office in order to devote himself to literary pursuits, said: 'Don't I beg of you tell me that; for I have always noticed that whenever such a report is circulated, it is followed by some new scheme of his, even more infernal than those preceding it.'"

We confess to a great sympathy with that lady. These mild Torquemadas are probably more easily appreciated by ambassadors with territorial rights than by their own countrymen.

One of Mr. White's great admirations is for the Emperor William II. He devotes a very interesting chapter to a discussion of his character and a record of many conversations. There again, the Ambassador's point of view is one thing; and the German's possibly another. But the Emperor suffers so much from abuse and obloquy of one kind or another that it is refreshing to meet with an outspoken admirer. Mr. White gives us one new and very vivid impression:

"It was interesting from time to time to look over the official lists of his guests at breakfast or luncheon, or dinner or supper or at military affairs, in literature, science, art, commerce or industry from every nation. One class was conspicuous by its absence at all such gatherings, large or small; namely, the *merely* rich. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere 'fatty tumours' of the financial world he evidently cared nothing."

That strikes the note of a pure Court.

Mr. White tells one story which illustrates a personal affinity now almost a commonplace of politics. He was visiting President Roosevelt:

"At the close of the message (to the Emperor William), which referred to sundry matters of current business, came a playful postlude. 'Tell his Majesty,' said the President, 'that I am a hunter and, as such, envy him one thing especially; he has done what I have never yet been able to do—he has killed a whale. But I say to him that if he will come to the United States, I will take him to the Rocky Mountains to hunt the lions, which is no bad sport—and that if he kills one as he doubtless will, he will be the first monarch who has killed a lion since Tiglath-Pileser.' I needly hardly add that when, a few weeks later, I delivered the message to the Emperor at Potsdam, it pleased him."

So hunter cries unto hunter across the wastes of ocean.

Mr. Andrew White has a keen sense for the humorous side of an Ambassador's life, and gives some very amusing illustrations of it. Perhaps this is the best:

"One morning the mail brought me a large packet filled with little squares of cheap cotton cloth; I was greatly puzzled to know their purpose until, a few days later, there came a letter which, with changes of proper names, ran as follows:

"SIR,—We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the Church in this town and we are getting ready some autograph bed quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them and send them to me as soon as possible."

"Yours truly,

"P.S.—Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces for fear their autographs may get sewed in."

American Ambassadors have always been very popular in this country; and the echo of one sad farewell still sounds in our ears. This charming and modest record of a noble and well-spent life will add to the welcome of Mr. Choate's successor.

THE CORRECTED ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT

The Corrected English New Testament: A Revision of "the Authorised" Version. By Nestle's Resultant Text, with a Preface by the BISHOP OF DURHAM. (Bagster, 6s. net.)

THE avowed object of this version is to present to the English reader "the beauty, the dignity, the force and the rhythm of the 'Authorised' version, but forming a clearer and more accurate representation of the Greek Text." A careful examination of its merits and demerits leaves the impression that the results scarcely correspond with the

lofty ideal of the translators. In too many cases the Greek text is scarcely represented with the clearness and accuracy expected. None the less, it is not without considerable merit in its occasional improved diction and in many felicitous and faithful renderings of the original. Accordingly one can only endorse the qualified commendation of so high an authority as the Bishop of Durham, who regards "the work, taken as a whole, as a very important and faithful contribution to the great and necessarily gradual work of providing an ultimate ideal English Bible."

When compared with the Authorised and the Revised Versions, it will be found that the present translators have in most cases substantially accepted the renderings of the Revised Version, rather than those of the Authorised. "Ἀγάπη," for example, in 1 Cor. xiii. 1, is rendered "love" as elsewhere, not "charity." St. John x. 16, "one flock" instead of "one fold," and Revelation vii. 2 (Revised Version) "living creatures" and present version "living beings" instead of Authorised Version "beasts." Here we prefer the Revised rendering. Again, these translators have in most cases carried out Bishop Lightfoot's canon in rendering the same Greek word by the same English equivalent wherever it occurs, and so have followed the Revised Version, but yet they have occasionally violated the rule in the selfsame passages. In St. Matt. vi. 30, 31, for instance, both the Revised and the present version give "clothed" as a rendering for two different verbs, but in v. 29 the Revised Version gives the Authorised "arrayed," while this Corrected Version gives "clothe," so we have the same English word used by these translators for three distinct Greek verbs which have three distinct meanings. Further, in Revelation vii. 9 we find "clothed in white robes," where the Revised Version and the Authorised Version rightly give "arrayed"—the term used in describing, in St. Matthew, "Solomon in all his glory." This is not only a matter of inconsistent rendering of the Greek, but what is more, it violates both a sound critical rule, and the proposal of these translators "to adapt and not supersede the elevated and simple diction of the Authorised Version." The old translators of the English Bible did much better in representing the different meanings of the different Greek verbs in the passages quoted.

As a fair specimen alike of its merits and demerits, we quote Acts xvii. 21 &c.: "Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spent their leisure in nothing else, than either telling or hearing the last new thing. Then Paul stood up in the midst of the Areopagus, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in every respect ye are *unusually religious*. For, as I passed by, and observed the objects of your worship, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Therefore, what ye in ignorance worship, I set forth to you. God who made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in *sanctuaries* made by hands; neither is He ministered to by men's hands, as if He needed any thing, seeing that *to all He is Himself* the giver of life, and breath, and all things. And He made out of one every nation of men to dwell on *every face* of the earth, and determined the appointed times, and the bounds of their *habitation*." "Spent their leisure" is certainly closer to the Greek than the Authorised Version, or the Revised Version "spent their time," though the latter has placed it in the "margin," not in the text. "Unusually religious" for the Revised "somewhat *superstitious*" (with "*religious*" in the margin) and for the Authorised "*too superstitious*" is by no means an improvement, as it does not so well harmonise with the text and the context, and is opposed to all the renderings of the English Bible—Roman Catholic or Protestant—from Wycliffe to the present time. The objections to such a rendering are briefly these:

(1) The Greek term for "*unusually religious*" or God-fearing is *διαφερόντως θεοσεβείς* as we see from Plutarch. This would be more expressive of "*religious*" than *διδαιμονιστέρους*, which is generally used in a *bad* sense, as somewhat *superstitious*, and rarely in a good sense. It is certainly remarkable that Lord Bacon thinks that

it were better to have *no opinion* of God at all than *one unworthy of Him*, which he terms *superstition*, a view similar to Plutarch's, who considers disbelief, *ἀπίστια*, a terrible thing, but *superstition*, *διδαιμονία*, a still more terrible thing. Again, Theophrastus, Menander, Aristotle, Polybius and others, all use it in a bad sense, that of a *superstitious* person.

(2) From the context it is clear that St. Paul was *deeply exasperated* in soul, as he beheld the city filled with idols—and the only redeeming point he found was "the altar to an Unknown God," because it gave him the opportunity of making *known* to the Athenians the God they worshipped *in ignorance*. To this "unknown god," no temple or idol was dedicated, but only an altar, "the outcome of superstition"—*διδαιμονία*, as Dr. Chase, the Cambridge Professor of Divinity, writes, for "in some visitation of plague or famine it was not obvious what god needed propitiation. Fear suggested an expedient. An altar was erected to the god, whosoever he might be, whose hand was heavy on the people. No name could be assigned to him; the inscription must needs be, 'To the unknown God.'"

(3) "*Too superstitious*" has the support of the Latin Vulgate, St. Augustine, Luther, Bishop Wordsworth and Dr. Field (a Reviser), and of other eminent authorities. It seems more than probable that the comparative degree of the Greek adjective here was intended to *soften* the Apostle's charge of idolatry and *superstition*, as "*rather too superstitious*."

(4) This charge of *superstition* and idolatry in the Acts of the Apostles by St. Paul is only in harmony with his *Epistles*, as he writes in those to the Romans, to the Thessalonians and Ephesians and Corinthians who were amongst the nations "who *knew not God*," and were "without God (*ἄθεοι*) in the world;" in other words, that they were *superstitious* rather than *religious*.

The rendering "*dwelleth not in sanctuaries*" is far away better than that of the Authorised Version and Revised Version, which give "*temples*," though the latter places "*sanctuaries*" in the margin. This distinction here and elsewhere drawn between "*temple*" and "*sanctuary*" is one of the leading merits of the present version, and closer to the Greek in every respect. For "*sanctuary*" represents *ναὸς* (the Holy of Holies), where the Deity *dwells* (*ναίει*), while *ἱερόν* the "*temple*" strictly applies only to the rest of the sacred building. So too in 1 Cor. iii. 16, this version well renders: "Know ye not that ye are a '*sanctuary*' of God, and that the Spirit of God *dwelleth* in you," where the Authorised Version and Revised Version render by "*temple*" and so obscure the harmony and force of the Apostle's comparison and argument. On the other hand the strange expression here of "*every face of the earth*" seems something like simple nonsense, when compared with the simple sense of "*all the face of the earth*" as in the Authorised Version and Revised Version. Again here as elsewhere in this version one finds a disregard of the *manner* of the *original* in its harmony of terms, which forms one of its marked features and adds much to its force and beauty, as where St. Paul answers the charge of "setting forth strange gods"—and to translate more accurately answers: "*What* (neuter) therefore ye unknowingly worship, that I set forth unto you" (*unknowingly* answering to the *unknown* God), and "I set forth"—answering to "a setter forth of strange gods."

The chief defects of this version are those of nearly every other English translation. It equally disregards the immediate force of the Aorist in non-Indicative moods, the full force of compounds and the force of the emphatic adjective in Greek. Take for example *ἔκκοπον*, St. Luke xiii. 7; here we have two errors in rendering. The immediate force of the *Aorist* here as well as of the compound verb is "cut it at once (the barren tree) *out*" (of the ground which it only *cumbers*), instead of the utterly inadequate "*cut it down*." Again, the beauty and the emphatic force of St. John x. 14, *ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός*, is marred in the inadequate rendering, "the Good Shepherd," instead of "the shepherd, the Good Shepherd," as distinguished from all others.

So in Shakespeare one finds a similar form of giving emphasis to a word—"There comes a *frost*, a killing *frost*," "*We few, we happy few*."

Last, the basis of the present version is Professor Nestle's Resultant Greek Text. Excellent as it is in some points, it is scarcely as satisfactory as the text of Westcott and Hort, and the Resultant Text of Dr. Weymouth, the latter of which is recommended by so many of the Revisers, and by other eminent Greek Scholars, as well as in the pages of the ACADEMY and of other critical journals. Although Bishop Moule gives a qualified commendation to the Greek text here adapted, he rejects several of its most important readings, as for instance in Romans v. 1, *ἔχουμεν* in favour of *ἔχομεν*, supported as he is by Meyer and Godet, and what is more by the context, as he states in his Cambridge Edition of the Epistle to the Romans, and in his valuable letters on the subject in the *Revisionist*. The most necessary desideratum with a view to an ideal translation of the Greek Testament is a critical examination by the most eminent scholars of Christendom at home and abroad, of the most ancient MSS. by the light of ancient versions and quotations from the Fathers. Otherwise, without such a textual basis any translation must be merely *provisional*, and may turn out as unfortunate as the work of him, who built his house, not on the rock, but on the sand, which fell, when the storm beat upon it.

T. H. L. LEARY.

SPAIN

Letters from Catalonia. By ROWLAND THIRLMERE. (Hutchinson, 2 vols. 24s. net.)

Two Argonauts in Spain. By JEROME HART. (Longmans, new edition, 5s. net.)

"My province is truthfully and impartially to set down the result of my observations," says Mr. Thirlmere in one of his letters. There is a strain of modesty in this assertion which might be misleading were it not for the fact that we are afforded ample opportunity for drawing our own conclusions respecting his province before we find him defining its limits. These conclusions make us realise that his statement is in truth a bold way of asserting that his book is intended to be something more than the narrative of a delightful holiday, for to infer a capacity for observation and the ability to express the same is simply to lay claim to the essential qualifications of the artist. These letters fully justify Mr. Thirlmere's delicate way of paying himself a compliment; with Spain as his subject and the pen as his medium he has proved himself an inspired exponent of the "great gospel of colour." It matters not whether he is describing a bull fight or a sunset, a sacred spectacle or a secular ceremony, a bold landscape or a little patch of flowers; in each of his pen-pictures, whatever may be its theme, he visualises a scene glowing with rich hues and subtle tone-shades. "The tortoise-shell butterfly," "the pickaninny moon," "the flames of peach, almond, apricot, and melocoton" mingling in "a divine fire of pink and rose," "the tiny bay, which shone like a sapphire" in the sunshine and "rippled with the resplendent hues of a peacock's tail" in the waning light, are but a few of the tints from the colour-box by which our author makes an appeal to the emotions, and in them lies the secret of his charm. Philosophy, history, revolution, politics, dogma, many quotations and numerous illustrations, all have a place in Mr. Thirlmere's Spain, but as to their respective merits and demerits there is certain to be difference of opinion: for his word-pictures, in which he expresses with vivid colours the poetry and music of Nature, he may be sure of a sympathetic public.

Mr. Jerome Hart frankly declares in a prefatory note that the illustrations to his book are not art, and that the text is not literature. Nevertheless, he has managed to get so into touch with Spain and the Spaniards, that although he covers much ground in one short volume never for one

moment do we feel that we are globe-trotting when in his company. This new edition of "*Two Argonauts in Spain*" will be as much appreciated in England as by the author's many friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

ETON

THE long grey-misted chapel in the sun,
The towered silence of dove-haunted space,
The gloom of the old bell with its measured pace
Hurrying at last into a gentle run,
The playing-fields, where gossamers were spun
Of golden happiness, Time's mellowing grace
Touches but cannot change; only each face
Vanishes down the stream when boyhood's done.

But I change with the ever changing hours
And vandal Life my little world destroys,
Bidding me raise new walls and loftier towers;
Yet have I dear and comfortable joys
To hearten me, unfading Eton flowers,
The sunshine memory of laughing boys.

C. R. S.

RENAISSANCE GENTLEMEN

O NOT for that they ought
They fought when they fought,
But they fought for the splendour of the fight!
And they wedded while they wooed
Ere the fury of their mood
Went out in the blackness of the night.

O boldly led they then
The life of living men
In their glory, their bravery and pride!
They were cruel and strong
On the right side and the wrong,
And gallantly, gallantly they died.

ANODOS.

THE FIRST MEETING OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE

It seems strange that doubt should exist as to the exact date and place of the first meeting of these poets, whether it occurred at Racedown, or at Bristol; and if the latter, where, and when, in that city it took place. Much has been surmised, and a good deal written on the subject: but neither point has as yet been determined with accuracy.

In "*The Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*" by James Gillman (vol. i. p. 74), the writer says:

"Some years since the late Charles Mathews, the comedian (or rather, as Coleridge used to observe, 'the comic poet acting his own poems'), showed me an autograph letter from Mr. Wordsworth to Mathews' brother, who was at that time educating for the bar, and with whom he corresponded. In this letter he made the following observation, 'To-morrow I am going to Bristol to see those two extraordinary young men, Southey and Coleridge.'"

Gillman does not give the date of this letter, and his story contains several inaccuracies; for he goes on to say "Mr. Wordsworth was then residing at Allfoxden," whereas he was the tenant of Racedown when he first met Coleridge, and for nearly two years afterwards. If the letter of Wordsworth to his friend Mathews was extant and accessible, the difficulty could be cleared up at once; but all that we can gather from this extract is the fact that he went into Bristol from Racedown, on a particular day to see both Southey and Coleridge, presumably to see them together, and that these two "extraordinary young men"

were already acquainted. Coleridge's own statements on the subject are ambiguous, and in later years his memory failed him; so that it is impossible to say whether in what he then wrote he refers to a first interview, or to the beginning of intimacy and friendship.

Fortunately we have two more explicit witness-bearers, viz., Mrs. Wordsworth and Sara Coleridge. (1) On November 7, 1845, Mrs. Wordsworth wrote to Sara Coleridge, the daughter of S. T. C., as follows:

"With my husband's tender love to you, he bids me say—in reply to a question you have put to him through Miss Fenwick—that he has not as distinct a remembrance as he could wish of the time when he first saw your father and your uncle Southey; but the impression upon his mind is that he first saw them both, and your mother and aunt Edith at the same time, in a lodging in Bristol. This must have been about the year 1795. Your father, he says, came afterwards to see us at Racedown, where I was then living with my sister. We have both a distinct remembrance of his arrival. He did not keep to the high road, but lept over a gate, and bounded down a pathless field by which he cut off an angle. We both retain the liveliest possible image of his appearance at that moment."

(2) Mrs. H. N. Coleridge—the same daughter Sara—in the biographical supplement to the "Biographia Literaria," 1847, vol. ii. pp. 345-6, writes:

"The whole spring and summer of this year" (1795), "he" (*i.e.*, her father) "devoted to public lectures at Bristol, making in the intervals several excursions in Somersetshire, one memorial of which remains in the 'Lines composed while climbing Brockley Comb' (May 1795). It was in one of these excursions that Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth first met, at the house of Mr. Pinny."

This statement would doubtless be made on the authority of her mother, Mrs. S. T. Coleridge. Now we know, from Dorothy Wordsworth's letter to Mrs. Marshall of September 2, 1795, that she and her brother were with the Pinny's at Bristol about the end of August 1795, previous to their receiving the loan of the farm-house at Racedown. Coleridge's "Lines written at Clevedon" are dated August 20, 1795. He was married in October 1795; and, if Wordsworth came in from Racedown to Bristol to see him and Southey (as he tells us he did), and if Mrs. Wordsworth was correct in reporting her husband's recollection of meeting the two young Bristol poets, and the two Miss Frickers whom they married, *at the same time in the same house*; and if, in addition, Sara Coleridge is correct in her report that her father and Coleridge first met in Mr. Pinny's house, it is almost proved that the meeting took place, not during a country excursion out of Bristol (as her daughter Sara suggests) but in the city itself, and in the early autumn—August or September—of the year 1795.

I have only recently found out where Mr. Pinny's house in Bristol was, and is; for it is still standing. It is a large commodious eighteenth-century mansion, No. 7 Great George Street, Brandon Hill, Clifton. Now Wordsworth could not possibly have *invented* a meeting with Coleridge and Southey and the two Miss Frickers in the lodgings which the poets occupied in 25 College Street. And as we know that it took place in the autumn of 1795, before Coleridge's wedding in October, we are almost shut up to the conclusion that the meeting took place in Mr. Pinny's house in Great George Street. I have obtained the following information, gathered from the title-deeds of the present owner of the property. In the year 1788 John Pinny built 7 Great George Street on part of the land known as Boar's Head Ground and Bullock Park. In 1817 John Pinny gave the house to Charles Pinny. By a marriage settlement, March 6, 1831, Charles Pinny settled the house on his wife; and in 1861 Charles Pinny and his trustees sold it to the present owners. It is a substantial house, solidly built.

There it was, in the house immediately opposite the steps leading up to the southern entrance to St. George's Church on Brandon Hill, that the three men—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey—first met; and thereafter, Wordsworth paid a return call at the lodging of Coleridge and Southey in College Street. Another item of evidence may be gathered from S. T. C.'s poem "Lines written at Shurten Bars near

Bridgewater," which was dated "September 1795, in answer to a letter from Bristol." It is evidently addressed to his *fiancée*, Sarah Fricker; and it contains the first printed reference to Wordsworth which Coleridge made. He mentions the glowworm, moving with "green radiance" through the grass, and in a footnote tells us that the phrase is "borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth, a poet whose versification is occasionally harsh, and his diction too frequently obscure; but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring." The only poems at that time published by Wordsworth were "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches." Little could Coleridge then forecast their joint literary workmanship in the "Lyrical Ballads." But the above note was probably written in 1795, when the "Lines" were composed, and it was certainly published in April 1796. The house in College Street, where Coleridge and Southey lived together, was then numbered 48. It is now No. 54, is built of stone, has a single shop window and door, but no shop on the ground floor, and has two windows on each side of the upper stories and of the attic. It is in a street of some eighty modest well-built eighteenth-century houses, most of them of brick, but some of ashlar free-stone, all three stories high. No. 54 is now marked by a tablet with the inscription "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Poet, lived here, 1794."

It may be of use to mention the places in which he lived during these eventful years, with the approximate dates. In the autumn of 1794, at the close of a pedestrian tour in Wales, he came into Bristol, and walked thence with Southey into Somersetshire, to see their common friend Burnett at his father's house, and discuss the recently formed scheme of Pantisocracy, and emigration to America. On August 18 he met Thomas Poole at Nether Stowey; and, returning to Southey's mother's house at Bath, met and became engaged to Sarah Fricker; to whose sister, Edith, Southey was engaged. He stayed thereafter at Bristol for several weeks, writing and lecturing; then went to Cambridge, which he left for London in December. Early in January 1795 Southey went up to London, and brought him back to 48 College Street, Bristol, where he (Southey) lodged with Burnett; and there Coleridge remained with Southey, sharing rooms with his two friends, writing and lecturing till summer. They then separated, Southey returning to Bath, and Coleridge going alone into rooms at 25 College Street, a house which no longer exists. In September he went down to Nether Stowey to visit Poole. Returning to Bristol he was married to Sarah Fricker in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe on October 4, 1795, and at once settled in a cottage at Clevedon. This he soon found too far from the Bristol library, and removed to rooms on Redcliffe Hill. He went to Nether Stowey, to visit Thomas Poole, in February 1796; and returned to Bristol, to a house at Kingsdown; removed to reside in Nether Stowey Cottage on December 31, 1796, (Mrs. Coleridge called it "a miserable cottage," and S. T. C. "the old hovel,") where they stayed till 1800. It had two small dark parlours, one on each side of the entrance door, three or four bedrooms above, and a small kitchen behind. A narrow pathway communicated with Poole's garden. There was no quiet possible, and there were almost always visitors. Poole's library was near, and the "jasmine arbour" close at hand. Yet here Coleridge's finest poetic work was done; and hither came the Wordsworths, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Thelwell, and others.

During the same springtime of their genius, Wordsworth was at Racedown, arriving with his sister in October 1795, where he began "The Borderers," and the "Ruined Cottage." In 1796—when S. T. C. published his "Poems," and Southey his "Joan of Arc,"—Wordsworth finished his tragedy, and began to write lyrics. Coleridge went out to see him at Racedown on June 16, 1796, again on the 28th, and on July 2; returning on that day to Stowey with the Wordsworths, who remained there a fortnight, before they settled at Alfoxden.

It should be mentioned that both the Racedown farmhouse and the Nether Stowey cottage are still very much as they were at the close of the eighteenth century: Racedown entirely so, with the exception of a porch; and Stowey with the addition of an ugly projecting wing on the right-hand side of the old cottage. Racedown still belongs to the Pinny family, and the tenant is glad to show the house and grounds to visitors. The Rev. William Greswell, of Dodington Rectory, Bridgewater, has done much for the Stowey cottage, and charges himself with its upkeep; but it is greatly to be desired that the room in which "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "Frost at Midnight," "Fears in Solitude," and many another lovely lyric were written, should become the property of the nation, as Dove Cottage at Grasmere is. Or, if local effort can start a public library for the village, some generous donor—who is a lover of the poets as well as a friend of the people—might surely be found to purchase the cottage and its garden, take down the ugly "annex," and build a room behind to hold the books, the librarian and caretaker living in the historic ones.

I may add that much light is cast on these days, places, and persons, by the "Letters of the Wordsworth Family," now in the press, which will be issued by Messrs. Ginn and Co., Boston, U.S.A.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

RICHARD LOVELACE

LOVELACE is associated in the mind of the average reader with two poems. He was the author of that famous song "To Althea from prison," and of that almost equally famous song "To Lucasta; going to the Warres." Incidentally these verses embalm the celebrated phrases:

"Stone Walls doe not a Prison make,
Nor I'ron bars a Cage."

and

"I could not love thee (Deare) so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more."

These sentiments enshrine Lovelace in the public esteem; but it may be doubted if he is otherwise known. The handsome, dashing captain who bearded the Parliament with a loyal petition and was committed to the Tower, the ragged spendthrift who died prematurely at forty "in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley," are not sufficiently or justly remembered. Lovelace's very name has an air of gallantry, and it is ill to recall how, according to Aubrey's version, "obiit in a cellar in Long Acre." The soldier, who was also a poet, took a wound before Dunkirk, was reported dead, and returned to find his ladylove married to another. This Lucy, who was inconstant to his memory, he idealised; she became "lux casta;" and his poems, indited from a second prison at thirty, are inscribed "Lucasta."

It is said that Lovelace is inferior in respect of melody to Herrick, of wit to Suckling, and of fancy to others of his age. Mr. Carew Hazlitt has pronounced Withers to be superior, and declared "Shall I wasting in despair" to be a finer poem than "To Althea." But to tell the truth, it is an ungrateful task to compare these Caroline lyrists. There was an outburst of pretty song. If not so definitely as in the glorious Elizabethan days, England was still a nest of singing birds. And Lovelace fitted into his place becomingly. He had not Herrick's coarseness; he lacked also Herrick's exuberant fancy. But he had more depth in him than his contemporaries; he presented moresides. Not only Catullus was his master. Curious echoes unexpectedly ring in his verses. Would Herrick have been able to write that handsome and sustained pastoral, "Amarantha," with its vague Miltonic stirrings?

"Far hence all Iberian smells,
Hot Amulets, Pomander spells,
Fragrant Gales, cool Ay'r, the fresh,
And naturall Odour of her Flesh,
Proclaim her sweet from th' Wombe as Morne.
Those colour'd things were made not borne,
Which fixt within their narrow straits,
Do looke like their own counterfeits.
So like the Provance Rose she walkt,
Flowerd with Blush, with Verdure stalkt."

Is there not something of "L'Allegro" in this? There is a tenderness underlying his sprightliest pieces which we miss in Suckling or Herrick. Recall the song to "Lucasta weeping."

"Lucasta wept, and still the bright
Inamour'd God of Day,
With his soft Handkercher of Light
Kist the wet Pearles away."

It is artificial, it is on a conventional model; it is keyed to a sentimental standard. But it has a softness and simplicity which attract us. It must be remembered, moreover, that the fashion of that day had "standardised" the treatment of certain sentiments and emotions. You approached your mistress in a conventional manner, as had the *trouvères* some centuries before. Yet what mistress would not be approached in such lines as these?

"Like to the Sent'nel Stars, I watch all Night;
For still the grand round of your Light,
And glorious Breast
Awake's in me an East:
Nor will my rolling Eyes ere know a West."

He is as playful as you will, but that was exacted of him. He deals with Lucasta's gloves, her muff, her patches, in all frivolous seriousness. He begs Amarantha, "sweet and faire, Ah brade no more that shining haire." There is where you may take him on Herrick's ground, if you will, and contrast the two. Herrick desires more musically "a sweet disorder in the dresse." Lovelace asks that his lady should "dishevell her haire." But Herrick could never have done better than:

"Doe not then winde up that light
In Ribands, and o're-cloud in Night,
Like the Sun in's early ray;
But shake your head and scatter day.
See 'tis broke! . . ."

It is prettily done, and is a pleasant conceit. And Herrick could not have written:

"From the dire Monument of thy black roome,
Wher now that vestal flame thou dost intombe,
As in the inmost Cell of all Earths Wombe.

Sacred Lucasta like the pow'rfull ray
Of Heavenly Truth passe this Cimmerian way,
Whilst all the Standards of your beames display.

Arise and climbe our whitest highest Hill;
There your sad thoughts with joy and wonder fill,
And see Seas calme as Earth, Earth as your Will . . ."

Lovelace was capable of dignified flights; he had a certain odic quality of verse, which passed into his lyrics. Saving for a little uncouthness of melody, to which he was subject, the first verse of this song is perfect.

"In mine own Monument I lye,
And in my Self am buried;
Sure the quick Lightning of her Eye
Melted my Soul ith' Scabberd dead;
And now like some pale ghost I walk,
And with anothers Spirit talk.

Nor can her beams a heat convey
That may my frozen bosome warm,
Unless her Smiles have pow'r, as they
That a cross charm can countercharm;
But this is such a pleasing pain,
I'm loth to be alive again."

The fact is that Lovelace had really a serious mind. He was earnest in his politics, in his soldiering, in his affections; and he was compelled to write light amative verse. Nowhere do you find him breaking out into the wantonness

of his contemporaries. That explains the fine note which characterises both the poems to Lucasta on going to the wars, and to Althea, which has rendered them immortal. I do not suggest for a moment that Lovelace's temperament was puritanical. On the contrary, he had the wine of life in all his arteries. But he scarcely approached life with the outlook of most of his contemporaries. One of his most striking and original poems shows this divergence. It has almost a modern note; and might suggest to some minds in a fanciful moment the sentimental cynicism of Thackeray's verse. It is one of the two poems, designated "A Loose Saraband":

"Nay, prethee, Dear, draw nigher,
Yet closer, nigher yet;
Here is a double Fire,
A dry one and a wet:
True lasting Heavenly Fuel
Puts out the Vestal jewel,
When once we twining marry
Mad Love with wilde Canary.

Off with that crowned Venice
'Till all the House doth flame,
Wee'l quench it straight in Rhenish,
Or what we must not name:
Milk lightning still asswageth,
So when our fury rageth,
As th' only means to cross it,
Wee'l drown it in Love's posset.

Now tell me, thou fair Cripple,
That dumb canst scarcely see
Th' almightinesse of Tipple,
And th' ods 'twixt thee and thee:
What of Elizium's missing?
Still Drinking and still Kissing;
Adoring plump October;
Lord! what is Man and Sober?"

Of course Thackeray would not have expressed such sentiments, but Byron would, and Henley has. It is a melancholy thought that Lovelace should have died so untimely and in such straits. Some of his best numbers were included in the posthumous volume which his brother published to his memory. Lovelace was a good brother, and appears to have been a lovable man. I think he is a better poet than is generally supposed; and had he lived he might have been better still.

M. W.

FICTION

The Dark Lantern: a Story with a Prologue. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (C. E. RAIMOND.) (Heinemann, 6s.)

It is difficult to believe that Miss Robins can have found much pleasure in writing this story, or that, with her knowledge of men, women, and the world, she should have expected any considerable reward of praise from its publication. She may, perhaps, have thought it a duty, for the better information of the sex to which she does not belong, and for the encouragement of frankness in that to which she does, to strip all disguise from the love-passion in women and reveal its workings unobscured by centuries of romance. But though she may have found very good arguments for doing so, they can only have confirmed a sense of obligation to mankind without bringing pleasure to herself. It may have been a useful but it was not an agreeable task that she set herself; especially since, to do the work well and put it beyond cavil, she chose for the purpose of her demonstrations as high-minded and right-minded a girl as we are ever likely to meet, delicately sensitive yet firm, and entirely devoid of the weakness of foolishness. It is the chief purpose of the prologue, evidently, to bring out these characteristics; and it is done with complete success in what is on other accounts the pleasantest part of the book. Then begins the more purposeful part, in which there is but one thread of story, and, except for the re-appearance now and then of some

personages from the prologue, only one genuine human being. This is the girl who is to show us unveiled the influence and operation of love in the case of a woman more than ordinarily steady, sensible, well disposed and well-bred, when thrown into the society of a Real Man. The real but at the same time ideal man is now brought in: a very remarkable person, but mostly remarkable because he is an ideal real man to the mind of a woman so observing and discriminating, so well informed and well endowed, as Miss Robins. Otherwise he would be no novelty, for we have had many intimations from inferior novelists that the man most capable of inspiring and securing the adoration of woman is he who is most of a brute. Now we think we may say confidently that in all the range of fiction there has been no brute so coarse, no brute so consistently, invariably, and wholly brutal as Dr. Vincent, the subjugator of Katharine Dereham. At first and for a considerable time their relations are those of physician and patient, though Vincent had known something of Miss Dereham and conceived a dark passion for her in her earlier girlhood; and it is while she is under his hands as doctor that he convinces her by the rudeness of his manner, the inflexible tyranny of his sick-room regulations, and the violence of his language and demeanour when the least of them are questioned (it is impossible that they should be disobeyed) that there is no other man on earth for her but he. He will damn her to her face for the smallest offence, and usually does so with a look to correspond. It will be believed, perhaps, if we cite the page which records the fact (page 190) that he even charges her with "behaving like a damned balky horse"—not a proper thing to say to the lady, but how sweet to the woman! Yet this is very far indeed from being the most convincing proof that he is a Man. Here, however, we dare not quote, for much that may be told in a novel cannot be repeated in a review. Miss Dereham does not quite like this particular outrage, but she accepts it; and so we pass on to matters more surprising yet. To what benefit and for whose pleasure can such a tale be told? As a study for the enlightenment of men it can yield no gratification to that sex, but the contrary in proportion as each reader considers it credible. And how many women are there who can read such revelations by one of their own sex gratefully, or with contentment that what may be sometimes true should be presented as an authoritative analysis of the love of woman?

Tragedy and Trifle. By MRS. W. P. BROWNE. (Brimley Johnson and Ince, 6s.)

WE can heartily recommend this book to those honest souls who like their fiction plain and straightforward. They cannot fail to be interested in learning how Miss Margery Stewart (while her cousin, Harold Percival, with whom she had an understanding, was away in South Africa trying to make his fortune) was hurried into a marriage with the middle-aged vicar, the Rev. Edward Hastings, whom she "almost disliked," on the plea that it would save the life of her father, who was dangerously ill. Besides, Mr. Hastings is well off, while Mr. Stewart's affairs are in confusion. After the marriage, Mr. Hastings' extremely unpleasant character is revealed; he is narrow-minded, proud, jealous of Percival, whom he knows well he has not really supplanted, a humbug, intensely worldly, and incapable of loving a creature except himself. Mrs. Browne must have been unlucky in the vicars she has known. All comes right in the end, the final "tragedy" being effected by the aid of a serviceable apparition. This spectre, after receiving with complete imperturbability a succession of three missiles, a water-bottle, a brass candlestick, and a revolver shot, mournfully shakes his head, and says slowly: "You—have—wronged—my—most—unhappy—child." "Chee-ild" is an obvious emendation. This Visitor from the Unseen—we lay no claim to the capitals—also, that same night, came to the aid of his chee-ild, who was with difficulty dragging herself along through a drenching storm. It is only fair to add that the book is

written with sincerity and a certain vigour; its radical fault is its hopeless conventionality. It is dedicated to Canon Ainger, the late Master of the Temple.

Sandy. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

IF we remember rightly, the entertaining Mrs. Wiggs was presented to us in a series of detached sketches, and so was her successor, Lovey Mary. In "*Sandy*," Mrs. Hegan Rice has aimed at writing a consecutive story and has not altogether succeeded. The scenes are scrappy and unfinished, and the general impression is of unreality. At the same time it is impossible to be severe on Sandy himself. We do not believe that a boy who plays in a football match when he ought to be in an examination-room is likely to "get on in the world" under ordinary circumstances; but we can believe that Sandy's charm and spirit were stronger than any circumstances, even those of his early youth, and that wherever he went he made friends. We like him best when he is most down on his luck, for then, like his kinsman, Mark Tapley, he comes out strong. He arrives in a great American city with a dollar in his pocket, and the only room he can afford is hot and suffocating. "It's like a boilin' potato I feel," he said; "and the pot's so little and the lid so tight!" By sheer good humour and courage he turns the little miseries of life into little comedies, and in her picture of this lovable temperament the author is true to life. She gives him the defects of his qualities too and shows him impulsive, happy-go-lucky and spendthrift of his chances. His ultimate worldly prosperity is, we feel, the accident of a fairy tale and not the outcome of his own deeds. But he is as pleasant as sunshine: we like his company and we like some of his friends. There is a delightful old negro woman who finds him half-dead in the road when he is a little starving tramp, remains his friend through good and evil fortune and finally "gets religion" with inconvenient publicity at his wedding. The Judge and his wife, the doctor and his daughter, are all figures of some freshness and charm; and they are in harmony with their background, a little country town in Kentucky. There is an amusing ballroom scene with an etiquette quite different from our own; and there are many glimpses of a life remote from the great streams of traffic and of struggle. The determined optimism of "*Sandy*" is even less convincing than the optimism of Mrs. Wiggs, but in spite of this his adventures make a pleasing book.

Marian Sax. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

ALTHOUGH Madame Albanesi's new novel is readable and even interesting, it is not altogether up to the mark expected of her. It is a story of love and villainy, unfortunate love and successful villainy: but more particularly it is a story of coincidences so numerous and daring that it excites amused wonder as to how far the author will go in her demands upon the reader's credulity. The plot turns upon the personation of a dead woman in a claim for a fortune, and the chief villain is of the most uncompromising wickedness with never a momentary turn towards repentance or remorse. And, after all, the author allows him to escape the dock by the production of a will whereby he is entitled to all the money in question. This is too bad, and deprives the reader of the time-honoured right to see poetic justice meted out to the evil-doer. To keep the balance even, there is a sternly moral hero, a north-country squir of ancient family, who becomes gardener to Sir Charles Durham in execution of a scheme for paying off his brother's debts. It does not seem convincing, but no doubt might explain that he understood his own affairs. Eva Durham, the heroine, is an amiable, everyday young woman; she is not beautiful, but we are assured more than once that she looked bonnie and winsome in a red tam-o'-shanter and a tartan-plaid shawl. But then Eva's taste is distinctly crude in many matters. Probability is not a strong point in "*Marian Sax*," and the characters are rarely to be met with outside the covers of a

novel, but their strange views of love and life are worth reading about, and are often entertaining. Madame Albanesi writes easily and fluently, but quite without distinction. Her well-bred people use expressions which well-bred people avoid in real life, and her English is occasionally doubtful. Such a sentence as "I think I ought to be a match for a man like he," suggests, to put it gently, a certain amount of carelessness on somebody's part.

A Quixotic Woman. By ISOBEL FITZROY. (Murray, 6s.)

THIS is a fairly well written story about a number of unattractive people influenced by more or less base motives: greed, cowardice, craving for social success at any price are the leading characteristics. Here and there a scene is effectively arrived at, and arouses a certain amount of interest, and the characters are such as may be met with any day—and avoided. In an intricate plot an outrageously vulgar money-lender and a countess play the chief parts; the money-lender orders his son to marry the countess's daughter, and out of sheer terror of his father's temper the son obeys, although he has a wife and children already somewhere in the background. The countess's daughter, who has been brought up to understand what is expected of her, and from Society, submits to the marriage as a way of paying a debt. She proves, however, quite capable of looking after herself and her interests later on, and is an object of pity and sympathy to the author only. It is not an elevating picture of Society and it is painted entirely without relief—if there is a quixotic woman hiding anywhere the reader regrets that he never caught a glimpse of her. The book reads like a first venture into the field of fiction; the author shows distinct ability, and should write a better story than this next time, but we hope her choice will fall upon pleasanter people and incidents. After all, there are pleasant people and incidents in life; and it is better to begin by writing about them, because it is harder to write about them well. However, in that way sympathy is learned, and there is no good fiction without sympathy. Only the sympathetic should venture to be critical, and the sternest censor loves his fellows the most.

FINE ART

THE CHANTREY FUND—THE J. S. FORBES COLLECTION AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY

THE purchases this year made by the Council of the Academy from the Chantrey Fund, whilst appearing in the nature of a concession to universal criticism, justify Mr. Mac Coll's contention that no body of professional artists can exercise the breadth of judgment with the absence of bias we should expect from a trained gallery director.

The Council has tried to disarm criticism in one case by purchase of a work by a deceased artist, the *Return from the Ride* by the late Charles Furse, and in another of a work from the New Gallery, the *Alcantara, Toledo*, by Mr. Harold Speed.

Both these purchases merely emphasise, as might be expected, the point of view that the Academic art of the present day is the only art worth considering. Charles Furse died an Associate, and it is a mere chance that Mr. Speed's clever little picture hangs in the New Gallery and not in the Royal Academy, where his portrait of his Majesty, hung in the place of honour, gives us *le revers de la médaille* with a finality which unfortunately Royal portraits seem doomed to afford.

The Council need not have troubled to desert its home merely to find a picture so commonplace that it might have been ensured a place on its own walls.

There is an excellent article in the *Art Journal* for May, giving a list of artists who should on any catholic basis be included in the National Collection, together with reproductions of some of their works. Opinions may

differ on the precise merit of the particular works selected for reproduction, but there is no doubt that the artists would be approved by any responsible director of generous taste. But when we read the list and find among them Matthew Maris, Wilson Steer, Charles Shannon, Whistler, William Nicholson, David Peppercorn, Will Rothenstein, we realise the impassable nature of the gulf. Mr. MacColl proved and the Royal Commission by its finding acknowledged, that apart from matters of taste, the Chantrey Fund had not been impartially administered. But in the main the purchases have shown the criterion of taste and would hardly have been any better even with the strictest attention to the terms of the bequest. We cannot expect the Council to purchase for a permanent National Collection works that in all probability it would consider inadequate for temporary exhibition on the walls of the Academy. It prefers a nocturne by Mr. Harold Speed to a nocturne by Whistler, which shows the hopeless nature of the case. Mr. MacColl may bring the Academic horse to the water (of Chelsea), but the old Rosinante shudders and rears and refuses to drink.

It is significant that the picture selected by the Council from the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, is one of the very few that bid defiance to tradition in that last home of the pure art of water-colour. Mr. Alexander's *Peacock and Python* is a very able work, but it has no resemblance to water-colour. It is painted in gouache on brown paper, and has the tightness and hardness that must result from such a method in finished work. Tradition in the use of any medium is evidently the last consideration in the eyes of the Council; otherwise Mr. Thorne-Waite's excellent landscapes in the manner of De Wint, or better still, Mr. Clarence Whaite's grand view of Snowdon, whose only fault is its excessive size, would have had a preference.

We have been reminded by the Exhibition now at the Grafton, that if there are gaps in the representation of British Art, there are yawning chasms in our National Collections which purport to represent all schools and periods. Until the opening of the Wallace Collection there was not a single example of the Barbizon school, and even there we have only one Rousseau, excellent of its kind, and one Corot which is a very slipshod affair. The proper home for the masters Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, Monticelli is the National Gallery, and until room is found there for good examples of their work, it remains incomplete. Beside these might be justly included the best of the modern Dutch, Jacob and Matthew Maris, Bosboom and Israels.

The late James Staats Forbes, whose taste was not by any means impeccable, succeeded in the midst of his arduous business duties in making a collection, chiefly of these masters, which takes a very high place indeed. He showed his wisdom especially in preferring the smaller works of Corot, Daubigny and Troyon to their more ambitious attempts. Corot's magical gift is best shown in dainty gems, like the *Pathway in the Forest of Fontainebleau*. The larger scale of the *Macbeth* in the Wallace is not suited to his genius, which was lyric rather than epic. On the other hand, the larger scale was not so unsuited to Rousseau, whose solemn mood is seen at its best in the gorgeous *Bird's-eye view of the valley of Bas Meudon*. James Staats Forbes thoroughly understood Whistler's admonition that "the importance of a picture does not depend upon its size." One of the most perfect things in this fine collection is the tiny *Off to School* of that rare and exquisite artist Matthew Maris. Of course all these artists have been extensively "run" by dealers, but surely a capable director could be trusted to exercise his judgment. The Barbizon men were not always superior to the "pot-boiler," Diaz being the chief sinner. Both Corot and Diaz were sometimes great artists, and sometimes charming humbugs, and so for that matter was Whistler. Our distrust of ourselves and our dread of being humbugged unfortunately dispose us to fall victims to humbugs who have not even charm.

B. S.

ART SALES

AT one time it was thought that the extensive vogue of English furniture of the eighteenth century would affect the prices of the Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. productions which had held their own in the market-places of the connoisseurs for so many generations. That this change has not come about, but that the price of English work, while growing greater, is still much on a level with the French was once more shown in the recent sale at Christie's, when some sixty-five lots, part of the property of the late Mr. Charles Neck, of Bracknell, realised £8939 3s. 6d.

The largest price was paid for a Louis XVI. commode, veneered with tulip-wood and inlaid with parqueterie, and mounted with ormolu after that well-known style which has never staled in the collector's mind, although the whole school has occasionally come under the ban of the professor of æsthetics. The commode brought 680 gs., and a *Régence* bureau 210 gs., while a, to us, more interesting writing-table of Louis XVI., with sides enriched with inlays of old French black and gold lacquer, in the then popular Chinese taste, fell to Mr. Wertheimer for 205 gs. A parqueterie secrétaire in the style of Martin Carlin, and others somewhat similar, a pair of marqueterie encoignures, thought to be the work of David de Luneville, with some suites of furniture and a few cabinets—à la Boulle—and so forth, rounded out a thoroughly characteristic collection of typical eighteenth-century pieces. Judged by the prices, the furniture of princes, rich in coloured woods, bejewelled with lac and ivory, but often poor in form and by no means perfect in workmanship, still holds its own, and, indeed, when all the ages and all nations have been searched for the most agreeable furniture for the Salon, the French of the three great periods is found to possess a gaiety and grace that no other work can equal.

THE DRAMA

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

ONE of the characteristics of the modern French drama is its actuality. It is seldom far from life. It seldom strays into those regions of the traditionally theatrical which seem to attract irresistibly even the best of our modern English playwrights. It is strange that in a nation which loves oratory and has preserved, long after we ourselves have lost it, what a leading critic has aptly called the "forensic drama," so much realism, in the best sense of the word, should be a characteristic of the stage. Whether the playwright be the gayest of the gay, like Monsieur Alfred Capus, or a very serious person like that "intolerable pedant," Monsieur Brieux, he is always on the spot. His people are real people, not theatrical puppets; his subject is a subject that is in the minds of men outside the theatre as well as in it. He is, in fact, a man of the world, not a man of tradition or of dreams. Take the case of Monsieur Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires*, which Mr. Tree is playing under the title of *Business is Business*. In the original French it is a close comment on the questions that are agitating the minds of Monsieur Mirbeau's countrymen at this moment. The financier and his influence on the means and morals of society offer as acute a problem in France as they do in England and America. His relation to the old nobility offers an even acuter problem than here; and the question of clericalism, which is agitating the whole of France, is one that scarcely touches us. Now on all these questions *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* provides, if not advice or a solution, at any rate a certain amount of illumination. It lets light and air into them, "tosses" them, in Bacon's irresistible phrase. You have your financier, your man of vast wealth, undeveloped moral sense, no education and no manners; you have your high-bred, distinguished, poverty-stricken aristocrat who is drawn inevitably into the toils of the money-maker and forced to sell his honour for the price of his debts. They stand one against the other, clearly conceived, sharply drawn individual men; but not individual men alone. They represent types, classes; and each becomes, in a long and very French scene in the third act, the mouthpiece of his class and ideal. The author, in fact, has used his brains, he has studied the life around him and reproduced it in his play. Not content with the emotions of individual men, he has concerned

himself with the principles of social life, and the thought he employed must necessarily induce thought, discussion and clarification in the minds of his auditors.

In England we see things from a different point of view. We are far more interested in persons than in principles, in emotions than in thoughts. Which is the better attitude of mind for a playwright and his audience, we are not going to discuss here. Without insularity, we may record our opinion that a great deal of the praise which we hear of the French stage at the expense of our own is unfair and ungrounded. The fact remains that our range is more limited. Our playwrights stop short of principle, and confine themselves to persons. *Business is Business* is a striking example of this fact. It is only natural that the clericalism should be left out; it simply does not concern us at present. But the relations between the old nobility and the new plutocracy, the whole problem of the influence of the plutocrat, all but disappear when the play is turned into English. We have no forensic drama; we do not like the discussion of principle in the theatre, and Mr. Grundy, experienced old hand as he is at adaptation from the French, has eliminated what we do not care for in order to emphasise what we do. It is the emotion, the feeling, the personal character of Isidore Izard that have attracted him, and when, as we are promised, Monsieur Féraudy comes this summer to play *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* at the St. James' Theatre, it will be found a very different thing from *Business is Business* at His Majesty's. For one thing, Isidore Izard is a different person from Isidore Lechat. Since it is the personal feeling and character of Izard that are to be exploited, clearly he must have more of what is known as "the sympathy" than Lechat, who is to interest us also intellectually. He becomes far less of the cat than his French prototype is. He is more genial, more humorous, and shows his claws far less: and at the end of the play, when his only daughter has dashed his hopes of a great alliance with the old nobility by revealing her secret marriage with a pauper man of intellect in Izard's employ, and his only son has been killed in a motor-accident, it is with admiration, as of a great man in his own misguided way, rather than with the fear and horror inspired by a malignant and unconquerable power, that we see him rouse himself from the prostration of overwhelming grief to complete the ruin of two petty financial thieves who had dared to try and rob him. In the same way, his daughter stands in Mr. Grundy's version more or less for sweet and trusting girlhood, than for the young woman of decided opinions (which happened to run counter to her father's), an incomplete sense of moral duty, and some of her father's determination, who becomes the mistress of his poor assistant, not his wife, for the purpose of striking a heavier blow at her father's hopes and plans. We might pursue the contrast further through the play, did space permit.

How far Mr. Grundy's efforts to substitute the English point of view for the French will succeed in gaining popularity and a long run is a question about which it is safer not to prophesy. A leading obstacle to box-office success is the fact that, hard as he has tried, he has not succeeded in making any of these people pleasant. We cannot like Izard; we cannot like his stupid, timorous, cheeseparing wife, his dissipated, swaggering son, nor even his "revolting" daughter, who, in the person of Miss Viola Tree, is the exact opposite of the cant phrase we have used to describe the character. What acting can do acting has done. In all Mr. Tree's long gallery of strange, flamboyant impersonations, there has been nothing stranger and more impressive than his Isidore Izard. Mr. Grundy, wisely we think, has made the character a Jew, and Mr. Tree has built up, out of his own fertile invention and reminiscences of several Jew financiers with whom the world has been well acquainted, a Jew financier to the life. His vulgarity, his insolence, his ostentation, his conceit, his passionate love of his son, are all portrayed with a world of ingenuity and power, and Mr. Tree's make-up, we need hardly say, is wonderful. No one else had much chance, but we might mention Mr. Basil Gill as the pauper husband of Izard's

daughter, Mr. George Trollope as Izard's son, and Mr. Robb Harwood as a German professor, one of the petty thieves, as particularly good in a strong cast.

SCIENCE

THE PRESSURE OF LIGHT

NEWTON taught that light—or rather its objective basis—consists of the propagation of minute corpuscles which travel at immense speed in straight lines, and entering the eye impinge upon and stimulate the retina. In thus advocating the corpuscular theory of light, Newton retarded the progress of optics for many decades after his death—a conspicuous instance of the malign influence of authority.

Now, if light consisted of a corpuscular bombardment, it would exercise, however faintly, a pressure upon all material objects that it encountered, a pressure not in principle distinct from that of one hand upon another. And it has long been believed that light does exercise such a pressure: but experimental evidence for this belief has been lacking. In one respect this has been fortunate; for the citation of experimental proof of light-pressure would certainly have retarded the acceptance of the undulatory or wave-motion theory of light, as against its older antagonist.

Now when Clerk-Maxwell correlated light with other forms of radiation, such as radiant heat and electricity, and established the electro-magnetic theory of light, which is now universally accepted, he showed that, even on this theory, light must exercise a pressure: and he deduced from abstract considerations a formula expressive of the measure of this pressure.

Many years ago Sir William Crookes followed those who had attempted to demonstrate what we shall henceforth know as radiation-pressure. His radiometer is familiar to all—a series of delicately balanced vanes, bright on one side, blackened on the other, which lie in a partial vacuum in a glass bulb. Exposure to sunlight or even the end of a lighted cigar causes these vanes to revolve. But it was shown that this effect is not due to light-pressure, but to the unequal heating and consequently unequal atomic movement of the remaining air in the bulb, due to the varying absorptions of the bright and blackened surfaces of the vanes.

Some four years ago, however, radiation-pressure was positively demonstrated, independently, by the great Russian physicist, Lebedew, and by two American observers, one of whom, Professor E. F. Nichols, showed us his original apparatus at the Royal Institution on Friday, May 12. Lebedew's method was based on the advice of Maxwell, which was simply to obtain as high a vacuum as possible, so as to exclude the action of heated gases, as in the radiometer, and thus to detect any action due to the pressure of light alone. Professor Nichols and his co-worker proceeded on different lines. They employed no vacuum, but were nevertheless able to exclude the gaseous action, which takes some time to manifest itself, whereas the effects of light-pressure are naturally instantaneous. I make no attempt here to describe that which the inventor found apparatus and diagrams necessary to explain. Let us merely observe that the fact of radiation-pressure has been established, that its amount has been measured, and that the measurements coincide, within the limits of estimated error, with the results reached by Maxwell employing the *a priori* or deductive method. The question is as to the general significance of this most signal discovery.

Of course, it explains that which it has long been invoked to explain—the development of tails by comets approaching the sun. It explains not only the formation of these tails, but their increasing width as they leave the cometary nucleus, the cases in which they are multiple—as in Donati's comet—and the manner in which they push their trains in

front of them as they leave the Royal presence. But this does not represent a tithe or indeed an appreciable part of the cosmic significance of radiation-pressure.

It is, as every one knows, a mere terrestrial "accident" that we can see certain forms of radiation, feel others, and perceive others not at all. Thus the Hertizian waves, the infra-red rays, the rays of light, the ultra-violet rays, and many more are related as one note of sound to another. Wherever, then, there is a luminous body, or wherever there is a body which is possessed of any heat whatever, there is a source of radiation-pressure. Practically, then, we now have positive evidence of a universal force comparable to gravitation, its analogue and opposite: indeed, I see that Professor George Darwin is to read a paper before the Royal Society on Le Sage's theory of gravitation in relation to radiation-pressure. As gravitation attracts, radiation-pressure repels. In the case of large bodies, as the sun and the earth, radiation-pressure does not amount to one billionth part of gravitation; but in the case of the particles in a comet's tail we see that, despite the enormous mass of the sun, radiation-pressure far outweighs gravitation. In other conditions the two forces will balance one another. Now every body that is above the absolute zero of temperature exerts this force—and at all distances—its power decreasing with distance in the same ratio as does the power of gravitation. The unqualified assertion of Newton, then, that all bodies whatever attract one another with a force which is proportionate to their mass and varies inversely as the square of the distance is found to be only ideally true: for most, if not all, bodies also repel one another in accordance with an equally precise law. It is possible to combine the two into an algebraic expression without reference to which the law of gravitation should now no longer be stated.

Let us now briefly consider some of the consequences of radiation-pressure—of the fact that there is a mutual repulsion as well as a mutual attraction between bodies. In the first place, we must reconsider the view that all the matter in the universe will ultimately be agglomerated into one dense heap in virtue of gravitation. Further, we have another factor, besides the brake-action of solar and planetary tides, to consider as impugning the stability of the solar system. For observe that the first law of motion can no longer be held as unqualifiably true, even if the motion be through an untenanted and perfectly frictionless ether. It is said that, in such conditions, a body in motion must so move, in a straight line, and at the same velocity, eternally, if no force be impressed upon it. That, doubtless, is ideally true: but when are the conditions realised? For any body that emits radiant energy—*e.g.*, any body such as the sun or the earth—contains within itself a cause of retardation. On its onward path, it leaves waves of radiation behind it and sends them in front of it. But in so doing it tends, as Professor Poynting has shown, to "crowd upon" the waves in front, whilst those behind it are "thinned out." In other words, the radiation-pressure will be greater in front than behind and therefore the speed of the body—and this applies alike to a Sirius or a bullet—will constantly be diminished. In considering the future of the Solar System, then, we have to recognise, in planetary radiation, and in the effects of the solar radiation, causes which tend to retard that motion in virtue of which alone the planets are prevented from falling into the sun. But it appears evident that such a catastrophe, even were it to occur in such fashion as not to induce the evolution of much heat, would by no means introduce a final state of the Solar System, as used to be thought.

Such are a few of the cosmic bearings of radiation-pressure; but ere we leave the subject one may be excused for speculating as to the way in which this discovery may modify or extend our knowledge of vision. The evolutionist believes that the original sense was a sort of touch, from which all the others were evolved—a view advocated alike by Democritus and Spencer, as readers of Tyndall's Belfast Address may remember. Now if all the senses are evolved from a pressure-sense, it is of interest to find that

both of the two highest senses may now be related to their original form. Hearing is evidently a specialised pressure-sense, sound being a wave motion to and fro in the line of propagation. And now vision must be regarded, I think, as also a pressure-sense. In so saying, one does not forget the chemical changes which light induces in the retina; but the suggestion is that these changes, which we know to be induced by light, are really induced by its pressure. The chemical changes in the "visual purple," and so forth, though complex and visible, are analogous to similar changes which doubtless occur in the touch-corpuscles of a finger: and in each case the external stimulus is pressure.

Finally, let us note how close we are to the inconceivable. You could push one of Professor Nichols' recording vanes with a pin; or by a puff of the breath. In each case some *material* is moving against the vane. Similarly you can push or "strike" the vane with a beam of light. But in this case—though light travels at a known speed—nothing material—not even if we include the ether as material—moves onwards, as does the pin or the puff of air. Try to conceive how a thing may be struck and moved by that which has no material existence. Failing this, try to form a "clear and distinct idea" of the *that* in question.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

WAGNER AND COLOUR

THE Graces float before our minds, interwreathed in a lovely trinity; the Nine Muses as a bunch of wild-flowers springing from one mountain-stem. Every art holds a sister art by the hand, it is said; hence the intimate relation of things to each other in Beauty's coronal of perfection. Perhaps no two are so nearly allied as Tone and Colour. The modern painter covers his canvas with harmonies and symphonies; the modern composer is polychrome. A great violinist of to-day rebukes his pupils for wailing in purple, when the more consoling strains of the Concerto or Aria under their hands are to his musical eyes celestial blue; the new impressionist school of sound in France deals, like Corot, in nebulous tints of pearl and grey, produced by weird progressions—all half-tones, or all whole tones. And we know the story of the blind man who, being asked to define what the word "scarlet" represented to his windowless mind, replied: "The sound of trumpets." Him would Wagner have embraced as a true seer.

Colour to Wagner was quite as vital as form; and the effort to turn dry bones of counterpoint into an organism animated with resplendent hues represents the life-struggle of this great genius. "And the face of the earth shall be renewed," it is written. It is the office of dominant personalities to stamp at will their own effigy on the century. The spirit of primitive man who, after race and contest, clubbed his bride and dragged her by the hair to his mountain eyrie, there to work at his bidding and found his race, survives in these "monsters of genius." And we recollect a phrase in Sabatier's admirable life of Saint Francis of Assisi, dealing with the supernatural fire and force of these epoch-making men who, taking a recalcitrant world to wife, make her the unwilling mother of their ideas. Of such was Wagner.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner, sixth son of a Leipzig official, first saw the light on May 22, 1813, at No. 88 Hause Brühle—the house of "The Red and White Lion." In the curious effect of flame produced on a sensitive mind by the juxtaposition of words in this pretty cognomen, fanciful people might hear the sound of trumpets heralding the advent of a prophet of colour indeed. Most biographers attest that his childhood gave no special promise. In his own autobiography however, we read that his dying stepfather, Richard Geyer, hearing him one day picking out tunes on the piano, said faintly to his wife, "Could he

perhaps have some talent for music?" To this stepfather, who died in 1821, and of whom he spoke ever in terms of lively affection, Wagner probably owed his first intellectual stimulus. On the early morning following Geyer's death, the mother entered the room where all her children slept, and spoke some loving words to each. To the little Richard she said: "He hoped to make *something* of thee."

When one belongs to a family of six, all penniless, it is indeed imperative that something should be made of whatever vital stuff lies in the brain. It would be a curious study to discover how far necessity goes to shape our geniuses, most of whom spring from the lower or middle classes. Contrary to the poet Gray's opinion, evidence proves that "many a mute inglorious Milton lies," stifled in ceremonies of an over-lavish civilisation, rather than undeveloped in a pauper's grave. As a rule, luxury, not poverty, is intellect's deadliest foe. However, it was not altogether so with Wagner. Although at first, perhaps, his naturally self-indulgent, self-centred temperament might never have leapt into creative activity without the spur of poverty, later we find him justifying his intense love of luxury as the best means of producing in himself the necessary "art mood." He wrote to Liszt in 1854:

"I cannot live like a dog. I cannot sleep on straw and drink bad whiskey. I must be coaxed in one way or another if my mind is to accomplish the terribly difficult task of creating a non-existent world."

Beethoven has often been spoken of as possessing a sixth sense—presumably a sense of absolute music, so subtle, and so beautiful, that no one has ever been able perfectly to analyse it. Wagner himself was of opinion that, in Beethoven, music, as a pure art, had reached its highest perfection, and that new developments of the old forms could only lead to decadence. Therefore he resolved to create the musical world anew. Poetry, music, and painting—painting both of descriptive sound and elaborate scenery for his dramas—were to be welded into an indissoluble unity of art. This was his dream.

"Let me," he says, "dive into the fountain of music, and there shall be created sounds which will make the people hear, though they cannot see."

Later it was his ambition to make them see, though they would not hear. From his Swiss seclusion, a brief letter flew to Liszt, in December 1853. "I am spinning myself in like a silkworm" (his desire for complete isolation at such times almost amounted to mania). "But also from within myself am I spinning," he adds, a phrase which recalls some of Keats' famous utterances. Wrote the Bard:

"It appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards, his own airy citadel. The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she should fill the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and *wear a tapestry empyrean*—full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury—"

Poor proud Keats! Wagner's more concrete aims also required more than a "tapestry empyrean" and his love for colour in tone, extended itself to his actual surroundings. Catulle Mendès, who surprised him one morning by an early visit, describes him as attired in

"coat and trousers of golden satin, embroidered with pearl flowers; for he had a passionate love for luminous stuffs that spread themselves like sheets of flame, or fall in splendid folds. Velvets and silks abounded in his drawing-room and his study, in broad masses and flowing pleats, anywhere, without the pretext of furniture, without other reason than their beauty, to give the poet the enchantment of their glorious brilliancy."

"I am much better qualified to squander 60,000 frs. in six months than to earn it," he wrote to Liszt; and to Praeger: "By nature I am luxurious, prodigal and extravagant, much more than Sardanapalus and all the old Emperors put together." And, again, in a letter to Frau Wille:

"Is it really such an outrageous demand if I claim a right to the little bit of luxury which I like? I, who am preparing enjoyment for the world and for thousands! . . . I am differently organised from other men—must have beauty, splendour, light."

Must have! So he believed, and to this end begged and borrowed unceasingly, to the distress of stolid little Minna Wagner, his first wife, and the perplexity of his friends. His own genius was to him a sort of Moloch, to which everything must be sacrificed in turn—self-respect, fidelity, gratitude and friendship. Even the noble-hearted Franz Liszt was temporarily estranged from him at the time of his daughter Cosima von Bülow's divorce, and the subsequent change of religion which she undertook to make her marriage with Wagner possible. Wagner loved Liszt devotedly, and the thought of wounding this loyal and generous friend pained, but could not restrain him. He was, in fact, incapable of self-restraint. "Light—more light!" exclaimed Goethe in his dying hour. Wagner's robust demand, all his life, was for more colour everywhere. To do him justice, what he craved was not so much satisfaction for the man himself, as food, through the man, for the genius. This furnace, like Benvenuto Cellini's, had to be fed in its hour of need, with the furniture of his whole existence—also of other people's existences, if they happened to be handy. "Myself will to my darling be both law and impulse," says Nature of Wordsworth's Lucy, dreaming of the relation between her own dewy, budding creatures and the fresh human life in their midst. Furthermore, she promises that "vital feelings of delight shall rear her form to stately height." Wagner's nature was his own law and impulse, and the meanderings which he deemed necessary to the development of his mental stature became in consequence considerably less innocent than Lucy's. Keats tells us that we "by the wandering melody may trace which way the tender-legged linnet hops." Wandering melodies indeed! Think of such self-betraysals as *Tannhäuser*, as *Tristan and Isolde*: consider the lawlessness, poetical though it be, of *Siegfried*! The tenderness of which Keats sang fastened on Wagner's heart and head, rather than his legs, except in so far as these bore him away from Minna. Poor little long-suffering woman! She never understood her mighty husband, nor his innovations, which she detested. But all Wagner's biographers agree in extolling her sweetness, her patience, her admirable domestic qualities. She was, in fact, a duck of a woman, who spent twenty-five years of fruitless repining at his side because her eagle would not say quack, quack.

"How could she have expected," wrote Wagner to Frau Wille, "that I was to be shackled and fettered like any common fellow? My inspiration carried me into a sphere she could not follow. . . . She did not feel that I am a man who cannot live with wings tied down. What did she know of the divine right of passion? which I announced in the Flame Death of the Valkyrie, who has fallen from the grace of the gods? With the Death-Sacrifice of Love, the *Götterdämmerung* (*Dusk of the Gods*) sets in!"

Possibly genius from its pinnacle of exaltation, gazing down on life's spreading plains, feels more strongly than another, what Stevenson in his "Prince Otto," speaking of a real mountain height and a real landscape, so beautifully calls "the invitation to the road."

The weaknesses of great natures are proverbial; they are also fathomless as chasms in an alp. Wagner is not an exception to the generality of such beings, even in our day; still less could he have been esteemed so at the time of which we write, when a great revolutionary wave had just passed over Europe, leaving both spiritual and temporal kingdoms rocking on their thrones. Germany had not by any means shaken off the influences of the *Sturm und Drang* period, when, says G. H. Lewes in his "Life of Goethe":

" . . . all worked in one rebellious current against established authority. . . . With the young, Nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight, her force explosion, her beauty sentiment. To be insurgent, sentimental, explosive and lachrymose were the true signs of genius. . . . It was indeed a strange epoch; many not respectable sentiments arrayed themselves in *rose-pink*. . . . The lovely Countess Branconi writes to Lavater, 'O toi chéri pour la vie—l'âme de mon âme!' and further rhapsodises about his *mouchoir*, &c. with a fervidness only surpassed by a letter from another of Lavater's adorers. 'O! that I could rest on thy heart in the Sabbath-holy evening stillness. O, thou angel!' This sort of thing went on all round. They wept and were wept on."

Plenty of colour this for people who like it! Flame—colour, in fact, and laid on thick. Goethe, returning from Italy, imbued with joyous paganism, looked on the faded charms of his old love, Frau von Stein, with much the same distaste as Wagner experienced later for the old classical forms of music, and turned for relief in colour to the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of Cornelia Vulpius. Liszt, striding from conquest to conquest, finds the boudoir of his Countess Potocka strewn literally ankle-deep with rose-leaves to receive him.

We are not told if this wading in luscious sweetness was agreeable to Wagner's friend. Wagner himself could never have had too many rose-leaves.

"Splendour, beauty, light, all the components of colour, these he claimed as the rights of genius; of these in his life he has woven, in art," says Finck, "the rich Clang-tints which distinguish his music from all other."

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO OLD SONGS OF MAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is difficult to render the third line of the eighth quatrain in the first Gaelic poem in my article of last week: "Rich harvest of mast falls." Dr. Kuno Meyer gives it "soft rich mast buds." I do not know of any Gaelic word for "mast" (*i.e.*, acorn-food, beechnut food, cone-food). I recollect (though I have to quote both original and translation from memory) a couplet in an old ballad called the *Laidh Chlann Uisne*:

"Loch-Eite nan sian bu chian o'n iul,
Agus Connathuil nan crannachaille ura,"

and Mr. Carmichael giving the second line as (in effect):

And Connel of the fresh-green mastled woods;

but here *crannachaille* is "branchy-woods"—"mast-bearing" or "mast-producing" woods, by inference—and the word has nothing to do with "mast," acorn or nut food. Probably the line should be translated "bloom" or "seeding" of oak or beech. The fourth line is also obscure. I give Dr. Kuno Meyer's literal rendering:

"Light swallows dart aloft,
Loud melody) reaches round the hill,
The soft rich) mast buds,
The stuttering quagmire rehearses.

FIONA MACLEOD.

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My previous letters were written with a definite object which they have amply fulfilled, and were intended to open out a wider and more important question on which I should like to enlarge, if you can grant me the space.

No one, I suppose, will deny that the growing predominance of science in the intellectual world is one of the most remarkable and startling facts of the last hundred years. How great the debt is which we owe to science, and to the pioneers and leaders of scientific inquiry, every thoughtful man will most gratefully acknowledge without hesitation or reservation. But it would be idle to pretend that this reign of science has not been attended by a serious drawback. Leaders in the world of science seem to imagine that, because they are supreme authorities in their own domain, they can claim equal authority in every other domain; and they legislate on all questions, spiritual, moral, literary, and social, with an arrogant self-confidence which would be pitiable, if it were not laughable. I need not refer to Comte, with his calendar of famous men and his selected library of 150 works. But look at the two eminent Englishmen, Darwin and Spencer. When Darwin discourses on the "Origin of Species," I sit at his feet with humble reverence as a docile learner. But when he lays down the law on subjects which lie outside the range of science, when he asserts that the dog has a sense of religion just like man, or dogmatizes on the origin of language, my emotions are very different. When Spencer explains the "direction of motion" or the "rhythm of motion," I am lost in admiration, and eagerly eat of the crumbs which fall from his scientific table. But when he babbles of "the current theology" (what a scientific phrase!) of which his knowledge is less than skin deep, or summarily rules men like Thucydides, Tacitus, and Saint-Simon out of the field of education, sublimely unconscious that the works of those great writers contain a deeper insight into human nature, and a profounder and more comprehensive knowledge of the springs and motives of human character and human action than the works of all the men of science put together, I am moved to adopt the celebrated French epigram addressed to Beaumarchais, "Ce n'est pas tout d'être scientifique, il faut encore être modeste."

And observe how history repeats itself. In the Middle Ages theology put forward the extravagant claim to be "Queen of the Sciences,"

and the Church ordered Galileo to treat astronomy in a "theological spirit." In modern times science has usurped the dictatorship which theology once exercised, and bids us study theological questions in a "scientific spirit." It is difficult to say which claim is the most absurd. Imagine the President of the Royal Academy urging his milkman to treat lacteal questions in an "artistic spirit," or the Poet Laureate urging students of medicine to treat physiological questions in a "poetical spirit"! I should have imagined that in this enlightened twentieth century the proverb about "the shoemaker and his last" might have been safely suffered to drop into oblivion; but experience seems to show that it was never more urgently needed than now, especially by those teachers of science of whom it may be said, in well-known words, that "their forte is science and their foible is omniscience," and who seem to be persistently exclaiming, like Shakespeare's wit:

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

I trust that you will pardon the great length of this letter in consideration of the importance of the subject. I have had it in my mind for months past.

J. A. B.

THE SCARAB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A leading contributor, writing hereon at page 526, remarks as follows: "It would be meaningless to assert that there is an ethical element in knowledge, say of beetles, *as such*." What, then, about the *scarabæus sacer*, or sacred beetle of ancient Egypt, worshipped "as such," and utilised as amulets?

Vulgarly, the scarab is a dungbeetle, and has the art of rolling up mud pellets for its egg deposit; but, as to the "ethical element"! Well, they would not have become sanctified without a reason, and their native name is that of "keeper," and they were sacred to the dead; grammatically, keeper, as Anglicised, means *existence, creating*, and the word is found in composition dynastically, for "Kheper-Ka-ra" was *Usertesen* I, of the twelfth dynasty. Finally, the humble scarab still survives with us as the cock-*chafer*, or May-bug, German *Käfer*, Egyptian "Keeper."

A. HALL.

BOOK SALES

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold on the 11th and two following days a large and interesting collection of autograph letters and historical documents comprising specimens of the writing of Burns, Lord Nelson, Edmund Burke, Thackeray, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon, Disraeli and Dr. Johnson.

The principal items were as follows:

- Anne of Austria, Queen of France, wife of Louis XIII., signature on a warrant. £2 4s. (Maggs).
- Chatterton. Autograph MS. "The Gallery and School of Nature." £4 5s. (Sabin).
- Newton, Sir Isaac. Signature on Exchequer tally. £1 13s.
- Letter of Piron (the French poet). £2 12s. (Maggs).
- Letter written by St. Vincent de Paul. Extremely rare. £6 15s. (Pearson).
- Letter from Mary Wollstonecraft to Miss Hays. £1 18s. (Pearson).
- A series of autograph letters from Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Pennington, an old friend, principally relating to the troubles between her daughter and Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Lawrence. £100 (Knapp).
- Twenty-five letters of Mrs. Piozzi. £16 (Sabin).
- Letter from Robert Burns to John Syme, stamp office. £25 (Thompson).
- Another letter of Burns, dated 1795. £14 10s. (Maggs).
- Signature of the "Young Pretender" on a warrant, 1745. £15 10s.
- Letter from Lord Nelson to Capt. Keats, 1804. £8 (Sotheman).
- Waterloo and the Peninsular War, 24 letters written by Sir Thomas Noel Hill. £5 10s. (Sabin).
- Letter from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. £10 10s. (Sabin).
- Letter from Sir Walter Scott to John Cundell (on golf). £7 (Cundell).
- Letter by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. £5 5s.
- Robert Louis Stevenson. Signature on "Charity Bazaar" paper. £3 15s. (Spencer).
- Disraeli on his speech on National Education. £2 (Pearson).
- Keats. Sonnet in his autograph. £5 (Spencer).
- Edmund Burke to Charles Barron declining election for Bristol. £5 5s. (Russell).
- Letter from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, May 4, 1805. £71.
- Lady Hamilton to Lady Nelson. £11 5s. (Maggs).
- Sir Joshua Reynolds. Autograph MS on "Method of Study." £20 10s. (Quaritch).
- General Benedict Arnold, "the Traitor," to the Earl of Shelburne. £21.
- Passport signed by Louis XVI. for David Hartly, British Minister. 1783. £11 (Trebault).
- Letter from Marie Antoinette to Necker. £40 (Quaritch).
- Original warrant signed by Lord Burghley for payment to Popham, Attorney-General, for his services in connection with the matter of Mary Queen of Scots. £33 (Pearson).

- Letter from Louis XIV. of France to Viscount Turenne. £7 5s.
 Lord Byron to Capt. Roberts. £4 (Barker).
 Autograph letter of Charles Lamb. £4 19s. (Maggs).
 Autograph letter of Congreve. £5 (Maggs).
 Letters of Caroline Bonaparte and others. £9 5s.
 Frederick the Great to Algarotti. £20 10s.
 David Garrick to George Colman. £5 (Stevens).
 Letter from Count Grammont. £7 5s. (Maggs).
 Letters from Guizot. £5 2s.
 Letter from Dr. Johnson written at Lichfield. £8 5s. (Pearson).
 Letter from Louis XVI. of France when eight years old. £15 10s. (Clarke).
 Letter from Murat, King of Naples, to his wife's mother (Madame Bonaparte). £6 1s.
 Letter from Napoleon I. to his mother. £27 10s. (Sabin).
 The same to his brother Lucien. £12 15s. (Sabin).
 Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, 1801. £41 (Wharton).
 Miniature of Lady Hamilton by Mrs. Cheney. £30 (Parsons).
 Letter from Rousseau to the Countess de Boufflers. £10 5s. (Jarrett).
 Sir Walter Scott. Autograph Manuscript "The Bonnetts of Bonnie Dundee." £85 (Isaacs).
 Voltaire. Autograph verses to Algarotti. £20 (Clarke).
 Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Sir Thomas Hanmer. £6 (Barker).
 Letter from Edmund Burke to Sir Charles Bunbury. £8 5s. (Quaritch).
 Letter from same to Mrs. Bunbury. £8 (Harvey).
 Letter from Lord Byron to H. C. Fox. £7 10s. (Pearson).
 Crabbe the poet to Edmund Burke. £14 (Sabin).
 Benjamin Franklin on the Constitution of the United States. £20 15s. (Sotheran).
 Frederick the Great to George III. £10 (Stevens).
 Autograph verses by David Garrick, 1774. £10 15s. (Sabin).
 Other autograph verses by Garrick, 1776. £15 (Sabin).
 Manuel de Goday, Duke of Alcudia, Spanish statesman, to Col. D'Esmenard. £82 (Sabin).
 Letter from Oliver Goldsmith to H. W. Bunbury. £50 (Sabin).
 Mrs. Jordan to Mr. Bunbury. £9.
 Sir Hudson Lowe to Sir Henry Bunbury. £15 (Maggs).
 Duke of Marlborough on the battle of Ramillies. £10 (Sabin).
 Pope to Lord Strafford. £12 (Sabin).
 Another letter from Pope to the same, 1725. £29 10s. (Ellis).
 Letter from Matthew Prior to Sir Thomas Hanmer, 1706. £140 (Pearson).
 Sir Joshua Reynolds to Sir Charles Bunbury, 1770. £11 5s. (Ellis).
 Sir Richard Steele to Sir Thomas Hanmer. £25 10s. (Sabin).
 Dean Swift to Sir Thomas Hanmer. £18 10s. (Maggs).
 Benjamin West to H. W. Bunbury. £24 10s. (Roche).
 Autograph letters on affairs in the Mediterranean, 1806-1814. £35. (Quaritch).
 The total amount realised at the sale was £2108 os. 6d.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- Rée, Dr. P. J. *Nuremberg and its Art to the End of the Eighteenth Century*. Translated from the German by G. H. Palmer. Grevel, 4s. net.
 Gardner, Percy. *A Grammar of Greek Art*. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
 Parsons, Arthur Jeffrey. *The Gardiner-Greene Hubbard Collection of Engravings, presented to the Library of Congress by Mrs. Gardiner Greene*. Putnam.
 Fitzgerald, Percy. *Robert Adam, Artist & Architect: his Works and his System*. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
 Auden, George A. and Auden, Harold A. *The Preservation of Antiquities, A Handbook for Curators*. Translated by permission of the Authorities of the Royal Museums, from the German of Dr. Friedrich Rathgen. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d.
 Baschet, Ludovic. *Catalogue illustré du Salon de 1905* (Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon), containing Reproductions in Fac-simile after the original drawings of the Artists. Chatto & Windus, 3s.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Wack, Henry Wellington. *The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet*. With an Introduction by Francois Coppée. Putnam, 5s. net.
 Barine, Arvède. *Louis XIV. et la Grande Mademoiselle (1652-1693)*. Paris: Hachette, 3f. 50c.
 Furley, Sir John. *In Peace and War, Autobiographical Sketches*. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.

ECONOMICS.

- Brabook, E. W. *Institutions for Thrift*. Two Lectures delivered before the University of Liverpool School of Training for Social Work on February 17 and 24, 1905. King, 6d. net.
 Jevons, W. Stanley. *The Principles of Economics*. A Fragment of a Treatise on the Industrial Mechanism of Society and other papers. Macmillan, 10s. net.

EDUCATION.

- Oxford Modern French Series. Taine, H.: *Voyage Aux Pyrénées*. Edited by William Robertson. Balzac, Honoré de: *Une Ténébreuse Affaire*. Edited by Marie A. Péchinot. Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. each.
 Hall, Theophilus D. *A School Manual of English Grammar*. With Exercises and Examination Questions. Murray's English Course. New edition, revised and enlarged, 2s. 6d.
 Hoare, Mrs. *Hints on Early Education, 1820*. New edition, S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.
 Spencer, Herbert. *Education, Intellectual, Moral and Physical*. Williams & Norgate. Forty-sixth thousand of the cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

- Ellery, T. B. *The Council Arithmetic for Schools*. Part VI., Scheme B. Black's School Arithmetic, 4d. and 6d.
 Publications of the S.P.C.K. *Preparation for Holy Communion in the Mukawa Language, New Guinea*. 3d. *A Nupe Reading Book*. 6d. *A Reading Book in the Language of Wedau, British New Guinea*. 3d. *Christian Hymns together with some of the Psalms of David in the Language of the BaKonga, as spoken in the district round Delagoa Bay, South East Africa*, 2s. 6d. *Psalm and Hymn Book in the Mukawa Language*, 8d. *Portions of the Book of Common Prayer in the Mukawa Language*. 2s. *Portions of the Book of Common Prayer in Malagasy*. 1s. 4d. *Geography of Africa in the Mombasa Swahili Language*. 9d. *Catechism Book in the Mukawa Language, British New Guinea*. 6d. *Portions of the Book of Common Prayer in the Wedau Language*. 3s. *Luganda Prayer-book*, 1s. 4d.

FICTION.

- Hornung, E. W. *Stingaree*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
 The Complete Works of Count Tolstoy, Vols. IX., X. and XI. *Anna Karénin*. Translated and edited by Leo Wiener. 3 vols. Dent, 3s. 6d. net each.
 Sergeant, Adeline. *The Missing Elisabeth*. A Novel. Chatto & Windus 6s.
 Spring, Summer. *Backwards and Forwards*. Glaisner, 3s. 6d. net.
 Alarcon, D. Pedro de. *The Three-Cornered Hat*. Translated from the Spanish by Lady Goodenough. Nutt, 2s. 6d.
 Martin, Helen R. *Tillie, A Mennonite Maid*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Conrad, Stephen. *The Second Mrs. Jim*. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
 Fellows, Charles. *Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Cobb, Thomas. *The Friendships of Veronia*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
 Keith, Marian. *Duncan Polite, The Watchman of Glenoro*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Ferrar, William John. *The Fall of the Grand Sarrasin*. Being a chronicle of Sir Nigel de Bessin, Knight, of Things that happened in Guernsey Island, in the Norman Seas, in and about the year One Thousand and Fifty Seven. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.
 Muddock, J. E. *Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall, The Life Story of Dorothy Vernon*. Long, new edition, 6d.
 Deakin, Dorothea. *The Poet and the Pierrot*. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- Library of Congress. *Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789*. Vol. II. 1775 May 10-September 20, and Vol. III. 1775, September 21-December 30. Government Printing Office, Washington.
 McCarthy, Michael, J. F. *The Coming Power, A Contemporary History of the Far East*. 1898-1905. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

LITERATURE.

- Brandes, George. *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. In Six Volumes. Vol. IV. *Naturalism in England*. Heinemann, 12s. net.
 Schönbach, Anton E. *Über Lesen und Bildung*. Graz: Leuschner and Lubensky, 4m. 50.
 Boynton, Henry W. *Bret Harte*. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.
 Vaughan, Percy. *Early Shelley Pamphlets*. Watts, 6d.
 Hirsch, S. A. *A Book of Essays*. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Rankin, Margaret M. *A Girl's Garden*. Melrose, 2s. net.
 Edwards, M. Betham. *Home Life in France*. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
 Graham, James, and Oliver, George A. S. *The Foreign Traders' Correspondence Handbook*. For the Use of British firms trading with France, Germany and Spain, the Colonies, and with Countries using their Languages. Macmillan: Hooper and Graham Series, 3s. 6d.
 Rowntree, B. Seebohm. *Betting and Gambling, A National Evil*. Macmillan, 5s. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Watts, Charles. *The Meaning of Rationalism and other Essays*. Watts, 2s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

- Strong, Archibald T. *Sonnets and Songs*. Blackwood, 5s. net.
 Haig Brown, William, D.D. *Carthusian Memories and other Verses of Leisure*. Longmans, 5s. net.
 Cloriston, Henry. *A Chapter from Malory*. Nutt, 1s. net.
 Gale, Norman. *More Cricket Songs*. Alston Rivers, 2s. net. (See p. 551.)

POLITICS.

- Fahlleek, Pontus. *La Constitution Suédoise et la Parlementarisme Moderne*. Paris: Picard, 3fr. 50c.

REPRINTS.

- Ingersoll, Colonel, R. G. *Lectures and Essays (A Selection)*. Second Series. Watts, 6d.
 The Cameo Classics. Irving, Washington: *Oliver Goldsmith, A Biography*. Dickens, Charles: *A Tale of Two Cities*. *The Beauties of Sterne*. Reade, Charles: *Peg Woffington*. The Library Press, 6d. each.
 The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. *Charles Kingsley to James Thomson*. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Routledge, 1s. 6d. net.
Early Dutch and English Voyages to Spitsbergen in the Seventeenth Century including Hessel Gerritsz: Histoire du Pays nommé Spitzberghe, 1613. Translated by Basil H. Soulsby; and Jacob Segersz. van der Brugge: *Journal of Dagb Register*, Amsterdam, 1634. Translated by J. A. J. de Villiers, &c. &c. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Sir W. Martin Conway. Hakluyt Society.
 Hogben, John. *Shakespeare's Master-Passages*. A guide in Miniature with a Treasury of one hundred Specimens. Melrose, 2s. net.

SCIENCE.

- Boxall, George E. *The Evolution of the World and of Man*. Unwin, 5s.

SPORT.

- Jessel, Frederic. *A Bibliography of Works in English on Playing Cards and Gaming*. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.
 "Pontifex." *A Book of Bridge*. Blackie, 5s. net.

THEOLOGY.

- Publications of the S.P.C.K.—Tisdall, Rev. W. St. Clair. *The original Sources of the Qur'an*. 6s. Redpath, Henry A. *Modern Criticism and the Book of Genesis*, 2s. 6d. Bodington, Canon Charles. *Devotional Life in the Nineteenth Century*. A sequel to "Books of Devotion." 2s. 6d. Ovenden, Very Rev. Charles, Dean of Claghoe. *The Foundation of a Happy Life*. 2s. 6d. *A Book of Prayers and Hymns for Private Use* (revised). 6d. *The Church and Realm; some instruction about the Church of England*. 6d. *The Lord Bishop of London's Lenten Missions; a series of short addresses delivered in various London Churches during Lent, 1905. Together with addresses on the seven last words*. By the Lord Bishop of London. 6d. Overton, Canon. *Some Post-Reformation Saints*. 6d. Allen, A. J. C. *The Freedom of the so-called "Free Churches," illustrated by the History of the Free Church of Scotland*. 6d. Wace, Henry, Dean of Canterbury. *An appeal to the first six centuries, containing an address on variations in Doctrine and Practice, a report of a Deputation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Treatise by Bishop Cosin on the Catholic Religion of the Realm of England*. 6d. Wane, Innes B. *The Difficulties of Unbelief, a Message to Men on Land and Sea*. 4d. Love, Rev. R. T. *Why Church? or the Principles of the Church of England*. 1d. Hancock, Rev. T. *The Puritans and the Tithes*, 6d. Wilson, Rev. J. M. *Education and Crime*. A sermon preached in the Parish Church of Rochdale in January 1905 on Denominational Schools, and consequently enlarged. 1d. Winnington-Ingram, A. F., Bishop of London. *Religion in Relation to Social Duties and Pleasures*. An Address to Girls given at Bridgewater House on March 23, 1905. 1d. Fairbanks, Arnold. *Portfolio of English Cathedrals*. No. 6, Exeter. 1s. net. Rudgard, Rev. R. W. *God's Knights*. An address to those newly confirmed. 4s. per 100.
- Gibb, Rev. Spencer J. *How to Pray*. A little book for Boys. Mowbray, 6d.
- Harris, Charles. *Pro Fide, A Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion*. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
- Churton, Edward T., formerly Bishop of Nassau. *The Use of Penitence*. Mowbray, 6s. net.
- Coit, Stanton. *The Moral Significance of Religious Revivals*. A contribution to the Religion of Democracy. Watts, 1d.
- Maclaren, Alexander. *Expositions of Holy Scripture*. The Book of Isaiah, chapters I. to IV. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.
- Renan, Ernest. *The Apostles*. A new Translation by William G. Hutchison. Watts, R.P.A. cheap reprints, 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- McCracken, Laura. *Gubbio, Past and Present*. Illustrated by Katharine McCracken. Nutt, 5s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

More Cricket Songs. By Norman Gale. (Alston Rivers, 2s. net.)—Mr. Norman Gale—was ever poet dowered with a more euphonious name?—has fairly won the right to be regarded as our laureate of the cricket field. Time was, when he tuned his lyre to a softer strain, singing of country pleasures "chaste but warm," in the immortal phrase of some fortunate reviewer. The country is still his love, but he sings no longer of dairy-maids; he is all for sterner joys, and his new book of verse might almost be entitled "The Compleat Sportsman"—so earnestly does he advocate strenuous endeavour in the "bronzing sun," so stoutly does he reprehend the vice of grumbling:

"To throw your hands above your head
And wring your mouth in piteous wise
Is not a plan," the Captain said,
'With which I sympathise.
And with your eyes to ape a duck
That's dying in a thunderstorm,
Because you deprecate your luck,
Is not the best of form.'"

With the spirit that prompts Mr. Gale to this utterance we are in cordial sympathy. If we are to have cricket songs, it is clear that his is a good pen for the purpose. His verse is easy and fluent, his sense of rhythm is well enough, his enthusiasm so real as to be almost infectious. Except when he attempts the pathetic touch, as for example in "The Old Professional," the reader can turn to any page in his little book with the pleasing certainty of finding mild amusement. Sometimes the humour is a trifle thin; sometimes the rhyme is forced; on occasion we may think the treatment something more serious than the subject warrants. But Mr. Gale is considerably above the average as a craftsman, and cricketers will no doubt welcome his volume. Whether he might not have employed his talents more profitably in another direction is a question that we need not discuss here.

The Wild Irishman. By T. W. H. Crosland. (T. Werner Laurie, 5s.) It is always a little difficult to take Mr. Crosland with quite the proper degree, not of seriousness, but of unseriousness, if we may coin a word for the occasion. We have a notion that he must have enjoyed many a naughty laugh in his sleeve at the heavy truculence of some of his critics. For one suspects that a good deal of the apparent acrimony with which he has assailed a certain canny nation and an uncertain, charming sex is as much a pretence with him as that little bundle of light lyrics with which he began his literary excursions was parodic. Still, there are limits to pretences and parodies, and if, like the little boy in "Allice," he only does them to annoy, because he knows they tease, the persistence and the manner of his caricatures reveal such malicious proclivities that one longs for just the right kind of "Duchess" to pop him neatly into a corner without worrying too much about the matter. In his new book anent the Irish he "is as cantankerous as ever with his" ancient enemies the Scotch, but even

if his cherished ancient enmity is half make-believe, it passes all decorum to remark as he does, that no more than an Irishman can forego the potato can a Scotchman "forego oatmeal and offal." This is a fair specimen of many gross lapses compared with which the numerous bracketed ejaculations—the "tut-tuts" and "think-of-its," and "Glory-hes," with which he has annotated a lengthy quotation from a little book called *The Scot in Ulster*, are mere urbanities of style. Towards the *Wild Irishman*, however, Mr. Crosland elects to be conciliatory—conciliatory in his own fashion. Mr. Crosland is proud of his book. He "takes leave to point out" that it presents a new and a true view of Ireland. For ourselves we hardly think that the whole book amounts to a "view" at all at all. Mr. Crosland certainly has views on twenty subjects, ranging from wit, whiskey, and the shillelagh, to pigs, poetry, and potatoes; but what do they all amount to? As far as we can see, that potatoes and pigs are a pity, and that the other things, with the exception of the whiskey (which, of course, is "better for your ethical and nobler parts than the Scotch variety") no longer exist in Ireland, or, if they do, are not really Irish. For instance, Mr. Crosland once saw a shillelagh (one of a possible thousand in the whole country) "which reminded one of nothing so much as a Salmon and Gluckstein silver-headed ebony walking-stick cut short." Again, he has heard of Irish humour, yet he quotes a long string of stories, only to find that they give him qualms as to their power of amusing the "twentieth-century person." And are they Irish after all? As to poetry, his sole consolation in the mediocrity of Tom Moore lies in his ability to congratulate the Irish people "that they should have produced and put their emotional and moral trust in a Moore, rather than a Burns," while his knowledge of Mr. Yeats, who has a chapter to himself, has convinced him that his qualities are not in any way Celtic. "The best Kelt we ever had was Mr. Yeats' own master, one William Blake, who was sheer Cockney. Mr. Yeats is just Blake spun out and over conscious." And Mr. Crosland proceeds to quote little tags from each to prove that we can't tell one from t'other. Well, well! We must not be lured into controversy lest the interest clinging to some of the chapter headings should seem to give the book an importance which it hardly deserves.

Stories of King Arthur, retold from Malory by W. Waldo Cutler (G. G. Harrap). King Arthur and his Round Table never grow stale. In the twentieth century they are still gilded with eternal romance. In this modern guise, somewhat curtailed to suit a hurrying century, they will gladden youthful readers who joy to read "chronicles of wasted time in praise of ladies dead and lovely knights." These legends of sturt and strife, of masterful warriors, are told in an easy and picturesque style. As we know, the deeds of derring-do are intermingled with fine instances of humanity and kindness, courtesy to women and knightly faith. Their simplicity, their directness and truthfulness make these tales always good reading for young and old. King Arthur's name and fame are localised all over Britain, quite apart from Wales, Cornwall, Winchester, &c. We have references to Northumberland, and in proof thereof Merlin's Grave is on Tweedside; Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, Camelot; and the site of the vanished Roman building called Arthur's Oven carefully described by George Buchanan and others near Falkirk; and tales of the Round Table connected with Stirling Castle. Arthur, created in the twelfth or thirteenth century, had undoubtedly some notable patriot British chief as his original. These were the centuries when knighthood, knightliness was a craze. This volume is well illustrated and has an excellent introduction.

These *Stories of Robin Hood*, retold from the old ballads by J. W. McSpadden, form a kindred volume from the same publisher. Robin Hood was a more prosaic King Arthur, a rustic hero and true Saxon goaded into wild ways by Norman oppression. The editor has made good use of the old ballads, "ballads gallant and gay," on which his characters are based, and mingles verse and prose happily. It were well that English childhood were nurtured on such wholesome diet. It is the red deer, the venison from the greenwood, compared with the milk-and-water pabulum too often presented to-day "as suitable for the young." When their nutriment does not err on the side indicated then there is everywhere the trashy magazine, the highly flavoured "dreadful."

There is something almost superfluous about Mrs. G. King Lewis' little book, *Critical Times in Turkey, and England's Responsibility* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), since the publication of Miss Durham's recent work. Mrs. Lewis also went out to Turkey to carry clothes and provisions to the victims of the late disturbances, and though she went to a different part of the country—to Bourgas, and afterwards to Drama and the country near the Bulgarian frontier—the duties she undertook were exactly similar. But Mrs. Lewis lacks Miss Durham's experience of the people and her well-balanced manner of looking at things. The chronic misery of many of the inhabitants of European Turkey, whether they are Greeks who have been harried by the Bulgarians, or Bulgarians who have been raided by Mahomedans, or Mahomedans who have been ruined by one or other of the other nationalities, is heart-rending in the extreme. But it is the natural and inevitable result of jarring creeds and nationalities without a strong and just hand to keep them in order. Mrs. Lewis' book does more credit to her heart than to her head. If her exhortations were followed literally the result would be a European conflagration, of which no man can see the end, and which would bring about far more suffering and slaughter than it could possibly suppress. The Near Eastern Question is not such plain sailing as some onlookers imagine, and the trained diplomatists who have it in hand are treading on ground beneath which are fires scarcely hidden and with difficulty kept under. They know the danger and do their best to avert it.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THAT Andrew Marvell is still a person of interest seems to be proved by the theft of his letters to the Mayor and Corporation of Hull. Among them is a fragment showing how the poet came under Jesuit influences at Cambridge. The scrap, addressed apparently to Mr. Marvell senior, speaks of "a fearful passage lately at Cambridge touching a son of mine" who had been induced to listen to "rotten and unsavoury Popish arguments to seduce him." Mr. Marvell senior eventually took alarm, and went after his son, who became and remained a Protestant stalwart.

Marvell, after being Milton's colleague as Latin Secretary to Cromwell, sat for Hull in Richard Cromwell's Parliament, and continued to represent the city until his death. His bitter tongue caused him to be so much feared by the Court that they sent Danby to try and conciliate him. The poet called the servant, and asked her what he had had for dinner yesterday. "A leg of mutton" was the reply. "And what shall I have to-day?" "The rest hashed," was the answer. "And to-morrow," he said, turning to his visitor, "I shall have the sweet blade bone boiled." Whereupon Danby retired, convinced that there was no means of corrupting one so habituated to the Simple Life.

Any Marvell documents which come into the market just now will be eagerly scanned, and gain, perhaps, a fictitious value. Two such are to be included in an interesting sale of books and documents at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 2, and both of the letters appear to have been addressed to those responsible for the sending to Westminster of the poet and his fellow member, Sir John Ramsden. The first letter was written on May 29, 1660, the day on which King Charles II. came into his own again :

"We have received yours of the 25 & would not misse answering you this same Post though it be THE DAY OF THE KING'S (CHARLES II) ARRIVALL. The Councell of State was broke up & acted no more before the receipt of yours. So that nothing at all could be done there-upon concerning Mr. Bloom & Mr. Hall. And truly Gentlemen, if we may presume to advise you, seeing it falls out so, be pleased to interpose yet while it is time your discretions for the composing of a businesse wch it will be difficult for us to handle so dextrously but that some reflexion may fall here upon your own judgements and upon the town. But we shall decline nothing nor thinke any thing better then that which you shall resolve on & if you please after some few days to write about it to his Majesties Privy Counsell, & for the approbation of Mr. Maior to be one of your number we will serve you therein. Onely we must beg of you that in whatsoever you shall use us you will acquaint us also with matter of fact distinctly & perfectly For else your businesse can not be well done."

The second letter is dated the following March, and touches upon the tobacco duty :

"... Yesterday his Majesty pass'd such bills as were ready: The principall of which were the Subsidy Bill: The Bill of Excise upon

beere and Ale. The Duke of York's (afterwards James II) bill exchanging his Wine-Licenses for 24000^l a yeare out of the Excise of Beere & Ale, & this bill which is onely yet printed: the rest I shall send you when they come out. We are now proceeding on the bill of forain Commodities to be payd at the Custom house in three moneths. Today whereas as it was sixpence We have the Committee voted 4d on Spanish Tabacco & instead of 3d on Virginia, three halfe pence."

One who describes himself as a beginner in composition has written to us asking for help. He says: "I desire to know something about 'Invention and Selection,'" and goes on to tell us that he is not able to take advantage of books because he cannot grasp their construction and the way in which the writer has built up the article, essay, or short story. It is like looking at a fine building; it requires an architect to show how the arrangement of the different parts give strength and grace to the whole. Questions like this are much more easy to ask than to answer. We suppose that as a matter of fact a book grows in the mind of its author very much according to the character of that author, and varies with the individual. One writer must have the whole story mapped out before he begins: another merely gets a start and lets the tale grow as it pleases. Balzac used to write out the the plot of his story on a piece of paper, re-writing it on a larger sheet, and repeating the process till the novel took its final shape.

Literary invention is only a preliminary to writing. Very often it is confused with imagination, but the two are quite different. The capacity for inventing a plot is not very uncommon and is a matter of mechanism pure and simple. We know of at least one man who has no literary ability whatever and yet is able to make a moderate livelihood out of the construction of plots which he sells to professional writers. The greater gift is that of imagination, which Carlyle defined as "bodying forth an idea." In creative literature, however, it is something more, and includes the gift of ability to live the life of the fictitious characters. It is after invention has done its work that imagination comes in, and with it knowledge and experience to make of the thing that has been imagined something truer than life itself.

Another word used by our correspondent is that of selection. Undoubtedly a good writer can always be recognised by his power of knowing what not to write. There is no author so wearisome as he who considers it a part of his duty to put down everything that comes into his head. He offers, in fact, an insult to his readers, implying that they have no understanding of their own and must be told everything like school children. But there is no surer sign of good authorship than the power of omitting exactly the right thing; command of language as well as synthesis of thought is necessary; for a writer who is really a master of language can make his very words suggest thoughts which a less skilful craftsman will fail to convey in whole paragraphs. But there are no rules of the game which we can offer our correspondent. It is a question of breadth of mind, literary sensibility, knowledge, and practice, and each of these must be present in the reader as well as in the author before the perfect expression of truth can be conveyed from one mind to another. All must be there, and all are equally important. The only advice we can offer is: Read and think; and avoid, above all things, educational handbooks that profess to tell you how literature can be made.

The latest literary problem is: Where was Elizabeth Barrett Browning born? The "Encyclopædia Britannica" says she was born in London; the "Dictionary of National Biography" assigns Burn Hall, Durham, as her birthplace. Some biographers have preferred Hope End, Herefordshire, while Mr. Ingram, in his Life of the poetess, says that the *Tyne Mercury* of March 14, 1809, announces for the 4th

of March: "In London the wife of Edward M. Barrett, Esq., of a daughter." Mr. Browning, however, challenged this statement by asserting that his wife was born on March 6, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother. But Carlton Hall is in Yorkshire, and Mr. Ingram declares that it did not come into the possession of Mr. Moulton Barrett till after 1810. Finally, there is the entry in the parish register of Kelloe Church, which is as follows: "Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, of Coxhoe Hall, native of St. James', Jamaica, by Mary, late Clarke, native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 6, 1806." Somebody certainly ought to offer a prize for the solution of so intricate a puzzle.

The news that the County Council had struck off its list of prize-books for day-schools the works of such writers as Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Whittier, Smiles, and even the blameless Mrs. Hemans, caused a flutter of excitement. People talked of the "Index Expurgatorius," and the "black list." But it turns out that it is, after all, the children themselves who are the censors. They are allowed to choose their own prizes, and they do not care for Mrs. Hemans, Elia, "The Four Georges," Smiles on Thrift, and the rest. And the County Council is wise enough to let them have what they do like.

When a book has appeared on the list for some time, and no child has selected it, it is clearly useless to keep it on any longer. There are other causes at work too, as a member of the Education Committee has explained. Books go out of print, or are too expensive, or belong to a soon exhausted number presented by some publisher who would rather give them away than "remainder" them. Or again, so enormous is the modern output of new books that they become superseded, perhaps, in a year from the date of publication.

In this respect we are inclined to envy those children. We were not allowed to choose. The present writer once received a handsomely bound book on Natural History (a subject which he always disliked) as a prize for good conduct; while his prize poem brought him seven massive volumes of the dullest history ever written. All Fielding might have been bought for half the money.

Count Tolstoy has joined the Genevan Rousseau Society. This is the text of his letter:—

"SIR,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I inscribe myself a member of your Society.

"I express my most sincere wishes for the success of your work.

"Rousseau has been my Master since I was fifteen.

"Rousseau and the Gospel have been the two great and beneficent influences that have affected my life.

"Rousseau does not grow old. Quite lately I re-read some of his works, and I felt the same elevation of soul and the same admiration that I experienced when reading him in the days of my youth.

"I thank you, therefore, for the honour which you do me in entering my name as a member of your Society, and I beg you to accept the assurance of my distinguished sentiments."

For Count Tolstoy the "Confessions" and the Gospels are works which differ not in kind but only in degree; and the difference, it would appear, is all in favour of the "Confessions."

Eighteen more Rousseau letters are about to be published. They have been preserved by a member of the family of Madame d'Houdetôt, and relate to the inflammable philosopher's passion for that lady. In one of them, sixteen or twenty pages long, Rousseau gives his views on the nature of friendship, and in another he discusses his feelings in regard to death which he believes to be impending. On the whole the documents supply evidence of mental anguish, and supplement and confirm what is written in the "Confessions" as to that period of Rousseau's Life.

At Montmorency, where the Houdetôt episode occurred, a statue to Rousseau's memory is about to be erected. His Hermitage there was given to him by Madame d'Epinay: and Grimm predicted that she would presently have reason to repent of the gift. "Solitude," he wrote, "will end by blackening his imagination; he will think all his friends unjust, ungrateful, and you first of all, if you refuse to do as he orders." This prophecy came true. Rousseau was wanted to accompany his benefactress to Geneva, where she wished to place herself under the famous physician Tronchin. He refused, and wrote to Grimm as follows:

"I have learned for two years in her house unremitting subjection, with the finest discourses on liberty; served by twenty servants, and cleaning my own shoes every morning; loaded with indignations, and sighing unceasingly for my wooden bowl. . . . Compare my benefits from Madame with my country sacrificed, and two years of slavery, and tell me whether it is she or I who is most obliged to the other."

The letter seems to justify Grimm's description of the Sage as "a moral dwarf on stilts." The practical consequence of it was that he had to leave the Hermitage, whence he adjourned to Montlouis. The amazing thing is that, after quarrelling with Madame d'Epinay, he actually wrote to her to say that his friends "had advised him not to leave until Spring." The lady returned the cutting answer:

"Since you are determined to quit the Hermitage, and are persuaded that you ought to do so, I am astonished your friends have prevailed upon you to stay there. For my part I never consult mine upon duty."

After that he had no alternative but to terminate his tenancy without further loss of time.

The question of the concentration of the teaching of the Preliminary and Intermediate subjects of the medical curriculum in London at a few centres, has long occupied the attention of those interested in medical education, as it has been felt that this step *must* result in greater efficiency in teaching, as well as economy in expenditure. The Westminster Hospital Medical School has been the first to take definite action in the matter, and has just completed negotiations with King's College, by which arrangements have been made for the teaching of Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Anatomy, Physiology and Materia Medica (that is to say, the subjects of the Preliminary and Intermediate Examinations) to Westminster students at King's College. Students will enter Westminster Hospital Medical School as in the past and will remain Westminster men, and will not become matriculated students of King's College; but they will be taught the earlier subjects of study at that institution. The scheme will come into effect at the commencement of next Winter Session in October. At the same time, the Westminster School is thoroughly reorganising the teaching of the subjects of the final examination. It is believed that this commencement of a probably more general concentration of the teaching of the Preliminary and Intermediate subjects of the curriculum cannot but promote the best interests of Medical education in London.

So many agreeable exhibitions have been given us by the hospitality of the Burlington Fine Arts Club that it seems almost discourteous to complain that the present collection of English embroidery—of periods up to the middle of the sixteenth century—is of narrow appeal and little æsthetic value. To the accomplished student of thirteenth-, fourteenth- and fifteenth-century work there is, no doubt, much of interest; to the artist and the craftsman there is food for thought, but no remarkable inspiration that is essentially English. During the thirteenth century there is no doubt that English work was sought for by continental bodies; France, Italy, and Spain still possess examples of ecclesiastical embroidery of this period. But after that much of the English work was complicated by foreign

additions and assistance. The famous "Fishmonger's Pall," now in Savile Row, has even been suspected of other than native influences, and many of the embroideries in gold and silver thread and coloured silks for dalmatics, chasubles and copes are doubtless English only in their actual workmanship, not in feeling or design. To those who would learn something of the subject, a visit to Savile Row and a study of the excellent catalogue, with its clear and informing introduction by Mr. A. F. Kendrick, will be of no small value. The connoisseur and critic of the subject will find much on which to whet his wit and exercise his acumen.

The death has been announced of M. Alphonse Tavan, one of the founders of the *Félibrige*. The story of the institution of that famous Provençal society has been told by Mistral, now the sole survivor of the original band. This is his account of it, in his own words:

"The word 'felibre' was adopted from 1854 onwards by the promoters of the linguistic and literary renaissance of the South. On May 21, 1854, seven young poets, Theodore Aubanel, Jean Brunet, Anselme Mathieu, Frederic Mistral, Joseph Roumanille, Alphonse Tavan, and Paul Giera met at Font-Segune, near Chateauneuf de Gadagne (Vaucluse) to concert, at a dinner of friends, the revival of the Provençal literature. At dessert the bases of this palingenesis were agreed upon, and a name for the designation of the adepts was sought. It was found in a folk-song which Mistral had recovered at Maillane—a song still used as a prayer in certain families of the people."

The name *félibre* was hailed with approval by the seven banqueters.

Of all the *félibres*, however, only Mistral has achieved a wide renown. He, as all the world knows, has been awarded the Nobel prize; his works have been translated into English, German, and other languages; and his life has been written by an American scholar. Roumanille is known to a certain extent; but the next in fame to Mistral is a later adherent to the movement, Félix Gras, whose novel "The Reds of the Midi" had quite a success in an English version a few years ago.

M. Tavan was in the employment of a railway company. He was the author of two volumes of verse, "Amour et Plour" and "Vivo Vidanto," and of a comedy in five acts, entitled "Le masc," first played, during the Carnaval of 1854 in a coach-house at that Chateau-neuf-de-Gadagne which saw the beginnings of the movement.

On April 30 last a beautiful monument, the work of the sculptor Scherpe, was unveiled at Vienna to the dramatist Anzengruber.

The Senate of the town of Hamburg voted £1000 for popular performances of Schiller's plays from May 3 to 14. The price of the seats was threepence and fourpence. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin gave a similar sum for a Schiller cycle in his Court Theatre. The Duke of Meiningen permitted three performances of *Wilhelm Tell* to be given gratis on behalf of all the schoolboys and schoolgirls of the dukedom.

Under the title of "Church Leaders, 1800-1900," Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co. Ltd., have had in preparation for some time past a series of monographs on the life and work of some of the most prominent English Churchmen of the Victorian era. One feature of the series, which is under the general editorship of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, is that it will be written by laymen, the object in view being in each case to bring out clearly and judge fairly the part played by each leader in the history of the Church during the past century. The first two volumes will be published early this summer, and are contributed by Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, who deals with Bishop Wilberforce, and by Mr. D. C. Lathbury, who writes on Dean Church.

LITERATURE

A PERSONAL IMAGE OF LONDON

The Soul of London. A Survey of a Modern City. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Alston Rivers, 5s. net.)

MR. HUEFFER'S book is an original and thoughtful attempt to get at that elusive entity "the soul of London." And if he has to admit that the quest is hopeless, yet he moves to this negative through a multitude of interesting positives.

London is incapable of summary. You can form a mental picture of the outward and inward character of Manchester, of Glasgow, even of Paris. London defeats such efforts. It is true that we symbolise London pictorially by the dome of St. Paul's, but this majestic feature does not stand in any real fatherly or explanatory relation to the immense camp of men which we name as London. The Golden Cross only enables the eye to recognise as a town the vaguely horizoned cloud of houses below.

Mr. Hueffer starts from this point, and holds that one's mental picture of London town is in the end always a matter of approaches. This formlessness of London is equally felt in London's moral and social life; and Mr. Hueffer's purpose is rather to note the effect on the mind of this vaguely felt, always missed, totality, than to make any gymnastic attempt to state it. His language is that of indication, not of statement. Every one who has really pored over London's maps, especially district and large-scale maps, must have been impressed by the incalculable gulf which separates any conception of the town's size, derived from the map, from that obtained gradually in the streets themselves. Nor does the knowledge derived from collections of facts about London, in directories, blue-books, and what not, come to bear any more recognisable relation to the London of the eyes and the exploring mind. Yet only familiarity with these instruments can prepare the reader to share Mr. Hueffer's point of view, or, it may be, to follow without a certain fatigue, his endeavours to measure London by instruments of a psychological order. Thus it will depend a good deal on the reader's equipment whether he will really enter into Mr. Hueffer's thought that London is essentially a background; his thought that London is almost as truly a natural product "as any great stretch of alluvial soil"; and his thought that, in its essentials, London is "a home neither for the living nor the dead." Yet a town which defeats all material reckoning and all imaginative seeing cannot be discussed except in terms like these. As Mr. Hueffer says, to "get the atmosphere" of modern London is a task which requires the abandonment of all lingering or completed attentions. Even the Past must be treated as "a ground-bass beneath the higher notes of the Present." This phrase, alone, separates Mr. Hueffer's book from the whole mass of topographical-sentimental literature, much of it excellent in its way, which has grown up around London streets and districts.

Not only must the seeker for London's "atmosphere" be strong to discard his ready-to-hand topics, but he must have topographical charity. To use Mr. Hueffer's words:

"He ought to be alive to the glamour of old associations, of all the old associations in all their human aspects. But he ought to be equally inspired with satisfaction because work is being done; because dark spots are being cleared away; because new haunts are being formed for new people around whom will congregate new associations. And he ought to see that these new associations will in their turn grow old, tender, romantic, glamorous enough. He should, in fact, when he presumes to draw morals, be prepared to draw all the morals."

Having thus stated, as carefully as we can, Mr. Hueffer's point of view, we must add without delay that although he conceives his subject on this large scale, the stuff of his book is anything but vaporous and exclamatory. On the contrary, his illustrations in the way of sketch and description are abundant and charming. It may be just a

description of London's fringe seen on entering it by rail. But what could be better in the way of synthetic vision than this?

"Small houses, like the ranks of an infinite number of regiments caught in the act of wheeling, march out into the country; in the mists of the distance they climb hills, and the serrated roofs look like the jagged outlines of pinewood, with, at the top, the thin spike of a church tower. The roofs come closer together; at last, in their regular furrows, they present the appearance of fields ploughed in slate, in tiles, in lead, with the deeper channels of the streets below. . . . And for me at least it is melancholy to think that hardly one of all these lives, of all these men, will leave any traces in the world. One sees, too, many little bits of uncompleted life. As the train pauses, one looks down into a main street—and all streets are hardly recognisable from a height. A 'bus is before the steps of a church, a ragged child turns a catherine-wheel in the road, and holds up her hand to the passengers. Suddenly a blue policeman steps into the roadway. The train moves on."

By such touches we are drawn into the "atmosphere" of a town which can be appreciated by nothing else, a town so forgetful of its past generations and so inconceivable by its present children, that Mr. Hueffer seeks relief in the phrase, "a home neither for the living nor the dead." Not less true, though less hyperbolic, is his "background" refrain, finely uttered in the following passage:

"A man may look down out of dim windows upon the slaty, black wet misery of a squalid street, upon a solitary flickering lamp that wavers a sooty light upon a solitary, hurrying passer's umbrella. He may have received a moment before the first embrace of a woman, or a moment before his doctor may have told him that he was not very long for this world. He will stand looking down; and a sudden consonance with his mood, of overwhelming and hardly comprehensible joy, of overwhelming and hardly fathomable pain, a sudden significance will be there in the black wet street, in the long wavering reflections on the gleaming paving-stones, in the engrossed hurry of the passer-by. It will become, intimately and rightly, the appropriate background for a beginning of, or for a farewell of life—for the glow of a commenced love or for the dull pain of a malady ending only in death. It is that, more than anything, that London has ready for every man."

It is something of a paradox that in attempting a book on London which requires the abandonment of detail, Mr. Hueffer is himself constantly thrown back on "bits" of its life. Only he chooses the "bits" whose interest does not end with themselves, or with some *imperium in imperio*, but which carry us further into the atmospheric whole. We all know how the mind recalls "bits" of London in very fatigue, and cherishes them in odd ways. Mr. Hueffer says:

"I have known a man, dying a long way from London, sigh queerly for a sight of the gush of smoke that, on a platform of the Underground, one may see, escaping in great woolly clots up a circular opening, by a grimy, rusted iron shield, into the dim upper light. He wanted to see it again as others have wished to see once more the Bay of Naples, the olive groves of Catania."

Similarly, Mr. Hueffer uses quaint and little-known details to indicate the secret variety of life in the monotonous street world of London. He knows a railway-signalman who, at night, in a cottage "down the line" seeks relief from levers and bells in making out of pith and coloured paper models of the English cathedrals, giving his small holidays to making trips to Bath, Durham, or Chester, and hoping to capture with his eyes the beauties of Notre-Dame and Amiens. Another man, known to our author, breeds pheasants in the enclosure of a City churchyard, and when they utter their shrill cry, says with rapture: "Doesn't it make you think of Norfolk?"

We think that the chief difficulty which besets the writer of such a book as this is his liability to fall into descriptions which are too light and subtle to be enjoyed—by most readers—in frequent doses. We mean descriptions so charged with mood that they almost ask for a direct human interest to support them. Take this—excellent in itself—about a well-earned idle gaze from a club-window:

"You live only with your eyes, and they lull you. So Time becomes manifest like a slow pulse, the world stands still; a four-wheeler takes as it were two years to crawl from one lamp-post to another, and the rustle of newspapers behind your back in the dark recesses of the room might be a tide chafing upon the pebbles."

And although we are in full sympathy with Mr. Hueffer's intentions, we cannot help thinking that he might with advantage have dealt more in definite names, places, and scenes. This would have mitigated a certain pressure and repetitive character in his style, especially in passages of cumulative description, where the eyes and mind would be grateful for vivid localities instead of phrases like "the narrow ways of the City" or "a broad highway of new shops."

THE CENTENARY LIFE OF MARTINEAU

James Martineau: Theologian and Teacher. A Study of his Life and Thought. By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A. (Philip Green, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book, written at the invitation of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, appeals in the first instance to Dr. Martineau's own religious fellowship; but this domestic destination will probably be found rather to increase than to diminish its value in the eyes of the wider public, for it not only helps the reader to realise some significant and interesting currents in the social and religious life of the earlier nineteenth century, but also brings out into distinct relief the trend and quality of Martineau's own mind and character, as well as the immediate influences and pressures under which his thought and action were shaped.

The rich associations of his native city of Norwich seem to have left comparatively faint traces on him, and his recollections of his boyhood were neither numerous nor vivid. He was unhappy at school, being a sensitive and shrinking child, and enduring much tribulation from bullying, a circumstance on which a story he told in his old age may perhaps throw some light. A big and dull boy insisted one day on little Martineau doing his Latin exercise for him. He did it, but he inserted a mock translation of the sentence: "This piece of cloth is worth twenty asses." It began "*Hoc pax panni*" and ended "*stolidos*." The glee with which this piece of mischief was perpetrated survived the thrashing which it naturally entailed, and flashed up again from forgotten depths more than sixty years afterwards, when the two former school-fellows encountered each other once more, the elder as His Worship the Mayor of X, and the junior as the honoured guest at some civic function over which the Mayor presided. A streak of gleefulness always kept its place, though it was never prominent, in Dr. Martineau's character. In his venerable old age, when he was the recognised champion of the philosophy of Theism and his very presence breathed reverence and awe, it was good to hear him tell the story of the Scotch gilly who attempted in vain to dissuade him from following his own devices upon the mountain-side by assuring him that he would inevitably be lost in the mists, and adding the solemn warning: "And there you may shout your God-damns all night and nobody will hear you." When he was telling a story (and he had a goodly stock), his face would break into delicious laughter, but its settled expression was one of pensive yearning, a "looking up," in his own phrase, to the "inaccessible light." He himself dates his consciously continuous life from the time he spent (after leaving his Norwich school) with Dr. Lant Carpenter (the father of the physiologist and philosopher, and grandfather of the present biographer) in Bristol. In speaking of this teacher he says: "I have never seen in any human being the idea of duty, the feeling of right, held in such visible reverence." It was at this time his intention to be an engineer, but his true mission soon found him out, and he prepared himself for the ministry at Manchester College, York, under influences of a somewhat similar type to those of Dr. Carpenter.

This ethical strenuousness, to which his nature so readily responded, may well be held to give the key to his whole career as a thinker. Starting (a disciple of Priestley and Hartley) as a necessarian, with a discernible pantheistic tendency in his higher religious utterances, he worked

himself completely away from both positions in obedience to the axiomatic demands of his ethical consciousness. No system in which the human will ceases to be a prime determining source, and is resolved either into a link in a chain of causes or into a manifestation of something behind itself, seemed to him to be compatible with moral experience. The strength of his philosophical manhood was devoted to combating sensational and materialistic conceptions, which represented the whole range of mental phenomena on the one hand as following a succession, rigidly determined by unvarying causation, from the first dawn of sensitiveness up to the highest æsthetic or religious experiences, or on the other hand as a mere by-product of a series of molecular changes each of which inevitably followed upon its antecedent. And when at the close of his life he had seen the philosophies he had resisted practically abandoned, he was still at war with prevailing tendencies, for the Hegelianisms or Absolute Idealisms which make man "without reservation a part of the universe," appeared to him to leave no more scope for the genuine initiative and the genuine responsibility of the human will, than the old sensational philosophies had done; and he opposed the most spiritual Pantheism as sturdily as he had opposed the most materialistic sensationalism. This implies that his theory of the conscience and his theory of the will were inseparably connected with each other, and that the whole scheme alike of his ethical and his religious philosophy was reared on the basis which they furnished. Even before he had shaken himself free from the early influences of Priestley and Hartley he had recognised in the human will the type of all force. In our own conscious effort and the resistance which it encounters we learn to know from the inside the nature of that power behind all matter and all material manifestations, of which the scientific man, as such, knows only the effects. Thus while the conscience reveals to us a scale of nobility in action and motives which postulates Kant's "categorical imperative," our will reveals to us a power behind nature akin to itself. From the data of these two, conscience and will, must be built our belief in the existence, the power and the goodness of God. Such is the conception which "links each to each" the successive phases of Martineau's thought, and Mr. Carpenter with rare insight and discrimination traces their gradual evolution and transformation, and so gives us a fascinating and luminous picture of the progress through far the greater part of a century of a mind of singular subtlety and power. For Martineau, while remaining faithful to these fundamental conceptions from the dawn of his independent thinking to the close, was nevertheless constantly modifying and reconstructing his systematic expositions, in obedience to the movements of thought round him or the internal pressure of his own development. Indeed his biographer leaves us somewhat in doubt at the close whether his final exposition, presented to the public when he was over eighty years of age, did not still present a transition scheme in which modifications in the erection consequentially demand a reconstruction of the foundations more thoroughgoing than had been called for in any of the previous transformations.

But in spite of the keen interest of the expositions of Martineau's thought which this volume contains, it will doubtless be more valued yet for its revelation of a singularly gracious and inspiring personality. All who came into direct contact, however slight, with Martineau, were impressed by a moral and spiritual elevation which seemed to tell that his habitual conversation was in regions dimly or rarely realised by ordinary humanity. Hampered as he was throughout his life with an invincible reserve, he was the most sympathetic and enlightening of counsellors to any who dared to break through the approaches. Those who gave him their intimate confidences were amazed both by his moral insight and by his practical sagacity as a "spiritual director"; and those who knew no more of him than they could see in his outward semblance, in the very lines of feature and figure, felt the impress of an uncomprehended greatness. When at

the age of eighty-three he received his honorary degree at Oxford, undergraduates who knew nothing of him except vaguely that he was a person whose works were to be studied, if at all, cautiously and under direction, received him with an ovation such as one would expect only a popular hero of the day to evoke; and many of them still remember the impression of a great personality which they then received.

Professor Carpenter's volume will give to all of these, however far out on the fringe or however near to the centre of the range of personal influence they may have been, a closer knowledge of the man as he really was. It will help to reveal to them the inner workings of the mind and soul from which such transcendent power of waking enthusiasm issued. To those who never knew him it will explain the feelings of those who did. It is difficult to imagine any class of readers who will easily set down this biography when once they have opened it. The stress of interest will indeed vary, but the admirable lucidity of Mr. Carpenter's arrangement will render the process of skipping easy and comparatively safe; and no one who is interested in great movements of thought, or in the growth and progress of a human soul, or in the mystery of a great personality, can fail to find matter for delight.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

THE FRENCH AT HOME

Home Life in France. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. With twenty Illustrations. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is curious, as Count Bernstorff observed the other day, how little nations really know of one another, in spite of all our modern facilities of communication, and this is particularly true of France and England, separated as they have been by innumerable old traditions of contempt, ignorance, and downright hostility. Fortunately, a brighter day has already dawned, to the unspeakable relief and delight of the faithful band who believed and worked and watched through all the darkness of the Fashoda crisis and of the Dreyfus agitation. Among that faithful band Miss Betham-Edwards has every right to be considered a leader. For many years she has lived much in France, and has acquired a profound knowledge especially of the middle and working classes of the people. The instinctive reserve which she rightly notes as one of the most deeply rooted qualities of the French character was evidently not long able to resist her intelligent sympathy. This Englishwoman must at first have considerably astonished her French friends, who no doubt expected some of those insufferable airs of superiority which the British traveller on the Continent is only too apt to display. But there are many English who have lived as much in France as Miss Betham-Edwards and know the people as well as she does, without possessing her really striking power of giving literary form and shape to her experiences. No one writer, not even Mr. Bodley himself, can ever succeed in drawing what may be called a full-length picture of a whole nation, but every one who has the requisite combination of real knowledge and gift of literary expression can do something towards clearing away the mass of ignorance and misconception which still exists between French and English.

It is not so very long ago that guileless British youth used to be taught to find a sinister significance in the lack of any regular word for "home" in the French vocabulary, and only too many English travellers and writers of the past have assisted in cultivating that ludicrously false idea of our neighbours as essentially light-minded, pleasure-loving, irresponsible mannikins, which is by no means yet eradicated on this side of the Channel. From this point of view Miss Betham-Edwards' book is to be heartily welcomed, and also, we hasten to add, for its own sake. It is brightly written, and full of entertaining little personal reminiscences of the kind which do more to explain France to the average English mind than pages of

psychological studies appealing only to the cultivated few.

"National traits and idiosyncrasy as evidenced in daily life are more readily grasped," says our author, "than scientific generalisations, and more profitably illustrate national character for those obliged to content themselves with vicarious acquaintance."

It must be candidly admitted that the French themselves are to some extent responsible for the misconceptions as to their national characteristics which have prevailed in this country. They are often whimsically self-depreciative; it is their humour to put perhaps an undue strain on the power of penetration possessed by the confiding stranger. Moreover, their home life is a complete contrast to ours in respect of its seclusion. We are, if anything, too careless in admitting casual acquaintances, and even complete strangers, to the intimacy of our domestic hearths. In France there is something positively Oriental in the way in which the home is guarded against intruders, at the price of an apparent unsociableness. Miss Betham-Edwards brings this out admirably, together with what is both its justification and its compensation—namely, this nation's incomparable genius for friendship. The Frenchman's affections are concentrated on a few persons—indeed, our author might have said more about the old family friend, who is an extremely important factor in French society.

Another deeply rooted cause of English misunderstanding of the French nature is to be found in the general character of modern French fiction. Miss Betham-Edwards does not hesitate to say that

"French writers of fiction stand as culprits at the bar. So gravely have they sinned against truth and the fitness of things that the average novel must be accepted as a travesty, no more resembling French domestic life than the traditional caricature of John Bull by our neighbours resembles the typical Englishman. Were middle-class homes, indeed, of a piece with certain portraiture, the words 'family' and 'fireside' were mere figures of speech and *simulacra* over the water. The misconceptions created by so-called realistic novels are almost ineradicable. . . . It is hardly necessary to say that such works are not found upon drawing-room tables on the other side of the Channel. In the case of young daughters, maternal censorship is rigid, the Russian blacking-out system not more so."

The native patronage of such novels, she explains, would not suffice to keep their authors going. Russia is by far their best customer, Germany and England following suit, and much of the worst trash, we believe, is exported to South America.

Miss Betham-Edwards attaches a pretty wide connotation to "Home Life," for she includes chapters on "Messieurs les Députés," "The Professor of Agriculture," "An Aspirant to the Comédie Française," and "La Maison Paternelle, or Reformatory for Young Gentlemen." But her readers have no reason to complain, for she shows, in dealing with these subjects, the same lively play of fancy and shrewd observation as in the more strictly domestic chapters. No one, even one who knows France very well, could help being interested in her book, while those whose knowledge of our neighbours is limited to what may be gathered from occasional visits *en touriste* will find it of real value, though they may perhaps be advised not to believe every word of it. For the fact is that there is one serious drawback to Miss Betham-Edwards, considered as an authority on France, and that is her hostility to the Roman Catholic Church. She is evidently conscious of it, and honestly tries to prevent herself from being influenced by it. Indeed, one of her most delightful chapters is devoted to "My Friend Monsieur le Curé," with whom, whenever he called in the afternoon, she invariably had a long theological discussion. But her little prejudice peeps out now and again, and especially in the exaggerated importance which she attaches to the position of Protestantism in France. The inquirer who seeks to learn something of the ways of the *Faubourg* and the French upper classes generally will find but little enlightenment from Miss Betham-Edwards, but into the national life as a whole she shows an extraordinary insight—notably its fine taste, dignified simplicity, and freedom from vulgar

display. Some passages, showing how completely she has thrown aside certain traditional British prejudices, may be quoted:

"The essential education of the French girl does not rest with masters and mistresses, but with her mother, and is sedulously, unremittently carried on in the home. It is an education wholly apart from books, or a training of eye and ear. Its object is neither pedagogic nor didactic, but social. The pupil is to be trained for society, the world, and, above all, for her future position as wife, mother, mistress. . . . If less spontaneous than her English sister, it is because she has been taught from childhood upwards to control her impulses and weigh her words—in short, to remember that she belongs to a highly polished society, and its consequent responsibilities.

On the subject of the French marriage system she says:

"May there not be as much chance of happiness and comfort in these marriages as in the happy-go-lucky wedlock English maidens so often enter upon of their own accord? The tree must be judged by its fruits. Where do we find closer unions, tenderer wives, more devoted husbands than in France? Where the system of the *mariage de convenance* proves a fiasco we often find parental adulation to blame, the spoiling of character by over-indulgence in childhood, the development of egotism and wilfulness by inordinate fondling from the cradle upwards. Such cases are, fortunately, not the rule, but the exception."

In conclusion, Miss Betham-Edwards is to be heartily congratulated on the interesting series of photographs which various French friends have given her to illustrate her book.

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC

An Elizabethan Virginal Book. By E. W. NAYLOR, Mus. Doc. (Dent, 6s. net.)

It is well known to students of musical history that in the sixteenth century our native instrumentalists were unsurpassed in Europe. In respect of music for the keyed instruments, both composition and performance reached a point which marked the reigns of Elizabeth and James as a "culminating period." A singularly rapid decline followed, when music for the viols found favour.

For some inexplicable reason, "Parthenia," a small collection which appeared in 1611, was the only virginal music printed. But we possess a number of manuscripts containing virginal and organ music, which completely replace the lack of published collections. German antiquaries have frequently complained that these manuscripts have not been made generally accessible; recently the reproach has been removed by Messrs. Barclay Squire and Fuller-Maitland, who edited the largest of all, which is preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. It was written in the reign of James I., and contains no less than 291 compositions, almost all English. They fill nearly 1000 printed pages, and the great extent and cost have somewhat daunted the public; while many subscribers have found too little variety in the different pieces. Dr. Naylor, organist of Emmanuel College, has now issued a work dealing entirely with the collection, which should help considerably towards due appreciation of its value. He has made a list of the best pieces, about seventy in all. He has classified and described the various styles employed, which are: the fashionable dances of the period; "Fancies" on one subject (which we now call fugues), or on a succession of unconnected subjects; transcriptions of songs and madrigals; illustrative or descriptive attempts (Dr. Naylor prefers the name "Fancy pieces"); scientific counterpoint on the Hexachord, besides organ music. Perhaps the most remarkable numbers are the sets of Variations, which Dr. Naylor has treated incidentally in several places, though a separate chapter might have been expected. His critical remarks are enlightening in several directions, and evince a wide knowledge of modern music, with appreciation of the qualities which in all times make for righteousness. It might be wished that his knowledge of other Virginal Books were more complete. Grove's "Dictionary" (art. "Virginal Music") contains an elaborate catalogue of four MSS. only; and Dr. Naylor, as others have done, seems to imagine there are no others preserved. In Seiffert's edition of Weitzmann's "Geschichte des Klavierspiels" several

others are described; and Mr. Henry Davey catalogued many more in the "Monatshefte für Musikgeschichte" for 1902. Comparison of the Fitzwilliam MS. with the other remains would have been advisable. Above all, Brit. Mus. Addit. MS. 23623 (a MS. of Bull's music) should have been examined. Dr. Naylor would have found therein a fugue of Bull's upon the theme which Peter Philips (and Byrd) used, rubricated and the entries numbered. Fingering is occasionally marked in these early manuscripts; but Dr. Naylor is, we think, not justified in assuming that the marking is contemporary with the original.

We should like to see Dr. Naylor's selection from the Fitzwilliam MS. published separately. Anthologies are as necessary for music as for literature. "The Middle Ages are an immense graveyard of poems," while the last five centuries, especially the seventeenth, are an immense graveyard of musical compositions.

GOOD SPADE WORK

A Register of National Bibliography. By W. P. COURTNEY. (Constable, 2 vols., 31s. 6d. net.)

To have accomplished, as the work, practically, of one man, a task such as Mr. W. P. Courtney here presents, is an exceedingly creditable performance. He has done what required to be done, and has thereby earned the hearty gratitude of all who have to work amongst books and all whose studies lead them in definite grooves. It is the first step towards that fuller and more detailed National Bibliography, which we hope may some day be undertaken by the Bibliographical Society, a continuation and correction of Lowndes, with ample justice done to secondary writers, and accurate collations given of the more important works. But such a task cannot be carried through now by one man alone, and Mr. Courtney's volumes are evidence of this. Even within the limited range he set for himself there are important omissions in his lists, which would not, we think, have occurred had he had "assessors," who knew their special subjects as well as he knows his. Only students of bibliography can appreciate the immense labour that has gone to the making of these two books, and if we are compelled to point out a few defects, it is because we feel sure the work will soon proceed to a second edition and become an indispensable tool in every library.

We do not think Mr. Courtney's publishers were well advised in printing his lists on a demy octavo page practically marginless. They should either have doubled the number of volumes to four, and substantially decreased the amount of type on the page to admit of the annotations and additions every one who uses the work will want to make, or they should have issued the volumes interleaved.

And we think Mr. Courtney would have done better had he arranged his various books under their sub-sections and main headings alphabetically by means of key-words, rather than by date. He does arrange his sub-sections in this way, e.g., under Netherlands, we get *biography, churches of, colonies*, and so forth, but the books under those sub-sections are arranged in the order of their dates, and, when the list is a long one, of infinite variety, as is often the case, the search for cognate volumes becomes somewhat irritating.

A glance through the pages has indicated that there are certain gaps Mr. Courtney should fill in his next issue. Genest's ten volumes on the Stage do not appear under any heading we have noticed, though they are indispensable to every investigation concerned with Plays in England from 1660 to 1830. "A Catalogue of the Library of the Institute of Accountants in Glasgow" is given, but what about the Library of the London Institute of Chartered Accountants? The one reference under "Ale Songs" could have several companions. Under "Anglo-Saxon," Searle's "Onomasticon Anglo-Saxonicum" should have been given. Since a reference is given under "Ballantyne and Co.," to the work dealing with the his-

tory of that press and its connection with Sir Walter Scott, a reference should have been given to Lang's "Life of Lockhart." Greenhill's bibliography of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" is mentioned, but not the bibliography of Browne's "Hydriotaphia" and "Garden of Cyrus," in a companion volume of the same series. Only Tutin's bibliographies are given under Crashaw, the bibliographical notes in Grosart's and other complete editions being overlooked. No mention is made of the lists and other material in Mr. Wicksteed's edition of Dr. Karl Witte's "Essays on Dante." The writer of an excellent little life of De Foe is not W. Whitton. We have not been able to trace a reference to Mr. C. S. Sherborn's monumental "Index Animalium," where an exhaustive list of the rarer literature concerned with the nomenclature of animals is given, nor to Sir Frederick Pollock and Dr. Maitland's "History of English Law before the time of Edward I.," and all the early texts mentioned therein. The bibliographies of the writings of Hazlitt in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's Memoirs of his grandfather, and in Messrs. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover's edition of his collected works do not appear under "Hazlitt," but only Ireland's incomplete list; whilst, under Lamb, Mr. W. Macdonald's bibliographical notes are mentioned, but not Mr. E. V. Lucas', "which is absurd." Neither under Butler nor Hudibras is there any mention of Mr. R. B. Johnson's excellent lists of the illustrated and other editions given in his edition of Butler's Poems. The bibliographical lists in Mr. George Somes Layard's "Life and Letters of Charles Keene" are not given under Keene, nor is Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "History of Punch" quoted, though it gives valuable aid in identifying the work of contributors to that Journal. Under "Mary, the Virgin," there should have been a reference to Mr. Orby Shipley's "Carmina Mariana," and under "Medicine," to Sir Michael Foster's "Lectures on the History of Physiology during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."

Perhaps it is a counsel of perfection, but it would have been of considerable use if, under the entries of catalogues to private libraries, such as F. Locker-Lampson's, some indication had been given to the inquirer of the general nature of the books in the library mentioned, or of any sections of it held in special esteem by the collector, e.g., the Voyages and Bibles in the Huth collection. M. Ch. Pierrot's "Table Générale et Analytique" should have been mentioned under Sainte-Beuve, and, under Persia, Professor E. G. Browne's "Catalogue of Persian Manuscripts in the Cambridge University Library." Mr. T. Hutchinson's edition should have been given under Wordsworth—but here we must stop. These additions have occurred to us during a glance through the book, and by no means after an exhaustive examination. The list could be considerably increased, and it is obvious that, to obtain the best results, a work of this nature should be the product of many minds. None the less grateful are we to Mr. W. P. Courtney for trenching the ground and planning out the first beds. He has done the journeyman's work, that which obtains fewest half-pence and most kicks, and it will be a comparatively easy matter to put in the flowers.

TRAVELS IN CANADA

Canada As It Is. By JOHN FOSTER FRASER. (Cassell, 6s.)

MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER has already done great service to home-staying people by his brilliant sketches of distant lands. Such books as he has now written on America, Siberia and Canada partake, indeed, of journalism rather than literature. But they are journalism at its best. They are the vivid impressions of a trained traveller, who never forgets that his first duties are observation and inquiry.

There is no country in the world which lies more clear and open to the observer than Canada. Mr. Foster Fraser has had no reason to rely, as he was compelled to rely in Siberia, on official information. Every Canadian is willing

to talk about his country. Every Canadian politician or Cabinet Minister is easily accessible. Every Canadian family, from the remotest ranche up to Government House, is intensely hospitable. Statistical information abounds. The diligent inquirer receives from the Canadian officials piles of blue-books without payment, and, if he is really bent on business, he will receive every help from the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Armed with such powers, Mr. Foster Fraser went to Canada last autumn, travelled East and West through every province, and brought home a mass of material which he has worked up into the present book. He neglects no aspect of the country—the fruit-gardens of Ontario, the factories of Montreal and Toronto, the wheat-fields of Manitoba, the passes of the Rocky Mountains, or the lumber-forests of British Columbia. Mr. Foster Fraser has looked into every nook and cranny of all these countries with keen journalistic eye, and has swiftly penned his impressions.

It is, indeed, a book of impressions. At times, Mr. Foster Fraser argues and expounds. But he is at his best when he just gives you the actual clean-cut impression of travel. Take this description of the prairie:

"For miles I rode across virgin prairie. It was clean grass-land with gentle bosom-risings right to the horizon. Then I dipped into a region where man had come with his strength, and the prairie was a mother—fecund, proud, joyous, bringing forth one hundred million bushels of wheat."

Or this description of a ride over the Rockies on a cow-catcher:

"We dived and we curved; we snorted uphill and rattled, steam off, down hill, taking gently when the work was hard, letting her rip, 'free-wheeling,' when there was a dip. I say we, because the engine acted like a human being. We were tuned. The engine enjoyed it, I am certain, quite as much as I did——"

and so forth. The writing is always strong, vigorous, effective. There is no reflection or meditation—none of those calm distances, long thoughts, that you find in the masters of travel literature: you are hustled along by the keen exhilaration of this energetic, inquisitive personality. It is like travelling in a motor-car.

Not that the work is superficial. Mr. Fraser has gone out of his way to make a thorough inquiry into the condition of those curious people, the Doukhobors, who were brought over to Canada some years ago with the help of the Empress-Dowager of Russia. The Canadian Government has had some trouble with these good, simple souls; but Mr. Fraser testifies that they are worthy of patience, and gives them the very best character as emigrants.

Into the whole question of emigration, Mr. Fraser goes very thoroughly. He has interviewed hundreds of emigrants and settlers—from the families which he found going out in the steerage on the *Tunisian* to the settlers whom he found, in every stage of settlement, on the great wheat-fields of the North-West. The information he gives should be most valuable to the intending emigrant. It is shrewd, and yet enterprising. He does not underrate the difficulties of the climate. He is all in favour of an emigrant "going slow" at first, and learning his trade before saddling himself with a huge tract of virgin forest. But, with all the difficulties, he still finds in Canada one of the great countries of the future—still with vast, unpeopled territories, yearning for population, greeting the immigrant with open arms.

Visiting Canada at such a moment, it was impossible for Mr. Fraser to keep entirely outside the fiscal controversy. He is in favour of preferential tariffs, but states his case temperately and fairly. He gives us the Canadian point of view very fully, and had some peculiarly good opportunities of gauging it.

Altogether, this is one of the best books on Canada that have been produced for a long time.

THE ARROW

By peat-black waters flecked with foam,
She lay beneath the flaming west;
I plucked the arrow from her breast,
And staunched the wound; and bore her home.

Before the hearth's warm-glowing peat,
I laid her on my bracken-bed;
And loosed the dank hair round her head;
And chafed her snow-cold hands and feet,

Until the living colour crept
Through her young body; and her eyes
Looked into mine with still surprise
Once only, ere she softly slept.

Yet, though she wakened not nor stirred,
I gazed in those dark eyes all night
Within the peat-glow, till the light
Of morning roused some restless bird;

When, in the dawning's drowsy grey,
With watching spent, I fell asleep;
And slumbered till the bleat of sheep
Awakened me; and it was day.

Cold on my brow I felt the wind
That gently flapped the unlatched door,
And stirred the bracken on the floor
Whereon I looked, and thought to find

Beauty yet slumbering in the gold
Of withered fern; but no dark head
Now nestled in the bracken-bed
That rustled in the dawn-wind cold;

And she was gone—I knew not where;
I only knew that I must go
To seek her ever, high and low,
O'er hills and valleys of despair.

So flinging wide the flapping door,
I turned my back upon my home.
By peat-black waters flecked with foam,
From dawn till dark, for evermore,

O'er moss and fell, I keep my quest,
Grown old and frail, with failing breath;
Though now I know that only death
May pluck the arrow from my breast.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE REMOVAL OF THE MARCIANA LIBRARY AT VENICE

THE transportation of the Library at St. Mark in Venice from the Ducal Palace to the Palazzo della Zecca, or of the Mint, has at last been accomplished. The project for moving it has been under consideration for no less than twenty years; but owing to bureaucratic delays and the obstacles consequent on an ever shifting succession of ministries the scheme has only now been carried out. At first sight it would seem as though Venice had intended to honour the memory of Petrarch in this way, for the sixth centenary of the poet had just been celebrated throughout Italy with pomp and enthusiasm, and Petrarch may to some extent be looked upon as the founder of the Marciana. The circumstance was however entirely fortuitous: and though the Municipality of Venice have arranged to present the Library with the poet's bust in honour of the double event, the gift would doubtless have

been made had the removal taken place either prior to or after this anniversary.

A history of the Library and its vicissitudes, by Professor Count Antonio Medin (from which much of the following account is taken) forms one of the articles in the Italian periodical *La Lettura* for the month of April, and in it the author sarcastically remarks that we may be perfectly sure that had the Marciana not proved so perilous and inconvenient a guest it would never have been moved from the palace of the Doges. A less suitable site for a public library could not be conceived: and when, twelve years before his death, Petrarch settled to bequeath his books to Venice, intending thereby to found a "great and famous library," like unto those of olden times, he certainly never dreamt of its encumbering the palace of the rulers of the State. His legacy did not fulfil its purpose. The books were dispersed, and few of those originally belonging to Laura's lover are now to be found in Venice.

A happier fate awaited the volumes and manuscripts presented in 1468 by Cardinal Bessarion to the Republic. The collection of this learned prelate comprised over a thousand Greek and Latin codexes, and had been obtained at a cost of more than 30,000 golden ducats—a sum equivalent to about £120,000 of our money. To show their appreciation and gratitude the Government decided in 1515 to build a palace at the Piazzetta fit to house so valuable a possession. The commission was entrusted to Jacopo Sansovino, who in 1553 completed the edifice, which was afterwards embellished with paintings by Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto, and with stucco work by Alessandro Vittoria. The manuscripts were all chained to shelves in those days, and remained secured in this way till the end of the "Seicento." These manuscripts did not increase to any marked degree till the eighteenth century, when legacies from the houses of Contarini, and Recanatì, together with the library of Giusto Fontanini (which the Republic pronounced forfeit to itself) added largely to the numbers. Napoleon I. then ordered the clearance of the "Libreria Vecchia"—as it was called—in order that he might add it to the Royal palace. Accordingly, in 1812, the Marciana was transferred to the Palazzo Ducale, where it was placed all about the building, in such a fashion as to necessitate a quantity of alterations and readjustments that certainly did not tend to the safety or stability of the palace. Many a public office had, indeed, been set up in this seat of Venice's rulers, but none proved so troublesome as the Library, for its encroachments crept on with perilous insistence, its original number of 50,000 volumes swelling to 200,000, and adding the danger of its weight to the inconvenience of its size.

The importunity of one librarian after another availed little. The Ministry of Public Instruction in Rome, to whom these appeals were made, found means to put off or evade the business, and had it not been for the fall of the Campanile the Library would probably have remained for ever stowed away in the recesses of the Doge's Palace. The warning note rung by the great belfry when on July 14, 1902 it tottered to its fall—fulfilling even in death a sacred, solemn mission—re-echoed throughout Venice. The dread that every large and heavy building was in peril stirred every one's mind, and the authorities in Rome urged on the work of removing the ponderous tomes from a fabric which was never calculated to bear them. The palace of the Zecca, which in 1900 had been selected as the most appropriate spot in which *some day* to house the books, was ordered to be prepared without delay. This building offered advantages of no mean order. It stood close to the Palazzo Ducale, so that the distance for conveying the books, manuscripts, etc., was short; its proximity to the "Libreria Vecchia" seemed to endow it with the needed traditions; the fact of there being a building large enough, strong enough, and suitable enough, to house the Marciana was in itself a reason to select the Palazzo della Zecca. This house, in which the ducats of the "Serenissima" were once coined, and where the "cell of the chests" (*cella degli scrigni*)—though empty now—is still seen, is spoken of at

the end of the sixteenth century by Francesco Sansovino, the architect's son, as being remarkable for the solidity and compactness of its construction. "What is striking," he says, "is that it is closely woven below as well as above of stone, bricks and iron, without there being an ounce of wood to be found. So that for strength and for security against fire there is no place whatever that can be compared with it."

This old place, destined once for so different a purpose, has been excellently well arranged as a library. The ample courtyard in the centre has been covered in with a glass roof, forming now a spacious, light, commodious reading-room, well ventilated, sheltered and warm, and capable of seating from 100 to 120 readers. Other rooms are set apart for the study of manuscripts; others for general and Venetian works of reference; others serve as offices, and all are furnished plainly yet handsomely. The bulk of the Library is housed in long corridors, on shelves, in book-cases and scaffoldings all of iron, and all made in the latest and most approved fashion. The catalogues are kept on the ground floor, and are easily accessible to students.

The difference between the former site and the present one is untold. In the Doge's Palace the drawbacks were endless. The books had to be poked away in whatever space could be spared for them; and the strange, remote corners in which they were buried made it a puzzle how any volume could ever be disinterred from the involved, intricate labyrinth which constituted one of the finest libraries of Italy. The luckless student had sometimes to wait for an hour, and even occasionally to return the following day, while the still more luckless attendant searched among the hidden passages and recesses for the needed volume. The hours, too, for study had to be limited to the daytime, for, rightly enough, no lights could be permitted in the Ducal Palace, the risk of fire being too great to run at any price. The work of removal, begun early in August 1904, and finished early in November of the same year, was carried out with such method and organisation that not one pamphlet was missing, and at the beginning of December the Library was again open to the public, and in complete working order. The merit of all this is chiefly due to Dr. S. Morpurgo, the able head of the Marciana, whose energy, determination, and intelligence have at last been crowned with success. He has been supported by an able staff, and more especially by his efficient sub-librarians, Dr. Giulio Coggiola, Dr. Gino Levi, and Dr. Arnoldo Segarizzi.

The opening ceremony was performed by H.R.H. the Duke of Genoa, the Minister of Public Instruction, and many leading authorities of the town.

ALETHEA WIEL.

THE PERILS OF ORTHOGRAPHIC REFORM

THE literatures of France and England have reached the happy stage in their history when a great and constant interchange of style and spirit passes between them, and each is keenly sensitive to the evolution of the other. It is hardly too much to say that the two languages have become mutually dependent, as the two nations, in character, temperament and intelligence, are complementary; and there is more than a grain of truth in the view that the qualities of French literature to-day are those of English literature to-morrow. So that the interest we feel in the question of the reform of orthography, which still continues to provoke much discussion in Paris, is increased by the feeling that the movement is safe to reproduce itself here at no distant date.

It seems strange that when the subject of "spelling reform"—as it is vulgarly and inaccurately called—is raised by its advocates, the nation fails to see the vital and revolutionary nature of the attack, which, in effect, involves changes of perhaps not less importance than, let us say,

the rightful settlement of a certain political problem now agitating the country. On the one hand we have the advantage of simplifying spelling in order that language may be made easier to those who use it least: on the other we have the danger of deracinating a host of ancient and beautiful usages, teeming with reminiscences of history and heroism, brilliant with reflections of poetic colouring, and sanctified by the approval of authors, statesmen, and scholars without number.

The matter has never been better treated than by M. Edmond Rostand, in the long poem he contributed to the *Figaro* before the illness which, not many weeks ago, compelled him temporarily to lay aside all work. (We are disposed to ask, in passing, what London journal would have given five of its best columns to a copy of verses on a disputed question of orthography?) The poet inagines himself to be in a vast library at night, and is startled by the small but clear sounds of tearing and sighing which proceed from the shelves.

"Et parmi l'ombre où des cuivres
Luisaient encor sur du bois,
Tous les mots, dans tous les livres,
Remuèrent à la fois."

The hand of the spelling reformer is among the books, and in the hand is a pair of operating scissors, with which words are curtailed, beheaded, and otherwise mutilated:

"J'entendis, je crus entendre
Des petits pas de ciseaux
Courir dans de la chair tendre
Et trébucher sur des os."

The words cry for mercy in a chorus which is equally remarkable as a triumph of poetic artifice and as a specimen of perfect scholarship:

"Ah! disaient ces mots en larmes,
Nous sommes pourtant les mots,
Vos amis, vos fleurs, vos armes,
Vos talismans, vos émaux!"

Several single words undertake their own defence, and in each case the chorus comments on their plaintive regrets with an irony which spelling reformers will find very wounding. In the following pair of stanzas M. Rostand gives expression, in phrases of exquisite music and truth, to the meditations of every artist in words:

"Le Chœur chantait; 'La merveille
Du beau mot mystérieux,
C'est qu'on le lit de l'oreille
Et qu'on l'écoute des yeux!"

"Ce sortilège est le nôtre
Que si, de nos deux beautés,
Vous ôtez l'une, c'est l'autre
Que peut-être vous ôtez!"

Who would have thought it possible that a poet could stir our heart profoundly with a statement of grammar? These wonderful verses are instinct with the most refined pathos. They impress the reader with a sense of the sacrilege and barbarity of crippling a splendid language, and form a contemptuously crushing reply to spelling reformers of the crudest type—those who can see in the written word nothing but a vehicle for indicating pronunciation—a series of signs having no more essential charm or value than resides in shorthand or algebra:

"Mais des cris de scoliastes
Annonçaient incessamment
Qu'on procédait à de vastes
Travaux d'enlaidissement."

"Le char d'or de chaque idée
Devenait un omnibus
Roulant sa lourdeur bondée
Dans un gâchis de rébus!"

The advocacy of the standard orthography is complete: it has elevated grammar almost to the height of sublimity; it is final. Readers will not, however, assume, from these polished verses, that M. Rostand, or that scholars in general, are absolutely opposed to all orthoëpic reform. There are

instances—in English and French alike—where the accepted spelling is wrong from every standpoint. To mention only the most obvious example: the form "rhyme" is quite unjustifiable, and every scholar is aware that "rime" must reassume its place. But such cases are not very numerous. The great rock on which "spelling reform" splits is the ludicrous assumption that a purely phonetic form of word is that which is theoretically perfect. Every lover of English or French will echo the concluding sentiment of M. Rostand:

"Et jamais je n'ai, peut-être,
Su comme aujourd'hui je sais
Que j'adore chaque lettre
De chacun des mots français."

The movement for orthographic reform has thus at least the merit of forcing us to realise the treasure we possess.

L. W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

WHEN a friend of Brown's remarked on the omission of his name from a magazine article on Minor Poets, he said, with a smile: "Perhaps I am among the Major." And he was right. For there is nothing minor about the work of this essentially individual writer; it has no pettiness, no mere prettiness, no easy imitative languors; it is strong, direct, finely human. Perhaps it would hardly be fair to say that Henley discovered him, but he certainly owed to his old Gloucester pupil a wider recognition and the encouragement of a virile appreciation. It was for nature, and poetry, and the soul of man that Brown cared always. It was so when he left the Isle of Man for Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double First and at twenty-four was a Fellow of Oriel; it was so when he was school-mastering at Gloucester and Clifton; it was so when at last he settled in the Isle of Man to end his days. He was a master for close on forty years, yet there is no trace in his work of the narrowness of outlook which so often comes of the routine of teaching. "He seemed in possession," a friend said, "of some great secret of nature which he was not free to impart to us." But in his letters and his verse he imparted it marvellously well.

Brown's letters are amongst the best that we have; his place is, surely, among the first twelve English letter-writers, and by no means at the bottom of the list. His letters have insight, humour, tenderness, an exquisite felicity of phrase, and a profound sense of beauty. "I like," he said, "to please my friends," and these letters of his were gifts. Here is a vivid picture:

"We have been much, of late, to Ballaglass . . . The other day we discovered an old weaver there, and his wife. The man was a handsome old fellow, fair and sunny-looking in his advanced years; the wife a brunette, 'with eyes of flame,' wrinkled like a sibyl, the remains of a terrible beauty upon her. And it turned out that she was from my parish (Braddan), and knew all about me and mine. Wonderful! the old times lived again; my father, with circumstance of the minutest accuracy, the little vicarage, the church, the very flies and gnats of contemporary gossip preserved in this amber. She was like a stick of amber. How she laughed, how she cried, how she clasped her hands, and 'blest her soul,' and 'dear me'd,' and wrapped me in a san benito of sympathy and fire—God help me! and how foolish we were! . . . And the old weaver weaves rugs, and is now weaving one for me. I think he is rather *exorbitant*! But who cares what exorbitance when the glory of the accident transcends the 'orb' of 'common doin's' so magnificently."

For a piece of tense description what could be better than this of Caldron Snout, in Teesdale?

"We look up to the comby crest where it first gets a notion of what is before it; under us is the straight arrowy myriad-lined thrust of the absolute energy, full of hate and insane purpose. We climb a bit of rock, and above the fall we see grey and melancholy preparations, a long dim claymore riveted into a background of hills; the hills black with a lustrous blackness as of Hamburg grapes; beyond all a blue-white sky, almost intolerably clear."

From moods of roystering fun these letters pass to moods of bereavement in which Brown could write: "The winsomest

of all my friends, the purest, the most honourable and stainless. I am lonely here, specially so just now, and I expatiate in a wide field of sorrow; it is a field of tombs becoming more and more populous."

Brown's Manx stories in verse, "Fo'c's'le Yarns," are probably the best known portion of his work. They are packed with character, intense, masterful. He knew his native islanders in and out, and wove their joys and sorrows into verse quick with life. "Tommy Big-Eyes," "The Doctor," "Christmas Rose," and above all "Bella Gorry," are things apart in literature. For to a great narrative gift (one feels sure that Brown could have written a fine novel) is added authentic poetry and an absolute command of his medium. But the tales are written in dialect, and for some perverse reason dialect poetry is rather shunned. Yet, as I have said, these "Yarns" are probably better known than Brown's other work, those lyrics and imaginings into which he put the rapture and ardour and sadness of his spirit.

He had the highest gift of all, the lyrical, and he sometimes expressed it in the quaintest and daintiest forms, as in "Vespers":

"O blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so fàr?
Or is it wasted breath?
'Good Lord! she is so bright
To-night!
The blackbird saith."

And again, in "My Garden":

"A garden is a lonesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contents that God is not—
Not God! in gardens when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

In "Cleveden Verses" and "Aber Stations" Brown expressed one of the profoundest sorrows of his life, the loss of his boy. I quote two stanzas from the former:

"She knelt upon her brother's grave,
My little girl of six years old—
He used to be so good and brave,
The sweetest lamb of all our fold;
He used to shout, he used to sing,
Of all our tribe the little king—
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,
To hark if still in that dark place he played."

"No sound! no sound!
Death's silence was profound!
And horror crept
Into her aching heart, and Dorá wept.
If this is as it ought to be,
My God, I leave it unto thee."

Brown had the sea passion in his blood; it sings through all his verse; with the sea and mountains he was at home. In his long solitary walks he grew into a unity with nature that at times almost made him dumb with inexpressible thoughts. But he, more wise than many poets, did not attempt to express the inexpressible, so that his poetry always had clarity and definition of idea. What a superb fancy is that of "The Schooner," "rotten from the gunwale to the keel, rat-riddled, bilge-bestank," which leaves the harbour for the open sea:

"And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—
Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure.
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure;

And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,
Till from Night's leash the fine-breathed morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates."

T. E. Brown has not yet come into his own. Friends he had, and appreciators too, during his life, but there will come a time when his splendid accomplishment will appeal to a world grown tired of little things. He was not one to carry his wares into the market-place; he was not of those who play at "the polite exercise of verse." He knew nature, and life, and art, and loved all three.

"O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee."

And one likes to think that this noble spirit passed suddenly and without pain.

C. K. B.

FICTION

A New Humanity, or the Easter Island. By ADOLF WILBRANDT.
Translated from the German by Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT.
(Maclaren, 6s.)

ADOLF WILBRANDT is the typical German man of letters. He is the author of biographies, novels and plays, he was for two years co-editor of an important newspaper, and for six, Director of the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna. He has shown himself equally capable in all capacities. Such versatility is, to say the least, unusual in this country. We do not, alas! make our men of letters directors of our theatres, nor are our novelists or playwrights commissioned to write the lives of famous authors. Wilbrandt's lives of Kleist, Hölderlin, and Fritz Reuter will always have a place in German biographical literature. His reputation, however, stands highest as a dramatist. His dramas have a secure place in the repertory of all the leading theatres of Germany. Although his directorship of the great Vienna playhouse (1881-87) gave him practical experience of the stage, his plays are rather dramatic poems than dramas. The most popular, *Der Meister von Palmyra* (1889), lacks dramatic power, but is full of poetry and deep thought, and what action there is centres round the early Christians, always a fascinating subject. He returned to it in a later play, *Hairan* (1900), which was officially forbidden in Berlin after the second performance, probably on account of the likeness of its hero to the founder of Christianity. As a novelist Wilbrandt can tell a story, and has some skill in drawing character. Like Mrs. Humphry Ward in her late productions, Wilbrandt's stories sometimes centre round persons of real life, but unlike the English novelist, he chooses from among his contemporaries. In "Hermann Ifinger," certainly his most interesting novel, he deals with the tragic fate of the painter Hans Makart. The scene is laid chiefly in Munich and he introduces as Baron Pillnitz, Count Schack, the Mæcenas of modern German painting, and under different names the group of men, among whom were Böcklin, Schwind, Feuerbach, Genelli, and Lenbach, whose works Schack purchased and placed in his gallery, now the property of the German nation, before they were known to fame. The novel before us is a translation of "Die Oster-Insel" (1894), the hero of which, Helmut Adler, stands for the philosopher, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. Adler desired to produce a new race, a new humanity, which should surpass the present one. The ape-man was to become the superman. With a few disciples suited to rear the complete man, he intended to set out for the Easter Island in the Pacific Ocean; as far as the island reaches there will be only one type of the human race:

"People who strive and aspire to something higher, who wish with all their soul to quit the half-man state, and in whom higher aspirations are stirring, whose motto is: Down with the ape-man in us, long live the god-man! For a while, we should be left alone and in peace; nobody would trouble about the fools there leading an isolated life. When, however, an enemy did appear, we should be found to have equipped ourselves with all the means of defence modern times afford, invented for us by the ape-man. We should ourselves have improved

on them, our island would be a fortress, surrounded with sea-mines and electric batteries. But, above all, our best defence would be our invincible sense of honour, our inflexible courage, our knowledge that we were fighting for the future of humanity."

Unhappily, Adler, like his prototype, loses his reason, and dies before his great project can be started. Then Adler's disciples, chiefly his daughter and her betrothed, determine that the Easter Island is after all to be found in ourselves, and that the superman reveals himself in the selection of what is best in our nature. Wilbrandt's picture of Nietzsche is not attractive, nor is it wholly true, but, as the portrait of the dreamer, wrapt in himself, seeing nothing as it is, at war with the world and what he deems its mediocrity, its materialism, its hostility to new ideas, it may pass. The incidental descriptions of Rostock, the seaport town of northern Germany, where Wilbrandt was born in 1837, are interesting. But we would warn English readers who know not German, against taking this work as a sample of what Wilbrandt can do. The other books mentioned in this article would produce a very different impression. And now a word as to the translation. The attitude of English publishers to translations in general is very curious. As a rule they will have none of them, and it might be supposed therefore that English men and women were all accomplished linguists. Or, if the publishers do put forth translations of contemporary foreign works, they care not for the quality of the translation so long as the translator's fee is low. We have, however, of late noted signs of improvement; one or two translations of great excellence have been issued, and full justice has been done them in these columns. But we have seldom seen a worse piece of work as translation than the volume before us. The author of it seems to know neither German nor English. We could fill pages with a list of glaring errors and incomprehensible phrases. He writes of a man going on an expedition into the mountains as putting "washing" into his knapsack, evidently ignorant that the German word *Wäsche* is used for clean linen. Cryptic phrases like: "You have obstructed your life," "Shall I dirty my conscience?" "He is throwing away his money at him," abound. If a translation is worth making at all, it is worth some trouble. But a sure knowledge of the two languages concerned is a necessary qualification for the task.

Waves of Fate. By EDWARD NOBLE. (Blackwood, 6s.)

WHEN to the making of a novel have gone care, enthusiasm, and a lavish attention to human characterisation and scenic effect, it would be hard were the result to lack interest. Mr. Edward Noble's second novel is far from doing that. Yet one reluctantly records the impression that interest, even "sustained" interest, will have throughout a hard fight of it with impatience and even positive irritation on the part of those readers who pay the book the compliment of judging it by a fairly high standard. The theme is as good as need be, and full, almost too full, of workable material. In a blind gale in the Channel the Atlantic liner *Sentinel* outward bound, runs down the sailing-ship *Coorong* homeward bound from Australia, and in the confusion the captain of the sinking vessel, Arthur Norris, whose nerves had been affected by some pretty trying experiences, leaps for safety, leaving his wife and children to take their chance. The commander who has cut him down happens to be an old comrade, but the two men are as diverse in disposition as their commands, Dick Callaghan being as well disciplined, direct, and strong as the Atlantic greyhound under him, while Norris is a highly strung, sensitive character, of marked literary leanings, in whom the dreamer is gradually tending to oust the man of action. Those who have proceeded so far, who have lived on the *Coorong* and heard her occupants talk, and who have read the account of her sinking, from "Rain, mist, and tumbling seas" to the end, will readily anticipate the word-crowded pages of impressionism that await them when the tale passes to Liverpool, where the inquiry takes place and near which all the characters live. To strike a definite note of criticism, our

main point of divergence from the author lies in our widely differing estimate of the worth of his heroine, Norris' wife. Manifestly he admires her immensely, and, broadly speaking, holds her justified. Yet here is a woman who, in the time of his extreme stress and trouble, makes little or no allowance for the husband with whom (affection apart) her own sympathetic art of music might have put her in touch; a wife who practically drifts into disloyalty upon provocation which any true woman would have withstood, however sorely it had tried her. Norris on the other hand is admittedly weak and petulant, to an extent which fritters away much sympathy, while Colonel Marchmont, who supplants him, "ought to have been shot," to use his own phrase, more than once. On the whole in spite of Callaghan and Norris' cousin Helen, who is true to a certain type admired of many, it is a second-rate cast. Mr. Noble is perhaps at his best in those passages which recount Norris' struggle with his "nerves." There are many touches here which seem intuitively true. But the author has not succeeded too well in his efforts after a vivid representation of everyday life. Some of the dialogue is inartistically "snappy" and colloquial. The pages are full of the "pishes" and "pfaughs," "tchas" "burrs" and "b-r-r-r-r-rs" of the men, the "can'ts" and "'fraid nots" of the girls, of the cries of newspaper boys and loafers, and catchwords of various professions, to say nothing of the imaginative renderings of sounds produced by telephones, ship's rudders and other machinery. And to what, by way of a riddle, do the following adjectives most appropriately apply: a "big, drooping, tilted, pinched in, puffed out, sloping away, tipping down, dull sheeny, cheeky, soft, black . . . ?"—"Well, 'hat' of course," cries a feminine authority, so here at least Mr. Noble is absolved.

The Stigma. By JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

IN spite of a tendency, that is almost morbid, to brood on what is horrible, there is undoubted power in this novel, of a strange and unpleasant kind, for it is written with a certain savage insistence that goes far to carry conviction. But Miss Herbertson does not actually succeed in doing this: by piling horror upon horror, she defeats her own end, which is presumably to show how cruel life can be, and how disgusting; and succeeds only in arousing dismay, not at life but at her presentation of life. Susan Thirlmere is the natural daughter of an irresponsible woman of pleasure. The story opens with the death of the mother, and the necessity of the girl to face her position alone. She is an artist, but failing eyesight prevents her from continuing work in the studio; and she decides to leave her one girl friend, whose brother has made overtures to her, and go to the house of a distant relative. The *ménage* in this house—a farm in the country—is indescribably sordid, and her occupation as warder to imbeciles is, if anything, worse. Here she lives until a solution comes to her life, in the shape of marriage with a young doctor, who is *locum tenens* in a neighbouring village. All this horror is quite possible, but does not appear in the least inevitable. On the contrary it is rather pointless, and with Susan we have very little sympathy; but what raises the book out of the commonplace is the character of Joan, the wife of the Methodist relative, once a dissolute flower-girl. Though there are small points in the workmanship with which we are at odds—notably the exaggeration of her dialect—the character is a remarkable study, as clever as it is revolting. It is curious that books which brood over the evils of life and sex in particular, should be frequent and often popular, and that books which contain some hint either at the root of that evil or at means by which that evil might be remedied, should be scouted as immoral. But such seems to be the case.

The Millionaire Baby. By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

THE detective story has laws of its own, and must not be judged by ordinary rules of probability. Anna Katharine

Green has availed herself to the full of her opportunities, and "The Millionaire Baby" is a complication of plots and counter-plots amid which only the astute detective of fiction could hope to thread his way. The book begins with the kidnapping of the little heiress of the Ocum-paugh, and there are the requisite number of false clues and misleading coincidences to perplex the ingenious investigator and ingenuous reader. To add to the bewilderment, the little pavilion, whence the child Gwendolen disappears, must needs have a gruesome secret of its own, connected with an early tragedy of the family. Here, we think, even the lover of mystery is likely to rebel. It is possible to accept—with an effort—the extremely sensational intrigues which centre about Gwendolen, and to regard with due seriousness the episodes of the recovered shoe and the fateful bit of sugar candy. It is even possible to admit—for the purposes of the game—that the missing child could be hidden in so flimsy a disguise among people who knew her perfectly well. But the blood-bedabbled ceiling of the pavilion and the irrelevant spectral hound are really needless tests of our credulity. We do not, cannot believe in that pavilion and its ghostly horrors, in spite of the circumstantial little diagram which is evidently intended to prop up our wavering faith. There may, however, be readers more credulous: indeed, there must be, else where would be the large public of Anna Katharine Green? We will not spoil their enjoyment by hinting at the reasons for Gwendolen's abduction and Mrs. Ocum-paugh's unwillingness to recover her, or by suggesting any of the surprising events of the narrative. Suffice it to say that the story is a series of thrilling points of interrogation, and that, in Lincoln's immortal words: "If you like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing you like."

The Fugitive Blacksmith. By CHARLES D. STEWART. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WHATEVER charm the Irish-American dialect may have for the ear, in print it has little or none except possibly for Irish-Americans themselves. The immortal Mr. Dooley (dare we confess it?) was very troublesome to read: on the lips of some one who knew his sayings by heart, he was irresistible. We should have revelled in overhearing his talk with Hennessey: but when it comes to reading, the ordinary Englishman needs not only patience but an interpreter, to help him over the difficulties. The latter will probably not be at hand to smooth the path, and the former he will very likely regard as too valuable a possession to waste upon a mere novel. So that when, after reading some twenty pages of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," he finds himself mystified and inclined to be bored, there is a grave danger that he will shut up the book and turn to something that calls for less effort. But while admitting that he has had great provocation, we would strongly urge him to persevere. The greater part of the three hundred odd pages are written in quite intelligible English, and they contain a peculiarly fascinating story. It deals with the adventures of a fugitive from justice, or rather injustice, who, aided by remarkable agility and adroitness, evades pursuit so long as evasion is necessary. Yet it is not merely a tale of adventure. There is in it that happy American blend of excitement, humour, and pathos, which made "The Virginian" so strangely attractive; but, whereas there the pathetic element rather predominated, here the humorous is the more marked. We find a first-rate description of solitary life on the prairie and the effect of it on the mind, and an equally realistic picture of the contrariness of a rampaging pig, which had got its head stuck fast in a bucket and was brought to the blacksmith for relief. Thus tragedy and comedy alternate pleasantly throughout, and if readers will conquer their prejudice against the dialect and the spelling, they will be well rewarded. Meanwhile, in Mr. Stewart's next novel we hope to see more direct narrative and less conversation. To our thinking the model for such things is "Esmond," where the hero tells his own story but very largely in the third person.

THE DRAMA

"THE PALACE OF TRUTH" AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE

It may be questioned whether, in reviving Mr. Gilbert's *The Palace of Truth* the Mermaid Repertory Theatre has been discriminate. The "fairy comedy" is in parts exceedingly amusing, and the possibilities of amusement it contains can only be exhausted in performance. In other words, its humour is in quality emotional rather than intellectual, is therefore proper to the theatre, and in consequence not only gains by perpetration on the stage but cannot be fully realised without it. As, however, it is only to a limited extent that the piece is, as will be seen, a play—as the use which it makes of the theatre is only partial—it lacks that perfection which alone entitles to perpetuation a work of art entirely frivolous.

The Palace of Truth is one wherein all who find themselves are bound, by the enchantment of the place, to speak, if they speak at all, the literal truth. In it the truth is told even though a lie be framed, and, unless he be aware of the nature of the walls that hold him, without the would-be liar even knowing he has told it. Thus it happens that the father in Mr. Gilbert's piece unconsciously gives the mother a full account of all his infidelities; that the daughter, though intent on concealing the depth of her affection, overwhelms her betrothed with amorous professions, and that he, while meaning to indulge in protestations as violent as her own, explains that he has known girls more attractive and that what has held him to her has been merely her comparative indifference. Thus it happens, also, that the damsel who desires the daughter's lover as her own, intending to approach him in the subtlest and most modest manner possible, does so in reality with an outrageously frank avowal of her designs; that two friends of the family while anxious to profess mutual esteem, acquaint each other with a very different sentiment, and that the other members of the circle proceed in a similar manner to "give themselves away." All this, as Mr. Gilbert tells it, is, in spite of an occasional inconsistency—for at times the *dramatis personæ* seem to realise what they are saying—extremely humorous. And, if it is humorous in the study, on the stage it is, or should be, more so still. For what makes the confidences humorous at all is not so much the nature as the circumstances of them, not so much the fact that, as the conditions under which, they are imparted; and it is only on the stage, where the conditions can be realised as vividly as in life, that their full significance becomes apparent. That a man should call his friend a liar is not necessarily humorous in itself, but that he should do so in the belief that he is paying him a compliment, and in the tone and manner which a compliment necessitate, is humorous indeed. But, in the mere recital of it, much of the humour of the situation is inevitably lost. In the study the ludicrous unsuitability of the manner to the nature of the confidence and the blank and indignant astonishment of the recipient of it can only be imagined, but on the stage they can be fully realised. In the theatre the intellectual appeal of the incident is reinforced by its appeal to the emotions, and the quiet smile occasioned by the one becomes the burst of laughter occasioned by the other.

And yet, if these incidents are proper to the theatre, considered as a whole the piece is not. The incidents in question form the only part of it which offers any play to the emotions—the only part which, requiring to be felt in order to be appreciated fully, is effective in performance. In effect, the incidents, and the changes which Mr. Gilbert rings upon them, are the piece. As a play the piece, apart from the incidents, does not exist. The situation from which the incidents arise—the presence of the characters in the Palace of Truth—is due to the reticence of the

daughter and to the desire of her parents to know if she is attached to her betrothed. That there should be no more story than is necessary to create that situation is correct enough. But such story as there is is merely told; the appeal which it makes is purely intellectual. In the theatre it is therefore ineffective, and we are not interested either in it or in the characters with whom it deals. We do not care whether the daughter loves her betrothed or not, and the ultimate reconciliation gives us neither pleasure nor relief. The result is that the incidents, amusing as they are, are less amusing than they might have been. For they are interesting only in themselves, and in humour the element of interest is as valuable as it is in pathos. The impression given is that in the incidents the piece originated, and that Mr. Gilbert inserted such story as there is simply because he could not do without it. Interested only in the incidents, it was they alone he tried to realise—to make effective in the theatre. The piece seems in consequence but partly real. But it is with a complete, not partial, reality that the theatre deals; and in it the author's object is attained—even though it be merely to amuse—to just such extent as the piece which promotes it creates in performance the effect of that reality.

But, just as the incidents could not have been presented without a story of some sort as frame, so, without a *milieu*, the story itself could not have been imagined. Viewing with apparent seriousness the magical element in his subject, Mr. Gilbert made his piece a "fairy" piece and its atmosphere appropriately romantic. Thus the period became the Fifteenth Century, the father a King, the mother a Queen, the daughter's betrothed a Prince and so on. But the view which he took of the Palace of Truth itself was purely humorous. The confidences made therein are frivolous in nature and ludicrous in circumstance, and are recorded in the flippant and prosaic vein which would alone be suitable. The result is that in performance the piece in this respect receives injustice. For, as treated, the subject is in spirit utterly opposed to its environment, and at moments seems by contrast almost vulgar. In this the "fairy comedy" resembles *The Lady of Leeds* or any other "farcical romance"; and it becomes as much a source of wonder that Mr. Gilbert can be flippant in his mediæval fairyland as that Captain Marshall can be heartless in Venetian moonlight or "smart" among Scotch heather. Neither piece, of course, is sufficiently a reality in itself to have gained as a play from appropriate environment; but, had superficial reality been achieved, the effect of the subject would not have been disputed. The present performance, though creditable, is negative in quality—an error of judgment being atoned for by a lucky circumstance. A tendency on the part of the company to sacrifice the meaning of the remark actually made to the tone of the remark intended deprives the incidents of much of their possible effect; but the smallness of the stage makes it impossible to mount the scenes with any real illusion, and thus reduces the influence of the environment.

LYRIC THEATRE—MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS HAMLET

CERTAIN qualities Mr. Harvey's acting possesses which should have enabled him to present a more satisfactory picture than he succeeds in showing. He has a melancholy grace which has much attraction; and, for a term, that is present in his impersonation of the Prince of Denmark. For a brief hour—or rather quarter of an hour—in his opening scenes one feels this sad charm. After that good quarter of an hour, however, comes many a bad one, for Mr. Harvey's conception of the character, such as it is, is in its issue, a reversion to an antiquated tradition. He makes his Hamlet very mad, a brazen mouthpiece for wild and whirling words, full of sound and fury, and little else beside. He is an oratorical Hamlet, reciting somewhat incoherently the long soliloquies which he studied at Wittenberg. He is violently rhetorical and rhetorically

violent. The humanity, the complexity, and the humour of Hamlet are never suggested in the storm of truculence and wordy wrath. Yet there is one scene in which Mr. Harvey is most interesting—that in which Hamlet mocks his uncle after the death of Polonius. The retention of this scene makes the action of the play more intelligible than usual on the stage; but the omission of the scene in which Hamlet halts irresolute before his uncle in prayer is a factor which makes for mystification. In such matters as mounting and dressing, the Lyric management has been very painstaking, and produces a real impression of barbaric splendour. The "humanised" ghost of Mr. Stephen Phillips proves a very tame spirit, with a truncated habit of elocution which is most inhuman and very irritating.

SIGNORA DUSE

SIGNORA DUSE is in London again, acting at the new Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych. We may have an opportunity later of dealing at length with the performance of this most wonderful actress, one of the few players who convince one, in the face of all theory, that acting can be a creative art. For the present we must content ourselves with offering her welcome.

FINE ART

MINOR EXHIBITIONS

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S *Lady of Shalott*, now on view at Messrs. Tooth's galleries, would be a remarkable performance under any circumstances; but when we reflect that it is the work of a man of seventy-eight years, with a record of sixty years' magnificent performance, our admiration is touched with a sense of something almost miraculous. Since Titian and Franz Hals there have been many painters who, like them, produced masterpieces at the age of eighty, but we are always conscious of the fading eye, the palsied hand, and the inability to carry out a conception. Much of Watts' later work is touching, but it is so partly for this reason. Reverence for the man hushes our voices, and our attitude must be more or less deprecatory. But the *Lady of Shalott* stands in no need of apologetics. Not only is the drawing as unflinching as ever, the colour as daring, the finish as perfect, but we find in it a breadth of modelling, an appreciation of relative values that is quite new in Holman Hunt and that would do credit to the youngest recruit of the Royal Academy. The head of the girl, half-smiling, ashamed, the most beautiful head that Holman Hunt ever achieved, is relieved against the reflection of the sunlit landscape with amazing vigour and realism. The arms and hands are exquisitely modelled and are not, as in all Holman Hunt's previous work, especially in the *Triumph of the Innocents*, overmodelled.

It has been suggested in several quarters that this picture should be acquired for the nation. It would be a tardy recognition of a great man's powers, and if at the same time an early work like the wonderful *Scapegoat* could be added we might feel that a small portion of the debt that the nation owes has been paid.

If one were seeking a single word to mark the characteristic of Mr. Tonks' work at the Carfax Galleries, we should say that word was "charm."

The three mediums, oil, water-colour and pencil drawing are handled with unvarying taste and skill: Mr. Tonks seems incapable of a single ugly or clumsy touch. Such a high level of workmanship is only obtainable through the close study of the classics, and such study nearly always involves the suppression of the artist's own personality.

That personality is not lacking is proved by the capital *Pearl Necklace*, and in some of the water-colours, the *Encampment*, *White Horse in Sunlight*, or *Blackberry-gatherers*,

but we are too often conscious of the incubus of De Wint and other precursors. The water-colour on a monochrome basis must be child's play to a painter of Mr. Tonks' accomplishment, but it should be left to smaller men who have not his keen eye for the true aspect of things. If Mr. Tonks would make more excursions into the unknown, we would guarantee his bringing home some fresh booty, at the cost, no doubt, of many absolute failures.

If Mr. Tonks errs at all it is in an excessive sensibility to the beauty of his material, but Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen at the Dowdeswell Galleries is typical of the contrary error, a defiance of tradition and a curious love of the quaint and ugly.

He shows no appreciation of colour and atmosphere in his views of Naples and its environs, although even Naples has its own atmosphere, different, it is true, from that of England. He is at his best in works inspired by the Japanese colour-print, such as *Boats of the Merghelina*, and *Fishing-stage, Santa Lucia*; but in most of the other works which are characterised by an excessive use of Chinese white, the crudity of the colour and the vulgarity of the sentiment are hardly atoned for by undeniable cleverness. The life of Naples is something abounding, excessive, overwhelming; the noise, glitter and glare are intoxicating, but they are not to be conveyed to our visual sense by any such strident methods as those of Mr. Greiffenhagen.

Suggestion is necessary here, but the positive assertion of every detail is not only offensive but actually unnatural. There is something grimacing and mechanical in the arrested gestures which give no idea of the kaleidoscope of ever shifting life and movement.

Mr. W. L. Bruckman at the Galleries of Mr. Paterson shows himself a worthy compatriot of James Maris. Technically the influence of Maris and other modern Dutch masters is not entirely to the good, as certain brutalities of pigment are permitted which the old Dutch masters would never have condoned. But Mr. Bruckman's colour sense is so rare and refined, his composition occasionally so original and his artistic vision of such distinction that we are willing to hope that crudities will be eliminated in future work. As it is the lovely *October* and the charming *Tulip-fields* require no apology, nor the pastel of *Motherhood* with its delicate harmony of olive and warm grey. Mr. Bruckman has not confined himself to his own country, and his sympathetic and original views of Rye and Lewes are examples of fresh treatment of well-worn themes.

B. S.

M. LALIQUE'S JEWELS

THERE have been some remarkably enthusiastic notices in the daily journals of the exhibition of M. René Lalique's wonderful jewels at Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street. To those who have followed his work during the last ten years it will be unnecessary to say how just, for once, is the general chorus of praise. Those who chance not to know how this artist can design and carry out the setting of a precious stone or the arrangement of any exquisite ornament have only to see his work to be entirely convinced of his mastery of the branch of art he has adopted and the unusual refinement and charm of his results.

As one passes down the finely decorated room in which M. Lalique's priceless jewels are shown, the eye is attracted by the most beautiful examples of goldsmith's work which have been given to the world since classic days, or at least since the masters of this art during the Renaissance.

But in the *diadème*, *peigne*, or *pendant* of this artist the spirit of antique loveliness is adjusted to the most modern feeling with a result that must delight all ages while beauty is truth, truth beauty. That M. Lalique was an accomplished sculptor and a painter with an excellent sense of colour before he devoted himself to the long neglected art of the goldsmith is known; but had it not been so his figures and arrangements of brilliants and other stones

would show at once that a strongly personal artist was at work. Two large cases at Agnew's contain a collection of objects made by M. C. S. Gulbenkian, and here is shown some of the most alluring of the artist's work; but each and every case in the exhibition contains pieces of great charm, from a homely glass to a comb of carved fire-flies in horn and topaz, from the simple seal formed by a gold fish modelled with Japanese skill to the fine *bijou devant de corsage* in diamonds and amethyst.

To all artists and to all lovers of beautiful vanities—but vanities instinct with the spirit of romance—the Lalique exhibition will be a sure delight.

ART SALES

THE LOUIS HUTH SALE

THE sale of the collection of the late Mr. Louis Huth, one of three famous collector-brothers, which has recently taken place at Messrs. Christie's, is undoubtedly one of the most important of recent years. Mr. Louis Huth's collection of Old Nankin, China porcelain, and enamelled porcelain, egg-shell, Rhodian faience, Persian faience, Damascus faience, Old Imari porcelain, objects of art, Old English furniture, and pictures and drawings was large and choice, and the prices realised were very high. Among the china the most important lot of all was an oviform Old Nankin vase and cover, painted with branches of flowering prunus on marbled-blue ground, 10½ in. high; this, originally purchased for 30s. and bought (it is said) by Mr. Huth for £25, fell to Mr. Partridge at £5900. Other pieces to reach four figures were a set of three Old Nankin oviform vases and covers and a pair of beakers, £1550 (Larkin); a pair of beakers in Chinese enamelled porcelain, 12½ in. high, £2700 (Duveen); a pair of Mandarin jars and covers of Old Nankin, 42 in. high, 1850 gs. (Harding); and a pair of egg-shell lanterns of oviform shape, of Chinese enamel, 8½ in. high, £1200 (Duveen).

Of the pictures the collection was strongest in Gainsboroughs. A portrait of Monsieur Vestris, the dancer, ran to 4550 gs. (Wertheimer). A kit-cat of an elderly lady fetched 2900 gs. (Agnew); another portrait of an elderly lady, Mrs. Borroughs, 900 gs. A drawing in black and white chalk of the Duchess of Devonshire with her daughter reached 1000 gs. (Colnaghi).

A picture by Morland, called "Morning: or Higglers preparing for market," reached 2000 gs. (Agnew); and another Morland, "The Country Stable," ran to 1000 gs. (Agnew); and six others by the same artist fetched 3730 gs. between them. Reynolds, Hogarth and Lawrence were also represented, and fetched, on the whole, good prices. A beautiful Crome ran to 3000 gs. (Agnew), this being the highest price ever realised by a work of this artist. Constable's sketch for the "Salisbury Cathedral" in the South Kensington Museum ran to 1700 gs. (Colnaghi); a J. F. Lewis, "The Commentator on the Koran," 1560 gs. (Agnew); while two Corots fetched 2650 gs. and 2000 gs. respectively (Arnold and Tripp).

The result of the five days' sale was £117,943 6s. 6d.

Next month Messrs. George Trollope and Sons will sell by auction, on the premises, the whole of the contents (the property of the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn) of Coates Castle, Fittleworth, Sussex, including the well-known collection of porcelain, old prints, mezzotints and engravings.

SCIENCE

ASSOCIATED SENSATIONS

AN early passage in E's essay of last week raises a question so interesting that he will pardon me, I hope, for enlarging upon it.

My colleague has shown that the great master of "Clang-tint" was a lover of colour; and reminds us of the blind man to whom scarlet suggested the "sound of trumpets." The subject raised by these facts is known to the psychologist as "associated sensation," and it is very probable that a discussion of it may be of personal interest to some readers.

The present writer is devoted to music and spends most of his leisure in making and listening to it; but his appreciation of colour is small, and his "taste" in such matters not only untrustworthy, but, as he fears, incapable of much education. He is inclined to correlate this fact with the further fact that he has no personal experience whatever of "associated sensation." Let us now define this term.

By the "association of sensations" the psychologist indicates the well-established phenomenon that certain

sounds, for instance, arouse, in many persons, what is most loosely termed a "subjective sensation" of light. This phenomenon must be distinguished from the (undoubtedly allied) power of a scent or a tune to evoke certain memories. In cases of associated sensation, the sound of violins arouses, perhaps, an impression of crimson. This is the commonest type of associated sensation—the arousing of visual by auditory sensation—and, as far as I can discover, is by no means uncommon amongst musical people. Judging by my own case, I would tentatively suggest that it is more likely to occur in people who have a "feeling" both for music and for colour. Much rarer are the cases where colours evoke hallucinations of sound; but even rarer combinations are recorded, as of hallucinations of smell and of taste aroused by colour or sound, and even *vice versa*. Many of the cases seem incredible: but it must certainly be accepted that the association of sensations is a fact and not merely a poetical figure of speech. Most frequently the association is inconstant: but there are cases in which it is invariably aroused. I am unable to say whether there is any constancy in the relation, *e.g.*, whether the violin arouses an impression of crimson, say, whenever it arouses any, or whether it arouses crimson in one case and purple in another. If any reader can direct me to detailed observations on the matter, he has my thanks.

Certain tentative generalisations may, however, be based upon the few data at my disposal. In the first place, it may be noted—confining ourselves to the sound-colour association—that it is usually observed, as might be expected, in those who are especially sensitive to and appreciative of such stimuli. It is from "musical" people that one expects to hear accounts of this association. I should be grateful if E. would tell me, if he can, whether Wagner experienced it. So far, the inference is in favour of associated sensation as a privilege of those in whom the senses are highly developed.

But my use of the word hallucination—for such aroused sensations are plainly hallucinations—will prepare the reader to believe that the most striking instances of associated sensations are furnished by the records of the alienists. It is amongst the insane or mentally unstable that we find, as a rule, those cases where the association is invariable and obtrusive, whereas in the cases one meets amongst one's friends, it is occasional, and the aroused sensation is usually very faint. In cases recalled by the alienist, the subject is sometimes almost uncertain which is the aroused and which the arousing sensation. From these considerations, then, the inference would be that association of sensations is morbid, or at any rate, abnormal. Here, it is plain, we impinge upon the question as to the relation between insanity, with the states of exalted sensation met therein, and genius, which also is distinguished, in its æsthetic forms, as in certain poets and musicians, by a heightening of the sensory faculties. Plainly we cannot declare, offhand, that the association of sensations is "good" or "bad."

Needless to say, we cannot omit the evolutionary idea in considering this question. If it be true that all the senses have a common origin, we may be inclined to think that the evoking of colour-sensation by a trombone is a reversion,—evidence of the incompleteness of that "segregation" and "integration" which evolution should establish. It may be said—and he who has never experienced an associated sensation is naturally inclined to this opinion—that one ought not to confuse one sense with another, that so to do is to revert to the more primitive stage in which the senses were yet undifferentiated. This contention must further be criticised; but ere I do so, it is necessary to note an allied phenomenon, the relation of which to "associated sensation" proper offers a problem of too much subtlety to be now discussed. This, by way of emphasising the distinction, we may call the *confusion of sensations*.

In "associated sensation," as we have seen, one sensation due to an "objective stimulus," arouses another which

we have termed an hallucination. You hear the violin and see crimson: the violin is there, but the source of crimson light is not. This, as I think, must be distinguished from the cases where the subject more or less definitely apprehends one external object by two senses. In Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," for instance, we have the poet saying of the moon: "We hardly see, we feel that it is there:" and I could name certain chords, notably from Wagner's third period, which give me the impression of being *palpable* as well as audible; I *hear* and (very faintly) *feel* that they are there. Such semi-palpable chords are, in my case, uncommon and complex. Instances are the chord that opens the descending phrase at the climax of Isolde's "Liebestod," and also the wonderful resolution at the word "küß" in Schubert's setting of Marguerite's lament at the spinning-wheel. This phenomenon, which is doubtless not unknown to others, I myself attribute to a sort of sensory reversion: hearing and touch are both pressure senses, and when encountering a rare sound-complex my hearing and tactile sense apparently revert to their original fusion or undifferentiation.

Now let us return to the question whether we are to interpret the evidence of the asylums as indicating that true association of sensations—as distinguished from the confusion of sensations—is a retrogression and not an advance. In tentatively inclining to affirm that the evidence must not be so interpreted, and that, so long as the subject is not actually deluded, the association of sensations is a gift and not an infirmity, I would plead the admittedly dangerous argument from analogy. Evolution implies integration and segregation but it also implies increasing inter-relation between its products. Evolution means more than mere *dispersion*: the more various and distinct its products, the more certainly must they be correlated; else we have chaos and not cosmos. In the realm of mental action we find this inter-relation expressed as what we call the association of ideas—which is by no means the confusion of ideas. The characteristic of the intellectual forms of genius—such as mathematical genius—is the freedom, the variety, the completeness, the balance, the daring of the association of ideas. The analogical argument, then, is that associated sensation—not confused sensation, as when I half-feel a Wagnerian chord—may bear to the æsthetic forms of genius some relation more or less parallel to that which the association of ideas bears to philosophic genius. In your Newton one idea suggests another—his mind leaps from a falling apple to a falling moon; in your poet of sense, as Keats, a rare visual sensation suggests an auditory image, in your Wagner, a rare chord a blaze of colour, and so forth.

In described cases of associated sensation the aroused sensation is actually *felt*: whereas in the man who thinks of a sunset when he hears Chopin, there is no delusion that he is *seeing* the sunset. I admit the distinction: but is not the process essentially the same, though the aroused image is vivid in the one case and faint in the other? On these grounds, notably in remembrance of the characteristic so noteworthy in the poets—the describing of the experience of one sense in terms of another, I am inclined to regard association of sensations, provided that the discrimination of the subject is preserved—provided that, to use terms precisely, the hallucination does not become a delusion—as a gift rather than an infirmity. But I very much doubt whether the majority of alienists would be inclined to endorse this opinion.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S POPULARITY IN ENGLAND

EVERY one who is at all interested in the story of musical development, knows something of the strange pathos of Handel's career. It is a pathos very much its own; far different from the proverbial sadness of the prophet's life. The great man persecuted, perhaps martyred, like Socrates

or St. Paul, for his devotion to his ideal, who is simply before his time, is sure to receive sympathy and eventual canonisation in the hearts of future generations when his time arrives. The spectacle of the merely neglected genius, obscure or in actual want during life, extolled after death, has been before the world ever since convention and fashion infused their harmful influence into people's taste in literature and art. Handel had his struggles, his fights with fashion and prejudice, but the pathos of his life lies not so much in these difficulties as in the fact that he made terms with his enemies; he was determined to claim their submission, to be successful with the public of his day, and he did so through a compromise which damaged his own ideal, and so killed a great deal of his work which should have been alive to-day. It is probably one of the strongest testimonies to the strength of his genius that he could effect any kind of compromise and not fall hopelessly. A lesser composer need aim far above his grasp to attain to any worth, but in Handel we have an instance of a man fixing on an ideal below what he could attain to, and yet remaining one of the really great, the elect of the earth.

He achieved what he set himself to do; he got hold of the public ear before the end of his life, and in the next generation his popularity reached its height and its expression appears to us as extravagant as it is pompous and sententious. I have in my possession a souvenir of the great Handel commemoration which took place in Westminster Abbey in May and June 1784. It is a substantial quarto volume, bound in calf, written by Dr. Charles Burney. It opens with a fulsome dedication to King George III., who was pleased to bestow his gracious patronage upon the festival, and to descend "into the regions of general life" and to countenance "common pursuits" and "amusements" therein. But this Hanoverian folly disposed of, the writer proceeds to more interesting matter and describes in great detail all the arrangements for the festival. He enlarges upon the magnificence of the enterprise, the immense size of the "band" (a term which includes both orchestra and chorus), the extraordinary skill of the famous Joah Bates in conducting; he gives precise details of the numbers and names of the performers, plans and engravings to show their exact arrangement and position both in the Abbey and in the Pantheon, in which the secular performances took place, and adds long and very eulogistic criticisms of each performance. But the main point to be noticed is not the good Doctor's enthusiasm about the festival, which was evidently one of the great events of his life, but his unquestioning acceptance of every note of Handel's music and the widespread knowledge which the public of his day seem to have had of works which are now only known to a few, or revived at intervals in the minds of the many by rare performances. To Englishmen of that time Handel's was not only the latest word in music, it was the last word; the consummation of musical possibilities. They did not believe that anything else remained to be said in music. In a short essay on "The Character of Handel as a Composer" Dr. Burney compares him to a long list of composers Italian and English, including Carissimi, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gasparini and Marcello, and our own Tallis, Byrd and Purcell, and finds him superior to each in the points in which each excelled. He goes a step further and in his whole-hearted admiration declares that:

"In his masterly, and excellent organ-fugues, upon the most natural and pleasing subjects, he has surpassed Frescobaldi, and even Sebastian Bach, and others of his countrymen, the most renowned for abilities in this difficult and elaborate species of composition."

It is in this that we gain insight into the prejudiced point of view which underlay Dr. Burney's criticism, and that of English musicians of the period. Handel filled the whole horizon. No other composer possessed either by nature or cultivation the power to appeal to every instinct and feeling which dominated respectable England at this time; therefore it could be granted to no composer to excel in any one particular. It was not the fault of Dr. Charles Burney and his contemporaries that they did not know the

"St. Matthew Passion" as well as the "Messiah." It was their fault that, knowing Bach's organ fugues and Handel's organ fugues, they, so to speak, threw the "Messiah" into the balance with the fugues, and pronounced that Handel had beaten Bach on his own ground of organ music. The Doctor's defence of his favourite against the charge of plagiarism is again an amusing case of special pleading. He says:

"I know it has been said that Handel was not the original and immediate inventor of several species of Music for which his name has been celebrated; but with respect to ORIGINALITY, it is a term to which proper limits should be set, before it is applied to the productions of any artist. . . . All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor can do is to avail himself of the best effusions, combinations, and effects, of his predecessors, to arrange and apply them in a new manner; and to add, from his own source, whatever he can draw, that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or, in any other way, pleasing. This Handel did, in a most ample and superior manner."

The *naïveté* of the expression is delightful. Handel's "most ample and superior manner" allowed him to take the work of his contemporaries and predecessors, wherever it was good enough to serve his turn, and to re-issue it with a barefaced confidence which would rival the music pirates of the present day; it allowed him to string together movements, loosely constructed in themselves, of little or no relevancy one with another, into *pasticcio* operas and oratorios, which suited the need of the moment but could not live as wholes. His "superior manner" (in other words, his fatal facility for writing) allowed him to ruin much of his work as work, so that, had his splendid genius not come to the rescue to inspire such moments as the finale to "Israel in Egypt" and most of the "Messiah," Handel's might by this time have become as dead a name as that of Alessandro Scarlatti with whom Burney compared him.

After such a period of adulation, it was but natural that a reaction should set in. Children despise too often the ideals which they have just outgrown. It is only when the first enthusiasm and almost necessary sequence, the belittling of a man's work is over that we can form a true and abiding estimate of its worth. Can it be that we have not yet got far enough off from Handel, who died a hundred and fifty years ago to know what is true and what false in his art? If so, it does but show the mighty proportions in which his art is conceived; in spite of its blemishes, its incidental failures, it is still too big for us, clever ones though we think ourselves, to arrive at a just conclusion of its merit. More than this, we may at any moment be called upon to listen to a new "Messiah." We live in times of such musical activity that any day a Handel may arrive upon the scene and demand our attention. And we shall rush to the concert-room, note-book in hand, to form opinions, and worst of all, to deliver them in authoritative black and white next morning. And we shall think it our duty to stand by these valuable opinions, or if we begin to understand the work a little better, to cover our retreat with such expressions as, "the work improves somewhat on acquaintance," or "it was heard to better advantage."

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent, J. A. B., judges it "absurd" to study theological questions in a "scientific spirit."

John Henry Newman was, I am told, the greatest theologian of the nineteenth century. Dr. Barry thinks him to have had the greatest mind of that century. His "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" is, in the opinion of judges, the most important contribution to theology for many decades. The evolutionist, certainly, has no hesitation in accepting this opinion. In the "Advertisement to the First Edition" of this work Newman excuses his "positive" tone on the ground of the "scientific character of the work." It is singular to find this "absurdity" in a theologian so belauded, but presumably J. A. B. would dispose of Newman with Carlyle's opinion that he had "the brain of a medium-sized rabbit," as he disposes of Wordsworth with Macaulay's opinion: to which he might have added Dickens's verdict that Wordsworth was a "dreadful old ass."

C. W. SALREBY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“J. A. B.” in his last letter is wise in restricting the scope of his gravamen to the tendency of men of science in general to overstep their proper bounds. But his previous letter contained a minor premiss which is now quietly dropped, and very properly so. It was that Dr. Saleeby was in his ACADEMY articles a typical offender. As one who has followed them closely from the first, I beg leave to set impression against impression, and to say that I for one appreciated them the more because they were free from that very cocksureness and specialising narrowness which “J. A. B.” seems to have detected.

W. F. COBB, D.D.

This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

ART AND MORALITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your columns have always proved so hospitable to me that I am tempted to encroach on them again. It would be infinitely comforting could we accept unquestioningly Dr. Saleeby's theories of the relation between Art and Morality.

But, Sir, at present I think the difficulties insuperable. Take, for instance, such a work as the “Hippolytus” of Euripides. What is the obvious teaching of the play? Hippolytus is ruined; Phaedra ruined; the only person, in fact, who issues triumphant is Aphrodite. Yet who shall dare to follow out logically Dr. Saleeby's teaching, and describe that play as false Art?

May 18.

D. DAVIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall await with much joyful patience the fulfilment of Dr. Saleeby's promise to skip from his scientific column and do duty in the Artistic.

He has brought me panting to the verge of an exposition of “art for art's sake”; he has then hedged behind a parenthesis—(“with the separate question whether the artist should have moral questions in his mind's eye as he works, I am not here concerned”)—and then he throws me a far-fetched generalisation with which to stop my mouth: words, words.

It seems to me that the question of his parenthesis is indeed the whole question. And I believe that all artists will consider it so. Dr. Saleeby follows his brackets with a reference to Wagner's music-dramas and to *Everyman*, quoting these in support of the contention that creative art and morality are related. But what has become of the separateness of the question in this short time? Granting as much moral purport as Dr. Saleeby likes in Wagner, and even in Elgar, where it is much more convincingly felt, and even again in Hogarth, who is admittedly an actual sermoniser, yet it is impossible to regard this quality as anything more than mere subject-matter: that is, when viewed from the standpoint of art, *per se*.

A man may have whatever he likes in his mind's eye, questions moral or immoral, and yet may be a consummate artist. Our burglars and murderers often are consummate artists.

Giving the question its utmost connotation and speaking of painters only for the moment, we may safely call art an appetite and nothing more. Painters of the true sort “study what they affect.” They love colour for colour's sake, grace and form and tone and light and suggestion each for its own sake—in short, art for art's sake. What they may have in their mind's eye during the satisfaction of this complex appetite they use as a peg on which to hang their indulgences. When a man with such appetites happens also to have a bent for the propagation of ethics, he produces some such works as those of Watts, or such as Ruskin would have produced if he could. But this moral quality is extraneous.

If the solution of this muddle is “All things are One” (writ large), or this: “If art be true, it is a part of Truth and related to other parts of Truth, such as morality,” then I say search for a solution was unnecessary, for to get so high and so distant is to fly from all obligation, and possibly on Icarus' wings.

F. C. TILNEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Les Grands Artistes, Perrot, Gours: *Praxitèle*. Collignon, Maxime: *Lysippe*. Pottier, Edmond: *Douris et les Peintress de Vases Grecs*. Paris: Laurens.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Duncan, Edmondstone. *Schubert*. With Illustrations and Portraits. Dent.
Browning, Oscar, M.A. *Napoleon. The First Phase*. Some Chapters on the Boyhood and Youth of Bonaparte, 1769-1793. Lane, 10s. 6d. net.
Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763. The Correspondence of Edmond Pyle, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to George II., with Samuel Kerrich, D.D., Vicar of Dersingham, Rector of Wolferton, and Rector of West Newton. Edited by Albert Hartshorne. Lane, 16s. net.
Morrison, Pearce. *Rambling Recollections*. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.
Meyrick, Frederick. *Memoirs of Life at Oxford, and Experiences in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Germany, Spain, and elsewhere*. Murray, 12s. net.
Glasse, John, D.D. *John Knox: A Criticism and an Appreciation*. Black, 2s. 6d. net.
Wrong, George M. *The Earl of Elgin*. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

CLASSICAL.

Rutherford, William G. *A Chapter in the History of Annotation; being Scholia Aristophanica*. Vol. III. Macmillan, 25s. net.

DRAMA.

Pinkerton, Thomas. *A New Medea*. A Drama in Blank Verse. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.
Baring, Maurice. *Mahasena*. A Play in Three Acts. Oxford, Blackwell, 1s. net.

ECONOMICS.

Fuchs, Carl Johannes. *The Trade Policy of Great Britain and her Colonies since 1860*. Translated by Constance H.M. Archibald. With a Preface by the Right Hon. J. Parker Smith, M.A., M.P. Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION.

Galdós, Benito Pérez. *Trafalgar*. Edited with Notes and Introduction by F. A. Kirkpatrick, M.A. Cambridge University Press, 4s.
Caton, Richard. *How to Live*. A short Account, in simple Words, of the Laws of Health with brief Reference to Habits and Conduct. Written for the older pupils in Primary Schools. Liverpool University Press and Williams and Norgate, 3d.
Creasey, Clarence H. *Technical Education in Evening Schools*. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Hobbes, John Oliver. *A Study in Temptations and a Bundle of Life*. Unwin, 1s. net.
Turner, Reginald. *Peace on Earth*. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Gissing, Algernon. *Balio Garth*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.
Wayne, Charles Stokes. *A Prince to Order*. Lane, 6s.
Newbolt, Henry. *Taken by the Enemy*. Chatto and Windus. New impression, 1s.
“Weekly Budget” Novels: *A Heart of Gold or a Dream of Love; An Interrupted Wedding, or Neither Wife nor Widow*. Henderson, 2d. each.
Rolfe, Fr. *Don Tarquinio: A Katakaleptic Phantasmatic Romance*. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
Minikin, Bertha M. M. *Marjorie's Mistake*. Morton, 6s.
Holmes, Arthur H. *The Pride of Mrs. Brunelle*. Burleigh, 6s.
Crockett, S. R. *Maid Margaret of Galloway*. The Life-story of her whom Four Centuries have called “The Fair Maid of Galloway.” Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.

HISTORY.

Lefranc, Abel, and Boulenger, Jacques. *Comptes de Louise de Savoie (1515, 1522) et de Marguerite D'Angoulême (1512, 1517, 1524, 1529, 1539)*. Paris: Champion.
Mentz, Dr. Georg. *Die Wittenberger Artikel von 1536 (Artikel der Cristlichen Lehr, von Welchen die Legatten aus Engellnd mit dem Herrn Doctor Martino Gehandelt Anno 1536)*. Leipzig: Deichert, 1.60 m.
Matarazzo, Francesco. *Chronicles of the City of Perugia, 1492-1503*. Translated by Edward Strachan Morgan. Dent.
Bain, Nisbet R. *The First Romanovs (1613-1725)*. A History of Moscovite Civilisation and the Rise of modern Russia under Peter the Great and his forerunners. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.
Ottolenghi, Raffaele. *Voci D'Oriente: Studi di Storia Religiosa*. Vol. I. Firenze: Bernardo Seeber.

LITERATURE.

Boulenger, Jacques. *Rabelais et Victor Hugo*. Paris: Champion.
Barry, William, D. D. *Ernest Renan*. Hodder and Stoughton. Literary Lives, 3s. 6d.
Keller, Dr. Ludwig. *Schillers Stellung in der Entwicklungsgeschichte des Humanismus*. Berlin: Weidmannschen Buchhandlung, 1.50 m.
Boulenger, Jacques. *La “Supplicatio Pro Apostasia” et Le Bref de 1536*. Paris: Champion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lucy, Henry W. *Later Peeps at Parliament taken from behind the Speaker's Chair*. Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.
A Modern Mystic's Way. Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net.
Barnett, Edith A. *A Garden of Eden: Kempton Park once upon a Time*. Constable, 5s. net.
T. B. *The Upton Letters*. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.
Dowsett, C. F. *Aesthetic Acres*. The author, Winklebury, Basingstoke.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Step, Edward. *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*. A pocket-guide to British Wild-Flowers for the Country Rambler. First Series. New Edition. Warne, 6s. net.

ORIENTAL.

Geiger, Wilhelm. *Dipavamsa und Mahāvamsa und Die geschichtliche Überlieferung in Ceylon*. Leipzig: Deichert, 4.50 m.
Suhrawardy, Abdullah Al-mamin Al-. *The Sayings of Muhammad*. Constable, 2s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

Holmes, Edmond. *What is Philosophy?* Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
Maxwell, J. *Metaphysical Phenomena: Methods and Observations*. With a Preface by Charles Richet, and an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, also with a new chapter containing “A Complex Case,” by Professor Richet and an Account of “Some recently observed Phenomena,” by the Translator, L. I. Finch. Duckworth, 10s. net.

POETRY.

Prudentius. *Cathemerinon Liber*. The Hymns of Prudentius newly translated into English verse by Martin Pope. Dent, Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net.
Dowson, Ernest. *The Poems of Ernest Dowson*. With a Memoir by Arthur Symonds. Illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley and a portrait by William Rothenstein. Lane, 5s. net.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. *Peace and other Poems*. Lane, 5s. net.
Gordon, Julien (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger). *Poems*. Appleton, 3s. 6d. net.
A Southern Garland. The Bulletin Booklets, I.-VI. Sydney: The Bulletin Newspaper Co., Ltd. London: Edwards, Dunlop and Co., 4s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

Dickens, Charles. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. A Reprint of the First Edition, with the Illustrations, and an Introduction, Bq.

- graphical and Bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger. Macmillan, 2s. net.
- Beaconsfield, The Earl of. *Venetia*. With an Introduction by the Earl of Iddesleigh. Lane, The New Pocket Library, 1s. net.
- Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. With an Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang and Illustrations by D. Herdman, W. J. Leitch, Robert Herdman, R.S.A., R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., John Pettie, R.A., H. Macbeth-Raeburn, J. Eckford Lauder. Macmillan, 2s. net.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero*. With Illustration by the Author. Macmillan, 2s. net.
- The Plays of Sheridan: *The Critic, The Rivals, The School for Scandal*. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Heinemann, Favourite Classics, 6d. net each.
- Hakluyt, Richard. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation Made by Sea or Overland to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any time within the Compasse of these 1600 Yeeres*. Vol. XII. (Essay by Professor Walter Raleigh, and Index to the twelve volumes.) MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.* Nelson, 6d.
- Jameson, Anna. *Shakespeare's Heroines, Characteristics of Women Moral, Poetical, and Historical*. Bell, The York Library, 2s. net.

SCIENCE.

- Punnett, R. C. *Mendelism*. Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes, 2s. net.
- Stokes, Sir George Gabriel, Bart. *Mathematical and Physical Papers*. Vol. V. Cambridge University Press.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Our Industrial Outcasts*. By Members of the Christian Social Brotherhood. Edited by Will Reason, M.A. Melrose, 2s.

SPORT.

- Low, John L. *The Golfers' Year Book, 1905*. Nisbet, 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- Moule, H. C. G., D.D., Bishop of Durham. *The Second Epistle to Timothy*. Short Devotional Studies on the dying letter of St. Paul. The Religious Tract Society, 2s.
- Herne, Frank S. *How the Bible Came to Us*. The Story of the Bible in England, with some Accounts of the Evidence for its Origin and Genuineness. Sunday School Union, 1s. net.
- Horton, Robert F. *Talks with Lay Preachers*. Melrose, 1s. net.
- Stewart, A. Morris, M.A. *The Infancy and Youth of Jesus*. Melrose, 6s.
- Fox, Prebendary H. E. *Our Lord and his Bible, or What did Jesus Christ think of the Old Testament?* Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. 6d.
- Turton, Lt.-Col. W. H., D.S.O. *The Truth of Christianity*: Being an Examination of the more Important Arguments for and against Believing in that Religion. Wells Gardner, Darton, 2s. 6d.
- Nösgen, C. F., D.D. *The New Testament and the Pentateuch*. Translated from the German by C. H. Irwin, M.A. The Religious Tract Society, 2s.
- Sellin, D. Ernst. *Die Spuren Griechischer Philosophie im Alten Testament*. Leipzig: Deichert, 60 m.
- Chadwick, Right Rev. George A., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. *The Intellect and the Heart and other Sermons on Special Occasions*. Nisbet, 3s. 6d. net.
- Maurer, Dr. Friedrich. *Völkerkunde, Bibel und Christentum*. Leipzig: Deichert, 5 m.
- A Daily Message From Many Minds, Thoughts for the Quiet Hour*. Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.
- Dole, Charles F. *The Religion of a Gentleman*. Allenson, 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Macquoid, Katharine S. *Pictures in Umbria*. Illustrations by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Spring in a Shropshire Abbey, by Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. With 18 illustrations. Smith, Elder, 9s. net.—Lady C. Milnes Gaskell is one of the many persons now writing books who would, fifty years ago, have put everything they wanted to say into long intimate letters which would have been the delight of their acquaintance; and had the book been in the form of old letters, carefully edited, it would have been very pleasant to us. But now, when luckily there is no such thing as the dignity of literature, and unluckily no commonly admitted distinction between a book and a collection of remarks, it is inevitable that Lady Gaskell, a woman of much reading and joy in reading, with a love and knowledge of many forms of rural life, who has seen what poor things are called books and praised, should herself write books. We remember her "Shropshire Tales." There was no art in them; and it must be confessed that that seemed due not to incapacity, but to a habit of mind so unsophisticated that she had never seen that there was such a thing as an art of arrangement, omission, expression. But the book was charming. One may even think that the very lack of literary skill gave to the record of Shropshire life and folk-lore a special charm; for it came near to being a kindly revelation of an agreeable and little-known people by one of them. Her "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" is of exactly the same kind. It deals with Lady Gaskell, Wenlock Abbey, the household, the neighbours, the country round, during the months from January to July. It is very rich in folk-lore, in dialect, and in local character; nor does it overlap her other book. Her gardener is true and delightful, with such sayings as: "Fresh land, no manure, and a dusty summer, and tatters will take care of themselves; but come a wet year, a field potato is worth two in a garden, although I say it as shouldn't, but truth is truth, although you have to

look up a black chimney to find it, as folks say"; and: "They have County Councils now, and new tricks of all sorts, but 'tis a pity as so many get up so early to misinform themselves..." Whether the author has taken down her rural tales, e.g., one of a witch and "over-looking," verbatim or not, she represents the rural manner well. There are some old verses, too, full of mystery and rhythm and cheerfulness. And there is a little girl who, after hearing "Sister Helen" read, makes a wax image of a governess and sticks pins in it, and prays that she may die, and says several wise things. Add to these, much slow talk of old books, of herbs and gardens, and much quotation, and readers who have time will see that here is a book that has the same charm as many an inconspicuous person of great character who succeeds only in being loved.

Verse and Worse, by Harry Graham ("Col. D. Streamer") (Arnold, 3s. 6d. net). On the appearance of "Ruthless Rhymes" the Scotsman very properly remarked: "It is difficult to see the humour of

"Philip foozling with his cleek
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek;
Sad they bore her corpse away:
Seven up and six to play."

Only very serious people are able to be really silly; the Scotch are as a nation too flippant and lighthearted to reach the sublime heights of the ridiculous; they have not the perspicacity of Aunt Jane who observed the second time she tumbled off a 'bus that the step is short from the sublime to the ridiculous. Too much common sense is fatal to the true appreciation of inestimable nonsense. Silliness tickles, as fingers do, running lightly over the ribs; and we laugh uproariously without heeding the questions of the man who is not ticklish. Mr. Graham's book contains much that has that inexplicable effect upon the reader, and the rollicking spontaneity of the verse gives the delightful impression that he enjoyed writing it as much as we enjoyed reading it; there is vitality in his rhythm, and his rhymes come pat and pointed, and as little laboured as the stream of fun that pours from him so naturally and so irresistibly. When we read in the Afterword of the author the two last lines, so full of promise,

"And while he has the strength to write 'em
Will do so still—ad infinitum"

we greet his intention with a cheer, as spontaneous as the cheer of the guinea-pig in the immortal Alice.

The Wild Marquis: The Life and Adventures of Armand Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault. By Ernest A. Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). Mr. Vizetelly has added another to his former excursions in the byways of historical biography. M. de Maubreuil, though he is now almost forgotten, was concerned in many extraordinary adventures, and Mr. Vizetelly has certainly done justice to the dramatic interest of his career. More than that; he has devoted much industry to the historical "setting" of that career, and the result is a book of more than passing interest. In fact, Mr. Vizetelly has brought to his task the methods of the practised novelist, and not the least successful passages in his book are those in which he boldly reconstructs scenes and conversations of moment out of the historical materials available. De Maubreuil was a well-born adventurer, whose exploits in love and war, speculations, plots, imprisonments, wild escapades, and intimate association with famous personages of the Napoleonic and the Restoration periods, made his name famous for years all over Europe. Having been ruined by Napoleon over an army contract, he was incited to murder the Emperor, to kidnap the little King of Rome, and to put both Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte out of the way. It seems clear that Talleyrand at least acquiesced in this conspiracy, though Mr. Vizetelly is convinced of his full complicity. It was in order to call attention to his grievances that he slapped Talleyrand on the face in presence of the Court, and that incident with all its consequences does not lose in the telling by Mr. Vizetelly. Before that there is the extraordinary story of how de Maubreuil stole the jewels of Queen Catherine of Würtemberg. It is possible, as Mr. Vizetelly shows, that about thirty thousand pounds' worth of the jewels may still be lying at the bottom of the Seine. Altogether it is an entertaining book, and is none the worse for being neither an historical biography of the regulation pattern, nor an historical novel, but something between the two.

Puclias's Voyages. (MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. Volumes III. and IV. 12s. 6d. each net.) Messrs. MacLehose issue, with commendable promptitude, the third and fourth volumes of their excellent edition of the "Pilgrimes." In the earlier portion of the work we found Master Purchas largely speaking for himself: he now departs modestly into the background, but we remain always conscious of his presence. He is the benign Wesley of early travel, regarding the world as his parish. These two volumes are worthy of his assiduity. There is a spirit of the wholesome, natural man pervading stories which men like Nicholas Downton, Sir Henry Middleton, Anthony Hippon, and the rest have to tell; the words they speak breathe a sturdy masculinity, full of force. These adventurers encountered a variety of hardships and dangers, in virtue of which they were almost entitled to assert their own code of morals and of honour. This, at any rate, they did: and so their narratives make racy reading. The lighter side is not often wanting. "I pray you pardon me for writing such fripperies," observes Richard Cock—a gentleman with the spelling of whose name a good many liberties are taken. But as the "fripperies" are full of human nature, they are the very justification of the book, and will go far to lighten the task which lies before those who have made up their minds to follow these ancient travellers to the end. That end is not yet in sight: we are promised twenty volumes. We shall find a welcome for them all.

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THAT the modern, or as he himself would say, up-to-date journalist is something of a plague in the land would probably not be denied by the members of the fraternity themselves, because they are nothing if not cynically frank. But it would be very interesting to inquire how much the standard of literature has been lowered by recent developments in journalism. There was a time when evening papers in London were edited by men of letters and addressed to the most cultivated intelligences in the country, and we are glad to say that some at least of our contemporaries keep up that wholesome tradition; but, alas! there are many who ignore it absolutely. To take up some of the baser sort of evening papers is to see a mere collection of the day's garbage, and if we ascend a little in the scale there is still a hunt for popularity which is evidently considered as good a cloak for a multitude of sins as charity itself. These reflections came into our mind after a hasty perusal of the *Memoirs* of one who was really one of the most reputable representatives of modern journalism. He represented it at its very best and, therefore, in drawing some inferences from the work he has left behind, there is no desire whatever to depreciate the author or his work. Born in better times, Mr. Laurence Hutton would have done credit to the profession of letters.

As it is, he has left behind him, among other things, a volume of gossip which has been named "*Talks in a Library*," and we do not read far in it without learning something of the new standards brought into play. Here is a characterisation of the styles of men who used to be thought good writers, which seems to disclose the attitude towards literature of the modern pressman:

"The short jerky style of Hugo; the confidential, colloquial, 'that-reminds-me' style of Thackeray; the 'shiver-my-timbers' style of the author of '*Peter Simple*'; the 'Lord-keep-my-memory-green' style of Dickens; or even the 'proverbial-philosophical-a-babe-in-the-house-is-a-well-spring-of-pleasure' style of Tupper, and the 'civilised-man-cannot-live-without-cooks' style of Owen Meredith, both of which last, by the way, the young ladies from the interior of the State admired particularly."

This requires very little comment. A man who can describe Thackeray's style as a mere "That reminds me," has for ever fixed his own value as a commentator. It would be interesting to know something affirmative after this negation.

Mr. Hutton's attitude to Sir Walter Scott is, "no one but the antiquary in literature cares now for '*Waverley*' or '*Rob Roy*.'" Yet singularly enough he contributes to the great wizard's *ana* an anecdote that lovers of Scott will read with a kind of sorrowful pleasure. It appears that among Dr. William H. Taylor's congregation in New York Scott's private coachman spent the last of his days, and he used to tell this story of the great romancer:

"About half-way on that sad last journey they came to the top of a certain little hill where Scott had been in the habit of stopping for a time to glory in the view of the lands he loved: on one side of him his present home; on the other side the home that was to be his until eternity began. Here, on the day of the funeral, the horses halted of their own accord, and no persuasion would induce them to move forward until the customary five minutes had passed.

"'And so,' said the faithful henchman, 'the "*Shirra*" was able to look around him once again!'"

Lovers of Scott cannot fail to be interested in this anecdote even when it is retailed by one who is entirely unsympathetic, but if any distaste is felt as to the literary preferences of Mr. Hutton it will be mitigated by the explanation of what his life was as a publisher's reader:

"whose lot in life," he says, "is not always a particularly happy one. At a salary ranging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, he is expected to examine into the worth or the worthlessness of from three to six examples of literary manufacture a day; the amount of his wages depending upon the quality of his examples; the number of his examples depending upon their length. He must know what the publisher wants, which is what the public wants; for the publishers, no matter how much they may like it themselves, cannot afford to put upon the markets, at considerable cost of production, any article which is not likely to sell."

We are saved the trouble of summarising our views of what Thomas Carlyle would inevitably have called "a literary dud" by coming upon the following quotation:

"While I fail somehow in my appreciation of Fitz-Gerald's great work, which is in spots sometimes beyond my comprehension, I have a great respect for the man. This book-plate of his with its autograph endorsement, and an etching of a drawing of Fitz-Gerald, in his old age, by Charles Kean, I would rather possess, almost, than the original manuscript of '*Omar Khayyam*' itself.

"A literary curiosity that I have is the card of autographs that was sent to me with a new hat."

Here then is the up-to-date journalist painted by himself. He is oblivious of all that is really great in literature and if he mentions those who have added to our few immortal books it is only to scoff and scorn them; but he is devoted to collection of autographs, the masks of dead celebrities and other things of that kind. He is also extremely proud of all the notice he has received from fourth- and fifth-rate men of letters, and is very careful to print their correspondence; but to what constitutes real literature he is blind and deaf. Is it any wonder that incidents like the one now to be described not infrequently take place?

"Joaquin Miller was an American of whom I saw much in London. He tells this characteristic story of Swinburne. Swinburne is very susceptible to boredom, it seems, and suffers a good deal of it at the hands of inquisitive strangers who intrude upon him out of mere idle curiosity and take up a good deal of his time, giving nothing in return. One of this kind of bores, an American and friend of Miller, was anxious to be taken to Swinburne's house. Miller was under obligation to Mr. Lion-hunter, and did not like to refuse him. He knew Swinburne's peculiarities, and dreaded the result; still he went and sent his card to Mr. Swinburne—'*Joaquin Miller and Friend*.' After a little delay the maid-servant returned, but in such evident confusion that Miller knew at once matters were not smooth upstairs, and that she had a message she did not like to deliver. This, with some persuasion, he got out of her, and it was to the effect that Mr. Swinburne would be very glad to see Mr. Miller, but his 'friend' might go to hell!"

Never was such a year as this for anniversaries, bi-, tri- and quater-centenaries, and so forth. We become bewildered, and, to tell the truth, a little bored with them. Norwich, where Sir Thomas Browne was *not* born, is putting up a bust of the author of the "*Religio Medici*" to commemorate the fourth centenary of his birth, which took place in London on October 19, 1605. Still, Norwich has every right to the chief honours of the writer who founded a school of English prose, and lived quietly writing, gathering knowledge and practising his profession in the parish of St. Peter Mancroft, while England was plunged into turmoil and revolution. His position in English literature we hope to examine at a future date. For the present we would only remark that sufficient attention has not been paid to his letters. The Browne correspondence in the British Museum is full of interest, not all of which appears in Wilkins' edition of the *Letters*. It reveals in the good doctor a great deal of sly and very

human fun, besides an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and keen affections for his son Edward, himself a voluminous letter-writer, who afterwards attained distinction in his father's profession in London.

John Harvard, whose memory has lately been revived at Southwark, did not actually found Harvard University, but he left half his fortune to the infant college. His little collection of two hundred and sixty volumes, in which Puritan theology was better represented than the classics, formed the nucleus of the original library, which unhappily was destroyed by fire. The present fine library was enriched from time to time by Longfellow, who was Professor of Belles Lettres at Harvard, and it also contains more than four hundred books on Cromwell and Frederick the Great, left to it by Thomas Carlyle. It has over two thousand works relating to Dante, and its collection of folklore and mediæval romances is supposed to be the largest in the world. But perhaps John Harvard did something more than merely endow a college. His mother, who was born at Stratford-on-Avon, may have been acquainted with Shakespeare, who, when he was connected with *The Globe*, must have lived near Southwark, and her son may have been the first to make known Shakespeare's plays to his fellow colonists beyond the seas.

The following little poem is the authentic composition of an Arab, and was sent by a correspondent, who had discovered it, to the editor of the *Woodbridge School Magazine*, by whose permission we reproduce it.

"Ah! Ah! one day ago,
I did not see you, dear;
Alas! It was such long,
In her love, as one year.
"My eye, you are the cause,
That I am going to die;
I wish that you were shut,
When the beautiful passed by.
"My heart you are burning,
Your beloved you better meet;
My tears are not enough,
To put off all that heat.
"If I was not an Arabian Brave,
I shouldn't bear all this;
I should surely be killed,
If she doesn't save me by kiss."

In this year's issue of "Printers' Pie" several writers supply instances of printers' errors. Of these we like best a compositor's emendation of Guildenstern's "No, my lord, rather with choler," which reached Mr. Frankfort Moore in the proof as: "No, my lord, rather with cholera." "Printers' Pie" this year is larger than before; in fact, "this 'ere pie is a pie as is a pie, is this 'ere pie," as the page-boy said in the play. The drawings are excellent.

The French Academy will fill a vacancy on June 8. The candidates are MM. Maurice Barrès, Émile Bergerat, Jules Breton, George Lefenestre, and Étienne Lamy. In due course we hope to say what there is of interest to be said about the chosen candidate. In the meantime it is interesting to notice that the Academicians, in full conclave, have been awarding, as is their annual duty, a long list of literary prizes, some of them of quite considerable value; and the difference between the French and English methods of making such awards to meritorious writers is worth pausing to examine.

Our English idea of a prize is that somebody should prescribe a subject, and that there should be a competition. Strange as it may seem, it took quite a long time for the general body of English authors to realise that the Nobel Prize was not awarded in this way. We have ourselves seen letters addressed by authors to the Secretary of one of our leading literary societies, asking: What is the

subject for the Nobel Prize this year? Is there any entrance fee? At what date should applications be sent in? Their warrant for putting the questions was that almost all our own literary prizes are academic in their origin, and are allotted in accordance with the time-honoured academic methods.

The French system is entirely different. The idea there is that every author should go on doing his own work in his own way, and that the Academicians, as the trustees of various prize funds, should reward merit—and even originality—when they see it. Poems, novels, short stories, plays, essays, histories, dictionaries—all kinds of books, if good in their respective kinds—may bring their authors unexpected windfalls of this sort, in accordance with the wills of founders and benefactors. This, of course, is one of the things that our own Royal Society of Literature ought to be doing, and might have been doing if it had not missed its opportunities and become such a hole-and-corner institution. Perhaps the British Academy, having more authority, and commanding more respect, might do it even now, if any millionaire offered it the trusteeship of some such fund as the Prix Vitet. The idea is at any rate worthy of the consideration of any millionaire of literary tastes.

We mentioned some time ago that Les Charmettes, the house in which Rousseau lived with Madame de Warens at Chambéry, had been purchased to be classed as a "public monument." It has long, however, been a place of literary pilgrimage, and has even had a visitor's book in which both eminent persons and other persons have recorded their impressions. The quatrain which Victor Hugo contributed has, indeed, been torn out by an autograph hunter; but the observations of other notabilities remain. "Rousseau, in beholding your dwelling-place I admire you more than in reading your books" is the cryptic exclamation of Louise Michel. "The cause of humanity, of youth, and of society in general was pleaded by Jean-Jacques, the most feeble of mankind," is the contribution of M. Maurice Barrès. M. Jules Claretie bursts out with lyric intensity: "Charmettes! Montmorency! The departure and the arrival! The evening and the morning! Here Rousseau found the poetry of hope; there he found the poetry of retrospect."

Perhaps, however, the visitors' book is most interesting when it becomes the receptacle for the contents of the overflowing cup of human fatuity. A military man deplores the establishment of a rifle-range "near the dwelling in which so beneficent a genius was sheltered." An unknown civilian opines that "in visiting the places inhabited by great men one feels that one becomes great oneself"—which seems a simple recipe for arriving at distinction. The moralists also assert themselves. Under the pseudonym "Algerienne" we find this significant question: "Jean-Jacques, what became of your children? Your genius was magnificent, but your conduct is unworthy of imitation." "Noyere, Deputy of French Guiana" informs us that he once knew a man who educated his son on the lines laid down in "Emile": "He made of him a blockhead and an imbecile."

Some visitors seem unwilling to write their names without appending the full list of their distinctions. One of them insists that he is "jeweller and gem-setter to the Emperor." Another, under the date of September 5, 1859, writes as follows:

"Pierre Millière, of Saint-Jean-de-Losne, formerly a pharmaceutical chemist and an ironmonger at Lyon, a naturalist, a painter, and a poet, secretary of the Linnean Society, corresponding member of the Society of British Artificial Manures, born July 28, 1802, passed Les Charmettes in the course of an insect-hunting expedition, and experienced adorable emotions."

Sometimes, however, human fatuity expresses itself in

verse. This example, which we venture to render into English rhyme, is really admirable in its way :

"Admire my courage—it is bad to beat,
I walked up here in the midsummer heat.
Panting like seals, my friends approached the place.
I with an old bandanna mopped my face."

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack have gained much success with their Shilling Scientific Series, some five or six volumes of which have now been published. They have just arranged with Dr. Saleeby for the writing of five more volumes, dealing respectively with Organic Evolution, Heredity, Psychology, Sociology, and Ethics. These little monographs are primarily intended for separate publication in the Series, but will be so written as also to permit of publication in the form of a continuous treatise.

The Playgoers' Club has accepted a request made by Mr. Philip Carr, the Director of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, that the Club should choose a play, which has not yet been acted, for production by him during the present year. The conditions of the competition are that the play must not be less than three acts in length, and that it must be sent in under a pseudonym with the real name and address of the author in a sealed envelope addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Playgoers' Club, Clement's Inn, London, from whom intending competitors can obtain all information.

Herr Gerhart Hauptmann is one of the distinguished foreigners selected this year for the distinction of an Oxford honorary degree. Apart from his genius, the great tragedian is interesting on account of his versatility and his very unliterary origin. His father kept a hotel at Obersalzbrunn, a small watering-place in Silesia, but fell into financial difficulties when a change of fashion sent his customers to the more famous baths of Ems, Kissingen, and Baden-Baden. The boy, in consequence, received his early education at the village school, where he was accounted a dullard, though it was discerned that he had a certain talent for telling stories, and for German composition.

He intended to follow the profession of a sculptor; and though he was not considered a very satisfactory pupil at the Breslau Art School, where he was only remarkable for the irregularity of his attendance, he got so far as opening a studio at Rome. There, however, he fell ill, and returning to Germany was nursed back to health by Fräulein Thienemann, whom he shortly afterwards married. Gradually he took to writing.

His first work was a play entitled *Das Erbe des Tiberius*, composed under Roman influences, of which he lost the manuscript. Next followed an epic poem in the style of "Childe Harold," which was printed, but afterwards recalled and suppressed. Thirdly, he wrote miscellaneous poems; but the publisher who had accepted them failed before the day of publication. Fourthly, he began an autobiographical novel, on the lines of "David Copperfield"; which remains unfinished.

His first remarkable success was with a drama called *Die Weber*. This made a sensation because of the socialistic and anti-monarchical sentiments supposed to be contained in it. In several cities it was prohibited by the censor, and there were riots in consequence. The edict was in force even in Berlin for a short time, but was subsequently revoked, and *Die Weber* became one of the regular pieces in the *répertoire* of the Deutsches Theater. The success of the piece caused Herr Hauptmann to be accepted as the leader of the literary Radicals of his country; but more striking success was to follow with the production of *Die versunkene Glocke*—a work which, some time ago, was already in its fortieth edition.

LITERATURE

MR. BRANDES' NEW VOLUME

Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. By GEORGE BRANDES. Vol. IV., Naturalism in England. (Heinemann, 12s. net.)

ALL students who have the dignity of English literature at heart will be interested and impressed by Mr. Brandes' stimulating volume. To look at our own literature through the eyes of one who surveys it from without, from the standpoint of a foreign man of letters, is a useful and fruitful exercise, and produces a curious intellectual excitement. And this is especially the case when one sees it reflected in the mind of so sympathetic and earnest a critic as Mr. Brandes.

The first thing that strikes a reader, on completing the perusal of this solid and careful volume, is the point of view of the writer. Mr. Brandes seems to approach literature not wholly from the side of art, though it is, of course, unnecessary to say that his pages are full of delicate insight and fine perception. He is concerned rather with the moral and spiritual progress of the world; the message of poetry, according to his view, is of a prophetic rather than an artistic nature, and the greatness of a writer seems to him to depend, not so much upon the form and the expression as upon the enthusiasm and directness with which a poet has handled political and liberal ideas in the larger sense. This is, of course, a perfectly coherent and definite theory of poetry: it assigns to the poet a direct and noble relation to the thought of the age. But it seems to us to be only a partial view. In a sense, the work of all true poets has an effect in contributing to the cause of intellectual liberty, and to the dissemination of large and beneficent ideals; but it is possible to set a higher value than Mr. Brandes would do on the work of poets who aim at such thoughts only by implication. After all, it is not our business to contest Mr. Brandes' root-theory of poetry, but rather to indicate how far, in the volume before us, he establishes his case.

As one reads one becomes aware that the volume is rather a sympathetic interpretation of certain great figures, from Mr. Brandes' point of view, than a piece of masterly generalisation. The author takes poet after poet, and, with a skilful handling of biographical material and an ardent critical appreciation makes a rapid and interesting sketch of the motives and performances of the particular writer. But we feel that our author's theory of the poetical function is so distinct that while he does more than justice to certain great figures he does less than justice to certain more sober and conservative workers. His impatience, for instance, with the provincialism, the "thick-ankled" morality, the solemnity, of Wordsworth emerges in many places. Mr. Brandes has a sincere admiration for Wordsworth, presumably because Wordsworth was so deeply affected by the ideals of the French Revolution; but he does not enter sufficiently into the sober reflectiveness, the tranquil reveries, of that austere poet. Again, Southey, who for all his tiresome longwindedness, his childlike complacency, did uphold the dignity of literature, is dismissed from the scene with contempt and scorn. In the case of Coleridge, Mr. Brandes seems to set a higher value upon his metaphysical and political influence than upon the pure and fantastic beauty of his best work. In the case of Keats, he shows an ungrudging admiration for the poet's ardent perception of the inner beauty of the world, though he says that his writings *prove* nothing. Again, our critic puts an altogether extravagant value upon Moore, as a national poet; he assigns a disproportionate space to his biography, and fills much of it with an account, most vivid and stirring in itself, of the career of that pure-minded and high-hearted revolutionary, Robert Emmet. Moore was essentially a temporary poet, and such vogue as he enjoyed was mainly due to his touching with a liquid grace a certain not very potent vein of sentimentalism.

Again, it is strange to find a critic of such weight as Mr. Brandes unable to appreciate the charm of a poem like Landor's "Gebir." In spite of its inconsequence and singular flavour, it has a strange and glowing power of romanticism which places it, we consider, on altogether a higher plane than the brilliant Dialogues which Mr. Brandes praises so generously.

Mr. Brandes has a true appreciation of the wild and airy beauty of Shelley's work; but it may fairly be held that it is through this delicate and inimitable beauty that Shelley will continue to affect the world, and that his revolutionary theories, which amounted to little more than a desire for the destruction of the safeguards by which society is held together, have already died a natural death.

But it is in Byron that we draw near to the hero of Mr. Brandes' book, and, with certain qualifications, we may frankly admire the critic's enthusiastic treatment of his protagonist. His criticism of Byron does a very valuable thing—it initiates the reader into the secret which made Byron perhaps the only English poet of the century whose reputation was also European. To Englishmen who have escaped from the glamour that formerly surrounded the name of Byron, the poet's fame is disfigured by grave faults; by affectation, by gross debauchery, and by undeniable ill-breeding. The latter is perhaps the most serious fault of all, because Byron's ill-breeding was not a superficial fault but a real vice of temperament. Consciousness of superiority can be condoned, but not a consciousness of superiority based on vulgar claims. This is just the point that an English critic of Byron is able to see, and that a foreign critic of the poet is able to overlook. With Mr. Brandes it is evident that Byron's affectation is regarded as originality, his debauchery as impulsive recklessness, his vulgarity as splendid pride. The romantic setting, the glowing personality, and the intimate despair, which made Byron so potently attractive a figure for contemporary Englishmen, have still their undiluted value for the foreign critic. What has become outworn, rococo, even grotesque, to the modern Englishman in the figure of Byron—his savage pose, his unnecessary parade, his self-conscious cynicism—is still picturesque, adorable, desirable, to the foreigner. With us Byron triumphs by virtue of his sincerity and personality over his studied picturesqueness, his clamorous publicity. No one thinks of suspecting the reality of his sufferings and the bitterness of the cup he administered to himself; what one does suspect is his ardent desire to take the world into his confidence, his pride in stimulating curiosity and refusing to gratify it, his fondness for a cheap mystery. Mr. Brandes' tribute to the poet, whom he literally swallows whole, whose vices he condones, whose opponents he crushes with strenuous accusations of canting hypocrisy, has this supreme value, that it makes one beware of contemning, because it happens at the present moment to be unfashionable, a tone of feeling in Byron's poetical character which may be genuine and even admirable.

The book, then, has a high value for serious students of poetry; it teaches us not to form insular, *saugrenu* judgments; and quite apart from its main thesis, with which one may or may not agree, it is a mine of apposite biographical illustration, of delicate appreciation and of felicitous criticism of a high order.

JOHN KNOX

John Knox and the Reformation. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

MR. LANG, having attained distinction in many other fields, has now won a secure place among the historians; but he writes history after his own fashion and in his own style. He is not a master of exposition, and it is not without difficulty that we follow the elusive thread which he puts in our hand. He is, indeed, less a narrator than a critic. He takes it for granted that his readers are not

ignorant of the facts, upon which he comments with a characteristic lightness of touch. Above all he is studiously moderate, not in his opinions, but in their expression. He knows that irony is a better weapon of controversy than violence, and irony he employs with admirable success and conviction. Even in exposing the enormities of John Knox he keeps his literary temper, and instead of breaking the Reformer's head with a bludgeon, gently pricks him with the pin-point of his scorn. Though irony enters into the very fabric of his work, and may be detected on every page, a few examples will make his method clear to all. When in 1556 a calf with two heads was born and shown as a warning to Mary of Guise, the idolatress sneered that "it was but a common thing." "Such a woman," comments Mr. Lang, "was incorrigible." Again, when Mr. Lang has set forth the infamous libels which Knox hurled at Mary of Guise, he says no more than that "these are unfortunately examples of Knox's Christianity." So, too, when Knox had fulminated and thundered against "the Roman Antichrist" in the presence of Mary Stuart, "if one wishes to convert a young princess," says Mr. Lang, "bred in the Catholic faith, it is not judicious to begin by abusing the Pope." Truly it is not; but "judicious" is the word which best expresses Mr. Lang's manner of writing history, and it is his peculiar triumph to have severely castigated the Reformer without displaying a violent hostility towards him.

It is a common superstition that time corrects intemperate views, and reveals the truth to those who would discover it. But it is a superstition only. If a man has the faculty of advertisement or intimidation, the value, which he and his friends put upon himself, is accepted faithfully by remote generations. Now, that old Anarch, John Knox, had a rough tongue, and a talent, conspicuous even in those rough days, of saying unpleasant things. He attacked kings and bishops with a pride of insolence, and yet nobody laid violent hands upon him. Once upon a time he preached before Edward VI., and with more courage than discretion violently insulted the king's ministers:

"What wonder is it, then," said he, "that a young and innocent king be deceived by crafty, covetous, wicked, and ungodly councillors? I am greatly afraid that Achitophel be councillor, that Judas bear the purse, and that Shebna be scribe, comptroller, and treasurer."

Yet the king and ministers listened and made no protest. For Knox had frightened them, and throughout his career the power of inspiring terror stood him in good stead. Years later, when Scotland was given over to assassination, nobody, as Mr. Lang points out, "ventured to put a dirk or a bullet" into Knox. It was not a moral scruple which prevented his enemies from dealing with Knox according to his own measure. The manifest truth is that, as Mr. Lang says, "nobody had the courage." And something of this exaggerated respect for Knox has survived ever since his death. In some way he seems to be bound up with the honour of Scotland, which has taken a strange pride in his insolence and stupidity, and the most of his biographers have found no word to say against him. But Mr. Lang has at last disengaged the truth, and, though he has done it with a gentle hand, we may henceforth contemplate Knox in his true shape and colour.

The worst sin that can be set down to Knox's account is that he was an Anarchist unashamed, who believed that the blood of all men who differed from him might most righteously be shed. No sooner had he found his tongue and a pulpit than with an almost Sadic rage he was clamouring for blood. And when he went prudently into exile he did not moderate his rage. In 1554, from the security of Dieppe, he appealed to assassins to murder Queen Mary and Philip of Spain:

"God, for his great mercy's sake," says he in his "Admonition," "stir up some Phineas, Helias, or Jehu, that the blood of abominable idolaters may pacify God's wrath, that it consume not the whole multitude. Amen."

And this was not the worst. In his maturer years he even dared to urge the faithful to a general massacre of their fellow subjects. After which the wrecking of St. Andrew's and other seats of learning seems a venial sin. But it was part and parcel of Knox's destructiveness. He seems to have taken a pleasure in pulling down, and we cannot applaud either his wisdom or his courage. His constant vituperation proves his folly, and it is very little to his credit that he published his "Admonition" when he was safe across the Channel, that he invited others to take risks which he avoided.

Like all Anarchists, Knox was stupid. He had no ambition of constructing or improving; he did not even guess at the effect of his exhortations; and by the violence of his language he materially injured his own cause.

"We can assure you," wrote some exiles for religion's sake to Calvin, "that that outrageous pamphlet of Knox's" [the "Admonition"] "added much oil to the flame of persecution in England. Before the publication of that book not one of our brethren had suffered death, but as soon as it came forth we doubt not but you are well aware of the number of excellent men who have perished in the flames."

Nor was Knox a theologian, as were Calvin and Bullinger, who perfectly well understood his limitations. He had a vast number of vituperative texts at his fingers' ends, which he jumbled up foolishly, and quoted, like the Devil, to his purpose. Least of all did he demand an equality of justice. There was nothing he hated so bitterly as he hated toleration. What he wanted was to plant his heel firmly and heavily upon the neck of the other party. And he arrogated to himself, in the phrase of Erastus, "the power of opening and shutting heaven to whomsoever he would." Whence he had this power he did not condescend to explain. If it came from God, as one of his opponents said, Knox should have proved his influence by a sign. If it was conferred by man, then he was not demonstrably better or stronger than his opponents. But Knox neither could nor would argue. Why should he, when a ready reference to idolatry, harlotry, and the Scarlet Woman served his turn? And so he persisted unto the end, declaiming without reason, and working off the weary commonplaces of theological vituperation with all the energy of an unscrupulous tongue. "His favourite adjectives," says Mr. Lang, "are 'bloody,' 'beastly,' 'rotten,' and 'stinking.'"

The least amiable trait in his character was the brutal insolence with which he treated women. As Mr. Lang wittily points out, he had in him the makings of a Society journalist. He was always avid of gossip, especially when it was discreditable to his enemies, and he dealt in scandal with as much zest as the miscreant who provides paragraphs for the *Kitchen Gazette*. Mary Livingstone, for instance, tell under his lash without any reason, and no one was found to flog him in revenge. His long and weary struggle with Mary Stuart is familiar to all, and it is to the glory of the woman and the queen that she worsted him in dignity and argument. But it was for Mary of Guise, the Regent, that he reserved the choicest flowers of his rhetoric. As a commencement, he declared that she only wanted her chance "to cut the throats of all those in whom she suspected the knowledge of God to be." Presently he compares her with "Egyptian midwives," with Nebuchadnezzar, and with Rahab the Harlot. Then his charges grow more precise. She is, says he, "a wanton widow," the mistress both of Cardinal Beaton and d'Oysel. That there was no word of truth in these charges Knox probably knew as well as another. But they suited his peculiar style of eloquence, and for him that was enough. What he was we have seen: a vulgar, fanatical, clamorous fellow without knowledge or policy. Mr. Lang excellently sums up what he did for Scotland:

"His influence lasted," he writes, "and the massacre of Dunavertie (1647), and the slaying of women in cold blood, months after the battle of Philiphaugh, and the 'rouping' of covenanted 'ravens' for the blood of cavaliers taken under quarter, are the direct result of Knox's intellectual error, of his appeals to Jehu, Phinehas, and so forth."

Not an amiable record, but, such as it is, it is John Knox's.

VERITATEM DILEXI

Ernest Renan. By WILLIAM BARRY. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

To entrust the biography of Renan to a Roman Catholic Doctor of Divinity looks like an ironical pleasantry on the part of the Editor of the *Literary Lives Series*. It produces a striking clash of views. The author of the book yields his devotion to the "Man of Sorrows"; it is an article of his faith that we are "conceived in sin and born in iniquity"; humility, self-distrust, and dissatisfaction with self are of the very essence of the Christian religion; the mournful note in the more poignant of Christian writings is the natural wickedness of man and the necessity for a Redeemer. What, then, could be more utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity than Renan's summary of his life as "a charming promenade through the nineteenth century"? Moreover, the description is a perfectly accurate one. "I have never known grief," he said on a memorable occasion. Others have disclosed in secret diaries their illusions, their repentance, their mistakes; he has left it on record that gazing back from the vantage-point of old age he saw nothing to change in his charming promenade. This is a frame of mind more easily understood in France than in Great Britain. More or less the attitude of Renan was that of Voltaire and, much earlier, of Abelard. The philosophy is reflected in the prose of these men, clear, amusing, a little supercilious, elegant, a little cynical, never turbid, never disclosing the earnest depths of the Anglo-Saxon. Few things could be more instructive than to compare the internal struggles of a Newman, "the bitter perturbed death agony through long years" of a Carlyle, before the revolution in their early beliefs, with Renan's fastidiously elegant change. Dr. Barry not unfairly describes the mental process at St. Sulpice:

"He was mastering Hebrew and applying his new-found knowledge to the Bible-narratives, not in the least as an original student, but with ready acquiescence in the methods of his German text-books. Under that light the supernatural faded away; every form of Christian dogma perished; of religion itself nothing was left save some scattered moral elements, without transcendent source, or divine sanction, or scope beyond this world. The critic stood aloft on a heap of ruins. In the endeavour to find out why he believed, he had ceased to believe in anything."

Dr. Barry has written what is in many respects an excellent and most instructive biography, but he is somewhat too prone to argue with Renan's opinions without trying to "place" him amid the powerful influences of the nineteenth century. For it is idle to assume that he was the only or even the greatest critic of Christianity. At the very moment when he was discovering at St. Sulpice that his intellect was not satisfied with Roman Catholicism, historical criticism—its foundation laid by an English bishop, Dr. Lightfoot of Durham—was at work rendering untenable many of the old beliefs regarding the origin of Christianity. Science, through geology and biology, was substituting a well-reasoned hypothesis for the accepted account of man's beginning on this planet. Tentative efforts in the study of myth and folk-lore were demonstrating that rules of conduct which had been regarded as purely authoritative were really the slow growths of man's experience. It was the *Zeitgeist*, that invisible influence, which directed the subtle mind of Ernest Renan to fall into line with the other workers. Newman is Dr. Barry's hero, whom he constantly brings into contrast with Renan, as in the following piece of eloquence:

"Newman is a Mystic, Renan a Rationalist. To Newman his conscience makes known a present Deity; but to Renan it is a human invention without echo in the heights or the depths. The one enlarges on the 'ventures of faith'; by the other we are warned not to be the dupes of our better feelings. Prayer is the philosophy on which Newman feeds his mind; to Renan prayer has become absurd, for what is it more than talking to one's self? Reverence, adoration, shame and holy fear betoken that the one is face to face with a Supreme Judge, in whose kindness he revives, under whose frown he wastes away. The other sees no intellect superior to his own; reveres no divinity; suppresses the idea of sin; loses the delicacy of feeling which protects

all exquisite virtue; and writes his page in the scandalous chronicle of French letters. With Newman learning, style, eloquence, are but means to a nobler end; he is always intent on religion, even where he comes down to a schoolmaster's exercises. But Renan, who began at the same starting-point, turns all this another way. The lowest knowledge is the only real truth; art loses its former interest; religion is a pretty make-believe, ethics a lottery, life itself an entertainment."

But all this is not so convincing as the author would seem to think. When Newman embraced Roman Catholicism, was it not because he thought it the lesser of two evils? He found a refuge in the Church, but we have yet to learn that he found there a resolution of his doubts. And argument on a matter of that kind is in vain. The world of culture and scholarship has given its verdict by moving away from the questions that perplexed thinkers like Newman and Renan in the middle of last century.

Apart from the controversial aspect, the life of Renan is more interesting than is that of the bookman usually. He was practically a peasant by birth, and in early life had the manners as well as the dogmatism of his class. But he certainly learned to be urbane—to be a flatterer, says Dr. Barry—as one who was for long a dependent. The affection of his sister, without whose hard-earned money his career would have been impossible, forms a delightful chapter in his life. It saved him from those sordid struggles with poverty that so often render the biography of a man of letters painful reading. He enjoyed life all the more because he did not take it seriously—"had not the genius for affirmation," as Madame Alphonse Daudet said. To him the world was merely a pageant and an object of curiosity as to whether the people in it passed their time in religious devotion, high art, wine, woman or song. The staggering drunkard and the ascetic priest were but figures in the show, and of equal importance if it be admitted that there is no good and no evil, but that all are passing alike to oblivion, "the grisly phantom sitting at the gate."

ANTIQUITIES MADE HERE

Archæology and False Antiquities. By ROBERT MUNRO. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

MUCH in this volume will irresistibly remind the reader of the Kaim of Kinprunes with Monkbarns expatiating to young Lovel, and Edie Ochiltree exclaiming: "Pretorium here, Pretorium there, I mind the biggin o't." There is surely no end to the vanity and gullibility of the antiquary. Forgers have flourished in every age. Did not the clever Surtees deceive the good Sir Walter with the ballad the "Death of Featherstonhaugh" with notes and a learned explanation, and does it not still stand duly set out in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"? Time would fail us to recount all the fabrications of charters and family trees from mediæval times down to the pedigree furnished for the pompous Bristol alderman by the "marvellous boy." Probably one of the most remarkable of these *chevaliers d'industrie* was Edward Simpson, better known as "Flint Jack" and under other aliases, "Fossil Willy," "Old Antiquarian," "Cockney Bill," "Bones" and "Shirtless," all expressing but too plainly the habits of life and meatless and penniless condition of this wandering but expert fabricator of antiquities. The frontispiece of Dr. Munro's book is a beautiful illustration of specimens of "Flint Jack's" forgeries now in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. He was a perfect genius in the art and Dr. Steven writes: "He had the coolness to tell the Professor that there were plenty of his things in the British Museum, and very good things too!" In fact he gloried in his ability to form counterfeits and appeared to think that his neat deceptions were to be received quite as clever matters of business. At the conclusion of a paper "On the Ancient Flint Implements of Yorkshire, and the Modern Fabrication of Similar Specimens," Jack was invited by the President (Mr. Pitt Rivers) to mount the platform and exhibit his work, which is thus described:

"He undid the knots of his red handkerchief, which proved full of fragments of flint. He turned them over and selected a piece, which he held, sometimes on his knee, sometimes in the palm of his hand, and gave it a few careless blows with what looked like a crooked nail. In a few minutes he had produced a small arrow-head which he handed to a gentleman near, and went on fabricating with a facility and rapidity which proved long practice. Soon he had collected round the forger, while his fragments of flint were converted into different varieties of arrow-heads and exchanged for pences among the audience."

Flint Jack visited Scotland and Ireland, but his Scottish tour was not a success, the people being, as he said, "too canny," and the journey hardly paid expenses. He was much gratified by his visit to the Emerald Isle, where "he left behind him many a fine Celt arrow-head hammer and spear!" He fabricated a Roman milestone and sent it to a doctor at Scarborough for £5. At Cambridge he drove a roaring trade in antiquities; "On his first visit to London during a whole year he found the demand for Celts and other flint implements fully up to the measure of his power to manufacture them."

Another producer of antiquities was one William Smith, alias "Skin and Grief" or "Snake Willy," whose centre of operations was the eastern coast of Yorkshire. The Great Causeway has long been a place for the sale of antiquities. Visitors from all parts, with a percentage of the Monkbarns clans, were ready purchasers; Dr. Munro writes: "This last autumn some of my Irish archaeological friends informed me that the industry of manufacturing stone implements still goes merrily on along the Anticline coast." One will be chary of indulging one's historical or archaeological bent in admiring antiquities even in the most exclusive and select storehouses and museums unless they are vouched for fully with a history beyond dispute. Egypt and the Holy Land do a large and flourishing business in "anticos," and how many travellers with more cash than discretion have carried home priceless relics carelessly manufactured to order by some expert Copt or Armenian! We cannot enter into the battle-royal of the "Clyde controversy" on the supposed crannogs. Here is an account of the find from Professor Boyd Dawkins:

"The collection is as a whole unique, and unlike any collection from any other archaeological site in Europe. Four oyster-shells from Dunbuie particularly attracted my attention. Two worn shells belong to the common British oyster, and demand no further notice. The fresh shells have the characteristic purple muscular impression of the American oyster and are unmistakable Blue Points. All have one or more holes drilled in them. If these belong, as is alleged, to the site of the Dunbuie hill-fort, it is obvious that the inhabitants are the Americans, and that the importation of American oysters to the banks of the Clyde began before the discovery of America. It is easier to believe that the oysters in question are neither prehistoric nor mediæval, and that they found their way into the refuse-heap after the importation of American oysters to Glasgow at some time during the last few years."

The *quæstio vexata* of the fort at Dunbuie and the supposed crannogs at Dumbuck and Langbank is as tangled a skein as ever, in spite of Mr. Andrew Lang's having broken a lance or two in the *mêlée*. We would like to see one of those graphic sketches by Mr. E. T. Reed on our prehistoric ancestors of the Clyde carving the Celts, arrow-heads, amulets and other "queer things" to mystify the savants of the nineteenth century! The illustrations in this volume are worth study, and help the lay reader to follow the learned and often amusing text.

THE EARLY COMMENTATOR

A Chapter in the History of Annotation: Being Scholia Aristophanica, vol. iii. By WILLIAM G. RUTHERFORD. (Macmillan, 25s. net.)

THIS is really the third volume of Dr. Rutherford's monumental work on the Scholia of Aristophanes. The reason why that which was the title of the earlier volumes has now become the sub-title is given in the Preface. He now finds that it was a mistake to break the Scholia up as in vols. i. and ii. This volume is devoted to an analysis and dissection of the Scholia, revealing "their veritable nature."

d "the purely mechanical process which produced them." Dr. Rutherford thinks that we now have arrived at a crisis when we must be prepared for a drift of opinion such that "contact with the alert and adventurous Greek mind may cease at least for a time to play any considerable part in English education." He thinks that in the teaching of Greek now "there is so much commentary that the learner never lays his mind close to the Greek thought." This

began its life in the dreary period in which Greece, no longer her own mistress, made shift to give her masters what they wished—such a knowledge of Greek literature as could be acquired without mental exertion by men who were out of sympathy with Greek thought and did not care to understand it, yet desired to turn it to some use."

he book seeks to show how master and servant were both punished.

The result is nearly 500 pages of learned and subtle comment on learning as first applied to the study of Greek. The art of Annotation is pursued through criticism, exegesis, and æsthesis; and the prominent feature of Greek annotation is brought out, the fact that the ancient Greek annotator kept before his mind the spoken, not the written, word. "When they criticised the poets and the orators of past generations they criticised them as speaking, not as writing." Hence reading is ἀναγνώρισις, which is properly "reading aloud," and hence the amazing attempts which the Greeks made to impart to written the vivacity of spoken language. Some effort is made in modern times to achieve the same result by means of typographical devices. But not only was the Greek system of particles much more than a thousand years earlier than any typographical device, but it was really far more effective. The Greek particles are better rendered now by the printer's than the translator's art. A Greek writer would have used the particle ὅθεν where a conservative journal would now employ inverted commas in referring to the Irish "Nationalists," meaning thereby that a certain party claim a name to which they have no right. So ὅ and γέ are far better represented by italics than by "indeed," "forsooth," "at least." Indeed, modern typographical devices might with advantage be employed largely in editing classical (especially Greek) books. The fact that the use of the foot-note never occurred to the ancient Greeks has introduced an infinity of confusion into Aristotle and Plato, and there are places in Thucydides where the train of thought is quite dislocated by a digression which would now find its place in an Appendix. The Greek system of accentuation doubtless arose from a like desire to assimilate the written to the spoken word, but how the Greeks intimated that the penult of, say, ἑλπίδα was at the same time short and accented, it is hard to understand. We modern "barbarians" abandon the accent and cleave to the quantity, the modern Greek does the reverse. It seems to us that the barbarians have the best of the bargain. It is extremely difficult to make a modern Athenian schoolboy feel the rhythm of an hexameter, and no wonder when the second line of the Iliad is read by him as

"Ovloménen hé myrf' Achæeis álge' éthéken."

The pith of the work of the scholiasts lay in exegesis. Their critical work, or restoration of the text, was, as a rule, futile in the extreme. Yet Galen, a contemporary of the early scholiasts, was a born critic, a Bentley of his age. Dr. Rutherford quotes from him (p. 56) an amazingly modern doctrine: the critic ought not to believe that a sensible man has deliberately written nonsense or mis-stated facts: if he finds nonsense in his copy he must conclude that his copy is wrong: then, if he can find no other copy containing a better version, he must try to restore the text, but he must never neglect the answer to the question *unde irrepsit corruptela?* If modern critics followed the advice of Galen, we should have a better series of Clarendon Press texts and a better *Corpus Poetarum*.

From some interesting quotations on p. 99, we should be disposed to believe that Euripides and Menander, like

Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw in modern times, understood far better than their contemporaries the powers and the limits of the actors of their day, knew just what they could express and what they could not; and thus it was that their dramas were far better as played than as read, and always appeared to the audience to be acted with consummate art.

There are very good observations in Bk. II., Pt. I., ch. ii. on stage directions which have got into the text, and on some very silly scholiastic admonitions. Even Galen thought that when the Athenians used the shorter form of the 3rd plur. imper., as when Sophocles wrote in the *Ajax*:

ταῦτα νῦν Αἰδῶς τε σωζόντων κάτω,

they were employing the genitive plural of the participle. No less absurd, indeed, is the rule which till quite recently was the accepted teaching (and perhaps is in some places still) about the case to be used for "place in which"—a rule which ignored the existence of a locative case and which was as absurdly devoid of principle as would be a statement that the "place where" was put in the genitive in fair weather and on weekdays, but in the ablative on Sundays, and when the weather-glass pointed to change.

The article on Metaphor (pp. 203 ff.) is excellent reading, and, indeed, throughout the whole book a dry subject is lightened by much brilliancy of style especially in the way of illustration, in his skill wherein Dr. Rutherford often reminds one of his brilliant compatriot, Thomas Carlyle. In proof of this assertion we would refer our readers to Bk. II., Pt. III., ch. ii. pp. 381 ff. On p. 410 we meet a comment on a verse (515) of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes: "we have in this verse already a whiff of the Middle Comedy"—a rare flower in the dust-heaps of scholiastic annotation.

But a notice in a weekly journal is quite inadequate for a work of such compass and learning as the one before us, except to direct our readers to a great storehouse of valuable and (for the subject) wonderfully readable comment. It is worthy of the very high reputation of its author, and we hope its teaching will prove an antidote to the poison of those who would turn the study of the classics into the counting of the occurrences of γέ in Plato and Aristotle, or the examples of and the (perhaps more numerous) exceptions to the *Clauselgesetz* in Cicero and Livy.

ÉMILE VERHAEREN

Les heures d'après midi. By ÉMILE VERHAEREN. (Bruxelles: chez l'Editeur Edmond Deman.)

THE Belgians who write for Belgium write in Flemish. Henri Conscience and Camille Lemonnier are perhaps the only two of them whose names have crossed the frontier. The Belgians who write for Europe write in French, and at least three names are familiar: those of Georges Rodenbach, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Émile Verhaeren. Naturally, they have their common note. In the work of all of them alike—of the novelist no less than of the dramatist and the poet—there is something of the dead cities and the dreary dunes, and something also of that indefinable thing called "mysticism." But whereas Georges Rodenbach perished in his pessimism, and without ever having escaped from the haunting melancholy which gives its nightmare effect to "Bruges-la-Morte," Émile Verhaeren has ripened. The hours of the afternoon, in the title of his new poem, symbolise the autumn of his life. They might have been empty hours, but love fills them, and therefore they are very good. That is the burden of his song. He writes of love, not with the passionate extravagance of youth, but with a certain resolute and intense serenity. These lines, perhaps, better than any others sum the matter up:

"Vous m'avez dit, tel soir, des paroles si belles
Que sans doute les fleurs qui se penchaient vers nous,
Soudain nous ont aimé et qu'une d'entre elles,
Pour nous toucher tous deux, tomba sur nos genoux."

" Vous me parliez des temps prochains où nos années,
Comme des fruits trop mûrs se laisseraient cueillir ;
Comment éclaterait le glas des destinées
Et comme on s'aimerait, en se sentant vieillir.

" Votre voix m'enlaçait comme une chère étreinte,
Et votre cœur brûlait si tranquillement beau
Qu'en ce moment j'aurais pu voir s'ouvrir sans crainte
Les tortueux chemins qui vont vers le tombeau."

Again and again that note is struck, and that idea repeated: that love may make of life a triumphant pilgrimage. The sound of triumph rings clearly in the passage which we quote next:

" L'aube, l'ombre, le soir, l'espace et les étoiles ;
Ce que la nuit recèle ou montre entre ses voiles,
Se mêle à la ferveur de notre être exalté.
Ceux qui vivent d'amour, vivent d'éternité.

" Il n'importe que leur raison adhère ou raille
Et leur tendre, debout, sur ses hautes murailles,
Au long des quais et des hâvres ses flambeaux clairs ;
Eux, sont les voyageurs d'au delà de la mer.

" Ils regardent le jour luire de plage en plage,
Très loin, plus loin que l'océan et ses flots noirs ;
La fixe certitude et le tremblant espoir
Pour leurs regards ardents ont le même visage.

" Heureux et clairs, ils croient, avec avidité ;
Leur cœur est la profonde et soudaine clarté
Dont ils brûlent le front des plus hautains problèmes ;
Et pour savoir le monde, ils ne scrutent qu'eux-mêmes.

" Ils vont, par les chemins lointains, choisis par eux,
Vivant des vérités que leur disent leurs yeux
Simples et nus, profonds et doux comme l'aurore ;
Et pour eux seuls, les paradis chantent encore."

The picture not less than the sentiment enchains the reader there. Verhaeren sees nearly all things in pictures with rich colours. He is far removed, in this his later work, at all events, from the drabness of Rodenbach. Let us quote in conclusion a passage which illustrates at once this quality of his poems and his symbolism:

" O le calme jardin d'été où rien ne bouge !
Sinon là-bas, vers le milieu
De l'étang clair et radieux,
Pareils à des langues de feu,
Des poissons rouges.

" Ce sont nos souvenirs jouant en nos pensées
Calme et apaisées
Et lucide...—comme cette eau
De confiance et de repos.

" Et l'eau s'éclaire et les poissons sautillent
Au brusque et merveilleux soleil,
Parmi les ajoncs verts et les blanches coquilles
Et les ronds d'or, immobiles
Autour des bords vermeils.

" Et c'est doux de les voir aller, venir ainsi,
Dans la fraîcheur et la splendeur
Qui les effleure,
Sans crainte aucune et sans souci.
Qu'ils ramènent, du fond à la surface,
D'autres regrets que des regrets fugaces."

THE RUSSIAN NAVY

The Russian Navy in the Russo-Japanese War. By Capt. N. KLADO. (Hurst and Blackett, 5s.)

CAPT. KLADO'S book contains a collection of articles which were published last winter in the *Novoe Vremya* under the pseudonym of "Priboj," to which the author has given the title of "After the Departure of the Second Pacific Squadron." The articles were written with the laudable object of warning the Russian nation against being defeated by the Japanese; a few of the headlines will show the drift of the argument: "Feverish preparations must be made at once for war," "We ought to be ready before the Black Sea Squadron must sail for the Far

East in spite of all treaties." The book is written from an ultra-Russian point of view and contains a good deal which is unpalatable to an English reader. It is, however, instructive to read the following in connection with the North Sea outrage: "We offer our most sincere thanks to our brave sailors for the watchfulness which they have shown. We thank them because they were not afraid of their peril, to assume heavy responsibility by immediately opening fire on the unknown torpedo-boats, taking account of the presence of the fishing-boats (some neutrals), dominated as they were by the one thought, the great mission with which Russia had entrusted them. That is an example of the outbursts of patriotism which the gallant captain gives vent at intervals through the pages of this book, and, assuming his patriotism to be genuine, it is to his credit. But even this great virtue does not atone for lack of critical faculty and of knowledge of his profession. Capt. Klado's forecasts have indeed some cases been borne out by facts, but he does not resemble a sailor. As for the present English form of his book which has been translated by Mr. L. J. H. Dickinson from the French text of M. René Marchand, little need be said. The absence of grammar in the book presents us with a strange and unexpected form of the horror of war.

THE ELDER BROTHER

The Life of Reason, Or the Phases of Human Progress. GEORGE SANTAYANA. Vol. I. *Introduction and Reason in Common Sense.* (New York. Scribner, \$1.25 net.)

To find a philosopher who can express himself as well as think is delightful and rare. Even the divine Plato was overtaken by a habit of arguing with specialists, in a language which had and has no real currency. The communication of ideas to children and poor people is one of the divine faculties attributed to Christ. Hence Mr. Santayana's books have not been calculated to resemble the Parables; nevertheless, we think, they must bring many, who are no longer children and were never poor, to the cry of the Younger Brother in Milton's "Comus":

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose."

Now, to feel like the Younger Brother when he utters the cry, is in itself an end, an ideal. *Common Sense* will be anxious to dispute that nothing which philosophy effects is to be compared with the creation of this mood. And philosophers, like Mr. Santayana, who set out with common sense and envisage progress, must acquiesce. What philosophers regard as their results, are almost set in the course of time to be regarded as of partial and limited application. But this mood of hunger and thirst after truth, and joy in the apparent satisfaction of that craving, are endlessly beneficial both to the individuals who experience it and all who are about them. Mr. Santayana's former book of essays, entitled "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," came to us as the achievement of English prose, since Pater was at his best. His new book looks as long as summer appeared in childhood, and the time when we shall no longer be able to find new pleasures in it seems as distant as winter does in June. There are to be four volumes besides this: *Reason in Society*, *Reason in Religion*, *Reason in Art*, *Reason in Science*.

Mr. Santayana writes beautifully; his style has plums, but it is good even where there are none. He can be brilliantly brief and weighty, and deliver long-drawn-out expositions with harmonious grandeur.

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."
"Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim."

"Those who look back upon the history of opinion for many centuries commonly feel, by a vague but profound instinct, that certain consecrated doctrines have an inherent dignity and spirituality, while other speculative tendencies and other vocabularies seem welded to all

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is ignoble and shallow. So fundamental is this moral tone in sophy that people are usually more firmly convinced that their own are precious than that they are true." This world, we call it, not without justifiable pathos, for many worlds are conceivable and if discovered might prove more real and intelligible and more akin to the soul than this strange ether which man has hitherto always looked upon with increasing misgiving.

We quote to give an idea of Mr. Santayana's charm and power, not of his most illuminating thoughts; these last usually need leading up to at greater length than could here be spared. His general drift may be indicated, however.

To adjust all demands to one ideal and adjust that ideal to its natural conditions—in other words, to live the Life of Reason—is nothing perfectly possible."

Reason as such represents or rather constitutes a single formal rest, the interest in harmony."

Satisfaction is the touchstone of value."

Conduct that should not justify itself somehow by the satisfactions secured and the pains avoided would not justify itself at all."

Happiness is the only sanction of life; where happiness fails, existence remains a mad and lamentable experiment."

The future of moral evolution is accordingly infinite, but its character is more and more determinate at every step."

Such are the general conclusions that Reason draws from Common Sense. To many who follow him in all this with light there will seem a strange wrong-headedness in Mr. Santayana's treatment of the character of Christ, which, he says, "is not the character of a benefactor but of a martyr." One has only to confront such a statement with the words: "I am come that they might have life, and at they might have it more abundantly," to feel that he ignores one of the traits most universally attributed to Christ, the bringer of good news, the bringer of peace and joy, who "went about doing good." We should rather have expected Mr. Santayana to regret that the accidental circumstances of Jesus' death and passion, having formed a striking image of the means by which he fulfilled his enigmatical functions, have taken the place of those means themselves in the popular imagination. The slip our author makes here is like that venerable error of popular Christianity, and amounts to no more than the misapplication of an illustration; it does not touch the validity of his ideas, which quite certainly owe more of their inspiration to Christ than he realises.

It was, perhaps, impossible for the author of so ambitious work to prevent occasionally falling back on philosophical argument; we fail to see what a sentence gains by being loaded in this way:

"Reason and humanity begin with the union of instinct and ideation; when instinct becomes enlightened, establishes values in its objects, and is turned from a process into an art, while at the same time consciousness becomes practical and cognitive, beginning to contain some symbol or record of the co-ordinate realities among which it arises."

We venture to re-write this sentence thus:

"Reason and humanity begin when instinct becomes enlightened and, establishing values, is turned from a process into an art, while at the same time consciousness conceives some incipient symbol or record."

Words like "ideation" and "cognitive" are no doubt valuable, but the more rarely we meet them in a style the more we respect them; nor can we appreciate what is lacking to this sentence when re-written as above.

Mr. Santayana need desire no higher praise than the assurance that he appears to many as the Elder Brother who makes them realise the charm of divine philosophy. It is strange that such a character should arise for us in America, and not from those of our own blood but from a Spanish stock. Rossetti is an instance of how inspiring and fecund the genius of the Latin races becomes when grafted and growing among us; in the author of "The Life of Reason" we have another instance. He too brings us inspiration in a manner as delightful as it is distinguished. He proposes to traverse the whole field of modern thought with us, and we shall gladly accompany him.

MR. MEREDITH'S REVISION OF "RICHARD FEVEREL"

EVEN among those who find him too "difficult," I take it that Mr. George Meredith has been accepted as the greatest English novelist now living, a literary artist, indeed, in a class by himself. This much has at least been effected by the younger generation of critics, who have insisted on his modern pre-eminence, and his assured place among the immortals. But the very tardiness of this recognition of a novelist whose masterpieces were contemporary with those of George Eliot has had one unfortunate result, if we are to attribute Mr. Meredith's repeated changes in the text of his earlier novels to a sense of the want of appreciation shown for them by the public. In the article on Mr. Meredith in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," I have already said that "it will be the duty of future editors to restore 'Richard Feverel' and 'Evan Harrington' (and these are not the only ones in question) to their earliest versions": and it may be interesting to indicate for the benefit of "Meredithians" generally what is involved in the former of these two instances. It would appear to be none the less necessary because, in spite of a fairly full exposure in 1897 of the drastic revision which had taken place in the new edition then published by Messrs. Constable, a London literary paper recently printed an editorial paragraph naively inquiring what were the alterations which "rumour had it" that Mr. Meredith had made.

I do not propose to discuss here the changes in "Richard Feverel" that characterised the 1897 edition. Lovers of Mr. Meredith's novels are pretty well agreed, I fancy, in declining with all respect to consider that latest "authorised version" preferable to what may be called the *textus receptus*, previously familiar in the single-volume edition issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. But this latter edition itself represented a considerable revision, compared with the original three-volume edition of 1859. Of all the novels, "Richard Feverel" was the greatest sufferer by this early revision. I will confine myself to pointing out shortly the nature and extent of the cutting-down to which it was subjected, premising only that the earliest version is incomparably the finest, and that some of the changes were responsible for unnecessary obscurities in the popularly received text, with which I compare it. I look forward to a time when the 1859 version will be restored to the market in a reprint, instead of its being, as now, a rare "find" for the collector.

Of the original first five chapters no less than 69 per cent. of the matter was cut out; the opening of chapter v. becomes that of chapter ii.; the first four chapters are condensed into chapter i., 80 per cent. of their original matter being omitted. Out of a total of 25,260 lines in the original book, 1768 were cut out, 1559 of these being from the first five chapters (2268 lines), and 1395 from the first four (1729). Or, in what is equivalent to pages, 71 were altogether cut out of 1010; 62 of these being from the first five chapters (91 pages). These figures surely speak for themselves. Over 7 per cent. of the original novel was omitted.

But we are not concerned merely with quantity. The omitted portions in the early chapters are particularly valuable, because they explain Sir Austin Feverel and his surroundings (particularly Lady Blandish, who in the later version is rather unintelligible), and the Feverel family (particularly Algernon), and give details about young Richard's boyhood and about Sir Austin's famous "System," in a way which not only has a real interest on its own account but sheds light over all the rest of the book. It would be deplorable if the delightful mock-heroic and fanciful fun of the episodes connected with the besieging of Sir Austin by his following of admiring ladies, intent on his conversion to a greater appreciation of woman, were permanently divorced from the book; and the same reflection applies to the revelations of Sir Austin's mind,

in his conversations with old Dr. Clifford about young Richard's upbringing, and in his analysis of the problems of a boy's education. I cannot here quote from Sir Austin's conversational combats with the ladies, "the female harriers" who "were in the field prepared to give chase to the Griffin": Miss Blewins, Lady Blandish, the Hon. Mrs. Breakyeline, Camilla Duvergey, Mrs. McMurphy, the "Irish giantess, who made a point of asking directly of men whatever she wanted," and Mrs. Cashentire, the "banker's wife, who behaved as if she had been his relict." It is all delightful reading. But how could Mr. Meredith have had the heart to cut out several charming stories of Richard's childhood? This, for instance, concerning Richard's seventh birthday. They are all at the cricket field, when a messenger comes for Sir Austin, who jogs his son's hand and says: "Come along, the doctor is waiting for us:"

"The doctor!" exclaimed Lady Blandish, "whatever can the dear boy want with a doctor?"

"He is seven years old to-day, Madam," replied Sir Austin. "I wish him to be examined medically from head to foot, that I may be sure he is physically sound for his second seven years' march, as he is morally promising."

"The Baronet smiled down on his son, and beheld a cloud not at all morally promising on the brows of him."

"Come!" he said.

"No," cried Richard, releasing his hand.

"Come," his father repeated, while his brows went up.

Richard fell back sullenly.

"I desire you to come, my boy," said his father, with the gentle severity of a last command.

"And the young seven-year-old, wrought to the farthest pitch of endurance, stamped his foot, and flushed, as he cried, looking his father full in the face, 'I won't! Damned if I do!'"

"Of course he had to go: but when he came back, approved robust, he was covered with the caresses of the field, and enjoyed an enraptured hug from Lady Blandish: the lady provoking thereby these reflections in the *Pilgrim's Scrip*, 'On the Popularity of the Forbidden Fruit, and the preference we have for it, provided an Innocent offer it us.'"

Excellent "*Pilgrim's Scrip*" utterances, too, have been jettisoned:

"His thoughts were sad enough; occasionally dark; here and there comical in their oddness; nevertheless there ran through the volume a fire of Hope; and they did him an injustice who said he lacked Charity. Thus he wrote: 'I am happy when I know my neighbour's vice.' And it was set down as the word of a cynic; when rightly weighed, it was a plea for tolerance. He said again: 'Life is a tedious process of learning we are Fools.' And this also is open to mild interpretation, if we do not take a special umbrage at the epithet. For, as he observes, by way of comment: 'When we know ourselves Fools, we are already something better.'"

"Thou that thinkest thyself adored," says the *Pilgrim's Scrip*, "Oh! Fool! it is not Thou she loveth, but the Difficulty."

Here is an instance of the danger of cutting. On p. 307 of the usual edition, the account of the discomfiture and dismissal of the butler, "heavy" Benson, concludes: "Ravnam was quit of the one believer in the Great Shaddock dogma." Most readers must have been puzzled by this, since the "Great Shaddock dogma" has not previously been mentioned, and they are left to guess at its meaning. But on pp. 59, 60, of the first edition occurs this passage, afterwards omitted:

"We live and learn," said the Baronet to young Adrian Harley, his nephew and intimate; "but it is odd that, when we whip her, Madam should love us the more." "You have propounded it frequently, sir," replied that clever youth, "in the 'Great Shaddock Dogma'" (for so, on account of its constant and ungenerous citation of the primal slip in *Paradise*, Adrian chose to entitle the *Pilgrim's Scrip*).

Almost as good an instance of creating an obscurity by omitting the explanation is given by the following passage in the received edition:

"A venerable lady, known as Great-aunt Grantley, who had money to bequeath to the heir, occupied with Hippas the background of the house and shared her candles with him. These two were seldom seen at dinner-hour, for which they were all day preparing, and probably remembering, for the eighteenth century was an admirable man, and cast aside while there was a dish on the table."

The last lines are almost incomprehensible as they stand but in the first edition, after the words "to the" comes the now omitted "and whom Adrian called the Eighteenth Century"; the capital letters being repeated in the second use of the phrase. It may also have attentive readers know why Great-aunt Grantley have "shared her candles" with Hippas; this is apparently a misprint for "candles" (1st ed.).

To conclude, the 1859 edition is even better, compared with the *textus receptus*, than the latter is, compared with the 1897 version—and that is saying a great deal. Mr. Meredith has cut out would be enough to make the fortune of any other novelist. I lay this stress on "Richard Feverel" because it is probably the favorite with most "Meredithians," and those who love the book in its ordinary form will find it twice as good in the original. The value of a "first edition" in this case is not merely its rarity, but in the fact that it is so different from subsequent editions, and that the alterations have all been for the worse.

HUGH CRISWELL

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

MY EARLY READING

SOME few days ago I was looking into a book that made me feel, like Burns, that "I had spent my youthful years and done naething," without even his consolation of having "made some blethers up in rhyme for his singing." The volume was by one of the most distinguished women-writers of to-day, and in one of the chapters she gave an account of her early reading. Before the age of seven this golden girl had read, among others, Fielding—indeed!—Thackeray, George Eliot, Swinburne, Ossian, Defoe, Florence Marryat, Shakespeare, Rhoda Broughton, Swift and others "too numerous to mention," or rather copy out. At twelve (Good Lord, what did I read at twelve?) she took keen pleasure in Dante, and "hell with its undying tortures seemed perfectly normal and right. What an encyclopædia one would have been now if the beginning like this had been made! It makes one blush to tell the simple unadorned truth, yet to do so may serve as a warning if not for instruction.

The first book I remember was the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and with a disregard for binding which clings to me still, it was carried in my pocket till the covers were worn off and the leaves had all curled up at the edges. It was read in snatches at a sort of dame-school to which I was sent, and was used to wile away the half-hours during which a dear old schoolmistress in spectacles fancied her pupil cornered at his tables. My memories of the book are that I thought Christian and his burden a poor groaning chicken-hearted body, Greatheart being much more to my mind. The women-folk generally were uninteresting, but people like the Man with the Muck-rake exercised a curious fascination. For many a long day the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" was the only piece of vital literature that came my way. On wet Sunday afternoons I pored over a volume called "*Joys and Sorrows of Childhood*" which had in it a dog called Snow, but the beginning and the end were both lost so that I was and am to this day ignorant of the author's name. A pleasant aroma seems to cling round that book, but then it was taken from a bookcase where nearly everything else was learned and dull.

May the much-read lady who was deep in Dante at twelve regard me without more disdain than she can help, but what trash I read at the same age compared with her! Captain Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper and Captain Marryat were the classics of the bookshelf. The others are nameless. I found out some one who took in the *Family Herald* and for years I devoured that periodical from cover to cover and with so hearty an appetite that I put to it I could retell many of the tales to-day. Once or

ce a Scott came my way and well do I remember the den summer afternoon—how richly the sun dropped behind the hill, how gay the house-martins were, as in the evening light they came in a mad chase up to my dormitory window and away in a quick descent—when "Ivanhoe" was devoured rather than read. Even then I had acquired the habit, never relinquished since, of finishing a single sitting every book I began. Many so read were declared by my elders and betters to be immoral and were taken away, but a child has no morality and they never did either good or ill. Between eight and eighteen were fish that came to my net, and I confess with reluctance, most distinguished lady, that much which I assimilated as though it were milk for babes was Greek to me. Shakespeare I could not read, and to this day I never like to read dialogue; moreover, dear lady, I am convinced that my early repugnance was due to an artistic instinct. In dialogue you need to hear the characters speaking; prose narrative is the proper form for a story meant to be read.

Children naturally dislike what is artificial, but where are natural children to be found to-day? If I may be allowed to digress from these short and simple annals for a moment, it will be to protest against the fashion of treating children like hot-house plants. Yes, dear lady, you are a flagrant example. At twelve, instead of being so familiar with Christian doctrines as you say you were, you should have been familiar with the skipping-rope, you would have known more about the brown hills and the creatures that live on them, you should have known the stars and the noise of falling water. Do not say that you did, for I have read your books, Madam—admired the great genius of them and regretted that it should be expended in copyist's work. Never do these members of the aristocracy whom you love to delineate seem to be aware that behind the very board whereon they play their fantastic tricks there is a background so vast and mysterious that beside it they are mere insects playing in the sun. If you did truly read and re-read the works you mention, you must have noticed how saturated were the best of them with love of nature; Shakespeare, whom you place first, did not spend his youth in conning musty tomes, but in the open air where, all unconsciously, he received those impressions of stars and wind and flower and rain that he later gave forth in immortal verse. You are of the town only; nature has no place in your books, and your people are of the hot-house. And all this is a lesson to the British mother to let her offspring run wild a little and not to stand over her with a notebook ready to jot down the clever utterances of the precious darling.

At times every healthy man laughs at himself, and it occurs to me now that the last paragraph exemplifies the weakness of human nature, always ready by an ingenious argument to prove the thesis: "My way is the right way." However, to go on with our story. I was at least left to follow my own course in the choice of books, or, rather, so far as that went, neglected altogether. Since much of my childhood was solitary, and the intervals between shooting, fishing and other diversions wide and frequent, it will excite no surprise that my mind soon became stuffed full of romances of the most common description—so much so that there was serious talk of interdicting reading altogether. But the wisest and kindest of the family coming to the rescue declared that it was best to leave the child alone—all would come right in its own natural time and place. So it did: the appetite that once had been omnivorous became extremely fastidious—not much to the owner's joy perhaps.

But in the meantime the lesson was learned. Nature is the first and most important object of study. The man that you actually see—the dock-labourer at his task, the hind saving his lazy strength as he lounges at fair or market, the children running wildly from school—these form genuine and primary material. But all that comes from books is second-hand, and what you study and re-deliver from their pages becomes at once third-hand.

They are good servants but bad masters. And again, if we go to nature, let us take her at her simplest, not in the sophisticated members of what is called Society, but in the cottage and on the furrow. So shall be built a lasting and noble heritage of tested and true experience.

A.

FICTION

La Vie d'un Simple, Mémoires d'un métayer. By ÉMILE GUILLAUMIN. (Paris, P. V. Stock.)

No book has been more widely read this spring in literary Paris than this faithful review of the peasant-farmer's life; written, not by a man of letters, but by a peasant-farmer, the neighbour, possibly the son or grandson, of the old gaffer whose hard life is here recorded with a simple charm of diction that recalls "The Vicar of Wakefield." The *père* Tiennon, like the Vicar of Wakefield, was from time to time the victim of a crafty neighbour; but here all likeness ends: in the twentieth century we are realists; we paint no pretty fancy pictures of an idyllic poverty; and hardened indeed must be the novel-reader whose heart is not wrung by this almost cruel picture of the sordid sorrows of the very poor. As we read we realise, perhaps for the first time, what it is—not what it would be to us, but what it is to those born and bred in these conditions—to be always at work, always tired, always overwrought, always overcrowded, always hungry, always fighting against a rebellious body that cries out for food and warmth and rest; what it must be never to have leisure for thought or sentiment; to be ignorant, not because one is stupid, but because at five years old one must earn one's living as a goose-boy, and there is never any time to learn; to change from a little tender child to a self-engrossed man, because the struggle with starvation has left time for nothing else. How often on a frosty winter day, when we see country folk at a fair or market have we not said to ourselves: "They have been used to the cold all their lives, they don't feel it as we should." Alas! in these pages we find that cold is to the ill-fed, ill-clothed children of the poor a greater torture than to the children of the well-to-do. Little Tiennon (Etienne) Bertin, as a child, was in every feeling of mind and body exactly like a child born to an easier lot: it was to him the same delight to guard the sheep for half an hour on a sunny hill-side—the same misery to watch them a livelong day of hot sun or searching wind, the same frenzy of terror to see a snake creep through the grass or to meet a gipsy; the same wound—scarring his tender heart for all time—to be scolded. A cuff, a clout, a sharp word, an unjust reproach, hurt him in his childhood as much—since he remembers the pain of them at eighty!—as they would have hurt you and me.

His father was never willingly unkind to the little lad; it was the mother, exasperated by too much work and too much child-bearing and too little sleep and food, who struck and scolded. But it was the father who took the child to help him drive the pigs to the fair, and forgot the poor creature in the seductions of the tavern; leaving him hungry and terrified and cold, from noon till nine o'clock at night alone in the market square. Read these pages, and you will never forget them. They leave the impression of something that has happened to oneself, and at the end of the narration you know how much it is possible for a child to suffer in mind and body through an adventure that had appeared trivial if less well told. The first chapters are the best and the most charming of the book; but if they stood alone the work would have been incomplete. We should say: "It shows that there are people of finer feelings in all classes. A sensitive person, born in these conditions, is greatly to be pitied." But as Tiennon grows to manhood he becomes, not the son of his own soft childhood, but of his life. Life hardens and coarsens him, as it had hardened his parents, and though he remains to the end a good man, it is his soul rather than his body

that becomes inured to his conditions. His thoughts turn on an ever smaller orbit, and cold, heat, hard fare, work, overcrowding remain painful to the end. His finer feelings dwindle; his physical sensitiveness remains intact.

That the life of French peasant-farmers is still, in out-of-the-way places, as hard as the life of Tiennon, the present writer knows: he has seen the tiny, frightened shepherds on the mountains, and the cabin in which there is but one room for living and sleeping, occupied by two or three couples and their children, in health and sickness, even in death, in conditions so hard that the care of the aged and the sick becomes a burden almost too heavy to be borne. "Oh! will he *never* die?" "My goodness! how long is she going to drag on?"—such are the cries of women, not unkind by nature, but so weary that pity for others is driven out by pity for themselves. The work of the farm never ends: it is seed-time or harvest, lambing or calving, from New Year to St. Sylvester's: and in the autumn there is the annual reckoning, whereat the *métayer* believes himself cheated by the landlord, and the landlord feels that the farmer has got the better of him in every transaction of the year. We who have hitherto looked at such partnerships through the landlord's spectacles, now see them through the farmer's, and realise how hard it must be to give satisfaction to one's *métayer*. No landlord in all his life satisfied Tiennon, some for reasons which appear good to us, and some for reasons that make the reader smile. "Où il n'y a pas communion d'idées règne le malaise," reflects the shrewd old peasant.

The long life, beginning in 1823, embraces the period of the Franco-Prussian War and the earlier times of conscription, when parents ensured their sons with a "marchand d'hommes" who guaranteed to find a substitute should they draw an unlucky number. Tiennon himself drew a good number, as did both his sons also, but these were taken none the less in war time; and here we enter into the sorrows of people who are separated and who can neither read nor write. It is a book to make the staunchest supporter of the established order a socialist, and it is that rarest thing in modern French fiction, dead in conventionalism—a human document, and a human document very precious to all Frenchmen who care for their country and their race. The peasant, from mistrust of the outsider and from shyness of his own "mauvais langage," remains a sealed book to dwellers of all classes in the towns and to the countryman who speaks correctly, seldom opening his mind to strangers even in the comradeship of the military service—that universal hardship which, with all its evils, has the great counterpoising good, that it teaches Frenchmen of all stations the sufferings of the poor.

Peace on Earth. By REGINALD TURNER. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

MR. REGINALD TURNER is one of the most interesting of our younger novelists. He has a nice sense of character, wealth of sympathy, and, above all, a quiet irony, occasionally somewhat grim, but very agreeable to the cultivated palate. His novels are novels of atmosphere rather than of incident. That is to say, it is not the things that happen which interest him most, but the social *milieu* in which they happen. This *milieu* is always drawn with extreme care; in "Cynthia's Damages" it was the life of the stage, in "The Comedy of Progress" that of politics, in "Castles in Kensington" that of watering-place gentility. His latest book, "Peace on Earth," is concerned with that vague, not quite articulate discontent with present social conditions which finds its expression nowadays either in active philanthropic effort or in mere intellectual anarchism, according to the temperament of the patient. This gives opportunity for several carefully finished studies of character: Sladen, the eccentric philanthropist whose anti-social theories are only strengthened by the disapproval of his neighbours, but grow seriously attenuated when he becomes the fashion and Princesses smile upon his efforts; Hope, the man with a grievance, the philosophic anarchist to whom the law represents a worse tyranny than any

merely despotic act of irresponsible power; Paul, his pupil in this cheerful creed; and Leighton, the broad-minded country parson with an incurable propensity for finding good in everybody. There are also several of those slighter studies, thumb-nail sketches as it were, touched with ironic humour, at which Mr. Turner excels. Kreisler, the Alsatian, who periodically bids his comrades at the Anarchist *café* a solemn farewell preparatory to committing suicide, but usually returns quite alive after a longer or shorter period, is in his best vein.

"'Good-bye comrades,' he would say, 'this is the end.'"

"He pointed significantly to his forehead."

"'A bullet there and the world will be set right for me.' With a final nod to the *patronne*, who answered him in a cheerfully resigned manner, he would leave the *café*."

"'Poor fellow!' muttered the men; 'he's the only wise one amongst us.'"

"'Après tout,' said the *patronne*, 'c'était un brave garçon.'"

The next day Kreisler would be absent. Then the day after he would slink in and take his accustomed place. He would be very gloomy for a day or two, as if ashamed of himself or afraid of the ridicule of his comrades. Then in due time the periodical resolution would come again and the same ceremony of farewell would be gone through."

At last there comes a day when, after the customary farewells, Kreisler does not return. But it is not a case of suicide after all. He has been run over by a motor-car! What Mr. Turner's book lacks is unity, but the amusement in it atones for its construction.

The Friendships of Veronica. By THOMAS COBB. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THE rapidity and apparent ease with which Mr. Cobb turns out his books is amazing; if our memory is not at fault this is the third novel he has published since the year began. "The Friendships of Veronica" (why not "Veronica's Friendships"?), so far from showing signs of hurry or exhaustion, is the best story we have read of the last half-dozen bearing Mr. Cobb's name. While it is cheerful and light-hearted as usual—Mr. Cobb shuns gloomy views on any subject—it is less trifling and superficial than he sometimes permits his work to be, and touches a deeper note of interest and feeling. The only doubt that mars the pleasure of reading the story is whether the Right Honourable Albert Firminger, Home Secretary, and indispensable man of his party, is the sort of person to make a voluntary confession about his "past" to anybody, in any circumstances. Impulse it is not; unwisdom it undoubtedly is, and all the facts of Albert Firminger's career are dead against the probability of his confiding his secret to a girl with whom he is upon merely agreeable social terms. However, the incident accepted—and it is the leading incident—the story runs on almost of itself, developing naturally and with increasing pleasure to the reader. It bears hardly upon Firminger, whose gallant fight against fate and himself tempts us to wish that, even at the cost of evasion and untruthful silence, he may escape recognition, and go on and prosper. That temptation is a testimony to the author's cleverness and skill. The Home Secretary, a widower who is also a man of fashion and of politics, and a successful dramatist, all exchange the rôle of friend for that of lover, sincere but not ardent, as the title implies. Finally, when Veronica gives her hand to the right man, some regret goes with it, for her decision ends her pleasant friendships, and she realises, as Byron did, that "lovers never can be friends."

The Wise Woods. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MRS. DUDENEY tells her story with force; she interests, she compels a shudder, but she never braces or consoles. Even when her lovers are united for a time, their ultimate doom depresses the atmosphere. Perhaps that is why her realism leaves so strong an impression of unreality. Certainly, if her world was the only one open to us we should wish to leave it as quickly as possible. But no one sees life truly who sees only its failures and its cruelties. It was not the

outside world that made a sordid tragedy of Ambrose Bellchamber's adventures but his own unstable soul; while Vashti is driven to violent acts of folly in order to escape from her comfortable surroundings. In fact, here as elsewhere, Mrs. Dudeney's men and women live in a debateable land, and are neither sane, nor insane. The hideous things that happen to them are the outcome of their tainted natures, and the characters she chooses for presentation are abnormal. Even the little maid-of-all-work is so morbid that she turns her back on the company she is supposed to serve, because it revolts her to see people eat. Vashti, who has been daintily bred, takes joyful refuge in the dirt and squalor of an old gipsy woman's hut, and lives there until she is thrown out after a degrading fight with a ruffian called Micah Vision. As you read, you want to know what happens to her, but you feel that she is hardly fit to be at large; and when she marries Ambrose Bellchamber you watch two rudderless boats set out to encounter the storms of life. Their wreck is a foregone conclusion, and your reflection as you end their history is that no one will miss them much.

Showing the White Feather. By M. HARDING KELLEY.
(Drane, 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a sentimental little story "faithfully inscribed" by the author "to all those of my countrymen who fought, or fell, in bringing protection and justice to the dark races of our South African dominions." The plot need not be related here. Suffice it that there is a pleasant sort of sentimental hero, Charlie Addison, who enlists, and kills a man in a brawl, and deserts and goes to South Africa. There is a pleasant sort of sentimental little body called Janie, who falls in love with Charlie, and has love-light in her eyes, and also, incidentally, says "all right," which Mr. Kelley (or is it Miss?) spells as one word. There is a person named Christian Coutts who is not a Christian at all, but a wicked treacherous Boer, who conceals an important letter from Charlie to Janie, and makes love to the lady himself. And there is a sentimental little Zulu boy who drops on his knees in the dusty road, and gently raising his mistress's hand to his lips, stammers that he lubs her and will serb her faithful till he die. These and other pleasant people circulate in an atmosphere of sentiment flavoured with fighting and with one tragedy which, however, vanishes before the honeyed sweetness that gets the upper hand in the last chapter.

FINE ART

OLD ENGLISH PORCELAINS

THE porcelains of England are now mechanically perfect; a prosperous and monotonous precision is the chief character of the work, and the old accidents and personal qualities are lost for ever. But to those lovers of romance and the happy chance, whose temperament and environment have made them collectors, English ceramics of the eighteenth century offer a charmed field of research and a profitable mine of discovery. For in the days when all Europe was searching for the secret of Chinese porcelain, and, later, when Böttger, under the Elector of Saxony, established the parent factory at Meissen, and a little after that when some of the arcanists from that centre had stolen away with more or less of the secrets of the pottery and a dozen new establishments sprang up in Germany, the adventurers of this art in England were prodigiously busy. It is thanks to the efforts of various individuals and not to a wealthy patron, as on the Continent, that the china-ware of this country is so especially interesting. Each man and each factory had its own way of working, and though the whole affair, from the composition of the material to the last item of decoration, was imitative, these men and societies managed to impress their personality upon

their work in a way which will always remain a guide to the student of the subject and a source of interest to the technologist.

A few years ago there was a competition among all the leading porcelain factories of Europe as to which of them should receive an order for a vast quantity of table service and the like for the White House at Washington. The English firm of Messrs. Wedgwood won in the open competition, and might have reminded the world that they have been accustomed to lead in regard to earthenwares and, later, porcelains—as now made—for more than a century. It is rather to the skill and energy of such commercial houses as these that England owes her porcelains than to the patronage of princes and the interest of, say, the Pompadour, or those

"Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,"

whose taste, in France especially, did so much for the applied arts of their country. Our native factories, no doubt assisted in the earliest days by workmen from abroad, received some little patronage under George III. and at least one of his sons, but were mainly the private speculation of skilful and often enthusiastic potters. To the many collectors who wisely desire to increase their knowledge of this subject no more interesting or valuable work could be found than the finely illustrated catalogue of the English porcelain in the British Museum, in which the informed introduction and clear descriptions of specimens are admirably written by Mr. R. L. Hobson, an assistant in the department for which the late Sir Augustus Wallaston Franks did such great archæologic service. In regard to the æsthetic side of the matter, our regret is that the subject has been treated rather more upon the lines of a science of antiquities than as a liberal art of yesterday. But we must admit that the beauties of English porcelain are rather to be found in its technical qualities than in the general effect of any piece or service. It is true that in the earliest days, when the Chinese and Japanese influence was paramount, many excellent designs were well copied; but more frequently the original drawings were disfigured and vulgarised by the reproducer until the uninformed might suppose that the characteristics of Oriental work were bad drawing and ineffective composition. With the foundation of the potteries near London, Bow, Chelsea, and—there is ample reason for supposing—some half-dozen others, such as Stepney, Greenwich, Stratford, and so forth, the styles in fashion in Germany and France were largely copied, and a lightness and brightness belonged to this period which can hardly be said to be in any sense native. The gaiety of the early work from Chelsea and Bow, the lavish decoration of Worcester and Derby wares, were owing to Continental inspiration, and the only really original departure which England made was the useful invention of transfer designs which could be printed on round surfaces, thus dispensing with the manual work of the often incompetent, or, if gifted, over-elaborate, decorator. For although the European potters had copied so much Oriental work, they had never grasped the essentials of Eastern decoration and were content to affix to china-ware an infinite quantity of elegant miniature painting which, good of its kind, was absolutely ineffective for the purpose of ornamenting the object on which it appeared. Remembering the admiration shown by all Europe during the eighteenth century for Chinese wares, it is extraordinary how little the spirit of Celestial art was captured by the Western potters. You will find a few pieces of early Vincennes, Chantilly, or St. Cloud almost entirely Chinese in style, and some Chelsea, Worcester and Bow of the first days is true to the feeling of the original; but no sooner were the British porcelain makers accustomed to their art than they produced, at Caughley in 1780, the horrors of the "Willow Pattern," which at once took the imagination of an uninformed and uncultivated people. This design, an insult alike to its Oriental origin and to the taste of the English people, is a

fair example of native inspiration. It, and the transfer printing, are the two things that English skill and invention have added to the decoration of porcelain. In regard to its manufacture our labours have been infinitely greater and more valuable.

The examples of English work at the British Museum, and therefore the lists and illustrations in the catalogue before us, begin with the pottery of Bow, which was founded in 1745, if not earlier, and go on to Chelsea, probably of the same date, and so on to the Chelsea-Derby and to Derby and Worcester, thence to the Salopian, Plymouth, Bristol, Nantgarw, and Swansea, to Liverpool, Lowestoft, Pinxton, Rockingham, Isleworth, and the various makers of Staffordshire porcelain.

In each of these divisions are many excellent examples, the more important of which are illustrated in this volume. Each manufactory, or group of potteries, is introduced with a short and clear history of its past, which, in the case of Lowestoft, contains some interesting particulars of the more recent discoveries in regard to that once mythical and always much traded upon and maligned pottery. As with the catalogue of earthenware and stoneware, published some two years ago, the present volume concludes with some twenty plates of photographic reproductions—often in colour—of the best pieces in the collection. Among these the most distinguished are the early Chelsea and Bow figures and the Chelsea-Derby of George III.'s time.

So fully and well has Mr. Hobson done his work that this catalogue may be said to be an invaluable *vade mecum* to those who are starting on the quest of what is best and historically most interesting in English porcelain; its study should be followed by the works of Mr. Burton and Mr. Solon on the same subject, to which the cataloguer is indebted for many interesting points.

E. M.

ART SALES

PERHAPS the most important "lot" among Art Sales last week was a biberon carved of rock crystal and mounted with enamelled gold. The property of Mr. Gabbinas, the biberon changed hands at Messrs. Christie's at 15,500 guineas, Mr. C. J. Wertheimer being the purchaser.

On the continuation of the sale of the collection of Mr. Louis Huth some choice Early English silver was sold. A James I. rose-water ewer and dish, both of parcel-gilt, embossed and chased in bands with dolphins in oval panels and groups of fruit, fell to Messrs. Crichton at £4050. A William and Mary standing cup and cover realised £3300 (Noble); a plain tankard and cover presented by Queen Mary to Simon Janzen in recognition of his conveyance of the King to the Hague, £2050; a James I. tankard and cover, £1720; an Elizabethan tankard and cover, £1700. Two James I. standing-cups and covers in silver-gilt, the property of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, realised £1600 and £1350 respectively (Mr. Letts).

A number of modern pictures and water-colour drawings from several collections were disposed of on Saturday by Messrs. Christie. "Loch Lochy Castle," by Sam Bough, realised 250 guineas (Davidson); "The King of Hearts," by W. Holman Hunt, 210 guineas (C. Davis); "The Guards' Cheer," Crimean veterans of the Guards cheering Queen Victoria during the Diamond Jubilee procession, 250 guineas (Waller).

The Gabbinas sale was continued on Tuesday, when one or two engravings fetched good prices: Lady Hamilton as Nature, after Romney, by H. Meyer, first published state, 330 gs.; Lady Harriet Herbert, after Reynolds, by Valentine Green, etched letter proof, 295 gs.; "St. James's Park" and "A Tea-garden" after Morland, proof before the borders printed in colours, 175 gs.; Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens, after Reynolds, by W. Dickinson, 170 gs.; the Daughter of Sir T. Frankland, after Hoppner, by W. Ward, second published state, 150 gs.; and Miss Cumberland, after Romney, by J. R. Smith, with Smith's address, 100 gs. All these fell to Messrs. Colnaghi. Whistler's "Pierrot" fell to the same firm for 70 gs., and the sixteen "Scenes on the Thames" were bought by Mr. Dunthorne for 50 gs. Mr. Kennedy secured Seymour Haden's "Sunset in Ireland," a bargain at 26 gs., and Messrs. Colnaghi bought the first state of Méryon's "La Pompe Notre-Dame" for 31 gs.

THE DRAMA

"HAWTHORNE, U.S.A.," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Hawthorne, U.S.A., produced by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial, leaves the case of Mr. Fagan very much as it stood. The germ of all good drama is not, as is commonly supposed, a story or an incident, but an idea which informs the whole and to the demonstration of which else is sacrificed. Mr. Fagan has ideas, many and large, but he is no judge of their relative values, and does not know what to make of them. He is like the navvies who recently made ducks and drakes of spade guineas. *Prayer of the Sword* opened with fine promise. On the one hand a life of cloistered prayer, on the other a life of vigorous action. Having apparently given out his work, Mr. Fagan was soon floundering in a discourse so rambling and irrelevant that he seemed to have forgotten that he ever had a text. He rapidly enveloped us in a maelstrom in which anything might happen, and a great deal did. It is much the same with *Hawthorne, U.S.A.* The idea of Hawthorne with his 200,000,000 dollars is as much more real a king as the panic-stricken monarch of banister Borrovina is big, simple, and worth pondering over. But Mr. Fagan stuck to that idea and staked his whole play on it he might have achieved notable results. It was open to him to bring home to the proud princess the fact that Hawthorne had as many subjects as had her craven father and that though he wore no crown and they would not know him if they met him in the street, his sovereignty was the more real. But all Mr. Fagan gets out of the idea is one rather ornate harangue, the rest of the play being a *mélange* of inconceivable misunderstandings of no moment, of motor-car accidents, of windfalls, and of a futile and unimpressive revolution as ever we saw, and all the rebels demand is their wages and these Hawthorne is ready to give them. Had Mr. Fagan followed up his idea in true dramatic style, we should not have had a four acts in what may be called the Anthony Hope country; an act or two would have passed in Goldenrod where the princess might have seen Hawthorne's sovereignty at work for herself. Mr. Fagan's determination to write a "light play" (*vide programme*) has resulted in his writing a very dark one, so dark indeed that at times it is not easy to discern what it is all about. The ferocity of the revolutionaries seems to be as formal and as gratuitous as the hostility of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. All they want is their money, and there it is for them. Mr. Lewis Waller as the man of millions is dashing and *débonnaire*, and sports, when it suits him, a very American accent. Miss Evelyn Millard makes a very pretty princess, and Mr. H. V. Esmond depicts the craven agonies of a monarch apprehensive of immediate assassination. His is a very powerful performance, but whether it is in good taste is a question. The piece is beautifully mounted and may please the uncritical public, which, after all, is the only public worth considering.

SCIENCE

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT

THE scientific spirit—as, in accordance with etymology, I conceive it—may most properly and briefly be defined as the spirit in which, and in virtue of which, men seek to know. It needs no further qualification; the verb may be used intransitively. Not this nor that nor any other order of knowledge is indicated; but all that can, may or might conceivably be known; all that may be matter of knowledge. In the words of Professor W. K. Clifford: "All facts belong to science and are her portion for ever." Whatever can be conceived as matter of knowledge is proper subject-

er for science, which is none other than organised ledge. Any fact of astronomy or literature or logic eology—such as that the earth moves, or that in such such an era such and such a man asserted or denied the earth moves—is fit matter for science. The se “scientific fact” is, properly speaking, pleonastic; acts are, and must be, scientific. The reader does not to be reminded of the phrase, sanctioned by long and oritative usage, “theological science”; nor is any ptional knowledge of Greek required to translate such tly parallel terms as geology and theology.

much being postulated, we are prepared to discuss spirit in which, and in virtue of which, men seek to know tever is or may be matter of knowledge; such as the of the moon, the knowing process, or the history of the anasian Creed. Having clearly stated what is meant he adjective of our title, we must inquire into the actors of the spirit or temper thus designated. What is ideal concept—realised in such conspicuous instances Berkeley and Darwin, unrealised in instances too entably numerous—which we assert to indicate the it proper to those who seek knowledge and, through wledge, wisdom?

he first characteristic of the scientific spirit, as I see it, ne possession of a certain faith. (I do not use the word hat I regard as the grossly false sense of an antithesis eason.) This is the faith that the distinction between th and Falsehood is not rhetorical or personal, or hropic, as in the saying of Protagoras that man is the asure of all things. It is the faith that certain things and are as they are, whether or no men find them so, ether or no it is possible for men to find them so, ether or no there be men at all to find them so. In er words, the first and essential characteristic of the entific spirit is an implicit, and when necessary an plicit, denial of the contention that there is no such ng as objective truth.

This characteristic is intellectual, and, as far as I can , is the only essential characteristic of the scientific rit that belongs to this category. The others are moral. In discussing them, I will endeavour to confine myself essentials. Assiduity, patience, courage, are great aids him who seeks knowledge: but they cannot be regarded essentials of the scientific spirit, as is evident from the ct that they are merely comparative terms. Precious ough patience be, a man may inquire in the scientific rit for five minutes as truly as for fifty years.

But one of the essential moral ingredients of the scien- fic spirit I take to be a love of knowledge greater than un be accounted for by desire of fame. I purposely frame his assertion so as to avoid saying what I do not mean to ay, that the desire for fame must not occur amongst the eaker's motives. Cases there have been where the desire id not occur, but it is impossible to regard its absence as n essential. On the other hand, I would deny the scien- fic spirit to him who had no measure of love for truth, ave as a means to personal ends. Such an one could not properly be said to love truth; and I take it that some easure of this unselfish affection is a necessary part of the cientific spirit. Further, I would distinguish this love, hich I have ventured to call moral, from mere curiosity, hich is non-moral. In other words, I will venture to say hat there is a religious element in the scientific spirit, as I nceive it; that is to say, that he who possesses it com- ports himself with some measure of reverence and affection n his search for truth.

If this be his attitude, the seeker will necessarily believe hat whatever knowledge he may obtain is *worth having*; hich is, indeed, to say that he will regard it as, in the highest sense, useful. Yet, in full remembrance of this assertion, I would maintain that an essential ingredient of the scientific spirit is the unqualified repudiation not only of any so-called utilitarian motive, but also of the need of any such motive as excusing the search for truth. This must be insisted upon to the utmost. But I will insist upon it b including it in a much more comprehensive

proposition, which is that the scientific spirit recks naught of *consequences*. It cares not, in its own proper and necessary character—which is not to say that he whom it informs is not a man, with a man's hopes and fears—whether a truth be what we call useful, or what we call useless; whether it be beautiful or unbeautiful; whether it shall shake empires or churches, or shall be utterly unnoted of men; whether it shall rob him who seeks it of his heart's ease and make a goblin of the sun, or shall wipe all tears from his eyes for ever. Careless of all these consequences of the truth, this spirit cares only to know that it is true.

And now, after this most inadequate account of the scientific spirit, let us compare it with certain other tempers in which men may approach facts. My intention is not to compare it with the spirit of “utilitarianism,” or with the spirit of bias, or with that which says: “My country, right or wrong!” or with that which exclaims: “What I have said, I have said,” and will suppress inconvenient facts—the spirit of consistency which Emerson trounced. These negations of the scientific spirit are already defined by exclusion. But let us observe that whilst all facts whatsoever may, and on occasion must, be approached in the scientific spirit, certain facts and experiences (which are facts of experience) must also be otherwise approached by any but a Professor Dryasdust. For instance:

The hearing of the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* is a fact of experience. This also must therefore be approached in the scientific spirit. I have tried so to approach it several times, but will not again. I have read the score as I listened, and have attempted to understand the construction of the piece, the modulations, the principles of the orchestration, and so forth. Also I have attempted to analyse my sensations, to ask myself why this phrase thrills my spine, or why it does so on one occasion but not on another. Candidly, this is all very well, but it mightily interferes with one's enjoyment. Now the scientific spirit is that in which men seek to *know*. But, primarily, I go to the opera seeking not to know but to *feel*; and I find that the assumption of the scientific spirit is incompatible with the full sway of the æsthetic spirit. Henceforth I go without the score, say *au revoir* to physiological psychology when Richter raises his stick, and approach the facts in the æsthetic spirit, the spirit in which men seek to feel.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

NATIONAL MUSIC

MUSIC's real principle of life lies in its being national music—literally the voice and expression of the people in whose midst it springs.

This conviction prompted Wagner's famous article on “Judaism in Art,” wherein he contended that, music being essentially a thing of national growth, it was impossible for an expatriated and wandering race to produce work that should endure. And descending the scale of civilisation from Wagner to primitive peoples, we find that each tribe has chants and instruments whose combination is peculiar to itself and characteristic of its criticism of life, limited though this may be; and from their chants and instruments these peoples evolve sounds which, however rude, are coherent, and provocative of the passions and emotions by which such elementary beings can be swayed. No musical pilgrim among primitive peoples would confound, let us say, a Maori dirge with a Zulu lament, any more than we should attribute a Hungarian Rhapsody to Chopin, or suppose Liszt to have composed the fifty-two Polish Mazurkas.

Hundreds of years before Liszt laid the glamour of his own personality and his own setting on Czardás and Friska, this wild and spirited music had been the ultimate expression of the whole Hungarian nation. Not a village in Hungary to this day but has its band of melody-makers, who without

notes, and upon the rudest instruments, at bridal or funeral, church-festival, dance by moonlight, or harvest-home, throw themselves as one man into strains that ravish the listener's heart. It is not the village band that plays, it is the national voice that sings. It is memory, tradition, aspiration—all the fire of a tameless race—which make strings and heart-strings, when played on thus, quiver alike. To this music did bygone generations languish and make love, fight and toil and dance; to this music will their children in turn be led. By its music, in fact, does each nation reveal itself. Typical composers of any land speak to us less of their own individuality than of their country's. Thus the simplicity of wild Scandinavia breathes through Grieg's artless strains; thus does Tchaikowski bring all Russia before us. The Russians are fatalists, as well they may be, and to the pitch of fatalism their music is tuned. Impressions of menace, of sadness, underlie "sounds of revelry by night." The dance is a dance of death, the march the mighty tread of an oppressed people tramping sullenly to its doom, the song the endless song of the unsatisfied heart, of the forlorn hope. The whole inspiration flows like that mythical stream in "Khubla Khan":

"Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

Compare with Chopin, who holds up the mirror to Poland. Could the characteristics proper to this most heroic, most unhappy nation be ever finally absorbed and obliterated by the countries to whom she has fallen a prey, one glance at a score of Chopin's would reveal herself to herself again as clearly as Narcissus saw his limbs reflected in the woodland pool.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

cries Wordsworth of his Solitary Reaper. And then the poet answers himself:

"Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Such is the loneliness of Poland, and such her song. Every nation, in fact, has or ought to have a voice of its own, a music of its own, typical of its experiences, with a movement, a sentiment and a colour peculiar to itself; and these characteristics, while capable of being enriched and elevated, cannot be thrust out of it by intellectual development. "Le style," said a French writer, "fait pour les œuvres ce que fait le sucre pour les fruits—cela conserve."

During the past month we have had ample opportunity of comparing and criticising various examples of national music in our midst. The month of May has twice given Wagner's famous cycle to the public; once Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, once a Welsh rhapsody by Edward German. Of the nationality of Wagner's music there can be no doubt. Could any exile from Germany listen without emotion to the opening strains of the *Rheingold*? It is the Rhine—not the Thames, or any other river—flowing between her banks with their wreaths of legends, her rocks crowned with romance, her vineyards and woods—"der alte Märchenwald" that Heine loved—flowing through his heart! The nymphs are German, so are the dwarfs, the giants, the gods, the voices, the feelings—if we perhaps except Wotan's willingness to exchange a relation-in-law for a castle, which might be a sentiment not foreign to any nation. The music, whose roots lie hidden in the "Sing-spiel" of olden days, is the culmination of musical thought and musical lore in Germany, and has become to her people as sacred as religion. We have yet in England to produce a composer who shall express us in the same way. Opera and oratorio cannot of course be truthfully compared. It may also be said of Sir Edward Elgar that his *Dream of Gerontius*, a purely spiritual poem, demands a purely spiritual atmosphere, belonging to no country in particular, but to those heights of imagination common to all, wherefrom Beethoven composed what Mr. Hadow felicitously calls "the

white Alpine sublimity of his mass in D." Perhaps but is Sir Edward Elgar distinctively English in his great works? Can they be called National Music?

Most of the musicians of this country compose with brain only. We speak here of serious musicians: Smithlein and Joneschen, men who, after a year's foreign conservatoires produce—what? "Die wundergewaltige melodei, wovon die alte Kuh gestorben ist."

And no wonder. But John Bull is perplexed. He vaguely the intended compliment to himself, is aware that though the voice may be the voice of the sentiment is the sentiment of Heinrich; and he takes it as he resents the advent of any other cheap brain-stuff "made in Germany" and dumped upon our ears. Mr. German's Welsh rhapsody is a step in the right direction; it is fresh, stirring and vigorous. But we have not yet, as a nation, arrived at that conscious felicity of expression which distinguishes our art. Without temperament, in a word, the greatest musical counterpoint falls short of immortality. It is temperament which makes of an elaborate orchestral score less a set of mathematical problems resolved to the composer's satisfaction than the inevitable onward sweep of thought and feeling combined, into which all beautifying accessories flow as easily as tributary streams into the main rushing towards the sea. It is temperament which prompts the spontaneous lyrical and heroic cry of a people. Now, that we have abundance of temperament proved by our groups of ballads and national melodies—Scotch, Irish, and Welsh—than which no country produced hardier or lovelier wildflowers. But they bloom close to the soil. In the higher, more cultivated regions of composition, emotion, and consequently expression, unaccountably fail. One element is missing in the trinity in unity without which no spiritual relation is complete.

Up to this our country has musically proved her barren mother; and the effort to import foreign music and foreign inspiration has been, as the angry Greek chants in the *Trojan Women*:

"An home-coming that striveth ever more
And never cometh home—"

Home, that is to say, to the hearts of her people. There rises up a composer in our midst, who shall be "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," England, with all her singing birds in her heart and her eye-visions, sits in "cradle of the rude imperious surge," rocked by unnumbered tides, and yet remains dumb.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT IS AN ELEGY?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Chiefly, I think, because of its large and persistent success regarding the people's "split infinitives" the *Daily Chronicle* has achieved a certain reputation as a literary authority. Some chance, therefore, attaches to its critical dicta. In the issue of Saturday last that paper observes, in its most serenely dogmatic manner, that Gray's "Elegy" is "practically the only elegy in the language." Now the general impression is that the language is singularly barren in elegies, the finest of which are the "Lycidas" of Milton, "Adonais" of Shelley, the "Ave Atque Vale" of Swinburne. Gray's immortal composition, in spite of its title, is not an elegy. One naturally submits the question to the ACADEMY—a Court of Appeal, where the judgment of the Court below is open to challenge.

May 31.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

[Both our contemporary and our correspondent are very severe in their assertions. Judged by the recognised standards, Gray's *Elegy* is truly elegiac, even though it laments a class rather than an individual; but to say that it is the only elegy in our language is absurd.—Ed.]

ART AND MORALITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With your permission I hope next week to continue the discussion to which Mr. Davies and Mr. Tilney have contributed. However, may I make a brief comment on Mr. Tilney's description of many burglars and murderers as "consummate artists"? I am

ainted with De Quincey's Essay on murder considered as one of the arts (it is included in a volume which, with a singular sense of humour, was awarded to me as a schoolboy); but I venture, nevertheless, to protest against what is surely an undesirable extension of the meaning of a word which stands to me for a definite idea. If, however, despite the Johnsonian condemnation of punning, we must play and-loose with terms, I would suggest that the more applicable would be not *artists* but *scientists*. It would be possible, I think, to write an essay on murder considered as applied science. In thus writing to amend Mr. Tilney's phrase, I shall at least be acquitted of bias!

C. W. SALEEBY.

GEORGE BUCHANAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The mention of George Buchanan in your issue of last week calls a curious popular error, prevalent in Scotland. It is commonly believed that Buchanan was the Court jester of James the First of Scotland and Sixth of England. Many years ago, when I visited Edinburgh, the birth-place of Buchanan, his monument was pointed out to me as that of "George Buchanan, the King's fool." Even so learned an antiquarian as Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe fell into the common error. In his edition of the "Household Book of the Countess of Mar," speaking of King James' fools, he says that they were David Monmouth and Archie Armstrong and that vulgar tradition classed George Buchanan along with them.

My mistake arose through confusing the historian with another quite different George Buchanan. The latter was jester to James I. and his adventures were the subject of a popular chap-book entitled "The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, who was commonly called The King's Fool." The notion arose that the scholar and the jester were identical—a belief still widely held in Scotland. It was the jester that Caleb Balderstone referred to, when he speaks of the loss of their dinner, making Sir William Ashton and his daughter Lucy "as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan."

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

MRS. BROWNING'S BIRTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your remarks in reference to Mrs. Browning you give an incorrect version of Mr. Browning's statement. In the Prefatory Note to his wife's works, dated December 10, 1887, correcting "mistakenly mis-stated" passages in Mr. Ingram's biography, he states: "Elizabeth was born, March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, County of Durham, the residence of her father," and in a foot-note thereto, the entry from the Parish Register of Kelloe Church is given. This, I should judge, is conclusive.

T. H. A.

THE BROOK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that in an interesting paragraph in this week's ACADEMY you repeat the old popular delusion that Tennyson's poem "The Brook" was inspired by the stream that flows by the historic home at Somersby.

This is not so, nor was the poem inspired by any particular stream. It was purely imaginary, as Lord Tennyson tells us in his most exhaustive biography of the poet, and this, you will admit, is about the best authority obtainable.

As a matter of fact it was the poem "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea" which Tennyson dedicated to the Somersby stream.

May 25.

W. SWAYNE LITTLE.

[Our correspondent thinks in a somewhat confused manner. A beautiful stream might at the same time be "purely imaginary" and yet be all that we said, "inspired by a particular stream." Let him read "The Brook" again and observe how all its characteristics belong to purely lowland country whereas that of Burns, which it follows in many respects so closely, belongs to the mountains, and he will probably revise his opinion.—Ed.]

CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to the question that Mr. Wallis puts me, I would say I am not at all sure that the star I saw followed the moon, but only that it did not, for the rest of the evening, get out of her neighbourhood. It may have been emerging just after the occultation, when my father first saw it and called us out to look at it. Certain it is that when I read the "Ancient Mariner" I instantly recognised the scene he describes.

Others again join me in thanking Mr. Wallis for his patience and courtesy.

May 16.

JOHN B. TABB.

BOOK SALES

A LARGE collection of books by or relating to Shakespeare, including early editions of his Plays, and those of other Elizabethan authors, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 25, 26, and 27.

The principal prices obtained were as follows:

Shakespeare's Collected Works. *The second folio*. 1632. £225 (Pickering). The same. *Third folio*. 1664. £500 (Stephens). Many copies of the third folio edition were destroyed in the great

Fire of London in 1665, and it is therefore unusually scarce. Shakespeare's Collected Works. *Fourth folio*. 1685. £130 (Stephens). Shakespeare. The Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. 1637. £120 (Pickering). Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice. 1630. £90 (Pickering). Shakespeare. The Second Part of the Whole Contention, containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixt. (?) 1619. £23 (Sotheman). Shakespeare. Macbeth. *First edition*. 1674. £8 8s. (Pickering). Shakespeare. A Collection of Poems. *This is the first collected edition of Shakespeare's Poems and was published about 1709.* £5 (Pickering). The Poetical Essayes of Sam. Danyel. 1599. £30 (Pickering). The Tragedy of Philotas and other works by Sam. Daniel. 1607. £37 (Pickering). Herrick's Hesperides. 1648. *First edition*. £55 (Pickering). Higden's Polychronicon. *Black letter. Printed by Wynken de Worde.* 1495. £65 (Pickering). Holinshead's Chronicles. *Black letter. First edition*. 1577. £50 (Pickering). Ben Jonson's Workes. 2 vols. *First edition*. 1616-1640. £42 (Pickering). Hero and Leander: begunne by Marloe and finished by Chapman. 1622. £30 (Pickering). Marston's Tragedies and Comedies. 1633. £30 (Pickering). Marston's Workes. 1633. £30 (Pickering). Plutarch's Lives. Translated by Thos. North. *First edition*. 1579. £50 (Pickering). Purchas, His Pilgrimes. 1625. £68 (Pickering). Rabelais. *The first English translation of Rabelais' Works.* 5 vols. 1653-1694. £30 (Gibault). Shirley's Poems. 1646. *First edition*. £25 (Pickering). Shirley's Six New Playes. 1653. *First edition*. £20 (Pickering). Spenser's Complaints. 1591. *First edition*. £60 (Pickering). Spenser's Faerie Queene. 2 vols. 1590-1596. *First editions of both volumes.* £160 (Pickering). Another copy. *With the full number of paged leaves at end.* 1590-1596. £220 (Pickering). Suckling's Fragmenta Aurea. 1646. *First edition*. £25 (Pickering). Turberville's Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting and The Booke of Falconrie or Hawking. 2 vols. 1611. £20 (Pickering). Whetstone's Mirour for Magistrates of Cyties. 1584. £25 (Pickering). Whitney's Choice of Emblems. 1586. *First edition*. £30 (Pickering). Charles Aleyn's History of Henry the Seventh. 1638. *First edition*. £9 10s. (Barrington). Allot's England's Parnassus. 1600. *First edition*. £40 (Pickering). Arthur. A Learned and True Assertion of the Original Life, Actes and Death of Prince Arthure, by Leyland. Translated by R. Robinson. 1582. *Black letter*. £18 (Stephens). Another copy. 1634. £16 10s. (Arthur). Asham's Toxophilus. 1571. *Black letter*. £8 5s. (Warton). Bacon. The Essayes of Sir Francis Bacon. 1613. £25 (Pickering). Bacon's Proficience and Advancement of Learning. 1605. *First edition*. £15 10s. (Stephens). Baret's An Alvearie: or, Quadruple Dictionaire. 1580. *Black letter*. £6 2s. (Warton). Batman's Golden Booke of the Leaden Goddes. 1577. *Black letter*. £17 (Pickering). Beaumont's Poems. 1640. *First edition*. £11 (Pickering). Another copy. 1653. £24 (Pickering). Sir John Beaumont's Metamorphoses of Tabacco. 1602. *First edition*. £27 (Pickering). Blundeville's Foure Chiefest Offices belonging to Horsemanship. 1584. £12 (Pickering). Braithwait's Soleme Joviall Disputation. 1617. £25 (Pickering). Brandt's Stultifero Navis. 1570. £38 (Firmin). Breton's Dialogue full of Pithe and Pleasure. 1603. *First edition*. £18 (Firmin). Breton's The Case is Altered. 1604. *First edition*. £24 (Pickering). Brome's Five New Playes, &c. *First edition*. £24 (Pickering). Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici. 1642. £22 (Maggs). William Browne's Britannias Pastorals. 2 vols. 1616. *First edition*. £28 (Browne). Bulleins Bulwarke of Defence Againste all Sickness. 1562. £25 (Pickering). Thomas Carew's Poems. 1640. £24 (Pickering). Chapman's The Widdowes Teares. 1612. *First edition*. £14 (Pickering). Cotgrave's English Treasury of Wit and Language. 1655. *First edition*. £16 (Pickering). Cotgrave's Wit's Interpreter. 1671. £13 (Pickering). Dekker's Canaan's Calamitie Jerusalem's Misery. 1618. £18 (Pickering). Drayton's Poems. 1619. £24 (Pickering). Drayton's Poly-Olbion. 1613-1622. *First complete edition*. £20 (Pickering). Drayton's Battaile of Agincourt. 1627. *First edition*. £16 (Pickering). Dryden's Grammatick Poesie. 1668. *First edition*. £14 (Pickering). Dryden's Conquest of Granada. 1672. £13 (Richardson). Milton's Paradise Lost. 1668. *First Edition fourth title-page*. £23 (Maggs). Randolph's Poems with the Muses Looking-Glasse, &c. 1634 to 1638. £13 10s. (Peace). Short's Treatise against Stage-Playes. 1625. £10 5s. (Maggs). Taylor (John). All the Workes of the Water Poet. 1630. £18 (Pickering). The total amount realised was £2544 5s. 6d.

BOOKS BELONGING TO JOHN GABBITAS AND OTHERS

The above were sold by Messrs. Sotheby on May 22 and 23. The chief items of interest were: Bee's Fancy-Ana, or a History of Pugilism. 1824. £6 7s. 6d. (Salisbury). Cockayne's Complete Peerage. 9 vols. 1887-1898. £27 (Bumpus). Comte's Tours of Doctor Syntax. 3 vols. 1820-1821. £4 12s. (Spence). Egan's Picture of the Fancy going to a Fight at Moulsey-Hurst. 1819. £9 5s. (Brown). Egan's Boxiana. 5 vols. 1823-1828. £15 (Bickers). The Fancy or True Sportsman's Guide. 1826. £9 10s. (Bickers). Johnston's Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea. 1821. £4 16s. (Sotheman). Smollett's Peregrine Pickle. 4 vols. 1751. *First edition*. £4 7s. 6d. (Bain). Surtees (R. S.). Ask Mamma. 1858. *First edition*. £4 12s. (Spence). Surtees (R. S.). Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds. 1865. *First edition*. £4 10s. (Spencer). Smith's Catalogue of British Mezzotint Portraits. 4 vols. 1878-83. £17 10s. (Bumpus). Extensive Collection of Lottery Bills ranging from 1800 to 1826. £20 10s. (Fitzgerald). Rogers' Italy and Poems. 1834. With

note on flyleaf by the Author. 4 vols. £13 15s. (Sotheran). Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages. 5 vols. 1809-1812. £10 15s. (Sotheran). Whitman's Masters of Mezzotint. 1898. £11 (Bum-pus). Borrow's books. 14 vols. First edition. £16 (Spencer). Beaumont and Fletcher. Comedies and Tragedies. First editions. 1647 and 1652. £50. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. First edition. £50 (Pickering). Butler's Hudibras. 3 vols. First editions of the three parts. £48 (Pickering). Chalkhill's Alcilia. 1613. £68 (Pickering). The only complete copy recorded. Chaucer's Works. Folio, black letter. 1561. £42 (Pickering). Coryat's Crudities. First edition. 1611. £45 (Pickering). Cruikshank's Comic Almanack. 1835-1853. 19 vols. £14 (Bickers). R. L. Stevenson's Works. "Edinburgh Edition." 28 vols. £33 (Hornstein). Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, edited by Sir H. Nicolas. 2 vols. 1836. £5 10s. (Maggs). Alaric A. Watts' Lyrics of the Heart. First edition. £4 15s. (Young). Sloane's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. 4 vols. Extra Illustrated. £15 10s. (Ashwell). Blanchard Jerrold's Life of George Cruikshank. 2 vols. post 8vo. inlaid and enlarged to 4 vols. Folio and extra illustrated. 1880. £45 (Bickers). The total amount realised was £1140 8s.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Home, Gordon. *The Evolution of an English Town*. Being the Story of the ancient town of Pickering in Yorkshire from Prehistoric times up to the year of Our Lord, 1905. Dent, 10s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Skae, Hilda T. *The Life of Mary Queen of Scots*. Illustrated. Maclaren, Princes of the World Series, 2s. 6d. net.
Haggard, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. *The Regent of the Rouds*. Hutchinson, 16s. net.
Saint Catherine of Siena as seen in her letters. Translated and edited with Introduction by Vida D. Scudder. Dent, 6s.

CLASSICAL.

O'Connor, Charles James. *The Gracostasis of the Roman Forum and its Vicinity*. A Thesis submitted for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, University of Wisconsin. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, No. 99. Madison, Wisconsin, 25 cents.
Sharples, H., M.A. *The "Peace" of Aristophanes*. Edited with Introduction Critical Notes and Commentary. Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Beaumarchais. *The Barber of Seville, or the Useless Precaution*. Translated and edited by Arthur B. Myrick. Lyrics translated by George Allan England. Dent, The Temple Dramatists, 1s. net.
Bridges, Robert. *Demeter, A Mask*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net.

ECONOMICS.

Pratt, Edwin A. *Railways and their Rates*. With an Appendix on the British Canal Problem. Murray, 5s.
Phipson, Cecil Balfour. *Britain's Destiny: Growth or Decay?* Being Outlines of "The Redemption of Labour" and "The Science of Civilization." Edited by Mark B. F. Mayor. Cassell, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Morgan, R. B., and Kirkman, F. B. *A First French Song Book*. Arranged with Airs and Tonic Sol-Fa. Black, Cours Élémentaire, 6d.
Hull, H. S., M.A. *Easy Graphs*. Macmillan, 1s.

FICTION.

Pain, Barry. *The Memoirs of Constantine Dix*. Unwin, 3s. 6d.
Giberne, Agnes. *The Pride of the Morning*. Brown, Langham, 5s.
Forbes, Lady Helen. *It's a Way they have in the Army*. Duckworth, 6s.
Cross, Victoria. *Life of My Heart*. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s.
Dawe, Carlton. *The Grand Duke*. Hutchinson, 6s.
Moore, E. Hamilton. *The Story of Etain and Olinel*. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.
Gray, Errington. *Maurice Woodvil*. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 2s. 6d.
Merrick, Leonard. *The Worldlings*. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Newnes' Sixpenny Novels. Illustrated.
Marchi, Emilio de. *Demetrio Pianelli*. Translated from the Italian by Margaret Newett. Dent, 6s.
Beddoe, David M. (Sharia el Manakh, Cairo). *The Honour of Henri de Valois, A Tale of Egypt*. Dent, 6s.
Howard, Keble. *Love in June, A Pastoral Comedy*. Illustrations by Frank Reynolds. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Tilton, Dwight. *My Lady Lougher, A Romance of Boston Town in the days of the great Siege*. Dean, 6s.
Merrick, Hope. *When a Girl's Engaged*. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Chancellor, William Estabrook, & Fletcher, Willis Hewes. *The United States, A History of Three Centuries, 1607-1904, Population, Politics, War, Industry, Civilisation*. Part II. Colonial Union, 1698-1774. Putnam, 15s. 1s. 6d.
Macknight, Thomas, The late. *Political Progress of the Nineteenth Century*. Revised and completed by C. C. Osborne. Chambers, The Nineteenth Century Series, 5s. net.

LITERATURE.

Hans. *Maxim Gorki*. Translated by Francis A. Welby. Illustrated. Cameos of Literature. Edited by George Brandes. Heinemann, net.

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. I. containing Chaucer "Pharonnida" and "England's Jubilee"; Benlowes "The Poems"; Katherine Philips and Patrick Hannay. Edited by Saintsbury. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.
Foster, A. E. Manning. *The Sensitive and other Plays*. Allen, 3s.
Williamson, George C. *Milton*. Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers, 1s. net.
Herrmann, Max. *Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*. Vortrag gehalten von der Gesellschaft für deutsche Literatur zu Berlin und mit Unterstützung herausgegeben: mit sechs Tafeln und einem bibliographischen Anhang. Berlin: B. Behr.
Muss-Arnolt, W. *A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language*. — English and German. Part XVII. Williams & Norgate, 5s.
Πρωτοπύλος Δ. Παύλος. — 260 δημόσια ἑλληνικά ἔργα ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐν ἑστίᾳ τοῦ λαοῦ συλλεγόμενα καὶ παρασκευασθέντα (1888-1904), vol. I. Athens: A. Marasle. Nos. 278-280.
Vengerov, Zina. *Literary Characteristics*. Second Series. Critical studies on Maeterlinck, Zola, Rodenbach, William Morris, Stendhal, others. (In Russian.) St. Petersburg: Vinecke & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bowes, Robert. *Booksellers' Associations Past and Present*. T. Barnicott and Pearce (for private circulation), 2s. 6d. net.
Thompson, R. Campbell, M.A. *The Devils and the Evil Spirits of the East*. Being Babylonian and Assyrian Incantations against the Evil Spirits, Vampires, Hobgoblins, Ghosts, and Kindred Evil Spirits which attack Mankind. Translated from the original Cuneiform Texts of the British Museum, with Transliterations, Vocabulary, notes etc. T. & A. C. B. Fever Sickness and Headache. Luzac, 12s. 6d. net.

MUSIC.

Bridges, Robert. *Demeter, A Mask: Lyrics and Incidental Music*. Hadow. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Henderson, Colonel G. F. R., C. B. *The Science of War*. A Collection of Essays and Lectures, 1892-1903. Edited by Captain Neil Macdonald, D.S.O. With a Memoir of the Author by Field-Marshal Earl Grey. V.C. With a portrait and four maps. Longmans, 14s. 6d.
Newbolt, Henry. *The Year of Trafalgar*. Being an Account of the Events and of the Events which led up to it, with a Collection of the Poems and Ballads written thereupon between 1805 and 1905. Murray, 3s. 6d.
"The Times" *History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902*. Edited by L. S. Amery. Sampson Low, Marston, 21s. net.
Burleigh, Bennet. *Empire of the East, or Japan and Russia at War*. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Baring, Maurice. *With the Russians in Manchuria*. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

Emra, Cyril. *The Love-Song of Tristram, and other Poems*. Elliot & Fry, 1s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

Joubert, Carl. *The Fall of Tsardom*. Nash, 7s. 6d.
Midhat, Ali Haydar. *Souvenir de mon Exil Volontaire*. Genève: Imprimerie Internationale.

REPRINTS.

Methuen's Standard Library. Edited by Sidney Lee. Gibbon, *Essays and Lectures, 1892-1903*. Edited by Captain Neil Macdonald, D.S.O. With a Memoir of the Author by Field-Marshal Earl Grey. V.C. With a portrait and four maps. Longmans, 14s. 6d.
Newbolt, Henry. *The Year of Trafalgar*. Being an Account of the Events and of the Events which led up to it, with a Collection of the Poems and Ballads written thereupon between 1805 and 1905. Murray, 3s. 6d.
"The Times" *History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902*. Edited by L. S. Amery. Sampson Low, Marston, 21s. net.
Burleigh, Bennet. *Empire of the East, or Japan and Russia at War*. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Baring, Maurice. *With the Russians in Manchuria*. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Publications of West Hendon Observatory, Sunderland. No. III. *Observations of Variable Stars made in the years 1866-1904*. By T. W. Webb. house, F.R.A.S. Sunderland: Hills.
Scott, Arthur Curtis. *An Investigation of Rotations produced by Coriolis in a Single-Phase Alternator*. A Thesis submitted for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, University of Wisconsin. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, No. 102. Madison, Wisconsin, 50 cents.
Scientific Memoirs by Officers of the Medical and Sanitary Department of the Government of India. *On a Parasite found in Persons suffering from Enlargement of the Spleen in India* (Third Report) by Lea & Co. Christophers, M.B., I.M.S. Issued under the Authority of the Government of India by the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, Simla. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1s.
Reed, William Allan. *Negritos of Zambales*. Department of the Large Ethnological Survey Publications, vol. ii. part i. Manila: Bureau of Public Printing.

THEOLOGY.

Hunter, Rev. John, D.D. *The Coming Church, A Plea for a Church of the Future*. Williams & Norgate, 1s. 6d. net.
Thirlie, James William. *The Titles of the Psalms, their Nature and Meaning explained*. Second Edition, 6s. net.
Balfour, Ramsden. *The New Testament in the Light of the Higher Criticism*. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.
The History and Life of the Reverend Dr. John Tauler of Strasbourg, 1300-1361. Twenty-five of his Sermons. Translated from the German, with additional notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth and a Preface by Charles Kingsley. Allenson, 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Challays, Félicien. *Au Japon et en Extrême-Orient*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50.
Stoddard, Charles Warren. *South-Sea Idylls. Summer Cruising in the South Seas*. A new Impression. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

live Art in Egypt, by Jean Capart. H. Grevel & Co., 16s. net. The problem presented by the remarkably high level of Egyptian production at a time long anterior to that of the emergence of the modern nations from barbarism, has long eluded solution, there has been no reliable data upon which to found a theory of development. Until quite recently no tokens had been discovered of an archaic answer to that of Greece, and it seemed impossible to evade the conclusion that the art of Egypt, like the Goddess of Wisdom, was mature. To assume, as did certain scholars, that the æsthetic sense of the dwellers on the Nile was derived from the influx of conquerors of a more advanced civilisation than their own, does but give the form of the riddle, no one being able to say who these conquerors were or whence they came. As is pointed out, however, by the learned curator of the Royal Brussels Museum, in the exhaustive and richly illustrated monograph just published, which has been ably translated by Miss Griffith, a series of important discoveries has of late been made, throwing real light upon the vexed question and completely changing the current of research. In 1873 Dr. Flinders Petrie, whose archaeological acumen is unrivalled, dug up at Koptos the roughly carved statues of the god Min, on which were cut in low relief certain crude figures of animals and the name of the deity in archaic hieroglyphics. A year later the same excavator, aided by Mr. Quibell, came upon a yet more important find: a vast prehistoric Necropolis, rich in just such relics of primitive civilisation as hitherto evaded the most rigorous search. During the succeeding years similar discoveries were made elsewhere, which culminated in 1913 in the bringing to light at Abydos of a complete prehistoric town, which was at once hailed as the long missing link between primitive and historic Egypt. Having made his readers fully acquainted with the actual state of these facts on the problem they have so greatly aided in solving, M. Capart proceeds to examine most minutely the various objects unearthed, making each contribute in turn to the long chain of evidence, proving that there was, after all, no such great difference between the Egyptians and the other primitive races of the earth. Beginning with personal adornment, this most scholarly and eloquent author calls up many a vivid picture of the Egyptian beaux and belles of prehistoric days, passing thence to the consideration of the decoration of their homes, their domestic utensils, their tools and weapons, their pottery and furniture, their sculpture and painting, skilfully bringing every detail, however apparently trivial, into the wonderful harmony of the civilisation that preceded the Egypt of the Pharaohs. The last chapters of this deeply interesting book are devoted to the consideration of the earliest Pharaonic monuments, the Dancing, Music and Poetry of the prehistoric Egyptians, and to a summary of the ethnological and æsthetic results of the recent discoveries, the author closing his work with the expression of a hope that the materials he has brought to the foot of the scaffold of archaeological knowledge may some day be utilised by an architect of genius in building up a splendid palace, a remark in which he does scant justice to the importance of his own work.

The Japanese Spirit, by Y. Okakura. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.—"Blue eyes and blonde hair, the charms of which we first learn to feel after a protracted stay among you, are regarded in a Japanese as something extraordinary in no favourable sense of the term. A girl with even a slight tendency to grey eyes or frizzly hair is looked upon as an unbecoming deviation from the national type." These words of Mr. Okakura, the author of the "Japanese Spirit," give us perhaps as well as anything else a notion of the vast difference between Japanese and European ideals, not only in toilet but through the whole gamut of civilisation. The unusual is rarely the beautiful in Japan. It is the variation on the time-honoured theme that is prized, and yet within these limits how much have we to learn! Surely no modern people as ever come nearer to certain of the Greek ideals, the love of art without ostentation, the cult of the mean, the reverence for simplicity. The whole nation is permeated by them. The very ricksha men often spend their leisure in making poetry. Imagine the average London cabbie engaged in the same pursuit! Mr. Okakura compares the Japanese and the European drawing-room, the one with its suggestion of the House Beautiful and the other stocked and packed like a museum, with all its goods, so to say, thrust into the shop-window. No wonder Japanese find such an arrangement "revolting." What are our Primrose and Shamrock Days compared with the Japanese worship of the cherry-blossom? What is our love of nature, with pigeon-shooting at one end and railways up Snowdon at the other, compared with the Japanese passionate love of land and landscape? We have divorced manners from morals and further fossilised them into deportment and etiquette, bringing the whole thing down to the level of the marionette. In Japan manners and morals are inextricably entwined, and the mere act of arranging flowers as taught to girls is full of moral beauty. The average individual in Europe is a quick-change artist in manners and morals. With the Japanese consistency in behaviour is everything. Thanks to Bushido he learns to preserve not merely "æquam mentem," but an impeturbable suavity. Taking his obligation to the past as his central dogma, he lays all religions under contribution, even Christianity, whose doctrines of love and truth he deeply admires, though he thinks little of the missionary who declares it imperative to eat it "off a particular dish." Conduct with him is even more than three-fourths of life, and dogma, from whatever source he borrows it, is in his eyes but a convenient summary of what he has already put to the test in action.

Animals I have Known, by Arthur H. Beavan. Unwin, 5s.—Mr.

Arthur H. Beavan is one of those men who seem to write because it is the usual thing for those who know a little and believe that any one can write prose, to produce at least one book. He claims to have been a great traveller, and he writes of animals in many parts of England, in Australia, Peru, the River Plate, and Brazil; and although he shows signs of being neither an accomplished naturalist nor a lover of animals, yet somehow he has been much among animals and has taken notes; and we see that he has already written on "Animals I have Known" and "Marlborough House and its Occupants." When we add that he writes his mother tongue as the majority speak it, though not so forcibly, and that he has no sense of order, it should be clear that his task of making a good book is a hard one and his undertaking it heroic. In our opinion he fails, and we think that any success he may have will be due to the multiplication and overlapping of books that makes choice very difficult, with the result that some who know little of animals and want to read about them, may come for the first time upon what they want in Mr. Beavan's book. For it goes without saying that he gives some information. Take, for example, his chapter on the badger, which begins: "The badger is associated by me chiefly with the operation of shaving . . ."; that is his way. He repeats much book knowledge, as that the badger is a plantigrade, that the old name for it was brock, and that it used to be believed that the legs on one side of it were shorter than those on the other. To these he adds that the badger abounds in Cornwall; that it is very strong, and that he and a friend who seized the tail of one could not pull it out of a hole; that it does not smell unpleasantly; that badger-baiting was cruel and cowardly; that he himself once caught two in a stout sack fastened at the mouth of a hole, and sent them to "one of the Australian Zoological Societies." This appeals to the very slightly informed and to those with mild sporting instincts who are not sportsmen. The other chapters are of the same kind, except that, in that on the hare, he quotes from "Struwpeter." Here and there he tells his own adventures, which are poor and poorly told, and often full of a very stupid brutality. He tells us of a schoolfellow who, on a payment of a penny, would guillotine rats "in a large lavatory." His humour is debased, and his long, jaunty manner ineffectual. His illustrations vary in merit, but there can be no doubt that in drawing a badly-stuffed fox's mask and calling it a fox is no merit at all.

Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, has edited a new number of the Folk-Song Society's Journal, beginning Vol. II. (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, No. 6). Ill-fortune attended the Society in the long illness and death of the enthusiastic Hon. Sec., Mrs. Kate Lee, which delayed and nearly stopped the publications; a worthy successor has been found in Miss Lucy Broadwood, and all now promises well for steady continuance in the praiseworthy task of hunting out and preserving traditional songs and tunes. A selection of the Somersetshire findings appears in this number. Thirty-two are included, some in several versions. Practical musicians have only too much reason to know how the same piece of music, even when played from fixed notation, will be distorted by different performers; and when tunes are learnt by ear during childhood, the distortion becomes extraordinary after a lifetime. To keep definite rhythm is an almost impossible task for the untrained, and street musicians may commonly be heard playing or singing a familiar hymn-tune out of time. Triple measure offers particular difficulty; we have repeatedly heard seven lines of a stanza rendered correctly, but the other in duple measure. The pitch of the notes will vary also; and thus arise the "versions." These Somersetshire ballads have slight literary value; as music they are always interesting, and often beautiful. We are glad to see that each ballad is made the subject of notes by folk-loreists from other parts of England, including Mr. Frank Kidson, of Leeds. In attacking so extensive and hard a subject, the word must be *Divide et impera*.

Surprise was once expressed to a prominent Irish Member of Tammany that he should contemplate spending a holiday in Ireland. "Best spot in the world," was his reply—"the only one where the Irishman lives and doesn't govern!" Mr. Geen would, we fancy, agree with this gentleman in his conclusion if not in the reason given for it, for in his book with the somewhat cumbersome title, *What I have seen while fishing and how I caught my fish* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.), he devotes chapter after chapter to Ireland and its people, and his observations show that he has never lost an opportunity of penetrating that cloak of good-humoured, if at times slightly sarcastic, blarney under which an Irishman delights to hide his real self, and which has, perhaps, more than anything, contributed to the mystification of the inquiring Saxon. The old wife's words to him: "May we be preserved from getting all we ask!" are as striking as they are pregnant with suggestion for all students of the much vexed problem of the condition of things in the sister Isle. He tells a witty story, which a certain class of English tourist would do well to take to heart, of a party who had been talking loudly in a railway carriage of the "dirty Irish," and announcing their determination to spend their next holiday in Wales, but were dissuaded from that by an old Irishwoman, who warned them they would find Irish there too, and ended her advice by the recommendation: "Go to Hell for your next holiday; ye'll find no dirty Irish there." From Ireland he takes the reader to Scotland and the Lynn, and finishes up by descriptions of the coarse fishing to be had within easy distance of town. He ranks the pollack very high in the list of game fish for its fighting qualities; and in this he is justified, for it is almost a question with some fishermen whether any rod and line tackle is made that the larger pollack will not break in their plunging dive for the weed-beds. The writing of this book has evidently been a labour of love on the part of the author, and the photographs will be of interest to those who know the localities they depict.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

question that young writers of genius ought to consider at the present moment is whether or no it is possible to invent a new form of novel. The flatness characteristic of this class of composition to-day is undeniable, and so kneaded has the writing of novels become that it is a barrenness to begin again to tread one of the old paths. The tribe of novelists has been of the follow-my-leader variety. Only once in the course of several centuries has a writer been bold enough to make a convention for himself. Were it not that the material is ever fresh and the variations of human life and human love infinite, the novel would not have existed as long as it has done. It may be said, so far so its modern existence is concerned, to have been started with "Don Quixote," but it has been the custom of all the great practitioners of novel-writing to modify and adapt their model.

Thus "Gil Blas," though it was inspired by the masterpiece of Cervantes, became informed with a humour and a philosophy entirely French. Le Sage, though not too proud to learn from the master of his art, did not try to become a paragon, but maintained the purity of his own bright and smiling genius. His irony differs not in degree but in kind from that of Cervantes. Again, Fielding, after studying the same model, produced a "Tom Jones" with sufficient likeness to make it part of the school then recently started, and yet, too, retaining its author's own powerful individuality. It was in literature as in architecture. The mere bookman says that we borrowed this and the other thing from Italy, from France, and from Germany; but what we took we so modified that our houses and public buildings became absolutely English, and so it was with our novels. Sir Walter Scott had carefully read Fielding and was undoubtedly his follower and disciple; but, again, having loved and assimilated the romance of the Border and of Scotland, he put these special belongings into his work so that the Waverley novel became something quite distinct from that of Henry Fielding. As much can be said of Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charles Dickens. Each of these added a personal note.

A very similar history ran in another channel from Fielding. His contemporary, Richardson, started on a line of his own and inspired followers of a very different character. It was not only that his system of writing novels by letters was opposed to the ordinary narrative style, but his minute analysis of the feminine mind and his exaggeration of certain of its characteristics appealed more to Frenchmen than to Englishmen, and accordingly we have a long stream of French literature that has Richardson as its source.

But a characteristic of the period of literary decay is that what was previously intelligent study of the master is replaced by servile imitation. During the last ten or fifteen years we have had some thousands of cloak-and-dagger stories, each bearing the closest family resemblance to the others. We have had George Eliot imitated and repeated in a minor key. Dickens has been copied; and if the servile followers of Thackeray are fewer, that is simply because of the difficulty in making even a colourable imitation of his style. But it would be the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that anything like finality has been seen. The young novelist may take heart of grace and remember that human life may be pictured more poignantly and more vigorously than it ever has been before, when the writer arrives with intelligence enough to understand the technique of his craft as it was practised by the greatest English masters of it, and with the originality to work out his plan on entirely new lines. Before, dramatic effect was gained by the clash of physical strength with physical strength. Now, as we are becoming more and more intellectual, the novel must be a wrestling of spirit with spirit. And in regard to romance mere sword-play can now be put aside, probably for ever. Yet the necromancy of the present day is more astonishing than that of any past age. People are always prone to praise what has been done and they forget the wonder and the enchantment in the midst of which they live. Whoever can seize these difficult elements and present them as they should be presented may not, perhaps, sell his book by hundreds of thousands, but he will lay the foundation of a fame which no one else seems for the moment capable of achieving.

The sale of Shiplake vicarage will recall Tennyson's marriage, which took place fifty-five years ago next Tuesday. The vicar of Shiplake at that time was the Rev. Robert Drummond Burrell Rawsley, a Lincolnshire man, and a cousin of the bride, who was married from the vicarage. Tennyson had been a frequent visitor there, and though the building has received several additions, his room may still be seen. It was at Shiplake that he wrote the well-known stanzas of "In Memoriam" beginning: "Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun," and here his signature, written in a bold firm hand, may be inspected in the marriage register.

Nor is Tennyson the only writer whose name is connected with the vicarage. Here, in days of old, Samuel Johnson and Horace Walpole enjoyed the hospitality of James Granger, the eccentric vicar and a well-known print collector, whose name has entered the English language. In 1769 he published a biographical history of England, with blank leaves for the reception of portraits or other pictorial illustrations of the text; whence arose the pernicious vice of Grangerising, which has resulted in the mutilation of many a fine volume. Granger stated in the preface to his history that his ambition was to be an honest man, and no doubt he would be extremely shocked if he could be informed of some of the results of his innovation.

We alluded last week to the fact that John Harvard's mother was a native of Stratford-on-Avon. Americans will be interested to hear that her house there is to be sold next month. It is a black and white timbered structure of three storeys, adorned with a gable, and is one of the oldest and perhaps the best remaining example of domestic architecture in the town. In this house Katherine Rogers lived from 1596 until her marriage with Robert Harvard, and to it she may have come with her little son John to attend the funeral of her father. Her wedding took place from the house in 1605. Considering the overshadowing fame of Shakespeare it is not remarkable that this house has attracted so little attention, and allusions to it in any English books except guide-books are by no means easy to find. Perhaps some American will buy it for transportation to Boston.

Is American literature in any way influencing English literature? Sir Gilbert Parker answers the question in the negative in the *Book Monthly*—rightly, beyond a doubt, if his remarks are to be understood as applying only to the productions of the current hour. In the past, American literature has, in one or two cases, and in one or two directions, exerted influence. Fenimore Cooper was one of the anticipators of the romanticism of the thirties, and so influenced other writers besides Gustave Aimard. Emerson affected English thought by giving the transcendentalism of Kant a meaning which may not have been Kant's, but was at any rate intelligible to the plain man.

Edgar Allan Poe gave the hint to Stevenson, who in his turn foreshadowed Sherlock Holmes—a brave pedigree for such a horse!—and some have supposed that Mr. W. S. Gilbert owes something of his metrical mastery to a study of Poe; not Poe the theorist with his mathematical schemes, but Poe the poet. Sir Gilbert Parker himself, we should say, owes something to Bret Harte; and the influence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James on our English fiction is too obvious to need the mention of instances. Whitman, that lonely star, has not exercised an influence so much as provided a mark for imitation; but there is one instance, at least, of an English poet who drew from him inspiration for original work. We refer to Henley, whose hospital poems in "A Book of Verses" and other of his works are clearly (and, we believe, confessedly) influenced by Whitman. Another American poet to whom Henley was indebted was Longfellow. The manner of:

"In the street of Bye-and-bye
Stands the hostelry of Never,"

is Longfellow's all over.

The influence of Oliver Wendell Holmes, too, can be traced, not so much in our books as in our journals, and he may be found on every page of those. As to Hawthorne, he is baffling. His genesis is clear enough; but just as he was the child, not of the literature, but of the daily life of his time and country, so he appears to have no literary succession.

An article in *Temple Bar*, entitled "The Philosophy of Aubrey de Vere," though it fails to present a definite philosophy at all, recalls an interesting but almost forgotten figure. To all save those who remember the eccentric, clad in a jacket of velvet, who paid occasional visits to the Athenæum, De Vere is but a name. It has been his fate to be outshone by the light which Wordsworth shed upon his age. Born at Curragh Chase, living his life there in a peace "man did not make and cannot mar," isolation gave De Vere an outlook on life so detached and so lofty that it induced his friends to declare that only his feet touched earth. Religion certainly occupied the poet's mind, but Mr. Michael Barrington is scarcely correct in maintaining that "the poetry and philosophy of Christianity were the most absorbing subject of De Vere's imaginative meditation." Christianity was wholly alien from his thought when he wrote that part of "The Foray of Queen Meave" which recounts the prowess of Cuchullain of Muirthemne; there is no trace of it in his other poems of Irish lore; and it played a secondary part in his sonnets and short pieces. Poetry, we take it, reflects the poet's meditation.

A youthful friend of Wordsworth, the intimate, in later years, of Tennyson, De Vere possessed a sincere reverence for contemporary, as for all other poetry, but he seldom imitated, and "Alexander: a dramatic poem" was a failure. He was to be unconventional in his choice of themes, and he would succeed despite his unconventionality. "The first of themes sung last of all" was not to be his; so he turned to the legends of his own country. And it is when we read of these legends that he is really arresting. All the mysterious which led him to the Church

of Rome is concentrated in his presentment of the instincts: the lust of battle, as in "The Foray of Queen Meave," the fierceness of race antipathies, as in "Ethell," the hunger for revenge, the instinctive hate, and the instinctive hatred of warrior for warrior. Simplicity was the keynote of De Vere's verse, and the simplicity he gains his effects, as in "Oiseen and Samthea," where the warrior and the bard are at difference, his pretty fancy, "Smiles are the wrinkles of our

It has been urged against Aubrey de Vere that he was an idealist; but he was never wholly that. His high opinion of individual and collective humanity, yet he was always keenly alive to the possibilities of illusionment. Friendship—to him trust of all ties—filled all that was lacking in his life; and Barrington is happy in his comparison between De Vere's friendships with Miss Fenwick and Sara Coleridge, daughter of S. T. C., and that of John Evelyn the naturalist and Margaret Godolphin. Though the poet dwelt on sorrow, in the clouds, he was the friend of all the world; sorrow touched him deeply. No man who had never known acute grief could have penned the sonnet on Somerville presented so graphic a picture of Ireland in 1844: De Vere. Opening with a vision of spring, he traces the passage of the seasons and the growth of the land with the advent of winter, we hear the voices of the stricken, hoarse from starvation, lie down and lose themselves in death. "To-morrow Aubrey De Vere will be here; will you not be pleased to see him?" once Sir William Rowan Hamilton of his son, a child to a man in thought. "Thinking of Latin, and thinking of trouble, and thinking of God, I had quite forgotten Aubrey de Vere," answered the boy. And so the poet, preoccupied, has forgotten.

Spring cleaning is probably over by now in most libraries, but the following "tip" for cleaning books without spilling dirt over them again as fast as they are cleaned may be of interest to our readers. We take it from the fourth Annual Report of the Grand Rapids Public Library, Michigan, U.S.A. The library has lately been moved to a new building, and the method of cleaning was as follows:

"Several men and women were hired to do the heavy work. The men took the books from the shelves and placed them upon trucks, being careful to keep them in their proper order. When a truck was full it was wheeled to a point near an open window where a tub of water was standing. Half a dozen galvanised tubs had been rented for the purpose, and were kept full of fresh water. The men would take two books from the truck and first clap them together, knocking dust and dirt from the surface into the water. Then the book was taken separately, opened over the tub, and the leaves were held by holding the back up, with one cover horizontal, and allowed the leaves to fall rapidly, thus emptying the book of any loose objects it might contain. It was a marvel to the workers to see how the dirt absorbed the dirt. The variety of objects that fell from the books was surprising, and included combs, hair-pins, matches, tooth-picks, string, scraps of cloth and paper, hair ribbons, shoe-strings, leashes, and many other objects too numerous to mention; in fact, everything almost that would be placed in a book—except money. Meanwhile one of the women had thoroughly cleaned the shelves, and when the truck was wheeled back, another removed the books and, carefully wiping them with a cloth, placed them back on the shelves as before."

The difficulties which arose over the interpretation of a clause in Mr. G. F. Watts' will providing for the distribution of certain of the artist's pictures amongst the public galleries, were happily settled on Monday by the approval of a scheme suggested by a committee of selection. Over a hundred works are to be placed in the Limerick Art Gallery, for which Mrs. Watts has promised to provide a maintenance fund, and sixteen portraits, including that of the artist himself, are to be retained there until they can be presented to the National Portrait Gallery. *Alice* is to go to the National Gallery of Art of New South Wales; *Mischief* to the National Gallery, Princes Street, Edinburgh; *Faith, Hope, and Charity* to the National Gallery, Dublin; *Echo* to the Nottingham Art Gallery; *The Record*

Angel, The Court of Death, and The People that Sat in kness, to the Manchester Art Gallery; and *A Study for Court of Death and Britomart* to the Norwich Art lery. The study in gesso of "Physical Energy"—which had lately in the courtyard at Burlington House—is to be used for making a bronze statue for London, and will afterwards form part of the collection at Limnerslease.

LITERATURE

THE LAMB LETTERS

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. Vols. vi. and vii., *Letters.* (Methuen, 7s. 6d. each).

MR. LUCAS is to be congratulated at once upon his knowledge, energy and patience. No other man has done so much work as he towards introducing the public to Lamb, in a spirit at once individual and sympathetic. And here certainly is the largest, richest edition of the Letters which has been published, clearly superior to some in size, to others in the quality and scope of the notes, and to all as a book that is easy and pleasant to read.

The letters of Lamb contain probably the most complete revelation of a man, body, soul and clothes, that has yet been made by poet, novelist, letter-writer, diarist or autobiographer. It would be rash to compare them with the diary of Pepys, because we can live with Lamb, where (if we choose) we see Pepys only through a chink. This alone would explain their reputation. Their popularity, on the other hand, comes from a more or less conscious comparison of the letters with the pure, the terse, the old letters of Sir Henry Wotton, Cowper's, with all their grace and sweetness and pride and mystery, Byron's sense and power, Shelley's picturesqueness, the pungency and leisure and self-knowledge of FitzGerald; Lamb having their qualities more completely or having more or better neighbours for them. For no other man has reached just the combination of self-consciousness and self-surrender which, because it is perfect in Lamb, has come to seem the letter-writer's proper gift. In Lamb, once only, the charm of egoism is equalled by the power of unselfishness, so that it is hard to say whether he or the rest made the better half of his world. These things everybody knows. Lamb is fashionable. His whims, his style—which are good because they are entirely his—are in danger of being flattered, where admiration should rather choose a less easy path than imitation.

The greatest and most remarkable of the attractions of these letters is their consistency with Lamb's literary work. It is an almost unique consistency and certainly unique in its degree. In most other writers, the apparent discrepancy between their letters and their art has been so great that a man may be excused for leaving the one or the other alone. Suppose an average man to have the poetry and the letters of Keats, for example. The self-revelation in the letters to Miss Brawne is great; it is great in "Hyperion"; but the task, which is not lightly avoided, of relating the two modes of revelation, is likely to alarm any one of moderate leisure and powers; the letters, on the one hand, are so diffuse, so disabled by the lack of accent—of handwriting and a thousand little methods of expression which a letter-writer may trust in—that, however they may excite our curiosity or pity or horror or contempt, few will undertake to prove that they were written by the author of "The Ode on a Grecian Urn." If one could read Coleridge's or Shelley's letters before reading his poetry, would one's guesses at the poetry on the strength of the letters be worth anything? or could one guess at Wotton's verses from his letters to Walton and Dinely? But nobody would be accused of over-confidence if he should say that after reading twenty pages of Lamb's letters he could only be faintly surprised and continually delighted by the essays. Thus the letters and essays, tales and verses of Lamb altogether make a more complete picture of an artist, a human being, than is likely to be made again by the maker of riddles; and one is reminded inevitably of:

"I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall, with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. King, and Olding, an interesting addendum to Mr. Heath's book, "Our Stellar Universe," reviewed in our columns on April 29. It consists of six stereograms of the sun and stars, prepared by Mr. Heath so as to give the eyes some conception of the starry heavens as space of three dimensions. The success of Mr. Heath's ingenious plan is really remarkable, and adds to our already expressed regret that human eyes can never directly see the majestic perspective of the skies. We may note that Mr. Heath's work in this regard excited much interest at the recent conversazione of the Royal Society.

Admirers of Lamennais are probably aware that his published correspondence is incomplete, some four hundred letters that he wrote to Madame Yemeniz not being included in it. Madame Yemeniz was the wife of a wealthy silk merchant at Lyon, and an intimate friend of the lonely scholar. At one period, fearing that the Jesuits would interfere with his letters to her, he asked her to send them back to him, but she refused. Thereupon Lamennais, furious at the refusal, dissociated himself from everything contained in the correspondence. About one-tenth of it is now in course of publication in the *Revue de Paris*, the first letter being dated 1826, when Lamennais was at the height of his fame. The correspondence, which seems to have been interrupted at the time of the rupture with Rome, was resumed in 1836 and continued until 1851. It contains some interesting details about Lamennais' imprisonment at Sainte-Pélagie.

We mentioned, the other day, that John Stuart Mill's house at Avignon was for sale. His library, including some manuscripts and notes, has been acquired by Madame Roumanille, the widow of the founder of the *Félibrige*. The hope is expressed by a French contemporary that some of the philosopher's posthumous fragments may now be published. These are said to include an unfinished essay on Auguste Comte, and a long study entitled "On social freedom."

Our notes on the visitors' book at Les Charmettes remind a correspondent of an entry which he once saw made in the visitors' book at Voltaire's house at Ferney:

"I drove there," he writes, "with a Cook's party in a waggnette. One of my companions was a German who asked the most intelligent questions, and displayed the keenest enthusiasm. We all expected, when the visitors' book was brought out, that he would be sure to write something rhapsodical in it. Not at all. He just stamped the page with a rubber stamp. Following him, I had the curiosity to read what he had printed there. The entry ran: DR. SCHMIDT: Frankfurt-am-Oder: FRAUEN-ARTZ."

Evidently the passion for using visitors' books for purposes of *réclame* is not confined to Frenchmen.

The English edition of Mr. George Santayana's volume on "Reason in Common Sense" was published, as it happened, on or about the very day on which our review of the American edition appeared in last week's number of the ACADEMY. With it comes a second volume, that on "Reason in Society." The publishers are Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., and the price of each volume is 5s. net.

Mrs. Stewart Erskine, who wrote the very successful volume on "Lady Diana Beauclerk" some two years ago, has in preparation a book entitled "Beautiful Women in History and Art." In it an attempt will be made to present a connected history of the lives of some of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the past, accompanied by authentic portraits in photogravure. The work will be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Bell.

"I owe more than to any other book." Mr. Sharp has made himself thoroughly acquainted with 5 editions of the play and with "much good work in our classical periodicals." We would say that he is too much biased in favour of the manuscript reading when it cannot be right. For instance, we read in 6 that the beetle was the only winged creature that 7 its way to the gods, and Aesop is quoted as the 8 ty for the statement. But the scholiast tells us 9 e Aesopian fable related how the beetle had accom- 10 the feat to avenge himself on the eagle, who had 11 his grubs and taken refuge with Zeus. Therefore 12 le must have been with the gods before the beetle; 13 re the beetle was not "the only one of winged 14 μόνος πετεινῶν, to reach the gods. Mr. Sharp- 15 leach criticism unsympathetic. But the Greek 16 do not say silly things and ask for our sym-

Aristophanes never wrote μόνος πετεινῶν, what- 17 he wrote. Again, can τρία καὶ δέκ' ἔτη be 18 in 990. The evidence excellently marshalled by 19 arpley in his able Introduction shows that the 20 must have been produced in 421, the tenth year of 21 Ioponnesian War. Can some such word as τρικακοί 22 orriest case" underlie τρία καὶ? The adjective is 23 und elsewhere, but is quite justified by analogy, and 24 ity would account for its corruption. It is idle to 25 se that the poet antedates the war by three years, or 26 ρία καὶ means here merely "ever so long," a signi- 27 n which it does not necessarily bear even in the 28 ge from the *Plutus* quoted in defence of it. Another 29 ive, τριβακοί, "worn out," would meet the difficulty, 30 t is found only as applied to worn out clothes. 31 er's brilliant θείον for σείον, 960, is rejected for good 32 ns for Herwerden's σείσω τε. There seems to be 33 one servant in attendance on Trygaeus, and fumiga- 34 would come before the dipping of the torch in the 35 d water and the sprinkling of the altar.

t the place where the editor seems to us to deal worst 36 the text is in the famous passage 741-747, where he 37 most modern editors) transposes 742 and 743. Let 38 eaders consult the passage, which is too long to quote 39 ; let them read the verses in the order in which they 40 given in the manuscripts, and correct φεύγοντας το 41 ντας, "wailing, crying φεύ," and we have a quite 42 ligible passage in praise of the poet's originality of 43 od, which may be rendered roughly thus:

"He banish'd that 'Heracles making his cake'
—'Tis our gallant Poet's boast—
With his craving stomach, his *Oh's* and his *Ah's*
And his cozenings of mine Host,
Who is constantly getting a drubbing of course,
Just to make a bit of fun,
Our Poet, too, first cashier'd at once
Those stage-slaves every one
That, like Heracles, drown'd the stage with tears
For no possible reason, I wiss,
But to give their fellow slaves a cue.
For some time-honour'd joke like this:
'What punishment 's come to your hide, old chum?
On your wretched ribs, alack!
Has the whip-lash made in force a raid,
And disforested your back?'"

acles "roars" in *Frogs*, 562. Aristophanes would not 44 ve used φεύγοντας ("exiled"), but ἀποδρύντας, for run- 45 ay slaves.

A very good note on 639 establishes that σείειν had in the 46 ot of Comedy the meaning "to blackmail"—a metaphor 47 om shaking fruit-trees according to Photius. If this be 48 we have a curiously parallel phrase in "shaking the 49 goda tree," by which our rude forefathers meant some- 50 ing not unlike blackmailing the Nabobs. Why does not 51 e editor put in his text Van Leeuwen's "brilliant 52 nendation," as he rightly calls it, ἐν Ἀἰδέω for ἀναίδεω 53 8), which removes a great difficulty as well as the only 54 lerable argument for an ancient revision of the play? 55 nd why does he say that the emendation "involves a 56 roceusmatic in the second foot"? Surely τὴν should be 57 ruck out as the interpolation *metri gratia* of some one

who did not know the niceties of the Ionic dialect, thought 58 the Ἀἰδέω was dissyllabic, and wrote αἰνίττεται in the verse 59 before.

The editor rightly gives *καταιβάτου* for *καταιβάτου* in 42, 60 but we do not like Koch's *ἐπέμπομεν* for *ἐπαίσαμεν*, 874. 61 Such a conjecture would have ruined the career of 62 Thackeray's Archdeacon, who owed his promotion to the 63 fact that "he introduced into a play of Aristophanes three 64 new indecent puns by conjectural emendation." The 65 dual form τὼ σέλει is given in two passages in obedience 66 to the uniform practice of inscriptions. Take notice, ye 67 who are about to present yourselves for public examina- 68 tions.

Mr. Sharpley is often very happy in his renderings, but 69 he has missed some chances, e.g., "thoroughbred highflier," 70 76, "what a stinger!" 257, "kick all our things to bits," 71 319, "General Mat," 347, "pulverised," 380, "such as 72 work in wood" (Rogers) 479, "meddler and muddler," 73 654, "made this man his figleaf at a pinch," 687, "holding 74 a reception day" (with pun on holding out the hand for a 75 bribe, Rogers), 909, "hands off the haunch" (Rogers), 1053; 76 but the editor's "plume-onia" is better than Roger's 77 "crest-ache" in 1211. The lines 246, 247 are mock-heroic, 78 and may be rendered as a parody of a tragic passage:

"O Megara, Megara, how thou shalt be crushed
Ground and resolved eftsoons into a stew!"

We are surprised that the editor did not give in 1098 the 79 now accepted reading of the Homeric passage:

ὅς πολέμου ἔραται ἐκιδημίος κρυέντος.

The word *κρυέειν* could have no meaning as applied to war. 80 The edition is an excellent one of a play which is immor- 81 talised by the matchless idyll 1127-1171.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES' MASK

Demeter: A Mask. By ROBERT BRIDGES. (Oxford: Clarendon 82 Press, 1s. net.)

THE first excellence of Mr. Bridges' mask of "Demeter and 83 Persephone," and the most to be remembered, lies in the 84 peculiarities of his version of the myth. For he takes away 85 nothing from its simplicity and beauty as every one knows 86 it, while the cunning of his invention and the dignity of 87 the result seem to us to make his the version which, more 88 than any other, can be enjoyed to-day. He may, indeed, 89 be said to succeed, not entirely, but still nobly, not only 90 in expressing the myth in such a way as to tell us what 91 it probably meant to a Greek, but in adding to it—as 92 martins' nests add to some rich architrave—a suggestion 93 of the thoughts and emotions which have grown up around 94 it in time. If one could suppose that the old gods, in 95 Hades now, were to summon up their past sorrows by re- 96 enacting the rape of Persephone, thus perhaps it would be 97 played, or, if not, it could be no less worthily played. 98 For not in vain have Christ and St. Francis died since Per- 99 sephone was lost.

In the beginning, Hades prologises, announcing that 100 Zeus has granted his wish to take Persephone as his queen 101 in Hades:

"the Daughter
Of gentle-eyed Demeter; and her passion
Is for the flowers, and every tenderness
That I have long'd for in my fierce abodes."

The Oceanides, Persephone's companions, enter the fields 102 of Enna, singing. Persephone and Athena and Artemis 103 follow, and the girl, her basket filled with flowers, compares 104 "the joy of earth" with "the balanc'd calm of high 105 Olympian state." The other goddesses reveal to her that 106 there is an element in her emotion which is not in theirs, 107 and is in man's: "'Tis pity, child, . . . thy mighty mother 108 leans to this tenderness"; and they explain the sadness of 109 man:

"Alike, 'tis sad
To read how beauty dies and he must die."

Persephone is impatient of their wisdom, which depends upon immortality; she is drawn to man, and chooses what man shall hold consecrate to her:

*"In the forest, but only among the flowers
Thou shalt dwell, and love for beauty, when to live . . ."*

Studying the flowers, and choosing one which shall be her emblem, the strays alone, and Hades carries her off.

In the second act Demeter laments her loss and tells the nymphs of her seeking Persephone through the world in vain. She vows to destroy the world, Zeus and men, if he does not restore her daughter; she will cause the useless flowers to take the place of fruit and grain; and, though Hermes reminds her that her daughter is now "raised to a place on the tripartite throne," she gives him a message of cursing and defiance to Zeus.

In the third act, the nymphs try to persuade Demeter to relent, reminding her that her anger will be fatal to man. She relates the story of her wanderings . . . of her attempt, at Eleusis, to make sorrow a friend to man; but while she speaks, Hermes leads in Persephone, who has learned in Hades the wisdom Demeter has learned from men, of life and death. Persephone goes off with her mother to the spring festival at Eleusis.

The progress of the mask is admirable, stately, and here and there agreeably troubled by such moments as that in which Demeter hears, but the chorus does not hear, the sound of Persephone's returning steps; when the nymphs interrupt Demeter and ask whether she could not have saved Demophoon; or when Demeter surprises the nymphs by showing them Dædalus' picture of Persephone, crowned and not smiling. If there is anything to be blamed, it is that the purely learned knowledge of Persephone and the modern emotional estimate of her seem to have been mingled in Mr. Bridges' mind rather by a powerful intellectual effort than by a perfect ecstatic perception of their consistency. There are passages in which the two are blended well, as in Persephone's soliloquy among the flowers; but there are passages at the end of the third act which seem to us to be too heavily burdened with reason.

The verse throughout is extraordinarily interesting, and there is much that is worthy to rank with the best of modern verse, both in its novelty and in its excellence. The blank verse, e.g., is as current and simple as Fletcher's, while a careful reader sees that it is as self-conscious as Tennyson's and far more varied. It is spoiled only by a use of accents which shows how little Mr. Bridges is aware of the extent to which readers have profited by the precepts and examples of the poets of to-day. He will not trust us with his sense; and we could point to places where his accents really tend to spoil the rhythm which a careful reader would give to his lines. The lyrics contain many experiments, but, clever as they are, and interesting and often enjoyable, we think that their imperfection is clearly shown by the fact that all his best things are to be found elsewhere; they have troubled him so much that he has been unable to get into them his characteristic thought and observation; and their style is not only always inferior to, but sometimes different from, the style of the verse which is proper to his mind.

With the mask comes Mr. W. H. Hadow's music thereto, which is full of melody and dignity, the work of one who is at once scholar and musician.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

A Peculiar People, the Doukhobors. By AYLMER MAUDE. (Constable, 6s. net.)

THE Russian peasant sect, known as the Doukhobors, have found an honestly painstaking advocate in Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is strongly in sympathy with these persecuted fanatics. They have defied Russian conscription; and by the help of such potent friends as Count Tolstoy, have been removed to Canada, forming there an industrial settlement of some 7500 men, women, and children. The experiment must have sorely taxed the patience of the

Canadian authorities. For the sect holds a doctrine, the rejection of all external authority, the Bible, and yields blind obedience to their leader, at present a man named Peter Verigin, of their own documents thus describes:

"Great is the Lord above all the names in his power, and he is the Lord of the world. And his power is in the heart of the people of the Most-Holy Virgin Mary, the Mother of Heaven, of the blessed race of Doukhobors. I am your leader, Peter Verigin, the Virgin's Son. I am your God and Father, and with all these powers."

A mass of ignorant peasants, apparently across a hundred years of isolated existence to be told ideas on what they called the "voice within," the commands of a leader whom they deified, and as Mr. Maude fully acknowledges, by a phylloxera characteristic, presents a curious spectacle viewed among the sane and orderly British Canadian author draws the obvious comparison here Doukhobors and the Anabaptists of the sixteenth-century Westphalia, though we do not expect to hear that Verigin, like John Leyden, has introduced polygamy and taken four wives. His natural shrewdness must have stood both himself and his ignorant flock in good stead. Still, when, in 1896, we find him suggest "we should give up the use of all things made by man, we need not wonder at the Nudity Pilgrimage and excesses witnessed in Canada. The first of these pilgrimages involved a march of some 1500 men, women, and children, having little with them, with the alleged intention of meeting Christ, preaching the Gospel, and reaching a country where there would be no government and they would eat fruit from the trees. The pilgrims handed over their money to the nearest innkeeper; let their horses and cattle run free (they were promptly rounded up by the mounted police); drove the sheep to a distance, handing them over to the care of wolves (wolves came and devoured them) and cut the men's hands and eyes from their clothing. This "pilgrimage" was finally stopped by Government, and the pilgrims returned by train to their villages, not before some of them had gone quite crazy. The following year a second "pilgrimage" was started, with the additional feature that now and then, especially when entering any town or village, the "pilgrims" divested themselves of all garments. Mr. Maude quotes a letter written by one of these "pilgrims" telling us how he and other Doukhobors "went and preached how one should live rightly . . . in the manner of the first man, Adam, and of Eve, to show the world the way to humanity. . . ."

After the suppression of this second pilgrimage the sect most elect—we quote again from the letter—

"trampled down with a roller the growing corn. . . . That men should not put their trust in human science, but in God. And we also burnt a binding machine. Why? Our brethren should not torment animals, but should trust in God. I am kept as if under arrest. . . . It is so sad that I cannot tell you it. I sit without work; my work humanity does not wish to do yet it is not my work but God's."

It is but just to add that the majority of the Doukhobors refused to follow the "pilgrims," a division which has since split in twain. The party animosities of these professors of peace are not the least curious outcome of their mental and mental confusion; thus, in the strife over the question of adopting communism (the communal form of property holding is now general among the Doukhobors) those who for conscience' sake withstood the bearing of arms in their country, fought among themselves with pitchforks and staves. At present, Verigin's gift for practical business appears to be exercised for the good of his people, and instead of his organising material prosperity for them by purchasing excellent horses and cattle for breeding purposes, as well as the latest kinds of agricultural machinery, he seems to be already bringing some sobriety of mind to the sect.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY

Is and Byways in Derbyshire. By J. B. FIRTH. With illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN. (Macmillan, 6s.)

Good things the volumes of the "Highways and Byways" series are the more prized because they come. But as each appears we realise that the general of the series has a high standard, and is determined to maintain it. Books of such beauty and lasting value are brought into being as the result of a few week-cursions and an omnivorous browsing amongst a host of guides. Mr. Firth's "Derbyshire" is to the full as high and as companionable as any of its predecessors, for some of us, there are omissions to regret, he disarms admitting at the outset that his route was arbitrary and did not cover the entire county. Of what he has given there will be few to wish anything away, even the pages led to places so universally known as Haddon Hall and Chatsworth. It is difficult to imagine a topographical the chief charm of which is not association. To an few the word-painter appeals with a force that no user of anecdotes can command, but most are content with their descriptions of scenery from the hand of the great draughtsman, and, if they want word-painting, go to the poets. Mr. Firth's principal virtue as guide is, then, should be, that he has brought together a rich store of information about the notable people with which the roads through which he passes are associated. The first and foremost in interest is the delightful material collected with Dr. Johnson and his visits to his old friend, Taylor, at Ashbourne. Taylor was an unblushing realist and spent most of his time enlarging and beautifying his Ashbourne residence and garden—even diverting the course of the river in his enthusiasm—whilst curates did duty for him at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Market Broom. Johnson is supposed to have been under the impression that he was to be Taylor's heir, although he told Boswell that he is aware that Taylor realised his disapproval of his habits, which he calls "by no means sufficiently clerical," and says: "no man likes to live under the eye of perpetual disapprobation." But it was Taylor who survived; in fact he preached the Doctor's funeral sermon. Speaking of the diverting of rivers, Derbyshire seems to yield an unusual number of instances of such masterful dealings with natural features, for at Ashford the river has been artificially broadened to form a lagoon, thus proving the prospect from Ashford Hall, and at Chatsworth, as we learn from a letter written by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and quoted by Mr. Firth, the first Duke of Devonshire planned to turn the course of the Derwent so as to cure a cascade near the house, and actually did level a hill which interrupted his view.

After the Johnson associations perhaps the most thrilling chapter is that which gives an account of the outbreak of the plague at Eyam. The story is well known; how the disease arrived in the village in a bundle of clothes received from London; how the villagers were cut off from all intercourse with their neighbours in the district; the devotion of the clergyman of the parish, Mompesson, and his wife; the furious course of the dreadful disorder, even the terror that remained for generations lest the chance opening of a grave might result in a recrudescence of the plague. A story was long current that this actually happened in 1757, but Mr. Firth has assured himself that it was without foundation, although he says that the terror of the possibility even yet survives. One of the strange side features of the narrative is the utter extinction of a family named Talbot who had kept a smithy on the road-side. The proud name of the Talbots and a road-side smithy! It is a real-life parallel of the D'Urberville-Durbeyfield tragedy. One statement of Mr. Firth's is puzzling. He says that William Mompesson declined the Deanery of Lincoln in favour of Dr. Fuller of "Worthies of England" fame, and on his first page he refers to Fuller as Bishop. Fuller was after the Restoration

created Doctor of Divinity, and presented to the Rectory of Cranford, Middlesex, made Chaplain to the King and restored to his stall in the Cathedral of Sarum, but it does not appear that he was ever Dean of Lincoln or elevated to the Episcopate.

The praises that Derbyshire called forth from such men as Gilpin, Wordsworth, Byron, Ruskin, and Hawthorne are all recorded, and Mr. Firth points out that the wanderer by the Dove must feel an added delight in it when he recalls that it was the beauty born of the murmuring sound of the Dove that passed into the face of Lucy. Of verse concerned with Derbyshire indeed, Mr. Firth's collection is a positive anthology, though perhaps some of the flowers may be a little prim. He has even so recent a poem as Mr. Watson's magnificent sonnet "Night on Curbar Edge." But one gem he has missed, the "Angling Days" of Mr. Coutts, not the least musical of all celebrants of the Derwent, Dove and Wye. One would have liked to see a stanza of this in Mr. Firth's posy, or even only the four lines

"Then, as across the dewy mead
I hurried to the stream,
The lark on his delirious reed
Piped to the morning beam."

Of the unexpected in a topographical book is the identification of places in famous novels with real places on the route. This Mr. Firth has done for us with regard to "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," "David Grieve," and "Pride and Prejudice," though a little compunction may be pardoned on our being asked to believe that Chatsworth is the Pemberley of the irresistible Mr. D'Arcy.

One thing may be cordially hoped by all readers of this volume, that Mr. Firth's indignation at desecrations by the trippers may lead to some amendment in this respect.

In Miss Erichsen's illustrations, which so adequately supplement Mr. Firth's text, the influence of more than one of the black and white artists of the day is to be detected, but she has evidently adopted their conventions quite frankly and with admiration.

DR. JEVONS' POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS

The Principles of Economics—a Fragment of a Treatise on the Industrial Mechanism of Society—and other Papers. By the late W. STANLEY JEVONS. With a Preface by HENRY HIGGS. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the study of economics sustained an almost immeasurable loss by the death of Professor Jevons at the early age of 45, and presumably the fragment of the treatise now published represents all that was written of a work which he was known to have had in contemplation at the time of his death.

Every one will agree with Mr. Higgs that "among the economists of all time Jevons unquestionably stands in the first rank." Not only was his work characterised by knowledge at once comprehensive and microscopic and by a critical faculty of the highest kind, but he wrote with perfect clearness and a charm of style unattained by any other modern writer upon Political Economy. The fragment is a mere outline, but it comes from a master hand and is doubly welcome at a time when the need for restatement of definitions is particularly evident. Every participant in the present fiscal struggle, for instance, on whichever side he may have ranged himself, will derive unmixed benefit from even a hasty perusal of this volume—fragmentary though its chief constituent may be.

Agreement between disputants as to the precise signification of the terms which they employ has ever been insisted on, not only as a means of peace in half the battles that are waged, but as a necessary condition of all social progress. The chief task of economic writers has been to assist the possibility of such agreement, and the science has been happy in having attracted many men of high literary

talent. Adam Smith, Mill, Cairnes and Jevons always display the knowledge, the scientific precision and the power of analysis that we demand; but each of them possessed the gift of facile and graceful expression; and with them we contrast impatiently such elegant literary trifling as, for example, Hume's Essay on the Balance of Trade.

Now and again in the volume before us we were reminded, momentarily, of Mr. Joseph Finsbury and his tables of comparative affluence enjoyed by the owner of a single income in Bagdad, Brighton, or Nijni-Novgorod. We need not regret that Jevons failed to complete his analysis of the London Directory, for, as he says, "infinite detail does not serve any of the purposes of science," and the best part of all his work is that larger wisdom which shines through almost every page, while the infinite pains and industry on which it rests are concealed from view.

Fragmentary, unrevised though it is, the treatise casts clear light upon the depths of each problem that it offers for our view; and all the old questions are stated with a freshness that we miss in the writings of more modern economists. What could be better than the following?

"Given the wants of a population how shall we best utilise existing wealth? given certain labourers with a definite environment how shall their labour be employed so as to produce the greatest quantity of commodities?"

Or again:

"Consumption is evidently the most important of the processes through which commodities pass, because things are only produced in order that they may be consumed usefully."

The critical power of Jevons is well sustained by his exposure of Mill's theory of capital, which was expounded, he tells us, "in four fundamental propositions, all false."

From a paper on "The Future of Political Economy," we may quote the following:

"I am aware that political economists have always been regarded as cold-blooded beings—little better, in fact, than vivisectionists. I believe that the general public would be happier in their minds for a little time if political economy could be shown up as an imposture like the greater part of what is called spiritualism."

In commenting upon the opposing schools of economists, Jevons quotes Mr. Laing's conclusion that

"Every country has a political economy of its own suitable to its own physical circumstances and its own national character."

With this he seems to concur, for he had said at the outset:

"The enormous wealth of the United States has been created by the freedom and energy of internal trade acting upon natural resources of unexampled richness. It cannot for a moment be doubted that their wealth would be far greater still were external commerce in the States as free as internal commerce. To us, dwelling and working in this comparatively speaking very small island, endowed with no remarkable natural resources, except coal and iron—to us the freedom of external commerce is everything."

The editor has reprinted an article contributed by Jevons in 1881 to the *Contemporary Review* entitled "Richard Cantillon and the Nationality of Political Economy," which affords proof of his immense industry, for it contains practically the whole of the article now printed in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

The "Essai sur la nature du commerce en général," which has been attributed to Cantillon, was a wonderful piece of work; all the theories of the economists being contained "by anticipation in this moderate duodecimo volume." Here is to be found not only Quesnay's fundamental doctrine: "la terre est l'unique source de la richesse," but the germ of the essay of Malthus and "the hedonic speculations" of Professor Edgeworth. The "Essai" was published in 1755, and the personality of its reputed author is romantic and evasive indeed. Cantillon was a banker of London (one typographical error, deepening the mystery, says "Purden"); the associate of Law; beloved of a princess; a millionaire; and finally, in 1734, the victim of his cook, who afterwards burned the

Jevons hints that the "Essai" may be the work of a French economist (the title-page is manifestly adopted the pretence of a French translation of the book to avoid police interference with his own). Such expedients were common enough; but it is not to believe in the authorship of this "master of science and finance," the friend of Newton, and the forerunner of Adam Smith.

Incidentally the claim of the bi-metallicists of Newton among their supporters is disposed of. Jevons tells us that Newton's motive when settling the guinea at 21s. was "not to fix in gold and silver the veritable proportions of their price," and the author to have been himself a steady monometallist:

"Il n'y a que le prix du marché qui puisse trouver la vraie valeur de l'or à l'argent, de même que toutes les propriétés des valeurs."

Every extract from the "Essai" stamps it as the highest value and it would be worth while, one thinks, for some modern economist to issue a new edition and to discuss, for example, Cantillon's fundamental position:

"La terre est la source ou la matière d'où l'on tire le travail de l'homme est la forme qui la produit et la richesse même n'est autre chose que la nourriture, les commodités et les moyens de la vie."

or the doctrine of "a par or relation" of the value of the value of labour, or his explanation of the fact that commodities and the cost of living are higher in the country. There are certainly more causes in producing this result than the circumstance that towns are always in debt to the country districts.

The volume is one that we cordially welcome, and bound to meet with the high appreciation of a discerning public. It is well printed, but the quality of the paper leaves much to be desired.

A RED CROSS KNIGHT

In Peace and War. Autobiographical Sketches. By Sir JOHN FURLEY, Kt. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)

SIR JOHN FURLEY has written an interesting, even important book, but it would, we suspect, have been more important and more interesting, if he had not been so afraid to "let himself go." In the very first sentence betrays his fear of being charged with what he calls vanity. It is really a great pity that in the presence of autobiography modesty should be so often displayed by those who really have something to say, people who have seen or done things of moment; while vanity, always senile, induces those who have led trivial and unimportant lives to record them in large books which no one reads.

There is probably no one now living who knows more about Red Cross and ambulance work than Sir John Furley. He took a leading part in the formation of the National Red Cross Society in 1868, and the outbreak of the Franco-German War found him to a certain extent prepared, for he had obtained invaluable experience during the gallant struggle which Denmark maintained in 1864 against the combined strength of Prussia and Austria. It is most interesting to read Sir John Furley's account of the great struggle between France and Germany, for it is written from a point of view which is certainly not common; that of one who is neither a soldier nor a civilian, but is simply bent upon alleviating, as much as is humanly possible, the inevitable horrors of warfare. It is well known that enormous sums were collected in England for the relief of the sick and wounded, and Sir John Furley devoted all his remarkable powers of organisation and administration to seeing that the money was spent to the best possible advantage. He started on the French side, but at Sedan he became absorbed in the German

and soon we find him establishing a Red Cross at Versailles.

It was anything but a bed of roses. For instance, a city under the charge of Dr. Danford Thomas, afterwards a well-known London coroner, was seized at Vernon, where there was a great outcry, for the act was said to be a violation of the Geneva Convention. But Sir John Furley says the French were justified in at any rate trying to save Versailles, and the people of Vernon might fairly object to allowing food and wine, etc., to go through their hands unless the same privilege were accorded by the Germans to stores under the Red Cross destined for Paris.

"Food," he says significantly, "in the form of barrels of meat and tins, be sent to a hospital when there is a scarcity of provisions in the immediate neighbourhood it is not only the hospital which is benefited."

It was Sir John's duty to supplement the assistance and supplies furnished by the Army Medical Corps and Intelligence of the respective belligerents, and not to take up their places. He had therefore constantly to refuse applications for comforts, such as warm clothing:

"I comforted the soldiers; but prevention was the duty of the chiefs, and it was no part of my mission to add to the comfort of the combatants in the trenches."

When the French drove the Bavarian General, Von Tann, out of Orléans, Sir William Russell exclaimed: "What a go it will be, Furley, if we are hustled out of this city of these days!" Indeed, had this success been repeated, the result of the war might have been very different, and a good many would have been "hustled" out of Versailles. Says Sir John Furley:

"Any sacrifice would have been made rather than allow the King and Crown Prince to incur the slightest risk of capture. But speculations as to what might have been are useless. There was a want of discipline and an absence of everything which tends to make an army strong, on the side of Orléans; whilst in Paris those who could command and those who could fight were paralysed by political disputes, and by the black treachery of men whose want of patriotism is a disgrace to modern times."

The book gives a series of extraordinarily vivid pictures of life at Versailles at this time—tragedy and comedy inextricably mingled, death and disease in their most hideous shape, and a curious cosmopolitan society of war correspondents, nuns of various orders, diplomatists, travellers, even Mr. Home, the spiritualist!

"There was one volunteer who must not be forgotten. I allude to an intelligent and amiable bulldog that honoured the Dutch mess with its company. This popular and sagacious animal was called 'Bismarck,' for two reasons. In the first place he was of that particular shade of brown then known as 'couleur Bismarck,' and secondly he had a highly developed faculty for annexation. He afforded much amusement to the patients, and Bismarck was often to be found at the bedside of the wounded, whom he patronised irrespective of nationality. On one occasion some of us were passing through the gates of the château at night, and 'Bismarck' was called by one of the party. The name was quite sufficient and the sentry presented arms."

After the armistice Sir John Furley was refused admission to Paris. He therefore dressed up as a *cocher* in the livery of a diplomatist friend of his, and calmly drove his "master" into the city. Having thus established communication he constantly passed to and fro between Paris and Versailles, organising relief for the 30,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the capital. He saw the entry of the German Army into Paris, of which he says "the play was certainly not worth the candle," and he goes on to give a most impressive account of the Commune, of which he writes as follows:

"I believe that if the military authorities had looked a little beyond Versailles, and occupied themselves less with army reorganisation, and concentrated their endeavours on forming a small army for immediate use; and had M. Thiers allowed a rapid and severe blow to be struck at once, the army of the Commune never would have had a serious existence; Paris would have been spared many weeks of terror, and many beautiful monuments would yet be standing. . . . The army was, for a moment, paralysed by the indecision of the Government, the members of which had no right to charge it with their failings. Subsequent events proved that the troops required to be led and not consulted."

Unfortunately, considerations of space forbid us to do more than indicate the interest of these chapters. Sir John Furley took a leading part in the administration of the French Peasant-farmers' Seed Fund; he went about with Laurence Oliphant; and he visited the Communist seat of government. All through the worst horrors of the barricades, he was continually fulfilling his mission as a Red Cross knight; and here we may quote the conclusion to which his experiences throughout the war had led him:

"It was the Franco-German War which opened the flood-gates of international philanthropy on a scale and in a manner which will never again be permitted to neutrals. It has been proved from time immemorial that there has never been a great war in which the official means of relief for the sick and wounded have been found adequate. For this reason each of the great Powers has now a Central Red Cross committee in touch with its war department, supported by a network of district and local committees so organised in time of peace that it can without confusion take its place as a supplement to the military medical services at the same time as the military forces of the nation are mobilised."

Hardly less interesting is Sir John Furley's account of the Carlist War of 1874, into which he eagerly threw himself on his usual errand of mercy. He succeeded in rescuing with extraordinary difficulty O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, from a Carlist prison, and he was a spectator of the three days' battle of Estella, the principal battle of the campaign, of which he gives a detailed description. Next year we find him helping the sufferers from the terrible inundation of the valley of the Garonne; and in 1877 he is in Montenegro as the Special Commissioner of the National Aid Society. His work in the Boer War, when he supervised the "Princess Christian" Hospital Train and the "Princess of Wales" Hospital Ship, and acted as Chief Commissioner of the Central British Red Cross Committee, will be fresh in every one's recollection.

In addition to all his ambulance work, Sir John Furley is an old and experienced Volunteer, and we may quote in conclusion the two following stories, drawn from his entertaining reminiscences of the early days of our "citizen Army." The occasion was a visit of British Volunteers to Brussels, when they were warmly welcomed by the King of the Belgians. The first story is of a horse, one of many noble animals provided by Sir John:

"On the day when the King held a review of the volunteers, I was surprised by a gallant colonel of railway engineers who said, 'Furley, where did you pick up my mount?' On asking what was the matter with it, he replied, 'It must have had a circus education, for the moment the King and Queen arrived—and I was trying to look my best—the band struck up and my brute backed across the road and sat down on the kerb, whilst I slid down over his tail.'"

And the second of a man:

"Encouraged by the sight of so many Belgian comrades with be-medalled breasts, some of our men were inclined to follow their example and consequently required to be closely inspected. One day I spotted a man on parade who astonished me by the number of his medals. He evidently felt flattered by my notice and I said to him, 'You seem to have seen considerable service. In what wars have you been engaged?' He replied, 'Bless you, I've never been in a war: my father and I were awarded these medals at agricultural shows for a special breed of pigs for which we are famous.'"

A NEW-FOUND DIALOGUE BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR published his first volume in 1795, his last in 1863. This represents a period of literary production that is equalled by no other writer of similar standing. During that period, too, he was a frequent contributor to many journals, so that a full bibliography of his writings would be a work not easy to compile. Mr. Stephen Wheeler gave a tentative bibliography in 1897 at the close of his "Letters and other Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor," and has from time to time made additions in the form of lists of Landor's contributions to particular periodicals. One periodical to

the poet contributed in his old age appears to have been overlooked—and is probably but one of several. This is the *National Magazine*, started in 1857 under the editorship of John Saunders and Westland Marston. In the second volume are to be found three contributions, each of them signed in full by Landor, only one of which has hitherto been republished. At page 165 are two short poems, "Destiny Uncertain," which the poet included in his "Dry Sticks, Fagoted" (1858), and the following piece which, but for the signature, might well have been mistaken for one of the "fragments" of Thomas Lovell Beddoes:

THE MOTHER

"Unnatural mother,
Who've hastened to smother
Whatever is fairest and fondest in child;
In Hell's bitter water
You've plunged your own daughter,
Nor have wept when she wept nor have smiled when she smiled.

When sorrows assail you
Who then will bewail you?
The true and the tender for ever is gone.
Unnatural mother!
Ah, never another
Will love you or mourn you as she would have done."

This little piece is interesting as Landor's, though its inherent value is slight indeed; more notable is the other find made in the pages of a forgotten magazine.

It was in 1823 that Landor's first "Imaginary Conversation"—between Porson and Southey—was published in the pages of the *London Magazine*, in *Elia's London*, which has taken its place as something of a classic in the ranks of such periodicals. Nearly forty years later he contributed a short series of "Imaginary Conversations" to the *Athenæum*. In the interval he had employed this form as the chief vehicle for the utterance of his thoughts on men and things, so that the total number of "Imaginary Conversations" given in the latest collected edition of his works amounts to one hundred and sixty-five. Mr. C. G. Crump, the editor of the fine edition referred to, explained that, thanks to arrangements with the holders of Landor copyright, his edition of the "Imaginary Conversations" was complete. He had overlooked the *National Magazine* of 1857.

At p. 115 of the volume referred to above we find "Imaginary Conversation. By Walter Savage Landor." In the long series of conversations included in the works of Landor, by far the shortest section is that consisting of dialogues between distinguished Romans, and it is to this section that the new one will have to be added in any future edition of the author's works. The speakers are Tacitus and Agricola, and their conversation is supposed to take place on the eve of the latter's departure for Britain. It opens thus:

"*Tacitus*. Your daughter, my own beloved Julia, would have accompanied me hither, O Agricola, had I not reminded her that the bravest hearts are the least capable of uttering the sorrowful word 'Farewell.'

"*Agricola*. Universal word! uttered in the same tone, although in other syllables, by every nation. Word of the lover, of the widow, of the widower, and sometimes of the commander in the very hour of victory. May it never be sighed by our Julia on either of the two she loves best!

"*Tacitus*. I unite with you in this wish, my friend and father; but rather so than by the survivor over her urn.

"*Agricola*. Away with idle thought, with forebodings, with reminiscences! I am standing on the verge of a wide and waste field and must prepare to subdue and cultivate it. Most generals have attendants and followers; I have none beside a few domestics. In passing through Gaul, I shall collect the troops requisite for the expedition. The ships will have arrived before me, with sufficient stores for victualling them during many months, until fresh supplies from the coast of Belgium shall have landed. Wherever there is a scanty supply, there is a weak, because a discontented, army. Therefore even the least provident commanders have insisted that the naval forces be entirely under their control, and the commissaries be approved and appointed by them. The necessity of plunder is thus avoided, which alienates from us those we must conciliate before we govern.

"*Tacitus*. Conciliation saves in great measure the expenditure of force. Every plunderer raises a hundred enemies; and what he seizes may in half an hour do a damage which half a century is

inadequate to repair. Barbarians soon forget an act of kindness; an injury sinks deep into the breast through woad and wolfskin.

"*Agricola*. The act of kindness then must be repeated, and the injury avoided.

"*Tacitus*. This is true philosophy, which, to be consistent, must be founded on humanity.

"*Agricola*. Since it is urgent I should leave the city by sunrise, I am rejoiced that much of the evening is left to me, and that I may continue to hear the expression of those sentiments which first engaged me and my daughter to cherish you so affectionately. Continue the remarks you were making on the Britons.

"*Tacitus*. Forgive me, if in continuation I should appear less indulgent. The Celtic and Cimbric races, cognate in origin, and similar in character, are never to be trusted in peace, until you exhibit and demonstrate to them practically its manifest advantages. O Agricola, can any nation, should any nation, tolerate an invader? It may be for their ultimate good, certainly it is not for their immediate. The Britons seem to be more restless in a state of inactivity than in a state of war. Impatient of agriculture, ignorant and disdainful of commerce, at present they appear to be irreclaimable from perfidy and ferocity.

"*Agricola*. Have not all nations been once in the same condition? the polished Persian, the scientific Egyptian; the forefathers of Pericles, of Sophocles, of Homer; the founders of Athens, of Corinth, of Miletus! Happy am I who am destined to conquer where I can destroy no cities, depopulate no habitations of industry, sink no transports of commerce; but, on the contrary, to show that, if Mars was our progenitor, the wolf has left in us no infection."

Invited to discourse further of the Britons, Tacitus here turns aside to discuss the position of the Romans, to point out how they had degenerated after the death of the Gracchi and the Scipios:

"The great Julius himself, no model of morality, was the only true reformer; for the Catos had in their character nothing of gentleness, of generosity, or even of humanity; and Brutus was little better than a copybook for schoolboys, to throw aside when they had done with ciphering. We have seen better men in times no better."

To his last sentence Tacitus returns later in the dialogue when he says to his father-in-law:

"The best of men (you, O Agricola, are an example of it) have appeared in the worst of times; few indeed of them; else the times had not been the worst."

Returning to the question of the Britons, Agricola proceeds to explain something of his military method to be employed, in the course of which he uses words which should bring a tingling sensation to the ears of some modern folk who have had to do with commissariat matters. (The words were written by Landor, it is worth recalling, when the Crimean campaign was fresh in the minds of men.)

"Our strongholds would at all times be replete with the necessities of subsistence. Any defect of precaution on the part of my commissaries will be punished by death, under the scourge of those they would have famished. Aware of the evil, and negligent in removing it, great would be my guilt; to be unaware of it, in my station, would be no less. Instead of triumph, or ovation, or any other species of military honor, or civil dignity, the lictor should unbind the fasces and bring out the central axe for me."

How the Britons are to be brought under the civilising sway of Rome is discussed, the reasons being adduced for allowing freedom of worship to the conquered: "We Romans took every god we could seize upon in the captured cities; they did us great good." Religions, Tacitus proceeds to say "slip easily one into another where the priest does not lay his wand across the road." To this Agricola adds: "It appears to me that no commodity is more marketable than the sacerdotal. The priest relaxes his hold on the man to seize the purse." Then the question of language is discussed; and later Tacitus returns to the Britons' gods, saying: "Men in all countries are the creators of their gods, created in their own similitude," and he expresses fear that the legionaries may mock the gods which, devised by the Gauls, frown and gibber over the Britons. To this Agricola is made to reply sagely, and in a very modern spirit:

"Each party shall retain its own deities until they insensibly crumble down and drop away. The chief advantage of any temple or place of worship, whether in city or field, is to bring men together in unanimity and amity. They come either for petition or thanksgiving. Is there any one so insolent and audacious, of such stolidity and impiety, as to believe the gods are readier to hear him than to hear his

neighbour, to believe that one tone of voice or one idiom of language is more agreeable to their ear than another? When children disagree and quarrel, the parent chastises them: is the god less prudent than the parent?"

Had Landor published an edition of his "Imaginary Conversations" after 1857, there can be little doubt that he would have included this characteristic piece, which has so far escaped the notice of his editors. I have only been able to indicate the scope of the conversation and to extract representative bits. The whole would occupy about six columns of this journal.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE RONDEAU

I

THE Rondeau is—if you've forgot—
A trifling, minor thing; no plot
To win the world's admiring eye
As to the Epic's majesty,
Or wealth of Sonnet; written not

As when with frenzied haste and blot
The Poet pours his Ballad, hot
From lovesick brain—a *jeu d'esprit*
The Rondeau is:

And though one may not bate a jot
Of all the points the rules allot—
The thirteen lines, the catch-words three,
The double rhyme, the symmetry—
From this example judge not what
The Rondeau is!

II

'Tis out of vogue, the censors cry,
A fashion of a day gone by,
When high-bred dame and gallant beau
Dallied within the silken show,
The bonds of ancient chivalry;

Dobson, Lang, Henley, skilled to try
Old modes, have wrought it gracefully,
But with new men new methods, so
'Tis out of vogue:

My friend, so long as you or I
Cherish a thing, it cannot die;
Flowers out of fashion long ago
Do still in careless gardens blow.
Pluck one and look—and tell me why
'Tis out of vogue!

H. RAPHOE.

RICHARD JEFFERIES IN LONDON

It might be imagined that any large city, and London most of all, would be abhorrent to such a mind as that of Jefferies, the sensitive lover of Wiltshire and Sussex downs—the prose-poet of Summer's pageant, the student of harvest and hay-field, of bird and beast and flower. Those who know Jefferies well are aware that this is an entire mistake. The mistake has its root partly in a popular misconception of this great writer. Critics and reviewers, who very imperfectly understood him, used to speak of him, with a touch of condescension, as merely a pastoral writer, a naturalist, a kind of Gilbert White. Jefferies was all this, but he was something more. He was a thinker, though not in the language of the schools; a philosopher, though he formulated no system. He may have begun with the externals of things—the life of the poacher and the gamekeeper and the labourer, the habits

and habitats of birds and flowers; but he passed on to the root-questions of existence, the underlying spirit, the quest of creation's secret, the thirst for a fuller "soul-life." He was never satisfied; he died yearning. "In the hearts of most of us," he says, "there is always a desire for something beyond experience." To such a man, the country was of supreme suggestion and never-failing loveliness; but city life had also its mysteries and its beauties. The red roofs and dense buildings had their own suggestiveness; there were the magnetism and sympathy of crowds, the flaming sunsets, the stars of night. "The sky above London is as full of interest as above the hills," he says in one of his papers; and he, like the poet of Westmoreland lakes and mountains, had witnessed the strange magic of a London sunrise. "I once watched the sun rise on London Bridge, and never forgot it." Every true artist knows the wonderful effects to be noted at times in London squares and on London bridges, and the true poet knows it also. It is only the small man, the limited sympathy, that sees no beauty in cities. It is easy to quote Cowper's hackneyed line: "God made the country and man made the town"; but Jefferies saw deeper than this. He once wrote an essay on the "Plainest City in Europe;" it was not London of which he wrote, but Paris. To him the best thing in Paris was the *Vénus Accroupie* of the Louvre, which he describes in a paper that shows how wonderful an art-critic he might have become. In a volume entitled "The Life of the Fields" he dared to introduce chapters on the sunlight of London squares; Venice, not on the Adriatic, but by the river in the East End. He did not believe that to see things it was necessary to travel far. "Open your eyes, and see those things which are around us at this hour." The life of the fields itself, he tells us, is to be found in London, if we only have eyes to see it.

Among the hills and field-hollows of Wiltshire he had dreamed his dreams, and thirsted for a richer draught of the soul-life that alone could satisfy; and when he came to London "still I thought my old thoughts." To him the grimy river was always making for the sea, and his soul travelled onward with it, to a haven of fuller existence.

"For I thirst with all the thirst of the salt sea, and the sun-heated sands dry for the tide, with all the sea I thirst for beauty."

And London itself, sordid, noisy, jarring, had hints of this divine beauty that his soul could follow. At night the stars were there:

"I never forget them, not even in the restless Strand; they face one coming down the hill of the Haymarket; in Trafalgar Square, looking towards the high dark structure of the House at Westminster, the clear bright steel silver of the planet Jupiter shines unwearied, without sparkle or flicker."

London produces its own sky, he says, and he thought that this sky could best be studied from the great bridges, where there is some breadth of horizon.

"Sometimes upon Westminster Bridge at night the scene is very striking. Vast rugged columns of vapour rise up behind and over the towers of the House, hanging with threatening aspect; westward the sky is nearly clear, with some relic of the sunset glow; the river itself, black or illuminated with the electric light, imparting a silvery blue tint, crossed again with the red lamps of the steamers."

Of the thousands that cross this bridge daily, few indeed pause to think that beauty of the open air, natural loveliness, may be found there; few have time to pause at all, unless they be strangers lingering to take a view of the Parliament buildings and the Abbey. But a Jefferies comes that way, and amidst all the outward distraction and the inward worry, the drudgery and anxiety of poverty, he notes the glimpses of the divine, the deep prevalent mystery of something that lies just beyond the senses, something that the senses only guess—something that may be felt among the lush meadows, or on the breezy downs, or here by the dingy London riverside. Even the monotony of red Bermondsey roofs was suggestive to Jefferies:

"These red-tiled roofs have a distinctiveness, a character; they are something to think about. . . . Under this surface of roofs what a profundity of life there is!"

If this endless succession of roofs could be found not unpleasing, it is little wonder that, standing in Trafalgar Square, the man could see a world of beauty before him.

"At my back, within the gallery, there is many a canvas painted under Italian skies, in glowing Spain, in bright southern France. But yet, if any one impartial will stand here outside, under the portico, and forgetting that it is prosaic London, will look at the summer enclosed within the square, and acknowledge it for itself as it is, he must admit that the view—light and colour, tone and shade—is equal to the painted canvas, is full as it were to the brim of interest, suggestion, and delight. Trace out the colour and the brightness; gaze up into the sky, watch the swallows, note the sparkle of the fountain, observe the distant tower chiselled with the light and shade."

The charm, the colour, the endless variety, are there; only the seeing eye is needed. It is well to be reminded sometimes, by the words of a genius like Jefferies, that the elements of beauty are never far to seek; if we miss them in town, we are not likely to find them in the country. Jefferies could ponder on profoundest mysteries in front of the Royal Exchange; they were mysteries older and deeper than those of finance. But men have yet little learned to think, to possess their souls; country solitudes are unspeakably dull to them, and they have not learned to make a solitude of thought for themselves in the thickest traffic and noisiest clamour of the city. They may ape a love of beauty, but the culture of it has not proceeded far enough for them to find it in the red roofs, the dusky river-side, the formal squares, the narrow streets. Jefferies was not a Londoner in the sense in which Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were Londoners; his true home was the swelling downs, the bracing uplands, the village of thatched cottages. But he saw London with the eye of a poet, and his soul also was at home there. Let us learn to remember that he was something more than a mere catalogue of birds and flowers.

A. L. S.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE POET OF THE ELEGY

WHEN Dr. Johnson wrote his famous criticism of "The Elegy" there was one important point which he overlooked, and the omission renders his censure nugatory. This is the wonderful manner in which Thomas Gray caught the atmosphere that was absolutely essential to his poem. You feel on reading the first four lines the entire sentiment of a winter evening in the country: the tolling curfew, the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea, the ploughman trudging homeward, and the gradual, closing darkness prepare the mind for all that follows. And never in the course of the poem does the author insert a phrase or even a syllable to destroy this fine illusion. In that sense the poem is one of the most perfect in the English tongue.

Some little time ago I was at Stoke Poges, and in spite of much that has been done to vulgarise the surroundings, it still was easily imaginable that the train of thought expressed in "The Elegy" should pass through the poet's mind as he sat in the shade of that yew-tree which still stands to remind us of him. There is an addition to the churchyard, which has taken the shape of an ordinary town cemetery, with grave-stones fresh from the sculptor's hands, and sentimental epitaphs, and glasses with flowers, and all that makes a modern burying-place so repugnant. But if you shut your eyes to this and pass on to the other side of the church, there is a little graveyard which must be now exactly as it was when Thomas Gray's eyes looked down on it:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Here the graves are un-headstoned. Nothing except the grassy mounds show where sleep the labourers of earlier

generations, their harvesting, their sowing and weeding, their mourning and love-making all done. If you can separate yourself entirely from the mawkish sentimentality of the modern part of the churchyard, here you will find the full force of that tide of feeling which Gray has so admirably expressed. And the country round about still represents the scenery he had in his mind, even though it is traversed daily by noisy motor-cars and other recent inventions. But the splendid trees, the rich fertile country, and even the cottages show little that has changed. The only difficulty is that we feel no longer the sense of seclusion which made Gray write:

"Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

It is a sentiment that has been widely disputed, as some people are of opinion that when genius is sent into the world it is bound to make its way, whatever be the barriers opposed to its progress. But were this so, then Nature would treat men as she treats nothing else. On the oaks in the park near at hand millions of acorns come into existence every year. Each of them has a potentiality of becoming an oak, but probably not one in ten years' growth is able to fulfil that destiny. And it is the same with almost everything else. Out of her fertile womb Nature produces with endless fecundity, casting away a million lives that one may live. So must it also be with the soul of man. Let us imagine one to be born with the genius of a poet or a painter into those surroundings that Gray pictured so vividly. It has been said that the best bat at cricket could never make a high score unless he gets the bowling. What were the chances of a rustic in Gray's time? He might have intellect, but intellect is like gold that has never been mined till its powers are set free by education; and the children of the poor in those days were often put to work at five or six years of age—the infants were armed with wooden clappers and sent out to scare birds, harder labour being given them as they acquired sufficient strength to bear it. Self-education was rendered nearly impossible by the fact that whole families were often crowded into a one-roomed cottage. The boy forced outside took to premature courtship as the only practicable amusement. Early marriages resulted and the young man with the heaven-sent genius had to drudge for the livelihood of a young family. No doubt some overcame these obstacles, but they must have proved too much for the ordinary man, and hence, with the clowns and yokels of the parish, are buried there those who in different conditions might have moved far beyond their fellows. They have passed into oblivion, but so have many who were considered their superiors. Every one who has made inquiries about the people of the past must have been struck by the forgetfulness that closes down over the rich as well as the poor. "We are all rushing to obscurity," said the late Lord Tennyson during one of the last years of his life, "some a little quicker than the others, but all of us are to be involved in it." Life is like a road that we have to pass along once and once only, and on the way is no memorial of the travellers who have made the journey and can never return. So the "Elegy" is in reality a dirge for the sons of rural labour and a sign of the poet's understanding of their fate and his compassion for them. In his holiday visits to Stoke Poges he would have seen much to remind him of their pitiable lot. Some such idea possessed my mind as, in the dusk of a winter evening, I sat under the poet's yew-tree close adjoining the ancient little church wherein he used to pray. Among the tombs is that of his mother, and there are few epitaphs more affecting than that which he inscribed to "the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Outside the limits of the "Elegy" I think I like Gray best in his letters, which are some of the very best in the English language. There you find the same elements that

qualify his "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" for inclusion in a *Lyra Elegantiarum*. Real elegance, abundant fancy and just enough generous feeling to redeem it from triviality render this poem delightful of its kind. No doubt Dr. Johnson might urge the same objection to some of it that he made to the "Elegy":

"With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to Fish?"

The objection is to an alleged triteness, but nothing is trite that is appropriate. Witness the last line of the penultimate verse:

"Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, nor Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A favourite has no friend!"

On the other hand it is not imaginable that any man of taste should urge a similar objection against the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," so many lines of which have passed into the folk-speech of England, such as:

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day."

And

"Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

A.

FICTION

The Flute of Pan. A Romance. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
(Unwin, 6s.)

MRS. CRAIGIE is one of those who will not take no for an answer. When her play was ill-received, she attributed its condemnation to the hostility or ignorance of her audience, and straightway went to the highways and by-ways and bade those who liked her come and rectify the misjudgment of the herd. Still the verdict was unfavourable, and yet once again she has carried her case to a higher court of appeal by publishing the play as a novel. As one of those who did not see it at the theatre, the present writer opened "The Flute of Pan" with curiosity. Reluctantly he has come to the conclusion that if the play were no better than the novel it amply deserved its fate. Perhaps the subject might be discreetly left at that—on the theory that when a definite conclusion is arrived at reasons become superfluous. But though that may be politic, it is not courteous; and therefore it is necessary to try one's hand at a little analysis. And the first point is that we like not the company. The fondness of Mrs. Craigie for the "hupper suckles" is her most patent frailty. Her hero is a Lord Feldershey, whose Christian name is Boris; her heroine, H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Siguria. The female villain, or, if that be too crude and harsh a phrase, the minx of the tale, is the Countess Rixensart. Her husband is the male minx, a man who "spoke the word 'loving' as though it were pudding, a thing he no longer took." We need say little about the other members of the aristocracy who fume out their little parts, Lady Feldershey, Lady Amersham, Lady Addlington, Lady Wimborough, the Duchess of Drossett, Prince Adolf, and the rest—even to write their names is, as it were by deputy, "to move in good society." A commoner, Mr. Baverstock, does indeed play a not inconsiderable part in the comedy, but he has amalgamated "jam" with "pickles," these being two branches of the family business, and is a millionaire—at least he thinks nothing of giving twelve thousand pounds for a string of pearls to hang round the neck of his mistress, and that is near enough to being a millionaire for

our purpose. If these members of the aristocracy were in themselves interesting it would not matter, but unfortunately they have nothing except their rank to recommend them—not even picturesque vices. They are artificial and they live in an artificial atmosphere. Just as still nature never receives a glance in the novel, so not a single natural stroke reveals humanity in these puppets. And then the plot turns on one of those mean, finicking devices that create and leave behind a sense of irritation. All the misunderstanding arises out of the simple fact that the generous and virtuous Princess, inspired by the worthiest motive, keeps an assignation made with her Maid of Honour. On this frail foundation is built a heavy superstructure which the reader feels might and ought to tumble down at the first adverse breath of wind. To say that such a construction is inartistic is to find the least fault possible with it. Before the intrigue has developed beyond a few chapters an irritation has set in that gradually increases till the end is reached.

But it may quite truthfully be pointed out that plot or even character has never been the strong point of John Oliver Hobbes, but that her strength lies in style and epigram. We are afraid that the most scintillating of her phrases are the least fitted to stand close examination. Take this, which is delivered with an unmistakable air of smartness: "I could never be a Court-painter," said Feldershey proudly, "for I know too much about Courts in the first place, and perhaps a little too much about painting in the other." What a ghost of dead cleverness this is to be sure! A million lips have flung back retorts on the same model. And it is the same with many of the other sayings in this volume. They are machine-made, they follow lines often followed before; the wit is mere pertness. From the beginning of the book to the end we have not met with a stroke of genuine drollery, or of the humour that is composed of mingled laughter and sympathy.

Baliol Garth. By ALGERNON GISSING. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. ALGERNON GISSING is one of those few happy authors who do not over-write themselves. The three or four novels he has given us—"Knitters in the Sun," for instance, or "A Secret of the North Sea"—are all tales a little out of the common; tales brilliantly placed, as it were, *en plein air*, and conceived and executed with a sort of resolute leisure to which, no doubt, is partly due the successful maintenance of what is frequently a difficult equipose. This is particularly the case with the book before us. The scaffolding of the story is seen at once to rest upon a foundation of complex mental balances which do not readily lend themselves to readjustment in miniature within the limits of a short review. The central figure, Baliol Garth, tutor for many years to a motherless boy between whom and himself there is the closest affection, suddenly finds himself in a position which practically compels him to promote or retard a re-marriage between the boy's father, Gerald Osprey, and the daughter of Osprey's senior partner in a shipping concern, the consummation of which within a week is represented to him by his employer as the only hope of saving both partners from financial ruin, Osprey from arrest for embezzlement, and the boy Ninian from the consequences of his father's disgrace. Into the subtleties of the situation, subtleties rendered more intricate still by various dispositions and relationships, we cannot enter here. But when all is said, the ethical issue from an objective point of view is so plain that it is no formal achievement on Mr. Gissing's part to retain all our interest while first a rather far-fetched idealism is pitted against a woman's instinctive reluctance, next, while intense reactionary emotion overbeats diplomacy, and, last, while altruism struggles hard against passion, in this highly complicated affair. In point of fact it is quite likely that many readers will hardly realise the bearing that it all has upon the ultimate issue of the tale, so great is the charm that is interwoven about

the high comradeship between Ninian, Garth, and Mabel Calderwood. Set deep in the scenery of the coast-line, near the Scottish border, this clouded, sun-flecked, half-tragic idyll is delightful while it lasts, not the least of its fascinations being a resemblance, irresistibly evoked, between this and another similar group of three in a wholly different environment—Crossjay, Vernon, and Clara Middleton. If it had all ended with the marriage of Garth and Mabel, with fresh horizons for Ninian, few, perhaps, would have troubled their heads as to what became of the one disreputable actor in these scenes. But Gerald Osprey has gone to prison entrusting his boy (who knows little of him and nothing of his disgrace) to the man who has, in his view, played the traitor. And so the coil is carried to the end, the second stage being occupied by Ninian, the third by Gerald Osprey. That events might possibly have worked together for the *dénouement* we reluctantly concede. Yet some may experience a half-admiring discontent that a protagonist, the poet in whom is so hardly contained by the self-disciplined scholar and philosopher, should never have been granted (even in the interests of others) those higher flashes of imagination which would have enabled him upon occasion to play the man of the world.

The Country-House Party. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

NEITHER the country-house nor the party has much to do with this collection of short stories. They might just as well have been published with separate titles and without the thin connecting thread. They are of varying interest and value, but, like Mrs. Shorter's other work, they are rich in ideas. Some are light and amusing, some are touched with real poetry, some are weighted with tragedy to which the author's craftsmanship is hardly equal. In the first story Mrs. Shorter has succeeded where many fail, for she has persuaded us to sympathise with the woman who is oppressed and wearied by her commonplace surroundings. As a rule, when we read of these women we feel sorry for the poor "surroundings," who probably have to wear shirts without buttons. But Mrs. Shorter shows us a soul's tragedy, the martyrdom of a clever, imaginative woman doomed to be the wife and mother of fools. The story of Mike O'Dwyer is a witty Irish anecdote of feminine perversity and ingenuity. Mrs. Shorter proves here that she has when she chooses a light touch and a vein of kindly humour. But she chooses often to handle the mighty themes of love, jealousy, and violent death, and we cannot say of her that she always rises to her occasion. The situation over and over again is fine, but the treatment slight and unrelievedly sentimental. The deep poetical feeling that seems to have fathered the author's ideas but failed of their full development does find expression in one story. The man who leads a safe and unadventurous life is confronted with the man exposed to all life's storms and miseries: and one spirit cries to the other desiring change. This they achieve, and after many years meet again without regret. The two scenes in the rich man's study appeal to the imagination; and it is their truth, not their unreality that remains in the mind. Mrs. Shorter has poetical insight. But some one unpoetical and attentive should read her proofs and put in proper stops. We object to the following sentence as it stands:

"Such excitement, all the girls in their prettiest dresses, and the matrons anxious and happy, for it was a market day to go to Mrs. Henderson's, as all the best young men of the county would be there, and here were a few pretty young maids to sell."

A Prima Donna's Romance. By F. W. HAYES. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

MR. HAYES has for once abandoned historical romance, with which his name is chiefly associated, and given us a story of modern life, rich in romantic episodes and strong situations. The plot is ingenious, and unfolds itself with the right amount of twisting and turning to keep the reader's attention always alert. The lovely prima donna, Dione Kastalia, and her twin sister, Zoe, believe themselves

to be the daughters of a Greek brigand, and suffer many things because of his cruelty and greed. Their lovers also sustain material and intellectual damage at his hands, which culminates in their capture and sentence to death. Among other services it falls to the lot of one of the lovers to rescue Zoe from drowning, and Dione from death by fire, and both men show courage and devotion worthy of knights of old. The twins' real father, in ignorance of the tie, constitutes himself their protector, and therefore the enemy of the brigand. He is an eccentric creature, and withal attractive and possible; his shrewd, lively sayings count for something in the reader's enjoyment of these pages. The author's touch is bold and firm in handling his heroes and brigands: he is not so happy with the twin sisters, who are but slight sketches of a conventional type of gentle heroine. Mr. Hayes' cleverly worked out and exciting romance is adorned with a frontispiece by his own hand, and the volume is dedicated to the memory of that sturdy genius, John Brett, A.R.A.

A Vagrant Englishwoman. By CATHERINE I. DODD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE real theme of this book is the emancipation of women in Germany. That is the subject which, like the silver thread of a river seen in a landscape from a high place, keeps appearing and disappearing and reappearing. The landscape through which it meanders is the conversation and doings of a handful of people in a small German University town. The Englishwoman presents herself to us at a pension in the midst of a carefully selected group of boarders. There are the Frau Doktor, the proprietress, the Cynic, the Poet, the Silent American, the Boy, and others, all happily conceived and portrayed—individually. The fault is, perhaps, that for truth to life they are a little too carefully selected. The dramatic aptness with which they are contrasted makes for unreality, for it occasions broad and frequently misleading generalities. The Cynic, for instance, may exist—probably he does, but we doubt whether he would exist with quite the complacent calm that he enjoys in the book. In an ordinary German *pension* frequented by students they would look askance at such a man. The educated German's code of deportment towards ladies differs essentially in one respect only from that of the Englishman—he recognises no obligation of politeness to absolute strangers. He would not regard it as incumbent upon him, for example, to make way for a strange lady on the public footpath. But if the lady have the least claim to his acquaintance, if she be sitting, say, at the same hostess's table, his polish of manner is unimpeachable. Such points as these, however, need not trouble the average reader. Miss Dodd keeps her puppets moving in a very entertaining atmosphere of dry wit and shrewd common sense, and she shows a keen eye for the details of German life which are worth describing.

The Conscience of a King. By ARCHIBALD C. GUNTER. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE reminiscences of a French police agent in the seventeenth century are bound by their nature to provide sensational incidents, and M. Pomereu takes a modest delight in detailing his share in the plots and crimes herein described. Tears, terror, false accusation, torture of lovely ladies, duels, devotion of gallant lovers, awake echoes of the tales of long ago. Pomereu's chief exploit is the hunting down of a beautiful countess designed by Mme. de Maintenon, "The King's Conscience," for a terrible punishment, and the last page leaves the defenceless girl condemned to untold torments of mind and body. The characters are mere puppets which lighten in some degree the wear and tear of the reader's feelings—the only creature who lives in M. Pomereu's story is the spaniel Bambazoo. Probably because the author knows a Bambazoo, and does not know a Pomereu or his victims. The only way to enjoy the story is to accept everything as it comes, and question nothing: in such wise readers may find it a sufficiently exciting and moving tale.

THE DRAMA

THE EARLIEST FRENCH PLAYERS IN LONDON

ALTHOUGH the custom had long prevailed in France and Italy, it was not until 1629 that an attempt was made to introduce female performers on to the English stage. On the fourth of November of that year, as appears from the office-book of Sir H. Herbert, the Master of Revels, he received "£2 as his fee for allowing of a French company to play a farce at Blackfriars." Prynne, in a marginal note to his "*Histriomastix*" (1633) refers to this event in somewhat opprobrious terms:

"Some French women, or monsters rather, in Michaelmas term 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars; an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than w— attempt."

But, in spite of the jeremiads of "prick-eared Prynne," we learn that

"there was a great resort to some French women actresses in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars playhouse."

It was, however, only curiosity that drew a crowded house, for it appears that the venture proved an utter failure on account of the Londoners' hypersensitive notions of feminine decorum. One Thomas Brande voiced the general opinion in a letter presumably addressed to the then Bishop of London:

"Furthermore," wrote that worthy, "you should know, that last daye certain vagrant French players, who had been expelled from their owne contrey, and those women, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tongue at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage; so as I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe. Whether they had licence for so doing I know not; but I do know that, if they had licence it were fit that the Master [of the Revels] be called to account for the same."

Nothing daunted, however, by such outbursts of public feeling, the French company appeared again a fortnight later at the Red Bull Theatre, though with as little success as before. Their third attempt was made three weeks after the second, at the Fortune playhouse; and again they failed. Sir H. Herbert's office-book contains the following entry in reference to this performance:

"For allowinge of a French companie att the Fortune to play one afternoon this 14 day of December 1629—£1";

whilst, in a note to the above, Herbert informs us

"I should have had another piece, but in respect of their ill-fortune I was content to bestow a piece back."

The unfortunate experience of these pioneers of the French drama in England appears for some years to have disheartened others of their profession from crossing the Channel; but in 1635, another company played privately before the Queen, "and being recommended by her Majesty to the King," were allowed to perform at the Cockpit in Whitehall, where they appeared, "with good approbation," in a light comedy called *Melise*. Nor was this all; for Herbert proceeds, "they had the benefit of playing on the sermon days, and got £200 at least, besides many rich clothes that were given them." This second company, mindful of English susceptibilities, included no actresses; and for many years to come women's parts on our stage continued to be played by boys.

Being compelled to give up the Cockpit Theatre at Easter to Beeston and the Queen's English players, the French actors performed the *Trompeur puni* at Court, "with better approbation than the other"; and, such was their enterprise, that within a month of this date we find them installed at Drury Lane, where the King had given up to them the "manage house," a part of the riding-school, in order that it might be converted into a playhouse. This was on December 21, 1635, and Herbert is careful to remark:

"These Frenchmen were commended to me by the Queen, and have passed through my hands gratis,"

though it transpires that he allowed them to give his deputy £3 for his pains!

Such was the chequered history of the first French players who appeared on our stage. Under the Restoration they seem to have been treated with more consideration. Writing on August 30, 1661, Pepys notes in his Diary:

"Then my wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill-done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somersett, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance to avoyd further acquaintance. That done there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home."

One cannot help suspecting, however, that the prettiness of "my Lord Somersett's son" had not a little to do with the worthy Samuel's poor opinion of the French comedians; and it would be unfair to accept this as a serious criticism of their art.

The *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October 1738 contains the following notice, which shows that the troubles of French actors in London were not yet over:

"October 9th, By Authority—By the French company of comedians—*L'Embaras de Richesse*. Soon after the Licensing Act it was resolved to bring a set of players from abroad, and place them upon this stage, from whence our own had been just expelled. But when the bill appeared for the first performance of these French actors, with the word 'Authority' placed at the top, the public were stung to the quick, and thought themselves concerned to resent the insult put upon them by the Lord Chamberlain."

A riot ensued, and

"the public would not permit the French players to perform, at a time when many poor English actors had been deprived of their livelihood by Act of Parliament, and were in gaol for debt."

Thus the ill-starred French company fell victims to English political faction. A translation of the comedy which was to have been given was made by Ozell in 1735, under the title of *The Plague of Riches*, with the text and translation printed on opposite pages.

It was in 1828 that Mlle. Mars, the first of the many great French actresses who have played in London, made her appearance on our stage. She carried all before her. Hazlitt, who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, was wildly enthusiastic on her interpretation of the part of Célimène in *Le Misanthrope*:

"Her first few simple sentences," he wrote, "her 'Mon ami' at her lover's first ridiculous suggestion, the mingled surprise, displeasure and tenderness in the tone—her little peering eyes, full of languor and archness of meaning—the peaked nose and thin compressed lips, opening into an indulgent cordial smile—her self-possession, her slightest gesture—the ease and rapidity of her utterance, every word of which was perfectly distinguished—the playful, wondering good nature with which she humours the Misanthrope's eccentricities throughout, and the finer tone of sense and feeling in which she rejects his final proposal, must stamp her a favourite with the English as with the French part of the audience."

Yet, he adds:

"Mlle. Mars is neither handsome nor delicately formed. She has not the light airy grace, nor the evanescent fragility of appearance which distinguished Miss Farren, but more point and meaning, or more of the intellectual part of comedy."

But in spite of her hearty reception by the English public, her season was not a comfortable one, owing to the vexations she experienced at the hands of her manager, Laporte. In a letter to him, dated July 5, after expressing her surprise at the tone of his last communication, she hints that her dealings with him seem destined to be disagreeable. One of the articles of contract stipulated that she was not to play at any theatre or in any private drawing-room, either gratuitously or otherwise.

"This," she says, "I have never been accustomed to, and if you insist upon it I will at once cancel my engagement. . . . You think, perhaps, that because I am a stranger here, I shall find no one to support me, but you are mistaken."

It is little more than half a century since Rachel appeared in London, and aroused boundless enthusiasm; and on the favour won since then by French players on the English stage there is no need to dwell.

"L'AGE D'AIMER" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

THE contemporary French stage is commonly supposed to be immeasurably superior to our own, and, although superficially this is undoubtedly the case, whether in essentials it is so may well be questioned. Certainly the men now writing for the one are, as a body, more intellectual—more interested in life and far more interesting in their views of it—than those now writing for the other; but their knowledge of the theatre as a medium seems to be, if as great, at least no greater. M. Pierre Wolff's *L'Age d'Aimer* is a fair specimen of the obliquely and gently didactic pieces of which just now our neighbours are so fond. It deals, in a characteristic but to the Englishman somewhat unpleasant *milieu*, with the inability of the middle-aged to absorb the whole devotion of the young, and, although the writing is clever and distinguished, the general treatment of the subject is entirely ineffective. For what M. Wolff has done is to record the sufferings of a woman of forty unable to "hold" a lover ten years her junior—and to record them only. We see her struggling with herself just before, in spite of a bitter previous experience, she yields to his attack; troubled by the discovery of the letter which first tells her of a younger rival; tortured by the sight of the first embrace, and finally resigned when, although her lover has returned to his allegiance, she realises that it will not be for long. "Tu me feras souffrir encore . . . tu te rapprocheras de moi, comme en ce moment, pour me faire croire . . . puis tu me rendras à mes peines." But, although we see that Geneviève is moved, the exact nature of her emotions we never realise. We feel, if we feel at all, not with but for her. Not once does the author put us in her place, not once does he succeed in making her experience an experience personal to ourselves—in enabling us, in short, to appreciate her feeling through our own. The piece is not a play; it is a story, a mere statement—and statement not only wastes the theatre but is wasted in it. Madame Réjane's performance is necessarily superficial, but it is at moments consummate of its kind.

FINE ART

PAINTING IN LITTLE

OF the many branches of art production which at the present day reflect the very spirit of the æsthetic culture of days gone by, none exercises a deeper fascination over the imagination than does that of miniature painting. The reason of this is not far to seek. As is pointed out by Mr. Dudley Heath in his valuable and exhaustive monograph, "Miniatures" (Methuen, 25s. net)—the latest addition to the Connoisseur's Library—the appeal it makes is a personal one, conveying to the mind more completely than any other the realities of the past.

"In it," he says, "we see reflected the fashions and vanities, the graces and quaintnesses of our ancestors, and in the miniatures of mediæval manuscripts we have mirrored for us the religious and social life of each period, which adds an historical value we can hardly over-estimate. . . . The companionable proportions of the miniature portrait," he adds, "make peculiar appeal to my affections";

and here perhaps he puts his finger on the secret of its charm, for it can be carried everywhere by its possessor, worn next the heart by the lover of the person portrayed, and if need be it is easily concealed.

"Unlike the life-size portrait, it is," says Mr. Heath, "truly described as being always in scale, superficially and artistically, with its surroundings, and while it does not so grossly challenge our comparison, it may still be an invaluable historical and biographical record."

Although this most sympathetic writer admits that miniature painting was first introduced into England by Holbein, he justly claims that its greatest exponents since have undoubtedly been Englishmen, who, though "painters

in little, will bear comparison with the greatest portrait-painters of their time."

These preliminary quotations are enough to show how thorough a grip the critic has of his subject, and how fully he recognises the many directions in which the influence of the miniaturist is felt. He recognises how intimately the history of painting in little is bound up with that of the country in which it was practised, and he traces with unerring hand its evolution from its very earliest starting-point in illuminated manuscripts to the latest phase of its modern revival. He hints indeed at an even more remote origin, for he suggests that the first illuminations were the late outcome of pre-historic efforts at pictorial representation; but he wisely refrains from dwelling long upon a topic, which, however interesting, is, it must be owned, somewhat irrelevant.

It has long been the custom to treat the two subjects of illumination and miniature-painting as distinct, or at least to infer that the link between them, if it ever existed, is now lost. But Mr. Heath declares that there actually exist many examples of portraits painted into manuscripts, especially those of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and he points out that there was a very close connection indeed between the Renaissance painters and the illuminators and miniaturists of that period. He dwells also on the beautiful decorative sense with which the early portrait miniaturists arranged their subject in the square, round or oval shape, whilst their technique recalled the very best traditions of the finest illuminated manuscripts.

After giving a description of the chequered childhood of illumination in its parent land of Egypt, and of its first migrations to other countries, which reads like some Oriental romance, so clearly is the relation between the art and human emotion brought out, Mr. Heath describes in minute detail the finest existing examples and the methods employed by their artists. The Byzantine, Anglo-Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Carolingian and Gothic miniaturists are passed in able review; the new features and improvements are noted that were introduced in the fourteenth century, when, says Mr. Heath, the Renaissance was slowly but surely budding and putting forth new leaves; the influence of the invention of printing on the art of the miniaturist is traced, the narrative growing in interest as the golden age of painting is approached; the sad but inevitable decadence in the early years of the eighteenth century; the brief but glorious revival that succeeded that decadence; the ups and downs of the nineteenth century with the wonderful fusion of the present and the past which took place in its last decade, and out of which sprang the art of the present day, are each and all with their distinctive peculiarities brought vividly before the reader, every section of the work being full of pregnant suggestion as well as of carefully sifted and trustworthy data.

In his criticism of the various masters noticed, Mr. Heath shows an intimate insight into the peculiarities that set each of them apart from his contemporaries, as when he says of Nicolas Hilliard: "His great skill of elaboration charms principally by its minuteness and finesse of handling rather than its richness of quality and colour," adding that for all that:

"it will not inspire the student, for the excellencies are those of a craftsman well trained in the use of his tools rather than of an artist inspired by nature and instinct with individuality";

as was that of the man whom Hilliard took as his model, the mighty master, Holbein. In his general remarks also Mr. Heath shows himself entirely behind the scenes in his knowledge of how things are, as well as how they should be, done. He distinguishes, for instance, between true and legitimate realism and that of a trivial and insipid type, urging the modern miniaturist to remember that elaboration should be carried no further than is useful to truth and beauty and not injurious to breadth and dignity. His account of what has been done of recent years is especially interesting in view of the many pitfalls that await the feet

of the unwary enthusiast, and his remarks on the opportunities of the twentieth century should be read and pondered by every one interested in the revival of the art.

"We are," he says, "heirs to the accumulated experience, knowledge, and genius that have slowly and surely added branch to branch, leaf to leaf, and blossom to blossom, and to-day give us the fruits of centuries of effort and inspiration. . . . The artist," he adds, "cannot ignore previous manners of expression; from them he will choose and build up his own language and evolve in practice a manner peculiar to himself."

Avoiding direct criticism of living artists, always an invidious task, Mr. Heath pleads for a healthier and more robust view to be taken of the portrait-miniaturist's art. He asks for truth and dignity, as well as technical skill, for the revelation of character as well as the reproduction of beautiful features. He calls attention to the significant fact that men are nowadays scarcely ever painted in miniature, and he would fain see this restriction removed. He deprecates what he calls the Cosway craze, although he admits that there is very little of that clever but over-rated artist left in the phantom which stimulates the craze; and he entreats the modern miniaturist to try to wean public favour from the commercial and mechanical portrait and to place his own art completely outside competition with it. In a word, he holds up a high, though fortunately not an impossible ideal, as will be proved by an examination of the examples he gives of quite recent work, which may usefully be here compared with certain masterpieces of the eighteenth century.

The numerous illustrations enriching this most handsome volume, some in the three-colour process, others in photogravure and collotype, include a great variety of typical miniatures, all reproduced in their original size. Amongst the first, especially beautiful are the "Philip the Good" after a Flemish miniature on vellum of the fifteenth century, the "Portrait of an unknown Gentleman" by Richard Cosway, that of "Sir John Sinclair" by Andrew Plimer, an exceptionally good example of that very unequal master, and that of "Charles Heath" by Andrew Robertson, all excellent interpretations of strongly individualised male characters. Of the black-and-white reproductions, among the best are two bust portraits of men by the comparatively little known Thomas Flatman, the "Likeness of an unknown Gentleman" by C. Jansen, an excellent rendering of a remarkable piece of work, full of life and character; and of modern miniatures the "Portrait of a Young Lady" by Lionel Heath and that of "A Little Girl" by Helena Horwitz.

ART SALES

IN the sale at Messrs. Christie's of the collection of unset stones formed by the late Mr. C. H. T. Hawkins, several items touched high prices. A yellow brilliant, 135½ carats, realised £1380 (Tannebaum); and another £370 (Fileman); a fine deep-blue sapphire £330 (Nockold), and two others £355 (S. H. Harris); and a cat's-eye, in Indian chased gold box, £560 (Mayer).

At Messrs. Christie's, on Friday, in the sale of porcelain and objects of vertu, the property of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, a set of three old Chinese oviform fluted vases reached 950 gs. (Duveen); and a portrait of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., by J. Oliver, 480 gs. (Hodgkins). Of the more important articles in miscellaneous properties, a Louis XV. gold snuff-box, by J. P. Ducrollay, Paris, circa 1760, realised £1400 (C. J. Wertheimer); an old Chinese cylindrical vase, with the companion imperfect, £950 (Duveen); a Chelsea vase, painted in four panels with birds in landscapes, 880 gs. (Thompson); and a Sèvres oviform vase, gilding by Vincent, £700 (Hodgkins).

A portrait of Thackeray by L. Poyet, painted about 1840, during the novelist's residence in Paris, fell to Mr. Pearson, at Messrs. Sotheby's on the same day, for £95.

On Saturday Messrs. Christie disposed of Lord Tweedmouth's collection of pictures of the Early English school and works by Old Masters. A Raeburn—portrait of the artist's wife—fell to Mr. Charles Davis, at 8700 gs. A portrait of Raeburn himself was purchased by Messrs. Agnew, on behalf of the National Gallery of Scotland, for 4500 gs. The portrait of Mrs. Lucy Oswald went for 3600 gs. (C. Davis); and Mr. Davis also purchased at 6600 gs. the portrait of Emilia Maria Margaret, daughter of James, first Duke of Leinster, catalogued as by Reynolds; and "Simplicity" (2000 gs.). The single example of George Morland realised 4000 gs. (C. Davis); the

finer of two Hoppners, 3750 gs. (Messrs. Agnew); and Hogarth's "Conversation Piece; an assembly at Wanstead House" fell to Messrs. Agnew for 2750 gs. Later in the day a Hoppner, formerly the property of the late Mr. Eugene Collins, rose from 100 gs. to 5800 gs. (A. Wertheimer). The Reynolds portrait of Lady Waldegrave realised 1270 gs. (Messrs. Agnew); the Alexander Nasmyth portrait of Burns, the property of the Misses Cathcart, 1600 gs. (Morton); and a Raeburn portrait of Anna Maria, Countess of Minto, the property of Mr. W. G. Elliot, 1550 gs.

On the continuation of the Hawkins sale on Monday, two gold snuff-boxes realised good prices; one, a Louis XV., chased and enamelled, £1100 (Hamburger); another, a Louis XVI., with panels of dark green enamel, the centre of the lid with an oval plaque painted with Perseus and Andromeda, £410 (Stettiner).

SCIENCE

A CONTROVERTED QUESTION

IT might be urged that it is better not to raise the most difficult questions at all than to treat of them in a few hundred words. But plainly that argument would inhibit the writing of essays on anything but the ephemeral or the self-evident; and since the province of the essay is surely to suggest and appetise rather than to expound or satiate, I may dare here to consider one, or two, problems in æsthetics. The controversy is as to the existence or non-existence of a relation between art and morality.

As I hinted the other day, the man who believes that art is related to morality, commonly proceeds to defend his belief by *a posteriori* reasoning. He quotes instances where the relation is obvious, as in the work of Watts or Wagner or Wordsworth. But, as I also hinted, the disputant is apt to meet with difficulties. His illustrations may be fit enough, but his opponents quote others which are most disconcerting. Hence I, for one, as I said, have been led to fortify myself in my belief that there is a relation by the argument: "If art be true, it is a part of Truth and related to other parts of Truth, such as morality: Truth being One." Mr. Tilney suspects—in a happy phrase—that these are "Icarus' wings"; so it behoves me to demonstrate, if possible, that my reasoning is not waxen-jointed, and does not yield before the melting fervour of the Truth; which, I take it, is symbolised by the sun in Mr. Tilney's apt metaphor.

The quotation of what are supposed to be conclusive instances in proof of the "æsthetico-ethical" relation, is unsatisfactory, because it is used in support of the contention that the relation consists in the explicit inculcation of moral truths by any true work of art. Hereupon there enters not only the critic who instances, say, a Whistler Nocturne or a piece of "absolute music," and defies us to name the moral truth which it inculcates (since the beauty of holiness can scarcely be inferred from the beauty of paint), but also, and even more disconcertingly, such a critic as Mr. Davies, who quotes a drama, the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, which, we are told, "shocked the moral and æsthetic sense of Athens," but which is yet a great work of art. In the face of such examples it is impossible to hold that all true art must overtly teach morality. But that was never my contention: which is that, if there be any sense in which the words true and untrue can be applied to any work of art, then true works of art must necessarily be related to all other truths and true things.

Let us take the case cited by Mr. Davies: where the tragedian demonstrates the triumph of licentiousness and the ruin of the innocent and the guilty alike. But I am not compelled to "follow out logically" my "teaching," and describe that play as "false art." On the contrary, it seems to me to teach a truth—that is, to be true to life, that is, to be true art. The truth of this work of art is that also taught in the greatest of all Sermons (!): "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It is the truth that morality is not a matter of usury; that honesty is often not the best materialist policy; that the pure in

heart are blessed not with yachts or titles but in this, that, whether in the literal or a spiritual sense, "they shall see God."

Or take the story of Icarus. Here was a youth who had courage and faith in his father's handiwork: but he and his courage and his wings were flung into the sea. The story is a primitive work of art. If courage and faith were always rewarded, then the story would be false, in the artistic sense, and therefore bad art. But since virtue is its own reward, the story cannot be so characterised. So far am I from maintaining that all true art teaches the triumph or dividend-paying quality of virtue, that I apprehend the conventional "happy ending" and the typical melodrama to be bad art exactly because they teach this triumph; which can be taught only at the cost of truth to life. But the tragedy of *Hippolytus*, or any Greek tragedy that shows us the good man struggling with adversity or overwhelmed by Fate (which surely typifies natural non-moral causation)—is true art (and, as such, is a part of All Truth), exactly because it teaches that virtue is its own and only reward.

In a word, the art which deals with human emotions can be called true only when it is true to life—to the facts of life: and since morality also deals with the facts of life, such art is related to morality; things which are related to the same thing being, through it, related to one another.

But it may be urged, and with much plausibility, that there are certain works of art to which the terms true and untrue are inapplicable. According to Tolstoy, who seems to me to have proved his case, art is concerned with the communication of feeling or emotion. (Note this definition and its expression in Greek as *sympathy*—which is at the heart of morality.) But I have heard one of the most distinguished of living psychologists declare that the "content of an emotion" cannot be called a part of Truth—in the sense in which that word may be, as I think properly, "writ large." An object, for instance, may arouse pleasurable feeling in one man and painful feeling in another, or each to the same man at different times. But surely the occurrence of an emotional state is a *fact*: and, as such, is a part of Truth. If, then, the artist expresses—through the medium of his choice—any emotion which he has experienced, so that that emotion can be reproduced in others, his work, big or little, simple or complex, may properly be called true. If, however, he expresses an emotion which he did not feel, but would have us believe that he felt, then his work is untrue. Such, however, is the nature of things, that this work of his will fail of its intended effect: it is not Art but artifice; and the critic damns it eternally when he calls it insincere. He means that it purports to express an emotion which the *so-disant* artist did not feel: it is therefore untrue, and must properly be called false art. Thus art may be false or true in a higher and in a lower sense. A drawing may be untrue because it is false to the facts of perspective: a lyric may be untrue because it is false to the facts of emotion. The relation of the higher or creative arts to morality follows from the fact that both are concerned with emotion: but the relation applies even to an outline drawing of an artificial thing, such as a house. If such a drawing is a work of art, and not a mere diagram, it is so because it expresses the artist's pleasurable emotion when looking upon certain lines, or, at any rate, because it arouses such an æsthetic state in the observer, whether the drawing was the work of an artist or an architect's apprentice: and to deny that there is a relation between states of feeling—or what the psychologist calls "feeling-tone"—and morality, is to deny that happiness and morality are related; though it has been proved that the idea of happiness—whether of self or others or God—is an "inexpugnable element" in the conception of Good.

Last, as to Mr. Tilney's accusation that I "hedged behind a parenthesis" when I said that I was not concerned "with the separate question whether the artist should have moral questions in his mind's eye as he works."

I am not concerned with this question because, never having produced the smallest work of art, I am not the proper person to discuss it; and further because it seems to me to be a matter for the artist himself. I believe that some artists are aided by having moral questions in their mind's eye. You will not persuade me that Wagner and Æschylus and Shakespeare and Watts and a thousand more would have done the work they did had they cared not a straw for moral questions: art being the communication of emotion, the artist in whom emotion is aroused by moral questions is likely to work under their influence. Personally I care little for any other kind of artist, but that is beside the point; nor do I question for a moment that a painter may cover a canvas with beauty, though he had no other aim or thought. I apologise for expressing any opinion on this matter, which I had deliberately named as no affair of mine.

But when Mr. Tilney declares that this is not only not a separate question but actually the whole question, it is necessary to dissent, and I venture to hope that many readers will consider that certain questions of importance have been raised in the preceding paragraphs, though they are not at all concerned with what I will continue to think the separate question of the conditions most favourable to the genesis of art. The artist "with a purpose" may often achieve failure through it, yet he has often succeeded in spite of his purpose, or because his purpose has enhanced his emotion; but the artist for art's sake, concerned with nothing but the recording of what he has seen, or what his inward ear has heard, may yet, though he may care nothing for that, influence the *moral* of thousands. The posthumous quartets of the stone-deaf Beethoven are as "absolute" as music can be; but the average man that leaves the doors of the hall where the Joachim Quartet has played one of them, is more likely than before to give to the blind beggar at the corner, or to keep his temper over a belated dinner.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

MUSIC FROM WITHOUT

THERE is probably no branch of art which in one form or another appeals so widely to mankind in general as music. The man who likes no music at all, or, further, who actively dislikes all music, is rare indeed; and yet it is extraordinary how few there are who take any more intelligent interest in music as an art than the vague pleasure derived from its elements of rhythm and melody, when these are presented in their most obvious form. Amongst that large, and, one is thankful to think, ever-increasing class of people, who, starting with but a moderate education, continue to educate themselves by the exercise of a natural taste in matters literary and artistic, the same taste is rarely applied in anything like the same degree to music. An instance occurs to my mind of the family of a man holding a high position in one of our Universities, all cultivated people and for the most part gifted with the means of a considerable amount of artistic expression, who nevertheless do not hesitate to invite their musical friends to jingle dance-tunes upon an ancient piano, while they show their appreciation by carrying on conversation and saying "Thank you" at the end. Like cases will occur to the minds of most people; and, on the other hand, the converse often appears to be no less true. Musical ability, whether in performance or appreciation, is often found in conjunction with a lack of refinement or of education in other directions, and this fact is so patent to every one and has in the past wrought such disaster to the cause of music, that I do not care to dwell upon it. I only wish to accentuate the fact that musical cultivation is further removed from general education than is that of its sister arts. A public speaker, be he statesman, preacher or

lecturer, makes it his business to cultivate something of a literary style; he is ready with some apt quotations from classical prose and poetry; he alludes gracefully to the sculptures of Greece, and finds a fitting illustration amongst the masterpieces of Michelangelo. Then in a luckless hour he tries his hand at music: he speaks of the sublime melodies of Rossini, the lofty genius of Gounod, and if he has any musical auditors they find it a hard task to repress a smile. We have musicians in plenty; we have an eager public, ready to exercise their intelligence upon music, but, for the most part, needing guidance, and without the preliminary knowledge which would make them able to do so. The musicians cannot be their own interpreters. Browning said he could not be expected to write poetry and explain it, and though this was probably said whimsically, it is none the less true that an artist who gives way to a tendency towards foot-notes, runs the risk of ruining his work. It may be true that the greatest works are self-evident, and yet there is much in every art which is worth understanding, but which is very far from the ideal of sublime simplicity. We need, then, interpreters, and further, such interpreters as can speak, not with the didactic self-assurance of the man who knows and will impart his knowledge to us, but with the sympathy of one walking the same road with us, who through stronger eyesight or more minute observation has made a discovery which we might have passed over. It is that quality of "professionalism," ugly in all departments of life, hideous in connection with an art, which mars the utterances about music of men who have given their lives to its serious study. It is the opposite quality, the wide sympathy with all phases of life, from practical engineering to the sentiment of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which enabled Sir George Grove to do more to help on the general appreciation of music in England than any man whose whole life has been devoted to the art.

Sir Edward Elgar, speaking at Birmingham lately, made an excellent proposal as a part of his scheme for musical education at the new University there. He spoke of it as a wish very near to his heart to get men eminent in other capacities to give their views on music in the form of lectures. It is, of course, probable that such a proposal carried into effect would in many cases reveal a lack of discrimination and a vagueness of idea which would minimise the instructive value of the lectures, but instruction would not be their aim, nor is it that which is most needed at present. What is wanted is a sympathetic discussion of musical subjects in connection with everyday life. I feel convinced that there are many readers of the ACADEMY who pass over the articles headed "Music," as outside their range, but who nevertheless read with intense interest Dr. Saleeby's illustration of his argument on the fear of death by an allusion to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." Again, to me, who can lay no claim to a scientific understanding, his able allusions to his experiences at the performances of *Siegfried* and the *Valkyrie* elucidate his position with regard to science in a way which no amount of scientific language could do. It may seem a platitude in these latter days to suggest that people's interest can only be aroused in a new subject by showing its relation to something in which they are already interested, and yet there are actually to be found those who would have each man preach his own little gospel in a tongue unknown to the majority of his fellows, and who shout their shibboleths of "Art for art's sake," "Science pure and undefiled," until their real meaning is forgotten, and men shrink from the littleness of that which, in reality, rests upon the broadest basis. The purport of music needs explaining. People do not want to be told: "This is good music; that is bad. Admire this; hate that." They have suffered this sort of direction long enough, and, from its oftentimes conflicting statements, have grown to distrust it. What they do want is to be put into the way of forming such judgments for themselves. It does not so much matter what those judgments are at first, so long as they are the individual

exercise of thought. Then those who aspire to help others by writing or talking about music, must give up the hopeless habit of defining or explaining *ignotum per ignotius*; they must be themselves in touch with other interests, must prove their right to speak by the possession of a wider outlook imparted to them by their art, not a narrower. There is a narrowness, that which belongs to the man of real genius, which is excusable, nay almost essential to his doing the special work which is his mission. We forgive him for being a man of one idea, if that idea be one which has power greatly to enrich the world; but even here the narrowness is one of outward seeming rather than of reality. Beethoven passed for a recluse, a man apart, unapproachable, but his real sympathy with the life of the world at large appears in the "Eroica," as well as in the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies. With little men it is different. Their one link with greatness is their link with humanity, and if they lose that they are nothing. Those who give their lives to music are in danger of losing it. But music is for all, not for the few; the link must never be broken or lost, rather it must be strengthened by every possible means. It is outside the circle of so-called "musicians" that most can be done in this respect. Every cultivated and disciplined mind brought to bear on musical matters is a help, and we want more to undertake this work, since such are in fact the mediators between the artist and the public, between genius and the world.

H. C. C.

BOOK SALES

SALE OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

THE sale of the above collection of books, ancient and modern, illuminated manuscripts, historical documents, autograph letters, miniature paintings, etc., took place at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 1, 2, and 3. The highest price obtained was for two miniature paintings portraying the Nativity, in a rim with five figures and several angels, surrounded by five scenes from the life of the Virgin and the childhood of Jesus Christ, by an artist of the Flemish School, early sixteenth century. £605 (Quaritch). Next to this came The Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the Countesse of Pembroke, and Mornay's Discourse of Life and Death, done into English by the same (Sir Philip Sidney's sister). £560 (Jackson). The other leading lots sold were as follows: Psalterium Davidis Regis et Versione Vulgate Bibliae. A finely written English manuscript on vellum. £500 (Quaritch). Biblia Sacra Latina. MS. on vellum. £200 (Quaritch). Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists. Lecture II. Congreve and Addison. MS. The copy used by Thackeray to lecture from with corrections in his own hand. £115 (Pearson). Horæ Beatae Mariæ Virginis cum Calendario. A richly illuminated Dutch MS. on vellum. [1489.] £164 (Robson). Another MS. same subject. By Anglo-French scribe. £100 (Quaritch). Blake (William), The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. A copy of the extremely rare original issue. £150 (Stephens). Blake (Wm.), The Book of Thel. 1789. £67 (Dobell). Blake (William), Visions of the Daughters of Albion. Original edition, 1793. £105 (Leighton). Garrick. The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the Most Celebrated Persons of his Time. 2 vols. 1831-1832. Extra illustrated. £31 (Pearson). Nine letters of Garrick to various persons realised £52 11s. 6d. Thackeray. An original Portrait, by L. Poyet. About 1840. £95 (Pearson). Cowley, Abraham, autograph letter to John Evelyn. 1666. £21 (Dunton). De Quincey, Thomas, Journal, written during 1803. £66 (Steele). FitzGerald's translation of Omar Kayyam. Rare first edition, published by Bernard Quaritch in 1859. £46 (Quaritch). Shelley. Autograph letter to Ollier, publisher. 1820. £24 (Sabin). Burns. Autograph love-letter. 1 page. £15 5s. (Peace). Camden's Britannia: enlarged by Gough. Second edition. Extra illustrated and extended to 10 vols. 1806. £30 (Daniell). De Bry's Voyag. 1590-1622. £20 (Quaritch). Fowler's Engravings of the principal Mosaic Pavements discovered in Great Britain. 1798-1821. £25 (Ellis). Harte, Bret. A Secret of Telegraph Hill. Autograph MS. £22 (Marlowe). Same. The Chatelaine of Burnt-Ridge. Autograph MS. £20 (Maggs). Same. A Ward of the Golden Gate. Autograph MS. £50 (Maggs). Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence. £31 10s. (Bumpus). Marvell Andrew. 1660. £15 (Pearson). Reynolds, Sir Joshua. Works. 315 plates. 1820-1823. £53 (Sabin). R. L. Stevenson's Works. "Edinburgh Edition." £27 (Bumpus). Baskerville's Classics. 4 vols. Original edition. 1772-3. £14 15s. (Maggs). Ackerman's Microcosm of London. Coloured. £18 5s. (Hornstein). The Bible. 1549. Mathew's version, revised by Becker. It has the

"Bugges" reading in Psalm xci. £28 (Marlowe). Richard Rolle de Hampole's *The Pricke of Conscience*. MS. on vellum. £50 (Quaritch). Lord Lilford's coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands. 1885-1897. First edition. £45 (Lawson). Shelley. First editions. Revolt of Islam. 1818. £4 (Bumpus). Rosalind and Helen. 1819. £7 15s. (Hornstein). Posthumous Poems. 1824. £4 15s. (Hornstein). The Whole booke of Psalmes collected into English meetre by T. Sternhold, etc. *Black letter*. 1607. £26 10s. (Quaritch). Two illuminated miniatures representing The Last Supper and Pentecost. *French School, fifteenth century*. £142 (Warton). Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. Complete set of First edition (except Waverley, Guy Mannering, etc.). 74 vols. £40 (Coutts). Same. Poetical Works. Original edition. 7 vols. £20 10s. (Sainton). Same. Memorandum of Agreement between Sir Walter Scott and Constable & Co. Holograph of Sir W. Scott. 1819. £48 (Quaritch). This relates to the copyrights of Waverley, Guy Mannering, etc. Same. Another Agreement with Messrs. Constable and Co. relating to the copyrights of Ivanhoe, etc. Holograph of Sir W. Scott, 1821. £41 (Quaritch). Same. Letter to Messrs. Constable accepting £5250 for the copyright of The Pirate, Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, and Quentin Durward. 1823. £14 (Quaritch). Same. Assignments of the copyrights of the Border Minstrelsy, &c. 1805. £10 (Quaritch). Letter from Kitty Clive to David Garrick. £10 5s. (Barrington). Letter from Sarah Siddons to Mrs. Garrick. £2 (Siddons). Log Book of the "Prince George" kept by H.R.H. Prince William Henry (afterwards William the IV.). 1779-1783. £11 (Quaritch). The Temple of Love, by Inigo Jones and Sir Wm. Davenant. 1634. First edition. £4 4s. (Maggs). Bewick's History of British Birds. 2 vols. 1797-1804. First edition. £3 4s. (Maggs). Browning, Robert. Original autograph poem. "The North and the South." £10 (Quaritch). Mrs. Inchbald. Diary filled with Domestic and Dramatic Notes. 1783. £12 (Pearson). Lamb. Tales from Shakespear. 1807. Adventures of Ulysses. 1808. First edition. £13 15s. (Spencer). Lamb's Works. 2 vols. 1818. £22 (Dobell). Inscribed to Southey. Ackerman's University of Oxford and his History of Winchester, etc. 1814-1816. £41 (Hornstein). Boswell (Johnson's biographer). Autograph Letter from. 1790. £9 (Sotheman). Lovat, Simon Lord. Letter to his Cousin Glengary. 1741. £4 10s. (Woods). Smith's British Mezzotint Portraits. 4 vols. 1884. £23 (Sotheman). White's Natural History of Selborne. 1789. First edition. £5 5s. (Hornstein). King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Illuminated MS. on vellum. £26 (Leighton). Lease of the Middle Park at Eltham with portrait and signature of Queen Henrietta Maria. 1662-1663. £19 10s. (Marlowe). Warrant for payments in relation to Masque performed before the Queene, signed by Charles I. 1627. £16 (Quaritch).

The total amount realised was £5971 12s.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge announce the sale on June 19 and five following days of the third portion of the Library of Mr. Joseph Knight, the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. It chiefly consists of Works by the best-known English and French Writers on Poetry, Literature and the Drama.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Royal Academy Pictures 1905. Parts I.-IV. Cassell, 7s. 6d.
Dryhurst, A. R. *Raphael*. Methuen, Little Books on Art, 2s. 6d. net.
Walters, H. B. *History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman*. Based on the work of Samuel Birch. Two volumes, with 300 illustrations, including eight coloured Plates. Murray, 63s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Leveson-Gower, Hon. F. *Bygone Years: Recollections*. Murray, 12s. net.
Beilias, Edward. *Cherubini, Memorials illustrative of His Life*. New edition. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 6s. net.
Douglas, Sir George, Bart. *The Life of Major-General Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.* Hodder & Stoughton, Popular edition, 6s.
Tschudi, Clara. *Maria Sophia, Queen of Naples*. A continuation of *The Empress Elisabeth*. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.
Osborne, Chas. E. *The Life of Father Dolling*. Newnes, New edition, 6d.
Cowan, Henry, D.D. *John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation*. Putnam, Heroes of the Reformation, 6s.
Millar, A. H. *Mary Queen of Scots. Her Life Story*. Edinburgh: Brown; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

CLASSICAL.

Aristophanes. *The Acharnians*. Edited by C. E. Graves. Cambridge University Press, Pitt Press Series, 3s.
Long, F. P. *Outlines from Plato, an Introduction to Greek Metaphysics*. Oxford: Blackwell; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.
Platt, Hugh E. P. *Byways in the Classics, including Alia*. Oxford: Blackwell; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Borgia: a Period Play. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL.

Blackie's Model Readers. Book I., 8d.; Book II., 10d.
Selections from the Poetry of Edmund Spenser. Blackie, English Classics, 2d.
Shakespeare. *The Life of King Henry V. With Notes, etc.*, by W. H. Hudson. Illustrated. Dent's Shakespeare for Schools, 1s. 4d.

FICTION.

Smith, E. A. *Dorothy's Holiday, and other Stories*. Together with a short series of Essays on the Courtship of Miles Standish. Drane, 3s. 6d.
Home, Alice Jane. *Helen Murdock, or Treasures of Darkness*. The Religious Tract Society, 2s.
Stretton, Hesba. *The Soul of Honour*. The Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.
Kenyon, E. C. *The Heroes of Moss Hall School*. A Public School Story. The Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.
Meldrum, Mark. *Knox Rannoch's Prophecy*. A tale of the Sundered Scottish Sect for men and women of all Kirks. Aberdeen: Munro, 1s.
Firbank, Arthur Annesley Ronald. *Odette D'Antravernes and A Study in Temperament*. Mathews, 2s. net.
Masefield, John. *A Mainsail Haul*. Frontispiece by Jack B. Yeats. Mathews, 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
Munro, Neil. *Children of Tempest: a Tale of the Outer Isles*. New edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.
Winter, John Strange. *Just as it Was*. A Novel. White, 6s.
Hume, Fergus. *The Scarlet Bat*. A Detective Story. White, 6s.
Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Whisperer*. White, 6s.
Whishaw, Fred. *A Grand Duke of Russia: A Story of the Upheaval*. White, 6s.
Fletcher, J. S. *Grand Relations*. A Rustic Comedy. Unwin, 6s.
Hobbes, John Oliver. *The Flute of Pan*. A Romance. Unwin, 6s. (See p. 615).
Shorter, Dora Sigerson. *The Country-House Party*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. (see p. 616).
Queux, William Le. *Who giveth this Woman?* Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
Meadows, Alice Maud. *I Charge You Both*. Digby, Long, 6s.
Vernon-Harcourt, F. C. *The Devil's Derelicts*. Digby, Long, 2s. 6d.
Erick, C. A. Wentworth. *A Bunch of Shamrocks*. Stories for young People. Digby, Long, 6s.
Macquoid, Katherine S. *A Village Chronicle*. Digby, Long, 6s.
Furniss, Harry. *Poverty Bay*. A Nondescript Novel. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Gyp (Gabrielle de Mirabeau, Comtesse de Martel). *Cloelo*. Translated by Nora M. Statham. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.
Marshall, Archibald. *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*. Fourth edition. Rivers, 2s. 6d. net.
Moore, Frank Frankfort. *Castle Omeragh*. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
Told to the Children Series. Macgregor, Mary. *Stories of King Arthur's Knights*. With Pictures by Katherine Cameron. H. E. Marshall. *Stories of Robin Hood*. With Pictures by A. S. Forrest. Jack, 1s. net each.
Austin, Mary. *Isidro*. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Constable, 6s.
Gallon, Tom. *Lagden's Luck*. Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.
Bradby, G. F. *The Marquis's Eye*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Adams, Andy. *The Outlet*. Constable, 6s.
Diehl, Alice M. *Bread Upon the Waters*. A Novel. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Henry, Arthur. *The Unwritten Law*. A Novel. Nutt, 6s.
Ouida. *Le Selve, Toxin, An Altruist*. New edition. Long, 6d.
Dickberry, F. *The Storm of London*. A Social Rhapsody. New edition. Long, 1s.
Bennet, Robert Ames. *For the White Christ*. A Story of the Days of Charlemagne. Putnam, 6s.
Syrett, Netta. *The Day's Journey*. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Darlington, H. A. *The Rockliffe*. A Novel written in "the light of other Days." Jarrold, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Burton, John Hill, D.C.L. *The History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection*. In eight volumes. Vol. II. Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.
Records of the Borough of Leicester. Being a series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1509-1603. Edited by Mary Bateson. Revised by W. H. Stevenson and J. E. Stocks. Vol. III. Published under the Authority of the Corporation of Leicester. Cambridge University Press, 25s. net.
Snowden, C. E. *A Brief Survey of British History*. Comprising an Analysis and Commentary with Appendices illustrative of the points of contact between Great Britain, her Colonies and Foreign Nations. Methuen, 4s. 6d.

LITERATURE.

Derocquigny, Jules. *A Contribution to the Study of the French Element in English*. A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of Letters, University of Lyons. Lille: Le Bigot Bros.
Travaux et Mémoires de L'Université de Lille. Derocquigny, Jules. *Charles Lamb, Sa Vie et Ses Oeuvres*. Lille: Au Siège de L'Université.
De Flagello Myrteo. Thoughts and Fancies on Love. Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Vol. XX. No. 2. New series. Vol. XIII., No. 2, June 1905. Baltimore: Furst, \$1.00.
Moore, Isabel. *Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton*. Putnam, 10s. 6d. net.
Chesterton, Gilbert K. *Heretics*. Lane, 5s.
More, Paul Elmer. *Shelburne Essays*. Second series. Putnam, 5s. net.
Noteworthy Opinions. Pro and Con. Bacon v. Shakspeare. Compiled and edited by Edwin Reed, A.M. Boston: Courn Publishing Co., 6s.
Septem Psalmorum Penitentialium Versio Elegiaca. Facia a Richardo Johnson Walker. The Bursar, St. Paul's School, 5s. net.
Betham, Ernest. *A House of Letters*. Being Excerpts from the Correspondence of Miss Charlotte Jerminham (the Hon. Lady Bedingfield), Lady Jerminham, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Bernard and Lucy Barton, and others, with Matilda Betham; and from diaries and various sources; and a chapter from Landor's Quarrel with Charles Betham at Llanthony. Also notes of some phases in the evolution of an English family. Jarrold, 10s. 6d. net.
Golther, Wolfgang. *Richard Wagner as Poet*. Translated by Jessie Haynes. Illustrated Cameos of Literature, edited by George Brandes. Heine-mann, 1s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anon. *Twentieth-Century Alchemy, or The Art of Transmuting Clay into Gold, and Farming, Ex-tensive, In-tensive, Mid-tensive*, or the way to re-populate the rural districts. Duplex edition. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.
My Garden in the City of Gardens. A Memory with Illustrations. Lane, 6s.
Du Bois, W. E. Burghardt. *The Souls of Black Folk*. Essays and Sketches. Constable, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

Gilman, Lawrence. *Phases of Modern Music*. Strauss-MacDowell-Elgar-Loeffler-Mascagni-Grieg-Cornelius-Verdi-Wagner. "Parsifal" and its significance. Lane, 4s. net.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Fox, John, Junior. *Following the Sun-Flag*. A Vain Pursuit through Manchuria. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

Santayana, George. *The Life of Reason or the Phases of Human Progress*, Vol. I. *Introduction and Reason in Common Sense*. Vol. II. *Reason in Society*. Constable, 5s. net each.

Angell, James Rowland. *Psychology*. An Introductory Study of the Structure and Function of Human Consciousness. Second edition, revised. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

Songs Unset. White.

Esher, Eleanor. *Dreamland*. Humphreys, 2s. 6d. net.

Plarr, Victor. *The Tragedy of Asgard*. Mathews, 1s. net.

Ainslie, Douglas. *Moments*. Constable, 1s. net.

Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson. *The Nets of Love*. Mathews, 1s. net.

POLITICAL.

Ireland, Alleyne, F.R.G.S. *The Far-Eastern Tropics*. Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies, Hong Kong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, the Straits Settlements, French Indo-China, Java, the Philippine Islands. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

The Poems of Thomas Gray and William Collins. Newnes, Pocket Classics, 2s. 6d. net.

Smiles, Samuel, LL.D. *Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist*. Murray, Popular edition, 3s. 6d.

Bishop, Mrs. (Isabella Bird). *Korea and Her Neighbours*. A Narrative of Travel, with an account of the Vicissitudes and Position of the Country. Murray, Popular edition, 5s. net.

Glover, Thomas. *An Account of Virginia, its Situation, Temperature, Productions, Inhabitants and their manner of planting and ordering Tobacco, etc.* Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. *Poems*. Blackie, Red Letter Library, 2s. 6d. net. Blackie's English School Texts, Drake's *World Encompassed*, Napier's *Battles of the Peninsular War*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (abridged). Blackie, 8d. each.

The English Counties. A series of Supplementary Readers. Lancashire. Blackie, 8d.

Brontë, Charlotte. *Vilette*. In two vols. Novels of the Sisters Brontë in ten vols. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.

Carlyle, Thomas. *Oliver Cromwell*. With a Selection from his Letters and Speeches. Abridged and newly edited by Edgar Sanderson. Hutchinson, Library of Standard Biographies, 1s. net.

Beaconsfield, The Earl of. *Contarini Fleming*. A Psychological Romance, with an Introduction by Earl of Iddesleigh. Lane, the New Pocket Library, 1s. 6d. net.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, edited with Notes and a Life of Milton by Robert Vaughan, D.D. Cassell. (See p. 623.)

Egan, Pierce. *Real Life in London, or the Rambles and Adventures of Bob Tallyho, Esq., and his cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashall, through the Metropolis*. Embellished and Illustrated with a series of Coloured Prints, designed and engraved by Messrs. Alkin, Dighton, Rowlandson, etc. Two vols. Methuen, Illustrated Pocket Library, 3s. 6d. net each.

SCIENCE.

Duncan, Robert Kennedy. *The New Knowledge*. A Popular Account of the new Physics and the new Chemistry in their relation to the new Theory of Matter. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.

Peckham, George W. and Elizabeth G. *Wasps, Social and Solitary*. With an Introduction by John Burroughs. Constable, 5s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Shaler, Nathaniel Southgate. *The Citizen*. A Study of the Individual and the Government. Constable, 5s. net.

Holland, Robert Afton, S.T.D. *The Commonwealth of Man*. The Slocum Lectures, 1894. Delivered at the University of Michigan. Putnam, 5s. net.

SPORT.

Marshall v. Janowski. Games of the Paris Match, with Notes by F. J. Marshall. Kegan Paul, 1s. net.

Staunton, Howard. *Chess*. Containing the elementary portion of "The Chess-Player's Handbook." Drane, A B C Series, 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Ottley, R. L. *The Religion of Israel*. A Historical Sketch. Cambridge University Press, 4s.

Macran, F. W. *English Apologetic Theology*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Mott, J. R. *The Home Ministry and Modern Missions*. A Plea for Leadership in World Evangelisation. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

Wigram, A. Theodore, D.D. *The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven*. Some words for Peace. Mowbray, 5s. net.

Barber, Rev. Robert W. *Pentecostal Instructions for Teachers and for Devotional Use*. Weekly Lessons for the second half of the Christian Year. Mowbray, 1s. 6d. net.

Celestial Fire. Daily Meditations for Friday after Ascension Day to Saturday in Whitsun Week by the author of "The Sanctus Bell," etc. Mowbray, 1s. net.

Ford, Rev. Reginald. *Private Prayers for Schoolboys*. Mowbray, 9d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Thomas, Edward. *Beautiful Wales*. Painted by Robert Fowler, R.I., with a Note on Mr. Fowler's Landscapes by Alex. J. Finberg. Black, 20s. net.

Baring Gould, S. *A Book of South Wales*. Methuen, 6s.

Murray's *Hand-book of Travel-Talk*. Being a collection of Questions, Phrases, and Vocabulary in English, French, German and Italian. Stanford, 3s. 6d.

THE BOOKSHELF

Betting and Gambling; A National Evil. By B. Seeböhm Rowntree. (Macmillan, 5s.)—That Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree is sincere in his dislike of gambling is patent to all who may chance to read the work under notice; and we would not for a moment attribute to him that dishonesty of purpose which he does not hesitate to impute to the majority of persons who venture to differ from him in opinion. On page 106, par. 19, of the "Odds against the backer," it is stated: "Public backs the favourite, stable wins with outsider. See Dieudonné and Jeddah." The inference is as obvious as it is totally unfounded, and such reckless assertions will go far in the minds of all fair-thinking people to induce them to pause and consider before they accept as gospel either the ethics or the statistics of the author. The long chapter entitled "The Deluded Sportsman," which purports to be written by a "Bookmaker," is really funny, and did such a bookmaker exist, he would be assured of a numerous clientele, though it is doubtful if he would long remain in a position to pay his debts. We make no apology for quoting a genuinely amusing passage which will be found on page 178. It says: "The writer remembers travelling one day from Newcastle with a number of working men who were going to attend the races at Thirsk. They were evidently men who habitually betted and closely followed the betting in the papers. To anyone with the slightest knowledge of horses (the italics are our own) their discussion, although accompanied by airs of profound wisdom, was in the highest degree amusing, the climax coming when one man, whose opinion was evidently greatly valued by the rest, gave us his reason for not backing a certain horse—'he wags his tail over much for me.'" Now that man knew what he was talking about; the swishing of a horse's tail is more often than not a clear indication of a shifty and uncertain disposition. Our author is of opinion that "Gambling is a disease which spreads itself downwards to the industrious poor, from the idle rich." This is a statement which is at least open to doubt. From prehistoric times men have gambled, and it is more than probable that they will continue to do so until the end of all things mundane. We can at all events congratulate Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree upon having produced an amusing contribution to the faddist class of literature of the day.

The Preservation of Antiquities. By Dr. Friedrich Rathgen. Translated by George A. Auden, M.A., M.D., and Harold A. Auden, M.Sc., D.Sc. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)—With German thoroughness the learned author of this little handbook, which has been admirably translated into English, devotes the first portion of his work to an examination of the changes that are produced in the various substances of which antiquities are composed by the action of the earth when they are buried, and by the air when they are exposed to the atmosphere. He illustrates these changes by examples that may be easily examined, many of them in the Royal Museum of Berlin, of which he is curator, and having thus clearly defined the dangers to be coped with by those responsible for the preservation of the priceless heirlooms confided to their care, he defines exactly what steps should be taken to prevent decay and to arrest it if it has begun. Beginning with inorganic substances, such as limestone, clay, Nile mud, sandstone, granite, iron, bronze and copper, he describes the various methods employed in their treatment by Krause, Krefting and other experts, passing thence to dwell on the best way of treating organic materials, such as bone, leather, amber, &c., concluding with a brief, but very instructive essay on the care of antiquities after preservative treatment.

Thirty years of work have gone to the compilation of Mr. Algernon Graves' book *The Royal Academy of Art, a complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work from its Foundation in 1769 to 1904* (Henry Graves & Co., and George Bell & Sons. Two guineas net, each volume). The work has been compiled with the sanction of the President and Council of the Royal Academy, and the compiler has had the advantage of consulting Lord Rosebery's collection of Royal Academy Catalogues, which contain all Horace Walpole's notes. The first volume runs from Abbeyne to Carrington. Every care has been taken to ensure accuracy and after each letter a number of blank pages are left for owners of the book to fill in in future years.

Messrs. Cassell have sent us a large quarto volume of Milton's *Paradise Lost* with the Doré illustrations, edited, with a Life of Milton and Notes, by Robert Vaughan, D.D. The inclusion of the Life is a good feature; but the literary introduction which follows appears to us quite out of place, and in a book which is produced primarily as a thing of beauty, and not for study by students, it seems to us that a foot-note, even so brief as those in this edition, spoils the look of the page without any compensating advantage. To explain that "Soldan" means Sultan, that "thralls" means slaves and that the bird of the nocturnal note is the nightingale, is to give us nothing in return for the unevenness which upsets the balance of an otherwise handsome page. The well-known illustrations are finely reproduced.

Messrs. Blackwood and Co., are bringing out in eight volumes (2s. 6d. each), a handy reprint of Burton's *History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection*. Burton's History is universally acknowledged as at once the most learned, fair and interesting connected history of Scotland ever published. Modern research has necessarily invalidated a few of his conclusions, but the changes are such only as will affect specialists and do nothing to impair the great value of Burton's work.

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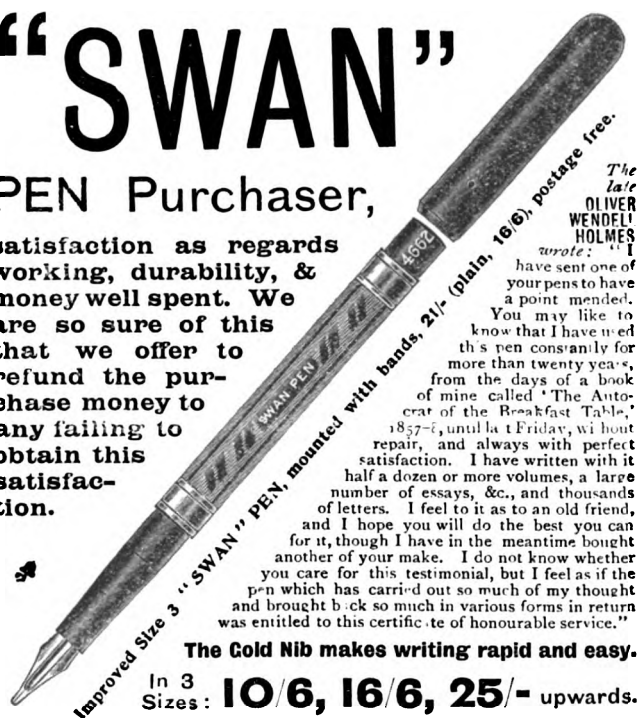
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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1728

JUNE 17, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Oxford undergraduate does not conform to Emerson's idea of a scholar. Instead of passing his time "in silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction," he starts magazines, and expresses his opinion on all subjects under the sun. Sometimes his magazines do not last very long, as in the case of the *Bull-dog*, of which only one number was published. Sometimes they are quite durable and serious, like the well-known *Oxford Magazine*, established in 1865, and still flourishing, though not in the original formation. Here are reviews, sonnets, sermons—everything except the wit and reckless audacity of youth.

These last qualities, however, have adorned a good many of the Oxford periodicals. Among them one notes the *Isis*, which started with the laudable intention of not treating the Proctor as an enemy of the human race "but rather as one who from the exigencies of his position is constrained to make himself objectionable for a short space, but whose heart yearns for the day when he shall doff the garb of tyranny and be a man again"; the *Oxford Spectator*, written by Mr. T. H. Ward, E. Nolan, and the present Bishop of Calcutta; and the *Shotover Papers*, which strike a livelier note, and are not above including even Limericks.

Now there come to us two fresh magazines, the *Protean* and the *Mosaic*. They are of modest dimensions, and contain no remarks to alarm the Proctor or any other authority. Rather the tone is decorous and literary, as of one aiming at the ideal. The *Protean*, as its name indicates, welcomes to its pages the most varied topics. Here is a travel article, there an amusing account in verse of the way in which the "Meno" came to be written; there an attempt—not wholly successful—to do a thing more difficult than an ingenuous youth imagines—to put "La vie est brève" into English verse. The *Mosaic* bears on its first page a Greek word which signifies "the noise made by bubbles rising," but its contents, except perhaps for a short poem, are not of the bubble order. "Whistler as a Colourist" is a piece of elaborate and thoughtful art-criticism, and the other articles are remarkable for correct taste and high intellectual sympathies. These things are good; but are they the qualities most valuable in youth, the qualities that promise most bravely for originality and strength in maturer years? "Ragging," as we learn from the *Protean*, is dying out after bump-suppers and the like. Is literary ragging dying out too? Much as we admire the *Mosaic*, we cannot help an elderly sigh of regret for what we miss in its decorous pages.

The translation of "La vie est brève" is a favourite exercise of poets. The rendering of our Oxford poet in the *Protean* runs thus:

"La vie est brève, Un peu d'amour, Un peu de rêve, Et puis, bon jour !	"A few short years Of love and sorrow, Fancies and fears, And so—good-morrow !
"La vie est vaine; Un peu d'espoir, Un peu de haine, Et puis bon soir !"	"Vain empty life ! A little spell Of hope and strife, And then—farewell."

This hardly seems to us to catch the spirit of the original, and the French lines are not, we believe, correctly arranged. Should we not read:

"La vie est vaine— Un peu d'amour, Un peu de haine, Et puis bonjour.	"La vie est brève— Un peu d'espoir, Un peu de rêve, Et puis—bon soir."
---	---

About five hundred versions of this were published in the "Journal of Education" in 1900. One of the best of them was that by Mr. Francis Storr:

"Our life's a stage; A while we play At love and rage, And then—good day !	"Our life's a gleam, A swallow flight; We mope, we dream, And then—good-night."
---	--

This, by Miss Mary Grace Walker, has also much merit:

"This life is vain: Love's fleeting sway, Hate's passing pain, And then—good day !	"This life is brief: Hope's short delight, A dream's relief, And then—good-night."
---	---

We doubt, however, whether there is any rendering which is quite satisfactory at once by its grace and its close fidelity to the French.

In the *Architectural Review* for the current month is a well-informed and beautifully illustrated article by Mr. Champneys on "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture," if such primitive and rude structures as those displayed can be classed as architecture. All the same, they transport us back to the dim past and call up the hermits of the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, men not only of great saintliness, but of artistic feeling and learning remarkable for the times. Witness the Book of Kells, the glory of Trinity College, Dublin, and justly described "for taste and delicacy, originality and elaboration of colouring as among the wonders of the world." This volume was long preserved at the Monastery of Kells (founded by St. Columba), and was probably written there in the seventh century.

The early learning and zeal of the Irish monks is one of the surprises of history. Alcuin of York, "Minister of Education" to Charlemagne, wrote a letter to Colcu, chief professor of the school or University of Clonmacnoise, sending presents from himself and his master (Charlemagne) and requesting his prayers. Charlemagne, with the assistance of Alcuin, reformed and simplified the handwriting of the period based on Irish models; and Ireland became in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries a centre of learning, and foreigners found their way to the Isle of Saints to learn Greek. In these rude cells, therefore, which are described by Mr. Champneys, dwelt men of real religion and learning. The history of the early Irish saints, their cells,

their learning and their influence on Britain and Eastern Europe has yet to be written in monograph form. We have only to read Adamnan's "Life of Columba" which is now accessible to all, to realise the life and work of these ancient men of God. When we remember how much we are indebted to those forgotten men who lived for holiness and learning in their rough beehive-shaped structures with narrow entrances, our hearts warm to these seekers after light, who sought strangely according to modern ideas.

The old *National Magazine* from which last week we recovered a neglected "Imaginary Conversation" by Walter Savage Landor, has other matters of bibliographical interest hidden in its well-filled pages. Most lovers of the Lambs are aware that in the Cowden Clarkes' "Recollections of Writers," published in 1878, there are two pleasant chapters devoted to Charles and Mary Lamb, but none of the editors of Lamb's works seem aware of the fact that one of these chapters had made its original appearance twenty years earlier. It will be found, as "Recollections of Mary Lamb by One who knew Her," in the third volume of the magazine named (p. 360). In the second volume (p. 375) there will be found an early tale in prose by Christina G. Rossetti. It is entitled "Nick: a Child's Story," and tells how a curmudgeonly man who wished ill to his neighbours was suddenly endowed with the power of becoming what he wished for an hour at a time; after being a flock of sparrows, a bull-dog, a stick, fire, and an old miser, he is heartily glad to be restored to his old self and to forego wishing evil to other folk. Less notable writers—Dora Greenwell, Sydney Dobell, Wilkie Collins—will also be found represented in this interesting old periodical.

On Wednesday next (June 21) it will be just two hundred years since there was baptized at Cuddenden near Halifax, Yorkshire, an infant who was destined to be widely famous in the century to which he belonged. This was David Hartley, the actual date of whose birth is not known, and whose bi-centenary is little likely to cause much excitement, though a century ago he occupied a more important place in men's regard; indeed, it is little more than a century since Coleridge testified to his admiration for the natural philosopher by naming his eldest son after him. Educated as a physician—he practised latterly in the fashionable centres of London and Bath—it was as a natural philosopher (to use the old term) that he became most widely known, and his most notable book was entitled "Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty and His Expectations." Boswell tells us with reference to Hartley that:

"Johnson one day observing a friend of his packing up two volumes of 'Observations on Man,' written by this great and good man, to take into the country, said, 'Sir, you do right to take Dr. Hartley with you; Priestley said of him that he had learned more from Hartley than from any book he had ever read except the Bible.'"

Sir Leslie Stephen, one of the leading authorities on eighteenth-century thought and literature, said that "Hartley's influence upon later English ethical writers of the empirical school was very great, and he anticipated most of their arguments in regard to association, a principle to which he gave a width of application previously unknown." Coleridge, in his "Religious Musings," calls him:

"Hartley, of mortal kind
Wisest, he first who marked the ideal tribes
Down the fine fibres from the sentient brain
Roll subtly singing."

Hartley died at the age of fifty-two, having gained a recognised position among the physicians and philosophers of his time, and being much liked for his pleasant genial manner. "Whoever carefully peruses his chief work," said Sir James Mackintosh, "must be unfortunate if he does not see, feel and own that the writer was a great philosopher and a good man."

The summer number of *Country Life* contains a hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Browning, the first fourteen lines of which, with the title, "A Forest Thought," and the poet's signature, with the date "Nov 4, 1837," are reproduced in facsimile. It is often said that Browning worked very hard upon his manuscripts, altering and correcting, polishing perhaps sometimes, but more often, unfortunately, plunging deeper into obscurity in the effort to get the whole of his thought into his lines. There is no trace of such effort and elaboration here. Browning, it appears from the note prefixed to the poem, had been with some friends to the christening of their son. On his return from the church to the house, he went into a room by himself, and after a very short absence returned with the poem, fifty-two lines in all, complete. The facsimile shows not a single correction. The fourteen lines are as unblotted as Shakespeare's.

And there is no occasion to wish it otherwise. The poet was seized with a simple thought, and simple and beautiful expression seems to have come to him without pause or difficulty. He is here the poet of "Oh! to be in England!" not of "Sordello" or the "Parleyings." He likens human birth and growth to that of the fir-trees "in far Esthonian solitudes." The parent-trees grow up and lose their youthful beauty:

"But just when beauty passes away
And you half regret it could not stay,
For all their sap and vigorous life—
Under the shade, secured from strife,
A seedling springs—the forest-tree
In miniature, and again we see
The delicate leaves that will fade one day,
The fan-like shoots that will drop away,
The taper-stem a breath could strain—
Which shall one day foil the hurricane:
We turn from this infant of the copse
To the parent-firs,—in their waving tops
To find some trace of the light-green tuft
A breath could stir,—in the bole aloft
Column-like set against the sky,
The spire that flourished floridly
And the marten bent as she rustled by."

Jane Welsh Carlyle would have no need to ask in this case, as she did in that of "Sordello," whether the subject of the poem was a man, a city, or a book. Browning's reputation would gain if some one would find more unprinted poems like this, and lose a good many of the printed ones.

We refuse to take Lord Rosebery seriously. Called upon at Edinburgh to make an after-dinner speech to the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland he chose as his theme the relations of literature and commerce. The high-water mark of literature as a commercial undertaking was reached, he contended, in the first half of the nineteenth century. Poems were produced in quarto, and authors were paid in proportion to the size of the book. Without seeing "Lalla Rookh" Messrs. Longmans paid Moore a sum equivalent to-day to at least eight thousand pounds for the poem. That, said Lord Rosebery, was a time when publishers were too generous—when Southey was penning epics which he imagined would go down to posterity with Homer and Vergil. He wondered how many of the booksellers present had read "Lalla Rookh" or Southey's epics. Probably few. Poetry as a commercial article may have had its day; but Lord Rosebery cited isolated instances in support of his contention. And we question whether, taken as a whole, the prices realised by literary men in the early part of the nineteenth century would compare favourably with those obtained by our most popular novelists to-day.

The choice of the Academicians has fallen upon M. Étienne Lamy, a veteran author born in 1845. His best known works are "Études sur le second Empire," "La France du

Levant," "L'armée et la démocratie," and "La femme de demain." His doctrines on the last-named subject may be illustrated by a quotation:

"If women do not sign many books, they prepare them by the thoughts which they communicate to their sons. The education of children—that is the great task, that is the permanent *chef-d'œuvre* of woman. When inquiring into a man's crimes we are accustomed to say: *Cherchez la femme*. When praising a man's virtues we should say: *Cherchez la mère*. The most pure, the most disinterested, the most profound tenderness cannot be barren of results. Into the thought and the heart of a child, a mother only allows that which is best of her to penetrate. For their children, the most egoistical forget themselves, the most frivolous become grave, the least virtuous are sanctified."

M. Maurice Barrès, who had fourteen votes at the election, is a much younger man. Born in 1862, he began to write while still a student at Nancy. In 1882 he contributed to *La Jeune France* an article entitled "Le théâtre d'Auguste Vacquerie," and was complimented in the Answers to Correspondents. "You have much wit, and you are very charming," he read; and the compliment was the more valuable because *La Jeune France* was in the habit of insulting its correspondents in this way: "Impossible. Not worth a row of pins." Or again: "To X. at Paris: The man who edits the Bulletin bibliographique certainly does not pretend to have your genius. He is satisfied not to be a fool. You would be wise to follow his example, though to do that is beyond some people's power."

It is thought likely that M. Barrès may win his seat at the next election, necessitated by the death of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier; but if, as reported to be likely, M. Ribot—the orator, not the psychologist—stands against him, the competition will be formidable. The vacancy is not, however, to be filled until the autumn, and between now and then many things may happen.

Two disputes are at present raging around literary monuments. The Stendhal Committee, having money to spend, cannot agree whether to spend it on a bust or on bringing out a new edition of the Correspondence, which is out of print.

The other dispute, more acute in character, concerns a proposal for a monument to Lamartine. A paper called *Les Annales romantiques*, has started a subscription for the erection of a memorial to the poet and his mistress, "Elvire," on the shores of the Lac de Bourget, where they lived and loved and boated some eighty or ninety years ago. We told their story in these columns, not very long since. Elvire, it will be remembered, was a married woman who repented of her affection before she died, while her lover, after mourning his loss, married another lady. In the circumstances, is it a correct taste which proposes to affix the medallion of the one lover to the statue of the other? There are, at all events, French critics who hold that the precedent is a bad one. "You might as well," protests one of them, "build a monument to unite in posthumous reconciliation such lovers as George Sand and Alfred de Musset."

Another literary topic of which the French papers are full is what is called "the incident Paul Chenay." Long years ago, at the time when Victor Hugo was in exile in Guernsey, M. Chenay, by profession an artist and engraver, met Madame Hugo at the house of Deplhine Gay, and married her younger sister. Invited to Hauteville House, he remained there for four years, and some time after his return wrote a book on the poet's domestic affairs, which led to a breach with the members of the poet's family. Hugo's domestic affairs were such that it was impossible to write of them truthfully without giving offence; but, of

course, his brother-in-law, having enjoyed his hospitality, should have held his peace. The "incident" arises because M. Chenay in his old age—he is eighty-seven—finds himself reduced to absolute poverty, living with his daughter in a single room, without the means to pay the rent for it, while the rest of the Hugo family is prosperous. Hence an interview with M. Paul Meurice, Victor Hugo's executor, and inquiries as to what the family propose to do.

"In such difficult situations," says M. Meurice, "in which our interests or our rancours conflict with our desire to pity and forgive, I always ask myself what Victor Hugo would have done in my place. In this case he would have pitied, he would have forgiven. We know it from his own writings: 'Donne-lui tout de même à boire, dit mon père.' I am, therefore, exerting all my eloquence to procure him [M. Chenay] a small monthly allowance, and I am also seeing what I can do for his daughter. Claretie has promised me that she shall have the first vacant place as 'ouvreuse.' Which sounds perhaps more generous than it is, for there is really something tragic in the thought that when we go to see Hugo's plays at the Français our hats and coats should be taken by his niece.

Mr. Werner Laurie will publish during June a work by Mr. James Huneker, the well-known critic. It is to be called "Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists," and is the result of a study of the theatre in many capitals. The volume comprises critical studies of Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Henry Becque, Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Hervieu, The Quintessence of Shaw, Maxim Gorky's *Nachtasyl*, Hermann Sudermann, Princess Mathilde's Play, Duse and D'Annunzio, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

LITERATURE

THE INCONVENIENCE OF FAME

Essays of Travel. By R. L. STEVENSON. *Recollections of R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific.* By ARTHUR JOHNSTONE. (Chatto & Windus, 6s. each.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is suffering the ill-fortune which is inseparable from a too sudden fame. In the first place, the casual articles which he wrote in his youth, and which he did not deem it worth while to collect between two covers, are reprinted as though they were masterpieces. In the second, curious enthusiasts gather his trivial sayings, and note the most commonplace habits of his life. No good end is served by either of these enterprises, and while we deplore the injury done to the victim, we cannot too strongly condemn the indiscretion of anxious editors and impertinent biographers.

Stevenson's "Essays of Travel" have already found a place in the complete edition of his works. There they might very well have remained for the pleasure of those who wish to lose no single line of his writing. But they add nothing to his reputation. They are merely worse specimens of what he has done far better elsewhere. Of course, they are written with a careful elaboration, or they would not be his. Of course, also, they contain ingenious fancies and sincere impressions. But we read them all without enthusiasm, and some of them even without interest. The one point worthy of notice in the book is that Stevenson set out in his youth upon the self-same path which he followed to the end. As early as 1871 he was conscious of his style, and though he had not so much to say as in later years, he was already sternly scrupulous in the use of words.

But, while small service is done to his memory by the republication of these essays, a far greater wrong is inflicted by the inconsiderate recollections of Paul I'rys.

There is no single word, for instance, that can be said in favour of Mr. Arthur Johnstone's prolix and pretentious work. Mr. Johnstone is as deficient in taste as in knowledge of letters. It is evident that he holds strong views concerning the politics of the Islands, and as he differs completely in his opinion from Stevenson, he might have written an interesting article upon the crisis in Samoa, and the misgovernment of the Sandwich Islands. But so modest a plan would never satisfy him. He must collect whatever unimportant facts he can concerning the great man, and he must give us his opinion, which is not worth a great deal, of the great man's works. His industry, had it been used in a better cause, would be entitled to the highest praise. He seems to have cross-examined everybody who encountered Stevenson in Polynesia. He inflicts upon us with minute detail the observations which the Captain of the *Casco* has thought fit to make upon the novelist. He has reproduced in facsimile a trivial letter which Stevenson addressed to the editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*. He has printed at length a speech which Stevenson delivered to the Scottish Thistle Club, and which contains nothing that need be remembered. But the most remarkable trait in the character of Mr. Johnstone and his friends is that they one and all regarded Robert Louis Stevenson as a kind of freak; they looked at him with the same foolish curiosity wherewith children gaze at wild beasts in a show. If the novelist did any of the common things which life imposes upon mankind, they affected a wild surprise. We have no doubt that if he doffed his hat in their presence they went into an ecstasy of wonder, and from the tone of Mr. Johnstone's book we may conclude that their astonishment could not have been greater had their hero entered the room on his head. When Mr. Johnstone piously describes Stevenson's appearance before the Scottish Thistle Club he informs us that the novelist "threw off several heavy wraps before entering the hall." Would he have had him keep them about him, and catch cold on his homeward journey? And as if this were not sufficiently amazing, he proceeds to tell us that Stevenson "walked directly to the platform." How should he walk? Should he have proceeded sideways like a crab, or should he have fluttered round and round like a frightened bird in a strenuous effort to find the spot? But they are all inspired with the same folly—these amiable Polynesians. The innkeeper at Honolulu, whose reminiscences Mr. Johnstone has been lucky enough to print, is evidently a plain and honest soul. "During his sojourn," says he, "Stevenson lived simply and without demonstration." We should like to know what demonstration the innkeeper expected Stevenson to make? Maybe, he hoped that a brass band would always be playing beneath his window; maybe he hoped for the good of the house that Stevenson would spend his leisure in addressing the populace from a first-floor window; but he was disappointed, for he has put it on record that Stevenson lived "without demonstration." And this is not the worst. "He generally went to bed early," continues the observant innkeeper, "but not always; yet he was always early awake, although it was his habit to breakfast in bed, arising for the day at nine or sometimes ten o'clock." Fancy that! Then we have it on the same unimpeachable authority that at dinner Stevenson drank a light red wine, called California Burgundy, and that he enjoyed daily a cup of black coffee with burnt brandy. Who is there interested in English literature who will not be thrilled by these incontrovertible statements? If the innkeeper did not know what Stevenson drank, who on earth should? At the same time, though we cannot sufficiently praise the care with which the excellent innkeeper noted the tastes and habits of his client, there is a certain inconvenience in the innkeeper's volubility. Were his habit to become universal, a new terror would be added to life. All travellers are not content with California Burgundy and burnt brandy. Some might attempt to rival the prowess of King Kalakaua, who, as is duly recorded in this eminent work, drank five bottles of

champagne and the best part of two bottles of brandy at a sitting, when he visited Stevenson's yacht.

Mr. Johnstone is so profoundly interested in the small details of life, that we should not suspect him of literary criticism. But evidently he is a many-sided man, to whom nothing comes amiss. So, not content with recording the favourite drinks of Stevenson and King Kalakaua, he tells us with a dogmatic severity what we ought to think of Stevenson's works. His own method of writing does not suggest an accurate knowledge of the English language. But his courage is evidently greater than his understanding. His masterpiece is certainly an appreciation of the famous letter to Dr. Hyde, and so fine is it that we must quote it word by word:

"Stevenson's effort," writes the Hawaiian critic, "will be found to include all the scorn and invective of Archilochus, the permeating ethic element of Simonides of Amorgus; the rhetorical finish of Juvenal together with several of the minor excellences drawn from the Greek and Roman authors."

Obviously they are fine scholars in Honolulu. There they can discuss the scorn and invective of Archilochus, a satirist whose works have hitherto escaped the notice of European scholars; they can note the permeating ethic element of a poet who unfortunately is no more than a name to the old world. Nor is the scholarship of Honolulu confined to the classics.

"If modern writers are considered," says the intrepid Mr. Johnstone, "it will be seen that, while he wrote the letter with the haste and disingenuousness of Erasmus, it contains as well the pungency of Byron's invective, together with the sharp, incisive thrusting of Carlyle."

This is the last word of Hawaiian criticism. Mr. Johnstone may write for fifty years; but never again will he happen upon such a pearl of speech as the "haste and disingenuousness of Erasmus." After this gem of lucidity we can only regard English scholarship as a "back number," and we look forward to the time when Mr. Johnstone, having learnt how not to split his infinitives, will send us across the seas a new life of Erasmus, or a complete edition, with emendations, of the works of Simonides of Amorgus.

From what we have said it will be clear to the most superficial reader that Mr. Johnstone is well equipped for the discussion of Stevenson's style. With exquisite moderation, he confesses that Stevenson did not "introduce the art of good writing." But, if he did not introduce it, he "pruned the art," and invented a set of rules which can be "practically followed in all classes of composition." Though Mr. Johnstone does not think much of Stevenson's predecessors, he confesses with admirable generosity that Dickens and Thackeray "partially" knew how to write English. This is a splendid concession: "partially" is excellent; and we only regret that we cannot pay Mr. Johnstone the same compliment which he in his magnanimity has paid to the poor benighted writers of the nineteenth century. We regret it the more because Mr. Johnstone has studied Stevenson's system, which, we are assured "will produce the best literary results in exact proportion to the mental endowments of the writer." Dare we conclude that the mental endowments of Mr. Johnstone, this valiant student of Archilochus and Simonides of Amorgus, are not what they might be? There is evidently a hitch somewhere, and we leave it to our readers to discover precisely where it is.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH ON HAKLUYT

The Principal Navigations Voyages Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation. By RICHARD HAKLUYT. Vol. XII. (Glasgow, MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS twelfth and last volume has just been issued, after a delay, occasioned, as the publishers' note informs us, by the great labour involved in the preparation of the index. The value of the index is, however, more than a compensation for the delay. Together with the index, Professor

Raleigh's admirable essay constitutes the last volume of a very notable enterprise.

In Professor Raleigh's phrase, the Hakluyt collection makes the preface to the British Empire, which is the inheritance of to-day. If we would rightly comprehend the meaning of empire, we must begin by studying the preface, the title-deeds of our inheritance. And here, at first sight, is matter for astonishment, in that we have been content to wait from Hakluyt's time until now—save for "a single later reprint, numbering three hundred and twenty-five copies"—for a work of such essential and intimate moment in the history of the nation. But, this apparent indifference is a national characteristic. The Englishman is ever more interested in what is next to do than in what has been done. And his attitude is still both sane and natural; for, as Professor Raleigh pertinently writes:

"Fame is a luxury, if not a vanity. By secret and unconscious methods of initiation, by that unwritten tradition which descends from father to son, by the law of nature which gives currency to inherent value no matter whose the superscription, the ideas and aims of the great Elizabethan seamen have become the creed of the British Empire."

Here is a truth which men of letters, whose vocation holds them much apart, are slow to recognise. Because they themselves own the gift which is the portion of the few, the power of passing at will into another life and dwelling in books, they forget that the many which have it not must swim as best they may in the troubled current of affairs. But, even so, the lovers and the makers of literature have their reward. They show the way, after all. For, what was it that inspired the old voyagers to adventure? What was the irresistible lure, the charm that first drew them to attempt unknown and perilous seas, to affront unimaginable hardships and labours, and to achieve the impossible?

"The poets," says Professor Raleigh, "are the true fathers of later science. So early as the sixth century the monk Cosmas, in his 'Universal Christian Topography,' states the object of many a later quest. 'If Paradise,' he says, 'were really on the surface of this world, is there not many a man among those who are so keen to learn and search out everything, that would not let himself be deterred from reaching it? When we see that there are men who will not be deterred from penetrating to the ends of the earth in search of silk, and all for the sake of filthy lucre, how can we believe that they would be deterred from going to get a sight of Paradise?' All through the Middle Ages the dream held sway . . ."

It came true at last, though in another sense than the dreamers' anticipation. The Eternal City was never attained; and now that the whole earth is parcelled out among the nations, they are still seeking the City by another way. The old voyagers thought to find it ready built, in a fair land ripe for habitation. We have learned at last that ourselves must subdue the land, and that our own hands must build the City.

The quest for an earthly paradise, however, made but a part of the enterprise. For, interfused with the spiritual motive, were the desire of the unknown, the ambition of great achievement, and the lust of gold. And at the price of many lives and of much suffering, by means of infinite daring and resource and fortitude, were these ends attained. The tangible result is what we call, somewhat vaguely, the British Empire. But the intangible result is a greater thing than vast demesnes and the lordship of the sea. It lies deep in the foundations of the British character.

"In this partial and naked record," says Professor Raleigh, "preserved for us by Hakluyt, are inscribed the deeds which for half a century excited wild emotions, kindled emulation in the young, provided strange food for the intellect, and gave strength and purpose to the activities of a nation."

The avatar of that spirit brought us, not only to great possessions and wide power but to things greater, perhaps, than these. It was the spirit of the age that gave us the Elizabethan literature. Empires may fall, and power may dwindle away; but the written word endures. And in the possession of that literature there lies, perhaps, the reason why the Voyages themselves have been so long

neglected by men of letters as well as by men of action. Enjoying the harvest, they thought not of the stern travail of the ploughing; nor were they, it seems, even sensible of the cause that produced the effect. It is not, indeed, too much to say that we owe to Professor Raleigh the perception of the relation of the Voyages to literature; although, it is true, it was pointed out, years ago, by W. E. Henley.

For, as the words of the maker, the poet, first moved the men of action, so the achievements of the adventurer inspired in their turn the builders of a great literature. Here is what we are apt to ignore. We are prone to regard the provinces of life as straitly divided one from another. But life is woven of too close a texture and of a pattern too intricate to accord with such a convention; and to parcel it into squares is to lose the design of the whole. Indeed, no part of Professor Raleigh's essay is more subtly instructive than those passages in which he traces the relation of the deeds of the voyagers to the literature of their time.

"The new ferment wrought in a deep and hidden fashion in the temper and habits of the mind. All preconceived notions and beliefs concerning cosmography, history, politics and society were made ridiculous by the new discoveries. . . . That marvellous summer-time of the imagination, the Elizabethan age, with all its wealth of flowers and fruit, was the gift to England of the sun that bronzed the faces of the voyagers and of the winds that carried them to the four quarters of the world."

And here, Professor Raleigh deals with two questions which naturally arise, and which ever beset the student, treating them with a delicacy of discrimination and a range of knowledge which are all his own. The one question has to do with the choice of material; the other with the old discord between classic and romantic. To the student of his art, seeking the perfect way, it is natural to inquire of the great masters the secret of their practice. It is incommunicable—but the inquiry is not without profit. And where shall greater profit be gathered than from the makers of the golden age?

With regard to the choice of material, Professor Raleigh observes that:

"Charles Lamb, who loved all that is familiar and ancient and homely, somewhere expresses regret that the plays of Shakespeare and some of his brother dramatists hardly ever choose as their theme the simple daily life of the England of their time."

But, "had the dramatists been of his mind, we should have had no great English drama, and no Shakespeare." For,

"action and imagination went hand in hand. If the voyagers explored new countries and trafficked with strange peoples, the poets and dramatists went abroad too, and rifled foreign nations, returning with far-fetched and dear-bought wares; or explored lonely and untried recesses of the microcosm of man. One spirit of discovery and exultant power animated both seamen and poets. Shakespeare and Marlowe were, no less than Drake and Cavendish, circumnavigators of the world."

It is, in fact, the spirit that is the essential; the spirit that informs the treatment of the material, rather than the material itself. And still we are to remark that the poet does use the life that is nearest to him. Professor Raleigh continues:

"Shakespeare, it is often said, tells us more of Italy than of England; yet in Shakespeare's plays only the labels are Italian, while every type of English character, from a king to a tinker, is drawn to the life. . . . It is true that the names of the great men of his time seldom occur in his plays. . . . A poet commonly prefers to work with human material closer at hand, easier to come at, not hedged around by popular favour or on its guard against intimate research. He will select at his own liking from the life around him, build up his own greatness, and borrow a name from ancient history or fable. But whatever is most characteristic and vital in the life and thought of an age will find utterance in its poetry, none the less."

It is justly said; and not less just are Professor Raleigh's observations upon the perennial controversy between classic and romantic. Here again, the right appreciation is to be attained rather by the estimation of the spirit that inspires the treatment of material, than from the treatment itself. For the point at issue inevitably

narrows to a question of treatment. The material is the same in all ages; it is the stuff which Mr. Meredith calls "internal history."

"It is true," says Professor Raleigh, "that France, by position, history and training, was from the first more under the influence of classic literature and ancient theory than ever England had been. But in England, too, when the drama began its course, the partisans of the classical doctrine were first in the field, and made the bravest start. Then the new interest arose, and overwhelmed them. The echoes of ancient wisdom and shadows of ancient beauty which held the attention of France were drowned and scattered in England by loud voices and fierce lights. Extravagant deeds filled the popular imagination, and could not, by any legerdemain of pedantry, be brought within the prescribed critical compass. If the dramatists refused allegiance to the rules, they were merely following the lead of the adventurers."

Such a passage, which is quoted in full because it is impossible to phrase the matter more tersely and vividly, is itself an exemplar of a high degree of critical acumen. For the business of the critic is to appreciate, to rate a thing at its just value. In order to achieve his end, the critic must first understand the moving spirit. He must perceive and know the working of the human impulse; and when he has done that, he has done all. He has tracked the essence of the thing to its hidden source, so that he who reads may understand. And to attain understanding is the business of the student of letters. Hence it is that the perusal of the *Voyages* were best begun with Professor Raleigh's essay in the twelfth volume. For the object and reward of such a perusal—apart from the pleasure to be gained from the stories themselves, set down in their sound, homely Elizabethan English—are surely the getting of a better understanding, not only of this England and empire of ours but, of the noble literature which is our inalienable possession.

THE ROMANCE OF THE JUNGLE

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle. By Captain A. I. R. GLASFURD. (Lane, 16s. net.)

THE public has within the last score of years had thrust upon it so many books concerning big-game shooting, a considerable percentage of them written by men who are distinctly better at handling the rifle than the pen, that it is apt to look somewhat askance at volumes of this kind. But a perusal of Captain Glasfurd's book convinces us that here is a work which will be received with pleasure by many classes of readers. It appeals to a far wider public than that to which sporting literature is usually addressed. In certain respects it is, indeed, somewhat of a new departure, and its author, who is a writer much above the average of his kind—the shikári kind—has succeeded in preparing a most cunning and admirable blend of fact, romance, weird mystery and sound advice. He is clearly a man who thoroughly understands his subject. He has entered heart and soul into the long and wonderful history of the jungle and its secrets, and he has succeeded in setting forth for the reader's behoof some of the most charming sketches of wild life and a wild country that we have ever had the good fortune to meet.

No man, who had not penetrated to the very heart of his subject, could have written the "Biography of a Tiger," a chapter in jungle life which relates with astonishing fidelity the life-history of this royal beast. We are not quite sure whether the finish of the tiger's long and bloody career is quite the artistic ending to this fascinating chapter. The narrative in "Told by the Doctor" imparts an eerie touch of the supernatural. Whether or not this is meant to be accepted as actual experience we are uncertain. Still, India is full of mystery and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has by this time accustomed us to the true Oriental mingling of crude matter-of-fact with uncanny happenings.

In the strange and wonderful tale of "The Vengeance of Jhápoo the Gónd," Captain Glasfurd has, by the way, given us a hunting yarn quite in the manner of Mr. Kipling himself. This strange story of the Gónd hunter,

who possessed the mystic secret of attracting tigers in his own lifetime, and whose mummified remains were, after his death, utilised for the same purpose, is quite one of the best combinations of mystery and wild life that we have read for a long time. It has the right romantic flavour and is likely to linger in the memory.

But the book is by no means composed only of matter of this kind. The author, quitting the realms of mystery and imagination, conducts us at other times into the plainer paths of straightforward fact. He has the knack of making his narrative at all times interesting, and his accounts of sport with sambar, sloth bear, boar, leopard, blackbuck, buffalo and so forth are very well done. He is manifestly a keen naturakst, learned in the ways and habits of the game about which he discourses. His sketches of the life histories of that fine deer the sambar, and of the blackbuck are, in their way, as excellent as that of the tiger. In "Melursus diabolicus," he tells of an adventure of his own with a sloth bear, in which his escape from death must have been truly marvellous. The sloth bear is, in effect, by no means the harmless and inoffensive beast imagined even by many sportsmen, and Captain Glasfurd's wounds and his miraculous escape from the dangers of a yawning precipice testify to the seriousness of an encounter with one of these despised animals.

Search where one will through this entertaining book, one happens always upon sound literature, fine descriptions, good natural history and lively adventure. The author is clearly in love with his subject, and his pictures of jungle scenery and jungle life are wonderfully vivid. We have read few books on India in which the scenes described have been so well conveyed to the mind's eye of the reader. "The Man Eater of Bélkhéra," "By Tamarind and Mhowa," "Reminiscences of Junglypur," and "Panther-Fishing in Mung-Bung," are all in their way excellent. The reader should by no means neglect in the appendix the "Letters of Jhoot Singh," process-server, táhsil chaprasi and sometime shikári, which give one an extraordinarily good idea of the native mind in connection with Indian sport.

Finally in "Round the Camp Fire," the author has not neglected to give his views on the position and future of Indian shooting—views which are well worth the attention of all those interested in this subject. His idea of a battery is: for ponderous game the medium bore cordite rifle; for dangerous soft-skinned game (tiger and leopard for example), at close ranges, the ball and shot-gun of the Paradox type, not smaller than 12-bore; and for long sporting range shooting at harmless game, on hill or plain, the 303.

Upon the whole we are inclined to consider this volume as one of the best on Indian wild life that have appeared for the last forty years. Its blending of romance and reality, far from destroying its verisimilitude, renders it additionally fascinating. Well illustrated and well got up, it is in all respects a first-rate book.

NEITHER BOOK NOR GUIDE-BOOK

A Book of South Wales. By S. BARING-GOULD. With fifty-seven Illustrations. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is no doubt about Mr. Baring-Gould's talent, or about the willingness of the public to buy books of this kind; yet our wonder is now revived for the hundredth time, as to what such books mean; what they are designed to express; why they are read. They are like guides in every way, except that they do not guide, and to us, at least, they seem to be inferior to their much earlier predecessors, in spite of the fact that in size, brevity and accuracy they are superior. A hundred years ago, fifty years ago, if a man wrote a book about Wales, he was a learned man, or he had crossed a mountain which no other writing Englishman had crossed, or he had enjoyed himself immensely there, and in any case, thought that the world ought to know it. So he put down a few fairy tales, a few legends, a few scraps of history, added many

descriptions of scenery and of his own delight, and made a book which is unreadable to-day. Yet at least the motive of his book was clear. The result was truly a book. He would describe his route with care, mentioning the state of the roads and inns, and places that commanded good views; and thus the book had character; it was a man's impression; it was companionable in its time, and useful, we dare say.

A volume like the one before us is hardly a book. Let us admit at once that it is packed with information. There is history; there are fairy tales, adventures; many pages reveal to a discerning reader the people and the places; the photographs are many and good. But it is not one's man impression, it is a hundred confused and partial impressions. There is no plan; it does not even follow the course of a walking tour; it might be supposed that there are no roads in Wales, if Mr. Baring-Gould were our only source of information. Nor is there any unity of spirit. We dimly believe that the author wishes to give us information; we do not know why, and we see that he does not like it. Such a book could be valuable only if it were complete; if it told us all that every one knew, or what several representative men knew. It does not do that, perhaps from lack of space. Sometimes, the author transcribes history at great length; he digresses; he gives, e.g., half a dozen instances, from many lands, of dancing in holy places, because he has mentioned that they used to dance in the churchyards of Radnor; but clearly he does it because these facts have been easily accessible, not because he revels in them and can express himself thereby. Therefore, he is often flat. But while he expands often, he often clips. He will spoil a legend, e.g., the legend of the shepherd and the maiden of Llyn y fan fach, in order to cut it short; he will omit the finishing touch of a story, as he does in copying Gerald's story of Elidorus and the little people; he vulgarises others. Now and then he feels that his faculty of giving mere information is running away with him, and he stops short; then his transitions are wonderful. He completes nothing; he suggests nothing. He wastes time in calling Geoffrey "that supreme prince of liars," which is absurd, and then sets down a number of valueless possibilities and denials, infinitely less useful than Geoffrey's exuberances. He transcribes almost word for word some of Elijah Waring's pictures of Iolo Morganwg, without acknowledgment. And all this because he has no motive. Hence also his style is bad. It is sometimes inaccurate, often inconsequent; its short sentences are suddenly printed as paragraphs, for no reason; it is capable of this, too:

"It may be said of every man, that at one moment in his life luck holds the golden plum above his lips. But it is not every man who snaps and secures it." . . .

Briefly, the book is typical of its kind to-day, and its chief merit is that it is made, probably not out of malice aforethought, to supply exactly the needs of idle tourists seeking useless information.

THE CITY OF ETERNAL CONTRADICTIONS

Rome. Painted by A. PISA. Text by M. A. R. TUKER and HOPE MALLESON. (A. & C. Black, 20s. net.)

THE publishers have brought to the production of this book spacious qualities—good print, generous treatment of the page, liberal use of pictures, admirable colour-printing. The paintings by A. Pisa are dainty and charming. True, they have nothing of the grand manner; his Rome is bereft of grandeur and of the impression of her mighty splendour, haunted by not even the ghost of her departed magnificence. But it is good to meet with an artist who will see Rome for himself and paint her as he sees her, even though there be some little discrepancy between text and illustrations. Even so, this book is one of the best in all this fine series, for they that have wrought the written picture of Rome within it have trailed something of that ancient magnificence across

these pages; nay, have done a more perfect work than that—they have stated the Rome of to-day, her life, her soul, her true inward meaning, her virtues and her vices, with a clearness that will make the book a necessity to all who would embark on the journey to the wondrous city out of whose lap were born two of the mightiest civilisations of the past—that Rome that was conceived from those two hills by yellow Tiber whereon shepherd clans had their wattled homes, coming down into the valley that divided them to fight out their rivalries and their feuds—that Rome that, incapable of mysticism as of philosophy, used her practical bent to build up the world this side of the grave into one of the most splendid of Empires; to build up the hint of the world beyond the grave into one of the most splendid of churches. Rome, that has bred a people who live in the street, not in their comfortless, squalid homes—a splendid city that is infested by aggressive beggars—a lawless city where the brigand until recently flung his hat in the road and begged alms for the love of God, his blunderbuss at your head to bring charity to birth. Rome that has been pulled down and into waste-heaps by almost every generation of her sons, and rebuilt out of her splendid fragments, and torn down again and builded again—whose senseless blood-feuds were fought with the flinging of missiles torn from her majestic and beautiful sculptures, so rich was she in works of priceless art. Rome, where the peasant's dog-hole and the rich man's palace alike have been built of the marble fragments filched from the homes of the Cæsars. Goth and Vandal, emperor and mob, pope and cardinal, all have pillaged her—she, the magnificent, who aforetime had the greatest baths in the world, where now the Roman has forgotten how to wash. Religious processions make her streets to swarm; and her every tradesman is a born cheat, every soul a lover of the pageant of life, every servant a rebel against the washing of a floor; where every man loves his blood-kin, none knows friendship. Rome that breeds the most amiable well-bred people in the western world, a people too proud to work, never too proud to beg—a people that taught their daughters to read that they might satisfy the Roman itch of curiosity, forbade them to write lest they should pen the love-letter! Rome that stabs with the stealthily drawn sudden steel to settle the most insignificant quarrel—where the death-blow, struck in the public square in open daylight is carefully unseen by all that stand round about—wanton, childish, hot-blooded Rome, that is incapable of understanding the word Justice. A holy city where cruelty to animals that sickens the heart to see merely arouses a shrug or smile even in her priests—a city where crime is blackest in all Europe. Holy Rome in whose streets no woman may walk alone and unmolested. Rome, which is the very treasure-house of the arts, and the home of the most in-artistic of people. A city of Romance that has two smells, one by day and one by night, that no man shall ever forget. The eternal city—of eternal contradictions.

TRAVELLERS' TALES .

Études critiques sur la vie de Colomb avant ses découvertes. By HENRY VIGNAUD. (Paris: H. Welter.)

THE traveller's right to romance is of great antiquity and one of the most widely respected of privileges. Columbus made free use of this right, though to what extent posterity will probably never know. M. Vignaud's book is an elaborate series of studies on some of the more doubtful points in the early career of Columbus, and concludes with the terse statement that "Colomb n'était pas un homme véridique, voilà la seule conclusion qu'il convient de poser pour le moment." It is to be hoped that M. Vignaud may find it convenient at some future date to continue his investigations, for although the points raised in his volume are historically trivial, their bearing is of far greater importance.

Columbus, according to M. Vignaud, was not, as he pretended to be, one of a family of navigators, nor was he, as his son maintained, of a noble family: he was, as were his parents and all his kin, a weaver. His son and Las Casas have perpetuated the statement that there were two admirals in the family, which is false. The much-disputed year of his birth is now said to be 1451 and not 1435 nor any of the other dates given; he was not educated at Pavia; he did not go to sea at the age of fourteen; he did not explore as far as Iceland; he was not a truthful man: these are a few of the results of M. Vignaud's labours. In broader terms, it may be said that not one of the facts related by his son and by Las Casas about the youth of Columbus can be accepted as proved, and they were facts related by Columbus himself and not merely rumours. It is easy to say that these inventions were the outcome rather of vanity than of duplicity, and that, when all is said and done, they are of no importance inasmuch as they do not detract from the greatness of Columbus' work. The insight into the explorer's character, however, has a deeper interest. Is the old legend that Columbus sought for a western route to the Indies doomed to be laid bare as fiction? If so, we must set about finding a new theory of the origin and character of the enterprise which resulted in the discovery of the New World. The theory based on the assertions of so untruthful a man as Columbus, and of the early writers to whom he dictated his fictions, must be scrutinised as carefully as have been the facts of his youth. The fictitious events of his early life may well have been invented to fit in with his "western passage" theory: hence we find Columbus as a sailor by profession, admirals in the family tree, university education, campaigns in war, long expeditions to the uttermost parts of the earth—an excellent training for the future discoverer of America. But if we grant the truth of M. Vignaud's profound study on the subject, we can only wonder what led Columbus across the sea: there is, on the face of it, no reason for believing Columbus himself.

Some champion may possibly arise. Sir Clements Markham might take up the cudgels, or Mr. Andrew Lang might touch upon the subject, but whatever may happen, M. Vignaud has made a most determined attack on tradition. Possibly the best thing to do now would be to write a book to show that Columbus never lived: a greater than he experienced this honour, and his memory still thrives.

A CHRONICLE OF PERUGIA

Chronicles of the City of Perugia: 1492-1503. Written by FRANCESCO MATARAZZO. Translated by EDWARD STRACHAN MORGAN. (Dent, 5s.)

A HISTORY at first hand is always welcome, and a scholar's view of active warfare can hardly fail to be instructive. Few writers have been better equipped for romantic storytelling than Francesco Matarazzo, who spent practically the whole of his life studying at close quarters the personal struggles which made the times in which he lived so picturesque. His eye ranged over the whole of Italy, whilst his home-loving mind, addicted to peaceful learning, dwelt with sorrowful satisfaction upon the Perugia which ambition and the lust of men had made desolate. Happily he found it worth a song. Indeed, his chronicle has some of the qualities of an epic, and might be offered with confidence to any good poet in search of a theme. Though it begins with lamentation and woe, it surges along to an accompaniment of all the manly virtues; noble deeds are accomplished at every turn, if often for very ignoble ends. Matarazzo is not one of those writers who can record facts of horror without a shudder, and he never takes pains to extenuate the violent actions even of his heroes and patrons, the Baglioni. On the other hand, we cannot help wishing that we might hear a little more of the chronicler himself, a little more of the part his undoubtedly prudent

deeds must have played in the turbulent age so vividly

realised by his writings. To the day of his death he was held in honour at Perugia, and he died at the age of seventy-five. The highest offices were filled by him both in the University and in the State. Though for a few years he taught elsewhere, it was to Perugia that he looked at the end for everything that made life worth living; and he paid the debt with interest. "As we turn over his pages the life of Perugia palpitates before us."

And what a life! The whole method of existence in these grand mediæval towns, especially of Italy, presents a fiscal problem big with interest. How could the fabric of society ever hold together in the face of such extravagance? So-called States, which possessed no commercial resources, vied with one another in devising suitable entertainment for distinguished guests. They indulged in aldermanic splendour without its vulgarity. Their very soldiering was half love of show. And since to build finely was an obvious public duty, the life of the commonwealth had to be adjusted on a scale commensurate with dignity visible at every turn. When a mere professor—and such for the greater part of his life was Matarazzo—could succeed in obtaining for his stipend the taxes of two villages, it is easy to understand what misery was inflicted in order to secure the glory of the Baglioni. And yet that "High and Mighty Family" condoned for its misdeeds which were typical of the age, by courage, nobility, liberal-mindedness, and many other virtues. Though they spent too freely, they spent largely on beauty; though they made haste to shed blood, it was in the cause of what they held to be honour and justice that their own lives were lavishly given. And the same must be said of their rivals.

Matarazzo's Chronicle is, indeed, chiefly an affair of excursions and alarums. For several centuries the riotous enterprises of the Baglioni and Oddi factions made history for Perugia, and it was in Matarazzo's own time that the most exciting episodes culminated. Braccio Fortebraccio the greatest of all Perugians, had fallen in battle some twenty years before the historian's birth. After Braccio's day, the dream of a central kingdom, which should equal the mightier Italian States, was shattered, but a theory was still left to be fought for, and the struggles which followed make lively reading, right down to the time when the Baglioni fell, to rise no more.

Saints and sinners jostle one another in this ancient world of wild passions and mettlesome encounters, with a pride in their own virtue or vice such as this milder age would strive in vain to copy. Miracles were common in old Perugia. Saint Colomba might be deluded; so thought the brothers of Saint Francis; but facts are facts, and the secular arm was raised in her defence, the city's purse was placed at her disposal. Such deeds speak louder than mere legends. "Believe or not as you please," says the chronicler. For he has many more marvellous things to relate. There is the story of the death of Altobello, for instance, a marauder who met with his due.

"And proclamation was made for Altobello. At the last he was found. . . . Then they who had taken him would have kept him alive and brought him to show to their captain. . . . Yet so great was the multitude of those who cried, 'Kill him, kill him at once,' that they began to smite him. And if the first had tried to protect him they also would have been slain with him; and so great was the number of those that wished to smite that in the throng they wounded one another. . . . And when he was dead all that were there ran and seized the flesh of him and ate it, raw as it was, like dogs or swine; so that nothing was left of his wretched, miserable body. Yea, had he been as huge as a giant he would not have sufficed to give his enemies to eat. And if any one had had an ounce of that flesh to sell he could have found those who would have bought it for a golden ducat; but none was left. . . . So he fell by the just judgment of God, in requital for the deeds he had done in his lifetime."

We do not know what the Higher Criticism will make of this story: for ourselves, we must decline to swallow it all. Nor have we much more respect for the signs and portents which accompanied the doings and dealings of the elect at times of crisis or of peril. And yet these stories, taken as a whole, ring true. They are written with a rare

verve, a peculiar sharpness and clearness. The pure skies of Italy are here reflected as in a burnished mirror. Women play but an insignificant part in the plots and counterplots which are developed, but now and then we catch a glimpse of an Atalanta, heroic and pathetic, or of a Lucrezia, boldly depicted—"bearing the great banner of all loose women"; and so the pageant is unfolded line by line. The book is hereby heartily commended to all lovers of Italy. Matarazzo's name, and that of his skilful translator, Mr. Morgan, must henceforward be honourably coupled whenever "Perusia Augusta" or the Baglioni, so long her masters, succeed in thrusting themselves on our remembrance.

TRAVEL IN SYRIA

In a Syrian Saddle. By A. GOODRICH-FREER. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

"HERE in this wild wilderness, an unfinished dream of the sculptor of a giant age, stood the castle of Mshatta; paralysing us with such awe of its beauty and mystery, the unique perfection of its workmanship. . . . We were speechless in presence of this monument of a race to which we could give no name, of a purpose at which we could not even guess."

This was on the far side of the Jordan in the land of Gilead, a land all but unknown, having been traversed by only a few scientists and a few missionaries. The castle referred to is perhaps the supreme architectural puzzle of the world. With a façade a hundred and fifty-six feet long, covered with a mass of sculpture, it remains to speak of an unknown race, and an unknown style; no one can even guess at its builders or at the intention for which it was erected. Miss Goodrich-Freer had exceptional privileges in her visit to this fascinating and mysterious building, for she, the only lady, went with a party of men one of whom was a world-famous *savant*, who, we have reason to believe, though she discreetly does not reveal the fact, was sent for no less an object than to select and detach a part of this wonderful carving as a present from the Sultan to the Kaiser.

The book is an account of two journeys of which the one above referred to, by far the most interesting, occupied only ten days. The other was to the better-known lands to the west of the Jordan. Miss Goodrich-Freer has a happy knack of absorbing and interpreting a country through which she passes, as those who enjoyed her "Outer Isles" will know. But here she has obviously found it a little difficult to make bricks without straw. Her journeys were too short and slight, and with the exception of Mshatta the places she visited of too little interest to make an absorbing book. Yet there are plums not a few, and the book is at any rate readable everywhere. After it is done some faint essence of the fascination of the East lingers with us. We can see the "vast spaces with dim horizons, bounded by low ranges of hills, showing in deep purple against the cloudless sapphire sky;" we can sympathise with the longing which the sight of the distant hills of Moab implants in the breasts of those who live near Jerusalem; we feel afresh the marvel of that land of a civilisation so ancient that ours is but as a mushroom to an oak in comparison. In one very striking parallel the author compares the excavation of a "Tell" to the case of the city of York, which she imagines in the course of ages to have been covered up by a grass-grown mound higher than the minster towers; it is as if a party of men in the far future should send a vertical shaft through the middle and come to the Roman city, and to two or three cities below that, before they began their operation of searching for relics.

The human note is struck in telling of the company with which she performed the journey; and Miss Goodrich-Freer has hit on the rather happy method of labelling the party; she herself is The Lady, though it might not always be gathered from the strictly impersonal way in which the narrative is told; and the Doctor is he to whom the book is dedicated, and with whom by this time she has

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and obviously correct way. Thus, again and again the reader is confronted with the Professor's prefaces, sandwiched between the facsimile title of the old poem and its dedicatory verses or the author's preface, an arrangement as clumsy and unnecessary as it is misleading.

Professor Saintsbury's General Introduction strikes a much-needed note in its plea for a wider recognition of "second-rate" writers: no fruitful work in any period of English literature can result unless ample attention is paid to the many as well as to the few. Only after study of the many can general tendencies be clearly seen, and mere justice be done to those outbursts of splendour in the few whom we call great poets. In our ignorance of the principles of literary history and literary criticism we speak of these isolated manifestations as original genius, much as the old-fashioned theologian speaks of original sin: crests of waves we should the rather call them, impossible save for the movement beneath. In this matter of literary criticism in the General Introduction to the present volume and in the separate introductions to the poets whose works are included in it, Professor Saintsbury is on his own ground. Those who have learned from him in the past, who have admired, with envy, his stores of knowledge concerning the many as well as the few, who can ignore, or pardon, his wilfully crabbed style, which seems at times deliberately to choose the more crooked way in which to explain his meaning, know that they will be certain to meet with sane views, balanced by a sense of proportion born of acquaintance with many literatures. They will welcome the announcement that a "History of English Prosody" is to follow the recently completed "History of Literary Criticism," and they will remember many long-past reviews belonging to the old London days in the discussion of the question "Is the delight here?" though with a feeling that the Professor's statement that an affirmative answer to the question wins the case in his imaginary final court of appeal might easily be invalidated by an answer to a further question, "Whom does the poem delight?"

So far we read with profit and with pleasure, until we reach the postscript to the General Introduction, and here there is just cause for complaint.

"The principles of editing," says Professor Saintsbury, "which have been adopted can be very shortly set forth. . . . The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernisation necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible."

The punctuation, too, has undergone revision, and it is pleaded that these interferences are made in the interest of the student. Now, what is the case? Of the few people who are interested in English literature, a very few only will or can concern themselves with minor poets of the Caroline period, and these will be professed students, with some knowledge of seventeenth-century printing, anxious to possess trustworthy texts, especially in such cases as these where the originals are hard to come by: they will naturally resent any tampering with the text; they will ask: "Why the need for uniformity, since uniformity was far from being a characteristic of the age when the poems were written and printed?" These volumes are not cheap classics for the University Extension student, they are not pretty volumes for the boudoir: their size, their weight, their bulk relegate them to the library shelf. To modernise these rare poems is to take away from them the charm (not without its literary value) always associated with the reading of a text as nearly as possible in its original form; the alterations are needless for any purpose we can imagine; they give the student an uneasy feeling that he is being played with, for he does not know to what extent he has been pampered. The habit sufficed in the days of Gifford and Cunningham and Dyce; it met the needs of Weber and Singer, for there was a time when it was deemed a kindly thought to amend the grotesque spelling and punctuation of our forefathers in the patronising spirit of days thought to be enlightened. But to-day? It is unscientific and, curiously, a distinct loss in the case of all editions

intended for serious use. Professor Saintsbury endeavours to justify himself in his "Introduction to Edward Benlowes." It is a purely gratuitous assumption that to "give poetry must necessarily give it 'the best chance of producing any poetical effect of which it is capable'; it may be so with a few, who are not likely to read the works in question, it will certainly not with others, and the Professor gives away a good part of his case when he says: 'the extraordinary 'harlequin' effect of the original printing: 'Theophila' . . . emphasises unduly, for modern readers, the already sufficient eccentricity of the text.' Exactly so; it is a part of the original milieu, and the modern reader is deprived of its aid by the fad of modernising."

Nor do we see what benefit is conferred by recording Singer's generally needless emendations of Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida," especially as Professor Saintsbury himself rejects them again and again as unnecessary. "A first acquaintance with edited texts," writes one of the best known of English scholars, "has taught me that ignorance and conceit are the fruitful parents of conjectural emendation"; and with this general statement we are more than inclined to agree. Professor Saintsbury's own notes are excellent of their kind, commendably brief and rarely intrusive: we should have been glad of a few more on the historical and biographical side, for the opportunity of editing these minor worthies is one that will not soon recur.

Of the writers whose poems are represented in this first volume, Chamberlayne is probably familiar to readers of Southey, Benlowes little more than a name to most students of English literature: a few will have turned from the reference to him in the "Dunciad" to Warburton's note, still fewer will have read Butler's "Character of a Small Poet." The case of Mrs. Katherine Philips "the Matchless Orinda," is different. Her verses are known to all students of seventeenth-century poetry, and it is a great boon to have them reprinted. Readers of Cowley's verses on her death will now more easily be able to turn to her poems and ascertain for themselves how far the comparison with Pope Joan is justified. The text adopted seems to be that of 1678: we wonder why. The folio of 1667, published three years after her death, seems to have the prior claim.

THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER

LAY me to sleep in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire:
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
O Master of the Hidden Fire,
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
My soul's desire.

FIONA MACLEOD.

SENIOR WRANGLERS

Is it well for a man who wants to succeed in life to begin by being a Senior Wrangler? The question is debated, and perhaps debatable. The popular view seems to be that the Senior Wrangler is a plant that flowers too early and is destined to premature decay. He is, we are told, to drop metaphor—"played out"—as the result of his excessive labours; whereas the Second, Third, and other Wranglers retain "a bit in hand" which, after the Tripos is over, enables them to pass him in the race. But is this really so? Suppose we take a Cambridge Calendar, and a Dictionary of National Biography, and see.

In the race for the episcopal bench, at any rate, it is the

and Wranglers who are the winners. Nine of them, only seven of the Seniors, have become Bishops. But, of course, one Bishop differs from another Bishop in glory. There is one glory of the Archbishop of Canterbury and another glory of the Bishop of Rumbold. So that these statistics may very well be misleading—more especially as the habit of consecrating distinguished mathematicians to episcopacy has for many years been on the decline. The days of Porteus (Tenth Wrangler in 1752), Pretymann (Senior Wrangler in 1772), and Blomfield (Third Wrangler in 1808), it was the rule. Since the time of Goodwin of Exeter (Second Wrangler in 1840), it has been the exception; and the practice of the Bishop-makers has been, more and more, to lay hands hastily on some Junior Optime. Perhaps, therefore, the best way of getting a bird's-eye view of the subject such as may justify a generalisation is to consider separately:

1) The cases in which the Second, or other High Wrangler has been obviously a bigger man than the Senior.

2) The cases in which the Senior Wrangler is admittedly more distinguished than the Second or any other near him on the list.

3) The cases in which Senior and Second Wranglers have both achieved considerable, and approximately equal, distinction.

The first example of our first case is Bishop Porteus of Exeter, the Tenth Wrangler already mentioned; and perhaps he is too low down on the list to count. Our next instance occurs in 1771, when the Third Wrangler, Law of Peterhouse, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, was distinctly a bigger man than his two Seniors, Starkie and John's, and Kedington of Caius; our third in 1777, when the first name on the list that one recognises at a glance is that of the Fifth Wrangler, Lord Manners, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland of whom O'Connell said that he was "the most sensible looking man talking nonsense that he ever saw."

Now we must take a jump to 1816. The Senior Wrangler of that year was one Jacob, known to those who knew him as a K.C. and the author of a treatise on the Law of Real Property; the Second Wrangler was Whewell, who is known to all the world. In 1827, the Fourth Wrangler, Augustus de Morgan, of high mathematical fame, was of more account than any one of his three seniors, or than all of them put together. Similarly with Ritchard, the astronomer, Fourth Wrangler in 1830. Then, in 1836, we find an unknown Smith of Trinity second to Colenso, Bishop of Natal, and, in 1837, an unknown Griffin of Saint John's senior to Sylvester, the geometrician. In 1840 Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, was second to R. L. Ellis of Trinity, who began to edit Bacon in conjunction with Spedding, but who fell into bad health and died without doing anything for which he is widely remembered. Next follows a famous case. In 1845 Parkinson of John's, known as the author of a very creditable treatise on Optics, was Senior to the Thompson of Trinity who became Lord Kelvin. The Second Wrangler was, even at the time, notoriously the more brilliant man of the two; but Parkinson was the faster worker. For months before the examination he had secretly practised "pace" under Senate House conditions, and could write out the answers to more questions than his opponent in the allotted time, so that "Parkinson's pace" was long, and perhaps still is, a saying at Cambridge. Passing on to 1855, we find Mr. Leonard Courtney second to a Savage of John's, whose name suggests nothing; and we note that, in 1856, the greatest of the Wranglers was Professor Fawcett, who was seventh, and that, in 1857, the third on the roll of the Wranglers, Sir John Gorst, is first on the roll of fame.

Now for the cases in which posterity, as well as the examiners, awards the Senior Wrangler the palm. We shall find that they are numerous. Let us print the list in the form of a table, first noting that where we give no information about the Second Wrangler it is because we have none of any general interest to give.

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A LITERARY CAUSERIE

PLACES

IN the leafy month of June even the bookworm becomes like a snail in its shell when rain is coming. He turns his mind to Arcady with a "God! for the little brooks that tumble as they run!" He would fain away from his musty library to the lane, now fragrant with the opening wild roses, or to the cliff where he can hear the waves breaking against the rocks and feel his nostrils assailed by the saltiness of the sea-wind. Ah me! Little do we reckon of books when the gorse is shining in acres of yellow gold; and yet it is strange what a hankering some people have after the footsteps of the illustrious. "And *did* you once see Shelley plain?" It is the hero worship of youth. As we grow older and get to hob-nob with celebrities the dream and the illusion appear to fade away. For your great man is just like the rest of us. He has his moments, but so has the greatest dullard on earth. He is frequently bored and just as often himself a bore to others. Play with him at golf or bridge and you soon learn that his greatness has its infirmities and that they are singularly like those of other people. Not that he becomes commonplace either, unless when looked upon with a commonplace eye. He is no hero to his valet, nor to anybody who has only the mind of a valet; but the discerning also know that the gold is hidden under loads of earth.

This probably looks more like digression than it actually is. My theme at the moment is the particular kind of hero-worship that takes the form of studying the places where-with great men have been associated. It was a weakness of my own callow days. Long ago I remember once penetrating into the heart of that wild west where Carlyle came from, and in the village of Ecclefechan searching out the birthplace of the seer. When shown the very room in which he first saw the light, I could not help asking: "Was Carlyle really born there?" "Ay, that was he," replied the stout dame who was showing the room, adding as though the fact were of even greater importance: "And oor Maggie was born in the varra same bed." It seemed to dissolve a little of the romance in laughter, but yet it was good to feel that little cottage Maggie and Thomas shared the great events of life in common. For the rest, it was pleasant enough to learn something of the environment in which little "Tam" spent his youth, how one relative had been noted for a great striker and another "hunted" in defiance of the game laws. And it was easy to reconstruct the old peasant life of Scotland with its scantiness of money and frequent lack of food. It is a life that has passed away, and given place to one of big vulgar towns, of clerks and travellers, of tall hats and eating-houses, but it was out of the ancient frugal, hard-living Scotland that the men came who carried the country's fame to the ends of the earth. In that the peasant had as great a share as the noble.

Leave the cottage and the peasant, and on the wings of fancy cross from the West to the East of that wild Borderland where every valley seems yet to ring with the slogan and every stream has its romance. Our wishing-cap has set us down in the Scott country, in the land of one who was almost an aristocrat by birth and wholly one by temperament. Perhaps it was natural that the peasant should be the more strenuous of the two. One of the few friends of Carlyle who still survive him was telling me about Carlyle the other day, of his thick peasant lips and strong face, of his vehemence and still more of his robust laugh. But the comparison of the two shows how potent is association in the formation of literary character. Obviously if they had changed places and Scott had been born into a peasant's cottage it is extremely unlikely that he would ever have gathered that store of legendary knowledge and romance that formed the groundwork of his novels. Browning, in one of his poems, talks of "plastic circumstances" meant to give the soul its bent," but probably

he was undervaluing circumstance. Greatness in most cases to be the result when genius is brought into the environment most calculated to develop it. Scott had the Border blood in his veins, and therefore, as he tells us himself, was from childhood interested in the numerable tales of feud and fray, which, at the time he lived, were still recounted from personal memory. He had also that genius for romance which finds its outlet in the raving of a river like the Tweed and the murmur of the wind through pine-forests. I have sometimes thought when at Dryburgh with the river in the past that there might be some truth in his own words that "mute Nature mourns her worshipper." But Ruskin would doubtless have said that was one part of the "pathetic fallacy." And the longer we live the less do we feel about it. Nature's indifference to man, all his works becomes more fully demonstrated with new experience of life. The sun shines equally upon evil and the good, and the wind blows with no more regard than is put into it by the brain and heart of him who feels it. However, that is by the way. What I meant to say out was how Carlyle and Scott, living practically during the same period, had their own minds imbued with and turned to their fellows two utterly different and opposed new life. One saw all its seriousness and the grim problems that have to be asked and answered between the cradle and the grave. The other was overpowered by its romance and by the nobility of which human nature is capable. With this the element of place had much to do. In that cottage in the West where life was so difficult to support, the theory "*laborare est orare*" seems a fitting natural outcome. In the more romantic East with its traditions and memories the opposite seems to be equally at home. The writers have owed much to this marriage of circumstance and temperament is proved, if by nothing else, by the fact that we find in those less happily placed. Among the childhood of R. L. Stevenson, for instance, lingers an air of suburbanism that we can never get rid of. It is true that he has pleasant memories of hill, and sea, and island, but they came to him later in life. He was not truly "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." The same thing might be said of one who was greater than he—the author of "*Esmond*." In a sense it might be said that Thackeray scarcely had a childhood. From birth until he began to settle in life he was moved from place to place and had no opportunity of forming those deep-rooted associations which to the end of his life coloured the work of a man like the late Lord Tennyson. No doubt there is nothing indispensable to genius. Thackeray rose superior to this misfortune of his childhood; but we can very well imagine how much charm would have been added to his work if his fate in this respect had been other than it was. So with Charles Dickens. The strong qualities that made a writer of him were undoubtedly independent of any association, but the squalor of his childhood certainly bereft his writing of some of that charm which it might otherwise have had. A thousand other memories of place crowd into the mind as I write; of Lichfield which exercised so strong an influence on the mind of Johnson; of Coate which even like a dream that would not pass away haunted the mind of him who wrote the "*Gamekeeper at Home*"; of Leamington Warwicksire that was so vividly reflected in the earliest and best of the long novels of George Eliot. But it would be tedious to go on with the enumeration. My point here is that sight-seeing is like view-hunting, one of the poorest occupations which humanity can engage in, but at the same time there is no study more delightful than that of endeavouring to understand the connection that there has been between any one who by virtue of his own intellectual force attained greatness, and the surroundings of his childhood which moulded that intellectual force and endowed it with a more exquisite charm.

FICTION

Day's Journey. By NETTA SYRETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THE reader who makes a pleasant entrance into this story through the "little gate set between two walls of yew" at once gives admittance to the country home of Robert Anglake and Cecily his wife has already a premonition that, unlike the sun-dial on the cover, it marks other than many hours. The title, coupled with the fly-leaf verse from Christina Rossetti's poem, will have shown that the road is to "wind up-hill all the way," and as the journey progresses it becomes apparent that over the one tempting turning-place the author has set a double, if not, indeed, a triple guard. It is just this well-handled resolution to follow the road to the summit that makes the tale worth telling. The scheme at the outset is not uncommon either in real life or in fiction. Cecily, a brilliant girl, mated (at least to her heart's complete content) with one of the *gens mirabile scriptorum*, finds after two or three years of secluded married life, during which she has borne and lost a child, that her husband's passion has spent its force and that he has struck up a "beautiful breezy friendship" with a serpentine and "artistic" young woman who is fooling him, from the most sordid motives, to the top of his bent. Neither in the situation nor in the fact that, just as the discovery of the truth is hardening her, an old lover and an old friend range up to the rescue of some of her happiness is there anything calling for special remark. The silver thread, as it were, of the story lies in its record of the tender, purely womanly, instinct which turns a devoted wife into one who can mother her husband out of the depths of her pity and love when his selfish folly and its results have left him like a penitent child who "wants her very much." "Oh Robin," she cries as he comes back to her, "what a thin little boy." "And then—she gave a curious little sound, half laugh, half cry—'men are such babies, aren't they? I can pretend he's my little boy!'" Women, we think, will be the best critics of this story. Mere men may fairly wish, however, that Miss Syrett had left any saving graces that Robin may have possessed a little less to the difficult masculine imagination.

Love in June. By KEBLE HOWARD. With Illustrations by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

WHEN an artist flies from London in the early June days, finds himself in comfortable quarters in an old country inn, waited upon by a lovely maiden with an unmistakable air of good breeding, the end of the story is an open secret, and the artist's fate foretold. Love, however, does not run too smoothly; there are obstacles and disappointments before the prize is won. It is all delightful and unworldly, this sojourn amid pastoral scenes and shrewd kindly country folk, who are sketched for us in a friendly spirit and in the most favourable light. There is humour, too, in the rustic courtship of the maid, the ostler, and the postman, and around all an atmosphere of leisure, good nature and romance that has an attraction of its own. Altogether a well-written story that should find many readers.

Tolla the Courtesan. By E. RODOCANACHI. Translated from the Italian by FREDERICK LAWTON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE title might lead one to imagine that here "luridness and lustre link": but this is very far from being the case. The book contains a picture, worked out with elaborate care for the most minute detail, of daily life in Rome in the year 1700. There are sixty-one letters supposed to be written by a French lord, who has been obliged to fly from France, to the lady of his love. Through these letters runs the thin thread of the story of the famous Vittoria or Tolla Boccadileone, of her love-affair with the son of the Queen of Poland, and of her ultimate ruin. But this is the merest pretext for giving M. Rodocanachi an opportunity to produce the result of his research into the life of

capacity for inflated rhetoric, the same impecuniosity, the same distribution of I.O.U.s. But there is this essential difference: Mr. Chippendale gives us none of the delightful things Micawber excelled in. From our knowledge of the colonial temper, we are quite sure the inhabitants of Cook's Island would have scoffed at Mr. Chippendale's grandiloquent speeches, refused his "acceptances," and broken his head. Mr. Fellows admits that the advisability of taking lessons in composition occurred to him; and we regret that there the matter ended. Those lessons might have taught him the absurdity of aping Dickens, and spared us misspellings, repetitions, incorrect quotations, the perpetual recurrence of the word "reliable," and similar errors.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

(SECOND NOTICE)

It is advisable to let some time elapse before giving a definitive opinion on the Royal Academy or any other exhibition. The "exhibition headache" is not the best condition in which to judge fairly of pictures. The public that knows and understands—which is only a very small minority of those who frequent the Royal Academy—has recently shown impatience verging on unfairness in the treatment of this exhibition, but a calm unprejudiced mind must own that there is a vast deal of very considerable talent displayed, unfortunately, in most cases, in wrong and perverse directions. The most striking defect which runs throughout modern work, and perhaps more in the Royal Academy than elsewhere, is the absence of ideas: a deficiency which is almost universal now, but which would have been singular in preceding generations. If we have the curiosity to peep in next door to the Academy, in the Diploma Gallery, containing comparatively recent work, we shall find not a single canvas that is not informed by an idea—a good or a bad idea—and well or ill executed, but still an idea. The perverse notion, artistic, or decorative ideas can be supplied by literary or mythic, or in an Italian landscape amidst olives and vines does not constitute ideal painting, and the delusion is remarkable chiefly in being almost universal. The popular opinion is that the President, at least, still holds up the banner; but however the themes may vary, there is not a pin to choose between their treatment by Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Sargent, Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Tuke—to take some names almost at random. The slight differences of treatment arise from purely material conditions. The passivity of the sun-flecked stones of *The Cup of Tantalus* allowed the painter greater scope for realism than the flickering movement of Mr. La Thangue's sea and shadow, and hence the *trompe l'œil* of the former is more striking than in the latter. This does not of course make Mr. La Thangue a more ideal painter than Sir Edward. That is another delusion, more prevalent on the Continent, fortunately, than in England, that failure to execute a realistic conception constitutes success in an idealistic one.

But an idealistic picture begins and ends with an idea. Sir Edward Poynter has allowed his original idea, poor little nestling, to be hustled out by that great bullying cuckoo, Nature. Whistler, one of the greatest of idealists, never allowed Nature to bully him, but calmly proceeded on lines he had laid down from the beginning. It is true that Whistler was so far modern and so far less of an idealist than the ancients that the ruling principle of his idealism was that of selection and omission. This was not the case, for instance, of Gainsborough in his

landscapes, or George Morland. I select these names rather than such as are acknowledged idealists in subject, Botticelli or Watts, because the idealism of the latter is entirely pictorial and is not confused in our minds with literary associations. Nevertheless there is not a trace of Hobbema, Morland or Gainsborough that is in any sense realistic. The idealism of these men lay not so much even in greater part, in the art of selection; it lay in a preconceived idea of what Nature looked like, a kind of inner vision—a convention, if you like to call it. Hobbema's and Gainsborough's trees do not in the least resemble photographs of trees, not because they are short of complete realisation, but because they never intended with that intention.

Of this great and bold conception of art there is not a trace to be found either in the Academy or in any other exhibition at the present day. Wherever there is a trace of this influence, as for instance, in Mr. Alfred East's landscapes, it unfortunately only serves to confuse the issue. There is a lack of frankness about Mr. East's work which is not atoned for by increase of scholarly workmanship. The painting is as messy and indigestible as any modern work, and has not the excuse, if excuse there be, of being a transcript from Nature. The two doors are open—frank conventionality or frank realism; the former appears to be incompatible in our temper with any virility or real invention, we turn with such whole-hearted performances as Mr. Mark E. B. Landscapes, Mr. Arthur Meade's extremely capable in the manner of Monet, *The Merry Springtime*, Mr. C. Symons' vigorous sketch of children playing *Sunday*, Charles Sims' *Washing-day*, and Mr. Harrington's *Good Morning*. Mr. Frank Bramley's realism, in the form of an elaborate *Grasmere Rush-bearing*, has the taste of a costume piece, although dealing with a modern scene. All these works are worthy of some consideration, but can be said of very few of the more idealistic pictures.

But among these latter it is curious to note that the most able are by Frenchmen. The *Gentilhomme*, Louisa, is a learned *pastiche* by M. Jean Casse, and the *Fruits* of M. Arthur Chaplin is still more out of harmony with its surroundings in its reminiscence of van Hout and Hondecoeter, the formal flower-piece, elaborately finished, but with no pretensions to reality.

THE BOSTON VELASQUEZ

WE have received a copy of the "Report of the Association regarding the new Velasquez" at the Boston Museum issued in the bi-monthly bulletin, and we are struck by its thoroughness. It might appear that any view of the collection of the authorities in purchasing the picture of Philip IV., was hardly necessary, since the picture is undoubtedly genuine. But those who uphold its genuineness such as Mr. Phillips, Don Pedro de Madrazo, Mr. Bernhardt Berenson, Mr. Lichfield, and Mr. Charles Curtis, the "Gamekeeper at Hon. English," and Mr. Mason Perkins, George Eliot, and Aureliano de Beruete, and his opinion on the matter is to excessive severity, so that, like some of our English masters, he will not allow a dull connection to be ascribed to the hand of the master. The connoisseurs, and especially Bostonians, exhibit a sensitiveness about questions of the authenticity acquired by them; but since the matter had been completely settled as it is in this pamphlet. Yet it strikes one as singular that no mention is made of the very singular picture, ascribed to Velasquez, in the collection of Gardner of Boston. It was well known here, having been exhibited at the Old Masters when it was in the collection of Mr. Ralph Banks of Kingston. It was ascribed by Professor

n picture) to the hand of Velasquez himself. It is identical with the Prado portrait, as there are slight differences in the position and drawing of the hat. In any case concerning the early portraits of Philip IV. this would naturally come into question, especially as it is a private collection in the same city, and the fact to mention it shows a modesty not usually accorded to citizens of Boston.

B. S.

ART SALES

During the Whitsuntide vacation, Art Sales have been few and unimportant. In the sale last week at Messrs. Sotheby's of the collection of Greek and Roman coins formed by Mr. P. Harlan Smith, of New York, some fair prices were realised: Catana, tetradrachm by Euainetos, £170 (Spink); Syracuse, silver medallion by Persephone to left, £91 (same); Acanthus, tetradrachm attacking bull, £61 (same); Locris, Locri Opuntii, stater, Persephone to left, and two hemidrachms, £65 10s. (Rollin). On Wednesday Messrs. Christie sold a collection of old English plate, formerly the property of Colonel S. P. Groves. A Queen Anne two-handled cup, embossed with a corded band, by John Cory, £68 (Webster); a William III. two-handed porringer, embossed with a corded band and spiral fluting, by A. Roode, £64 (Heigham); and a plain double sauce-boat, by John Smith, £62 (S. J. Phillips). On the same day Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley sold a fine first edition of Whistler's "The Lime Burner," with a pencilled inscription "For Mother, from J. Whistler," for 50 gs.; and a good edition, first state, of "The Kitchen" for 30 gs.

THE DRAMA

"NOTRE JEUNESSE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Jeunesse was the pick of the season's French successes. No doubt it was better as rendered by the French cast at the Théâtre Français; but M. Coquelin's action was quite good enough to show any intelligent spectator in what respects they order theatrical matters in France than we do in England. Alike in the method and in the playing there was more of the art that we are accustomed to. M. Coquelin is well entitled though he is to consider himself a Star, but he magnifies himself into a Moon. His part being so important, he seems satisfied that it should be small. He does not tamper with the author's text, requiring that his soliloquies should be allotted to him, or that he should always be in the centre of the stage at the fall of the curtain. He does not try in any way to make the part "greater than the whole. Similarly with the other actors, and notably with Mesdames Moréno and Sylvie. They all dress appropriately, but none of them over-dress, nor do they wear their dresses self-consciously, or strike attitudes in the manner of Mrs. Brown Potter, or enter to slow music, or do anything in the limelight alone. They make their points without over-emphasising them; they neither over-act, nor make their speeches at, the audience. For the whole company, in fact, the play is the thing. To the effect all the incidental effects are subordinated. The restraint and the sense of proportion prevail; and there is no trace of amateurishness in the performance of even the least of the players—of him, to wit, who has nothing to do but stand in a gorgeous livery, open the door, and announce that the play is about to begin. It is not allowed a dull day itself the best thing we can say is that it is a masterpiece of the very thing we ought to be wanting in our theatres. By Bostonians, exhibited for the literary drama. What we do speak of the literary drama is, as a rule, as a matter of fact, a date by an Elizabethan, or something of the kind. Yet it strikes one as rather our intellectual combativeness and made of the very same material by Mr. Bernard Shaw. But it is

just as possible of a dramatic situation from the fact that it is not only regarded and discussed as a father, but has a Lucien seen since has been obtained is quite the whole house. body of is a problem solution severe moralism Briant accustom much nise his Briant fashion frivolous in life her; a girl, she third public takes the girl To w pas si miennu Tha that acted of us, exami In the but in contri at least eyes. does t rage daugh andie have that has v skirtin instar theat The were part v come But th for hi praise tiousi playe all th Made butec true i

SCIENCE

EMOTION AND TRUTH

ACCORDING to the usual classification, our modes of consciousness may be either sensations, perceptions, conceptions or emotions. The concern of what Baumgarten called æsthetics is with the last of these. Now all facts are part of Truth, including such facts as that a picture or a song affects one in a certain way—excites a certain state of emotion. But the great concept of Truth is of an order of facts which is independent of the percipient, or is, as we say, objectively true. Like all concepts, this is intellectual, not emotional.

An emotion is a subjective and personal thing. It is your emotion or mine or some one else's; it necessarily implies a personal subject or possessor. The content of an emotion is true in the sense that all facts are true; and the subject of this emotion may exercise his distinctively human power of self-consciousness, and, by turning his attention upon himself, may introspectively recognise the fact of the occurrence of his emotion as an objective truth. But it behoves him carefully to distinguish. For instance, I may have the emotion of hate aroused in me by a certain man. It is a fact—and therefore part of truth—that I have that emotion; but on the other hand, you love that man, and this emotion, which contradicts mine, is as true for you as mine is for me; whilst an impartial third may record your hate and my love as facts both objectively true. Now, if the Cosmos be a Cosmos, no fact in it contradicts any other. Nevertheless, I shall be heard positively asserting that this man is hateful; and you, as positively, and with equal "reason," that he is lovable. Plainly we are both right, in that we speak of a fact we know, and none can know so well; but we are both wrong in that we imagine our knowledge to be a fact of the man in question, whereas it is not a fact about him at all, but about ourselves. I am apparently right in asserting him to be hateful, you in asserting him to be lovable; but plainly he cannot be both. In truth, he is *hateful to me*, and *lovable to you*: in other words, the content of my emotion is a fact about me, and the content of yours is a fact about you. Were we discussing our friend or enemy in a smoking-room, we should agree that, in short, I hate him, and you love him. Whilst our emotions are precious beyond price we must guard against imagining that their contents tell us anything about their *objects*. The fact that I hate the man is by no means necessarily damaging to him (I may be one of those described by Milton, "by whom to be dispraised were no small praise"), but may be most-damaging to me; whilst the fact that you love him is by no means necessarily laudatory of him, but may be the worst thing that could be said about you.

This, like so many of the important things, is all quite obvious, and, even though we have never met it formally stated on paper in the "jargon of psychology," we may safely say that we always knew it. But we have a way of hiding this our light under a bushel. We do not always talk as if we were aware that our emotions are facts of ourselves and not of their objects. Perhaps I hear a song by Schubert, or Stephen Adams, and say "That is a good song." Now I might conceivably be entitled to say so. I might have made so profound a study of æsthetics in general and of the æsthetics of song-writing in particular, and I might have so much power of exposition as to be able to "prove" that it is a good song. But, in point of fact, I certainly cannot, having, to begin with, very vague notions as to the validity of the criteria in any such attempted "proof." Not having these qualifications, I am entirely unwarranted in making any assertion about the merit of the song; and am warranted merely in saying: "That song excites pleasurable emotion in me," or, in the vernacular, "I like that song." This manner of speech may sound very egoistical, as compared with: "That is a good

song," but it really is by far the more modest of the two. For if some one should ask why I call the song good, I should be forced to reply that I say so because I like it, whereupon it will appear that my assertion as to the goodness of the song contained a further (implicit) assertion as to the goodness of my taste in songs. I like it is good! Similarly, I hate you: *ergo*, you are hateful. The grossness of the error is obvious, but we all come to imagining assertions about ourselves to be assertions about something or some one else. In this matter the philosopher's discrimination is with the author of the lines on Dr. Johnson. He clearly understood that he was making an assertion not about the doctor but about himself.

The application of all this to the art criticism one reads is evident enough. In so far as a work of art is subject to the judgment of the intellect—as the remote derivation of the word *art* shows it must always be—the critic may be justified in pronouncing it to be good or bad; that is, objectively good or bad. No matter who the critic, he must have some measure of competence in this respect. As to the structure or form of any work of art, being ultimately reducible by a perfect intellect to a series of mathematical expressions, is not the vital, the truly artistic thing; as the bowels of a motor-car are a work of art. The artistic thing is precisely that upon which no critic, in the present state of our knowledge, can express an opinion. He can express, however, what is much more than an opinion: he can tell us how the thing affected him, and that is not a matter of opinion, but of the most certain knowledge accessible to the human mind. That way lies safety: the "feeling-tone of sensation" is affected by many things—the weather, the digestion, repetition, more repetition, and so forth. Hence the critic who said: "This is a good opera" on one occasion may wish he had not said so on the next, when he finds it deadly dull. He is, however, he be a psychologist, as every good critic is, will merely have said on the first occasion: "I like it," and on the next he is free to say: "This time I do not like it." Whereat the groundlings, but not the judicious, will grieve.

When we realise the precise importance of the emotional nature of the "æsthete" (there is no other generic word we are able to understand, without the usual amazement, the diversity of opinion. Wordsworth saw nothing in Keats; Wagner and Brahms thought each other's music worthless: but, on our theory, they were very foolish to say so, for what they thought to be assertions about each other's music were really assertions about themselves. And the curious thing is that we, who could not have written a bar of either's music, can respond to the emotional appeal of both.

One more point. We "dry-light-of-reason" students maintain that men can always express their knowledge in words. This the amateur of art is apt to deny: he hears the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, or sees a Rembrandt, and says: "I know that is good, but I cannot tell you why." To which I answer, he knows nothing of the sort. What he knows is that the music or the picture deeply affects him. It is knowledge of his own emotions, and that is why he cannot give a reason for it. I do not believe that there is any rational knowledge which cannot be expressed in words. No student of psychology believes it. Thoughts too deep for speech are not thoughts at all, but emotions. Far be it from me to decry them; life would not be worth living without them, and indeed would not be life without them. The insane patient who experiences no emotions is alive only in the biological sense; but that is no reason why we should misuse language, and confound emotional with rational states of consciousness.

The reader will perceive that this question is of supreme philosophic importance: for the implication is more than merely that art-criticism is necessarily subjective. If emotional states have no validity as criteria of any facts of the not-self; if your "knowledge which words are too coarse to convey" is not knowledge but emotion, we must utilise these conclusions in attempting to

om the mystics and the poets. If these things are
rdsworth's sublime ode is no more, philosophically,
noble expression of what Clifford called "cosmic
n" felt by a superlatively privileged boy; but if
ntents of an emotion are to be accepted as having
ive truth, then we must accept the pre-existence of
ul as proved, since an honest witness has been found
ll but remembered "that imperial palace whence he

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

SCHUBERT

not leave me in this dark corner under the earth,"
the dying Schubert to his brother, "do I not deserve
ace above ground?" It would seem as if in this
ch, prompted by the delirium of his last moments,
who was ever the meekest, shyest, most unassuming
geniuses made a final appeal for recognition from the
ld. We are therefore the more grateful for the recent
dition to the lives of the "Master-Musicians"—
Schubert" by Edmonstone Duncan (Dent, 3s. 6d. net)—
which is under consideration here.

It is a charming volume, containing portraits and a list
works: and in these days when much purely lyrical
music is relegated to a "dark corner under the earth,"
the sympathetic pages of his latest biographer will help to
confirm Schubert in the "place above ground" for which
sighed; a place, that is, with the Immortals. Schubert
is ever beloved by his brothers in Art. Schumann writes
his music that "it carries with it the germs of ever-
lasting youth." "Truly in Schubert there is the divine
spark!" cries Beethoven, whose last days were soothed
and brightened by the study of the younger composer's
songs. To quote Mr. Duncan:

"More than one visit was paid by Schubert to the bedside of the dying
master. The first seems to have been in the company of Anselm
Güttenbrenner. They were announced by Schindler (a mutual friend)
who asked which was first to be admitted. 'Schubert may come first,'
was Beethoven's reply. And afterwards when they were together he
added: 'You, Anselm, have my mind, but Franz has my soul.' . . . At
the funeral on March 29 Schubert acted as one of the thirty-eight torch-
bearers who preceded the coffin. They were dressed in full mourning
with white roses and bunches of lilies fastened to the crêpe on their
arms." . . .

Returning with his friends from the ceremony, Schubert

"entered the Mehlgrube tavern and called for wine. There he drank
to the memory of the great man whom they had just seen laid in his
resting-place. A second glass was then drunk to the first of the
assembled friends who should follow. Alas! it was Schubert himself."

He died at the early age of thirty-one, leaving behind
him an incredible quantity of beautiful compositions. A
list of these as published in Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel's
"new, critical and complete edition" is given at the end of
Mr. Duncan's book. He truly says:

"So rich is the legacy of beautiful work that one may be excused
hesitation in pointing to the masterpieces where these are so plentiful.
Turn where we may—to symphony or sonata, to opera or oratorio, or
to the chamber-music with its marvellous array of songs—at each step
we are greeted by some lovely treasure. . . . It is Schubert's proud
boast—a posthumous one, it is true, for pride held no place in his life—
that he has enriched every department of music with a masterpiece."

"We shall probably find," says Kreissle, "that in none
of the great musicians was the creative faculty awakened
so early, or made its way with such irresistible power as in
Franz Schubert." According to his brother Ferdinand,
little Franz's first composition was a fantasia for four
hands, written in 1810 when he was about thirteen, but
Kreissle states that he had before this composed songs,
piano-pieces and string-quartets.

We have some delightful glimpses of his childhood,
notably a letter written to his brother Ferdinand in 1812,

from t
attach

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and in every page of whose book the sweetness, generosity and integrity of the musician's soul stand out as gloriously as his genius. In person he was an ugly little man, pale and short; his friends gave him "the atrociously vulgar nick-name of Schwammerl." "Kanevas," was another sobriquet, earned by his asking of every new acquaintance mentioned by his friends "*Kann er was?*"—"Can he do anything?" He had his moments of merri-ment, in spite of care, and at such times used to delight in singing his own ballad "The Erl-King" through a toothcomb to the uproarious laughter of his friends.

Schubert died in 1828, and was laid to rest near Beethoven. On the memorial stone the original epitaph ran thus:

"Music has here entombed a rich treasure
But still fairer hopes
Franz Schubert lies here.
Born Jan. 31, 1797.
Died Nov. 19, 1828.
Aged 31 years."

"Schubert," says Dr. Hugo Riemann, "was the real creator of the modern 'Lied.' His importance in the history of music is analogous to that of Goethe as lyricist in the history of poetry." In Liszt's opinion he was "le musicien le plus poète qui fut jamais." For this reason perhaps Beethoven's appreciation of his friend is also ours. Others may have our *mind* in these days of intellectual progress, but Franz Schubert has something greater still—*Franz has our soul*.

E#

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE FLUTE OF PAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is not my custom to reply to anonymous abuse unless it contains some misrepresentation of facts. The verdict given after the special performance of *The Flute of Pan* was eminently favourable, and thousands of letters were received—from educated writers—in protest against the curious treatment it received on its first production. I have also a number of letters from the most distinguished professional critics of life, and of the modern English stage, and of modern English literature—all of whom offered me the highest possible encouragement. Your reviewer is at liberty to have his own opinion of my work, but I am not bound to regard it as infallible.

June 10.

PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.

[Our reviewer writes: "I know nothing of Mrs. Craigie's private correspondence, but wrote from a general memory of the press notices. The criticism of her book must stand or fall by its reasonableness."

We must protest against Mrs. Craigie's characterisation of the review as abusive.—ED.]

SCIENCE AND ART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having been treated with such courteous consideration by you and by Dr. Saleeby, I am emboldened to add another word to the discussion.

Broadly speaking, there is but little antagonism between our views; only, as usual, they are taken from different points. On my part I am anxious to get at that narrow marrow of the question which, as an artist, I may be able to hold as something intimate and influencing, and which may be handled and probed by my confrères. Dr. Saleeby, on his part, allows the subject to widen out into the poetic vagueness of elegant but attenuated metaphysics. Spread over extensive generalisations, he naturally finds his "many important questions"; but of these, some are too far removed from the artist actually at work to be directly obligatory, and others are already part of his creed of art for art's sake (e.g., sincerity). From none of them does he dissent. The one question upon which dissent is made is the "separate" one of motive in work, because this has an immediate and direct bearing.

Dr. Saleeby is content to have bridged my gulf between art and morals by a mere rocket-line—happiness. He concludes his syllogism after premising, on authority, that happiness and morality are related, and that the true work of art, being the expression of "the artist's pleasurable emotion," will excite happiness. Well, it may do so or not. Granting that horror is excited, the syllogism fails. On art for art's sake lines a picture of drowning human creatures in an angry hopeless sea, or of the death agonies of a man in the maw and clutches of a monster, may indeed produce some pleasurable emotion in a critical person who sees the work to be well done. Here, then, we converge. The fact of the picture being well done constitutes its claim to be

"true" art, the artist himself being entirely irresponsible for the sible ultimate "bearing upon the problem of existence," etc., that such unhappy subjects may have such a bearing.

Although, as he says, we may not persuade Dr. Saleeby that people might be persuaded that whether Wagner or Shakespeare or Watts could be proved to have cared a straw for questions or not, their art *per se* would have remained the same, artists are actors. They first assume their part and then Shakespeare undoubtedly advanced the sinful plots of his plays, as he followed the saintly devotion of Keats. As to his morals above the average, particularly in the latter part of his life?

Permit me to quote Dr. Saleeby once more. He says: "For art's sake, concerned with nothing but the recording of what has seen, or what his inward ear has heard, may yet, through nothing for that, influence the moral of thousands." Each need then to bind up art with morality or with anything else, a frail thread of "happiness"? Let the artist work for art's sake, as a lark sings—because he must. With such singleness of purpose will be stronger, purer and truer than if it is disintegrated and broken down by such motives as have been claimed for the time mentioned; and being purer, it will prove a greater benefit to the world's economy. Dr. Saleeby himself confirms this in his graph.

Art for art's sake is in itself a morality so ascetic, so exacting, refining, that even almsgiving after a half-crown concert is a comparison sheer sentimentality.

F.C.H.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I intervene in the interesting discussion in THE ACADEMY by repeating Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Ought we to recognise that it is a juggling with words to talk as if one were exactly like another? Is the Law of Evolution, for instance, in the same sense as the Law of Gravitation? or the science of geology as the science of geology? or the maxim, "Summum jus est injuria," as the axiom, "Two parallel straight lines cannot enclose space"? or the assertion, "Nelson is the greatest of admirals," as the assertion, "Paul of Tarsus is the noblest spirit that has graced the annals of humanity"? Let us apply this to the domain of art. Is Shakespeare's *Othello* artistically true in the same sense as *Andromeda*, *Frogs*? or George Eliot's "Silas Marner" as Milton's "Lycidas"? or Turner's *Fighting Temeraire* as Watts' *Hope*? In like manner is not a wide difference between moral truth and artistic truth? Do not move on wholly different planes? And is it not a mere trick to prove that there is a necessary connection between them? May not the moralist be no artist, like Kant, and the artist no moralist, like Phidias? If any of your correspondents care to discuss "dry light" on these questions, I shall be grateful.

J.E.

"MUCKERS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a comment on Mr. James Truslow Adams' letter of issue of May 13, I would like to say that the word "mucker" has acquired rather a special meaning among Harvard undergraduates. Offensive, I think (though the term is always discourteous), more than its significance in New York. While a Harvard student some years ago I heard the word constantly applied to the children of times to large boys, and perhaps girls, of the less sophisticated about Cambridge—something like "townies," in fact. Probably in Cambridge chiefly that Professor Münsterberg has been called "muckers."

Lancaster, Mass. U.S.A.

June 3, 1905.

J.C.L. Carr

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Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps Chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours. Sous la direction de André Michel, Conservateur aux Musées Nationaux. Tome I. *Des débuts de l'Art Chrétien à la fin de la Renaissance*. Partie I. Paris: Armand Colin, 15 fr. and 22 fr.

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Green, Rev. Richard. *John Wesley, Evangelist*. Illustrated. The Religious Tract Society, 6s. net.

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The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In five volumes. Vol. I. *The Queen-Mother and Rosamond*. Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. each.
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deck, and while Mr. Amery tells us that "Buller was but the embodiment of the qualities and defects which the British military system tended to produce," we read in the daily papers of a great shortage of officers. Now that this volume is published there must be many officers complaining that a great book is a great evil; but the magnitude of the lesson enforced by it with so much literary skill certainly justifies the editorial severity. Mr. Lionel James contributes a very clear account of French's operations in front of Colesberg, and two most interesting chapters on Ladysmith. Mr. Bron Herbert's share is the story of the Natal operations, described in the preface as "perhaps the most difficult and contentious portion of the whole book:" the description does not exaggerate as the reader may gather from a short quotation. "Spion Kop," says Mr. Herbert, "might have been held against all comers by 500 men, but not by five hundred ordinary British soldiers, nor by 5000. Nevertheless, in face of an enemy so weak in numbers, so undisciplined and so unorganised as the Boers, the tactical deficiencies of the British soldier need have proved no bar to victory in the hands of leaders capable of making the best of his many good qualities, and of compensating for his defects by bold strategy and skilful tactical handling." That is a lesson which Hamley tried many years ago to teach when he wrote his great work to show that "a leader, in order to achieve the most notable successes, need not be gifted with inspiration, but only with the more appreciable, though still rare, combination of sound sense, clear insight, and resolution." The excellent illustrations and the clear maps, based in some instances on special surveys, provide a feature in this volume to which no caviller can take objection, be he politician, soldier or hero-worshipper.

The Religion of a Gentleman. By Charles F. Dole. (H. R. Allenson, 3s. 6d.)—This book is an attempt to provide an ethical religion for the benefit of young Americans who are not satisfied with the Christianity of the churches. It succeeds in propounding a high ideal of life which is convincing and desirable; it fails in giving us any help towards the attainment of the higher life. The writer has all the optimism of the transcendentalists; he accepts the universe. His secret is "to carry the thought of a good God and a divine universe" into the turmoil of life. But he has nothing new to tell us of the way in which the thought may be reconciled with the apparently adverse facts of experience. We are hardly satisfied with the theory that evil is mere imperfection, or a lesser good. The book is frankly concerned with the life that now is; "we want a religion for men, not for 'spirits,'" though spirit, later on, is used apparently as a synonym for the unseen forces of nature. From this point of view the chapter headed "Memento Mori" is disappointing, since it ignores the real sting of death, which is the cutting short of work and thought on this side the grave, and regards it merely as one form of the universal element of sorrow. The chapter on "The Great Renunciation" is perhaps the best. Mr. Dole's heroes are many. "The peasant prophet of Galilee" is favoured with a high place in the ranks of those who have exhibited in life the religion of a gentleman, and the name of Elizabeth Frye (*sic*) occurs more than once in the same galaxy.

Mr. Frederic Jessel has compiled a Bibliography of works in English on *Playing Cards and Gaming*, which has been published by Messrs. Longman (12s. 6d.). Gaming in this sense includes dominoes, conjuring, card-tricks and so forth. Mr. Jessel has described the title of every work he has found, however slight, on cards or gaming; and he has included all books which contain allusions of sufficient importance to be recorded, even works of fiction which depend on gaming for their plots or contain scenes which illustrate the mode of playing some particular game. Periodicals have not been forgotten, though Mr. Jessel has found it impossible to include newspapers. The bibliography is in alphabetical order of the names of authors, but the index at the end enables subjects to be searched for without difficulty.

At a time when the question of the admission of alien Jews into England has entered into the sphere of practical politics, a book such as *The Return of the Jews to England*, by H. S. Q. Henriques (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), which gives a succinct account of the legal position of the English Jew from before the Conquest down to the Places of Religious Public Worship Act of 1855 possesses an especial interest. It is instructive to note that even so far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor there were Jews in England who lived "under the liege protection and guardianship of the King," to whom both themselves and their chattels belonged. Increasing largely in numbers after the Conquest, they still continued to enjoy the protection of the monarch, for whom they constituted an important source of revenue. Their resources, however, were greatly crippled by the statute *de Judaismo*, passed in 1275, which forbade them to exact usury; and in 1290 they were expelled, not to return until the seventeenth century, when their legal position was of peculiar interest. *Quid* members of the Jewish race there was nothing to prevent them dwelling in England, the edict of expulsion applying only to the actual Jews who left England in the thirteenth century; but *quid* non-protestants they would necessarily come under the scope of the Law of Uniformity passed in Elizabeth's reign, which made churchgoing compulsory under pain of heavy fines. It is, however, with the question of the Resettlement that we come to the most interesting part of the book. For reasons which we find on the whole to be sufficient, Mr. Henriques opposes Mr. Lucien Wolf's theory, which holds that the Jews were readmitted in 1658 by a Tolerance of the Lord Protector, obtained by the efforts of Manasseh ben Israel. Nothing more was done by Cromwell than to connive

unofficially at the residence in London of some half-dozen families. But the leaders of the community had transferred their attention from Cromwell to Charles II., and in return for the advanced in 1656 obtained a promise of assistance, which was subsequently fulfilled. No Acts of Parliament were passed in favour of the Jews, but a series of royal dispensations, culminating eventually in the Order of Council issued on November 13, 1685, in the reign of James II., effectually prevented their enemies from setting in motion against the existing legal machinery. It was not until 1846 that the Jews acquired a permanent and definite legal status by the Act of Her Majesty's Subjects from certain Penalties and Disabilities on Account of Religious Opinions. Mr. Henriques writes clearly and temperately and is to be congratulated on having contributed a most interesting chapter to the history of English law.

Carthusian Memories, by William Haig Brown, LL.D. (Longmans, 5s.)—Between supper-time (did we call it supper or tea?) and bedtime, all the eleven houses of Charterhouse school Godwin solemnly in "banco;" a strenuous time of preparation for the "school." In "Saunders" (the Doctor's house) Dr. Haig Brown himself, gravely presiding, sometimes wiled away a "banco" day, it seems, in surreptitiously scribbling verses. So we learn from Haig Brown's introductory allusion. What joy to have discovered one's headmaster penning some spirited school club song over his blotting-pad, or struggling, while describing a football game with the technical subtleties of "footer" phraseology, or in a mood, turning the adventures of the hapless young lady of the into Latin! "Non recito quidquam nisi amicis, idque contra" is the motto that precedes this little collection of manuscripts found in papers connected with the more serious labours of a busy life. The earliest of them is dated 1855, the last and not the least, 1894. They are only published now under persuasion, but we feel sure that Haig Brown's confidence in their cordial reception among Carthusians is thoroughly justified, were it only for the charm of their sensitive appeal. There is in all these sets of verses, whether they be occasional pieces, school songs and hymns, or "prologues" and "epilogues," a warmth of heart and an affection (which, whether one ever doubted) for the school over which he reigned for twenty-four years, together with a quiet sense of fun which may pass unperceived the duller spirits among the school generations in their turn. Perhaps the following, "On the new Column for the School," as terse, historic, neat, humorous and, despite the little blots, the final rhyme, generally pleasing as anything in the book. The column, it should be explained, had been "embraced" by thirteen with results that considerably surprised him. And so—

"The column, which supports this dial-plate,
Replaced a pillar of an earlier date—
That fell: an infant giant clasped it round
And toppled it in fragments to the ground.
The babe, who Samson's deed would emulate,
By lucky leap avoided Samson's fate
And fled away unscathed, but sore dismayed
At the vast ruin which his hands had made."

The scholar peeps out from many an experiment with trousers from and into Latin, Greek, French and German, and Dr. Brown handles his English rhythms with the skill to be expected of one familiar with many metres. A rendering of Victor Hugo's "A Une Jeune Fille" deals with a theme well suited to one's tenderness towards children touches with peculiar grace many of the little pieces addressed to his younger acquaintance. Of the six written for the four rival school clubs ("Nomads," "Snails," "Cygnets" and "Harpies"), all are equally spirited and ingenious. In acknowledging this we pay a tribute to the author's breadth of view. For was he not always, as behoved him, a keen "Snail" partisan?

The Italian Poets since Dante, by William Everett (Duckworth, 5s. net), might have been an excellent work of its kind if the author had not wilfully spoiled it. The purpose of the book is to point out to English readers that Italy possesses other men besides Dante who are worthy of study, and to introduce us, by means of short critical and biographical notices accompanied by verse translations, to the poets from Petrarch to Leopardi. Mr. Everett is an enthusiastic lover of Italian poetry, and though by no means a translator like Rossetti, a student like Symonds, he was still qualified to produce a competent volume to Howells' *Modern Italian Poets*. His attitude towards his subjects is sympathetic, his appreciation is sincere, his criticisms are just and moderate. In places, and especially in the last third of the book, he shows himself to be capable of writing quite good English; it is therefore all the more regrettable that he should have allowed his work to stand disfigured by so many slipshod, loosely constructed, and even absolutely ungrammatical sentences. It is also a pity that he should go out of his way, when discussing the old poets of Italy, to indulge in a good deal of uncritical and curiously spiteful abuse of Chaucer, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Wagner and Whitman. When we read, almost on the last page of the book, of "the abominable that Pulci and Berni, Tasso and Leopardi should still be called noble when they had lost their money," we are reminded of the absurdity with which the book begins—a Latin dedication to the memory of Vergil, followed modestly by the quotation "Tu se lo mio maestro." For both passages are characteristic of the author, of his frequent failures to distinguish between what is great and what is small.

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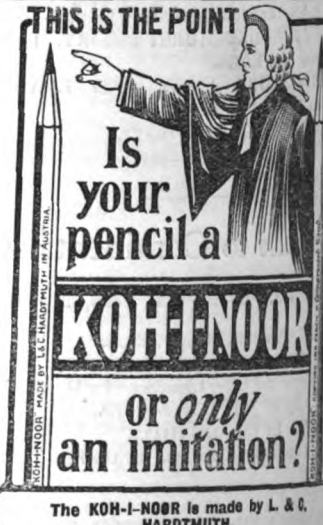
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29

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THE LITERARY WEEK

OUR article on the success in after life of Senior and other Wranglers suggests a similar examination of the names to be found high up in the Cambridge Classical Tripos lists. We have no space to analyse the lists at the same length; but it is worth while to run through them, and pick out the more famous names. The most notable of the Senior Classics have been:

- 1827. Benjamin Hall Kennedy.
- 1830. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln.
- 1831. Charles Rann Kennedy.
- 1832. Professor Lushington.
- 1835. Lord Lyttleton.
- 1842. Lord Denman.
- 1844. Sir Henry Maine.
- 1845. A. H. Holden, compiler of "Foliorum Silvulæ."
- 1849. Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse.
- 1850. E. H. Perowne, the theological scholar.
- 1851. Bishop Lightfoot.
- 1853. Roby of the Latin Grammar.
- 1855. Dr. Butler, the present Master of Trinity.
- 1861. Dr. Edwin Abbott, Headmaster of City of London School.
- 1862. Sir Richard Jebb.
- 1864. Dr. Moss, Headmaster of Shrewsbury.
- 1867. John Edwin Sandys, Public Orator at Cambridge.
- 1868. Mr. Justice Kennedy.
- 1873. Professor Butcher, the translator of the Iliad.
- 1874. Mr. Walter Leaf, translator of the Odyssey, and a Director of the London and Westminster Bank.
- 1877. Dr. Welldon, formerly Bishop of Calcutta.

Eminent Second Classics, during the same period, have been:

- 1831. George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand.
- 1832. Richard Shilleto, the famous scholar.
- 1834. John William Donaldson, author of "The Theatre of the Greeks."
- 1835. Dean Vaughan.
- 1842. H. A. J. Munroe, Editor of Lucretius.
- 1844. W. G. Clark, founder of the "Journal of Philology."
- 1851. J. B. Mayor.
- 1856. Charles Stuart Calverley.
- 1857. Sir John Seeley.
- 1861. Sir George Trevelyan.
- 1863. Mr. Arthur Sidgwick.
- 1864. F. W. H. Myers.
- 1867. Sir Frederick Pollock.
- 1873. Mr. T. E. Page, Editor of Horace.

On the whole it is with the Classical as with the Mathematical Tripos. The Seniors have acquired fame in somewhat greater proportion than the Seconds. The notable Thirds have been:

- 1825. W. M. Praed.
- 1841. Lord Thring.
- 1844. Albert Henry Wratislaw, the Czech scholar.
- 1848. J. E. B. Mayor.
- 1861. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton.
- 1862. Henry Jackson, co-author with Sir Richard Jebb of "Translations."
- 1867. Mr. Sidney Colvin.
- 1874. Dr. A. W. Verrall.

The Fourths also make a good show:

- 1830. Dean Merivale.
- 1832. Thompson, Master of Trinity.
- 1848. P. Frost, Editor of Thucydides.
- 1850. Professor Westlake.
- 1854. Dean Farrar.
- 1863. Austen Leigh, Provost of King's.
- 1876. Mr. G. C. Macaulay.
- 1879. Dean Armitage.

We will follow the lists no further except to remark that Mr. Gerald Balfour was Fifth Classic, that Archbishop Benson and Sir William Harcourt were both Eighth Classics, and that Charles Kingsley was Ninth Classic. On the whole, it will be seen, that more great men "go out" in Classics than in Mathematics; which is what one would expect, seeing that the study is more humane, and touches life at more points.

Our note last week on translating "La vie est brève" has brought us any number of new renderings. One we print in our Correspondence; the rest only go to prove how difficult it is to make a good English version of a poem so exceedingly simple in appearance. Probably the five hundred translations in the *Journal of Education* are not a tenth part of those that have been made in the last five years. An equally popular and equally difficult task is the Englishing of "Animula, vagula, blandula"—but in saying this we are not inviting our readers to send us the renderings which each one is sure to have in his mind or his bureau.

It is just one hundred years since there died—most fittingly at Bath—one Christopher Anstey, poet, whose celebrity during his life-time was in direct ratio to his posthumous neglect. When his death was still recent and men had yet an exaggerated idea of his importance, a monument to his memory was admitted within the honourable limits of Poet's Corner, and three years after his death his son—also a poet—honoured his memory by publishing a collection of his "Poetical Works." To-day those works are almost wholly neglected, his name being only associated in the minds of most readers who know anything of him with but one work and that is "The New Bath Guide, or Memoirs of the B—r—d [Blunderhead] Family; in a Series of Poetical Epistles." Of those who know the title of "The New Bath Guide" from contemporary allusions there are probably comparatively few who have read it. This book of what Gray termed "a new and original kind of humour," was first published at Cambridge in 1766. It was instantly successful; Dodsley gave Anstey £200 for the copyright, and eleven years later, having made more money out of it than out of any other book that he had published, he presented it back to the author—a worthy and gentlemanly act on the part of the footman-publisher-poet.

"The New Bath Guide" is marked by an ease of versification from which both Moore and "Ingoldsby" learned something; it is also marked by some coarsenesses which were admissible in a work of the kind a century and a half ago but which have long since ceased to be allowed even to the satiric poet. The book is now mainly interesting as having helped to inspire a more notable one. Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" owed so much to Anstey's verses, so far as characters and situations are concerned, that it has been described as "The New Bath Guide in Prose." Sir Walter Scott, however, has pointed out that in admitting this we must not belittle Smollett, for

"Anstey's diverting satire was but a slight sketch compared to the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters and then fitted them with language, sentiments and powers of observation in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, condition and disposition."

Anstey might have been prophetic when in the second edition of his "Guide" he made a lady ask

"Dost think that such stuff as thou writ'st upon Tabbey
Will procure thee a busto in Westminster Abbey?"

A correspondent makes two points against our article on Senior Wranglers. The first is that we did not recognise the Maxwell of Trinity, who was Second Wrangler in 1854, as Professor James Clerk-Maxwell. This is a true charge, and we can only say that the Cambridge University Calendar, with its paucity of footnotes and omission of Christian names and initials, lays pitfalls of this kind into which it is very difficult not to fall. We are sorry; but we also wish that the Calendar were more helpfully edited. The second point is that we stated wrongly that Adams, the astronomer, "discovered Uranus." This, of course, was a slip of the pen. What the astronomer did, as all schoolboys know, was to discover Neptune, inferring the existence of that new planet from the observed divergences of the planet Uranus, not otherwise to be accounted for.

Another historic inn on sale is the Hoop Inn at Cambridge, but it is no longer celebrated as it was in 1787, when Wordsworth, then a freshman, saw it from the coach that had brought him from York. Perhaps it really owes its fame to one line in "The Prelude," where the poet describes how he, "on a dreamy morning," first beheld

"The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Onward we drove beneath the castle; caught
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam:
And at the Hoop alighted, famous inn."

The hotel dates back to the reign of George II., and was once known as "The Bell."

It appears that the laurels of Mrs. Stannard and Mr. George R. Sims did not suffer Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio to sleep. He has not indeed invented a hair restorer—whether because he feared the "unfair competition" of the English authors, or because he felt that the "triumph of death" upon his own high forehead was already too well assured—but he has concocted instead a fragrant essence for the perfuming of the bath. The temptation is strong to say that one sometimes feels the need of a perfumed bath after the perusal of his unexpurgated works; but it must be resisted. It is more interesting and profitable to note how authors of the most artistic reputation are beginning to make terms with the spirit of the commercial age in which they live. The example having been set, imitations of it will suggest themselves to everybody. Mr. F. T. Bullen might very well give his name to a new saline draught, and Mr. Hornung his to a new set of burgling tools. To Mr. J. M. Barrie we shall look for a new go-cart or other toy for children. From Mr. C. B. Fry we could accept a new combination of oils for the use of athletes. Photographs suggest that the Hall Caine hat might be as striking a feature of our civilisation as was once the Byron collar; and if noble sentiments from the author's works were printed on the lining, our heads might derive a double benefit from our headgear, and the proprietor of the design a double protection from the laws relating to trade marks and to copyright.

A new departure is being taken by *The World's Work and Play* in its July number by the admission of an illustrated serial story, "The Education of an Artist." The author is Mr. C. Lewis Hind, and this "practical romance"—for it is essentially practical—is the result of a tour he has made of the principal art galleries at home and on the Continent. In the opening chapters the hero goes to Cornwall, and also decides to visit Paris; and the object of Mr. Hind's work is to show the development of his education. Thus the story is expected to bear a message to those who, like its hero, have not until late in life realised that through what has been to them a closed late lay wide fields of delight and pastures new.

It is greatly to be deplored that all the treasures Europe seem to be making their way to America. The largest part of the library of the late Michael Benary Berlin, about nine thousand volumes, has been purchased by a rich Chicago merchant and presented to the university of that city. It will be remembered that the libraries of the historians, Leopold von Ranke and Curtius, and the scientist Dubois-Reymond were also sold out of Germany.

Yet we are bound to admire the public-spiritedness with which wealthy Americans aid the cause of learning. Mr. Schiff has left a sum of £20,000 to the University of Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., in order that for five years a research expedition may be sent to Palestine. An anonymous donor has presented £40,000 to the University of Chicago to be invested, and the interest expended on the development of the section of the studies dealing with the ethics of the social question.

Controversy still rages in France over the question whether there shall or shall not be a monument to Stendhal. What is interesting to remark is that the first such a memorial was first brought home to the French by an English admirer of the author. A Cambridge professor, it is said, coming to Paris a few years ago with an introduction to the late Stephane Mallarmé, asked to be directed to Stendhal's statue, in order that he might pay a pilgrimage thereto, and had to be informed that there was none. The story goes on to say that he expressed disgust by returning to England by the next boat.

Perhaps the story is not true—at all events in the details: but the fact remains that, though Stendhal is enthusiastically admired by a coterie, the French public in general knows little about him and cares less. The "general desire" to erect a monument, which is mentioned by Dr. Oscar Levy in the appeal we publish to-day in our Correspondence, is a general desire among men of letters and philosophers. The ignorance and indifference of the public was demonstrated not very long ago when a French journal—*M. Jean de Mitty*—copied out an unpublished fragment since published in volume form with the title "Un jour à Brescia," at the Grenoble library, and offered it to one of the leading literary organs. It was the dead end of the editor was away for his holiday and the assistant editor was short of copy. Consequently the piece was not printed; but when the editor returned there was a disturbance in the office. "You've been making a mess of things," he exclaimed, "printing all this rubbish. Who in thunder is this M. Stendhal who has been written for us? I will not have you accept outside contributions from unknown men."

The French Academy has been distributing more of its literary prizes which are so conspicuously lacking in English literary life. Among others, M. Ernest Daudet, the younger brother of Alphonse, is to be congratulated on having acquired a windfall of £360 for his "Histoire de l'émigration pendant la Révolution française."

Some further reminiscences of Alfred de Musset are destined soon to see the light, from a somewhat unexpected quarter. His aged housekeeper and nurse, now ninety years of age, is about to publish her recollections of the poet. Mademoiselle Adèle Colin entered on her new charge at a somewhat critical period in the poet's history. The family had just been broken up owing to the marriage of a sister, and for the first time in his existence he faced himself face to face with the necessity of earning his daily bread. His health, too, was bad. Paul de Musset, in his biography of the poet, praises the zeal and intelligence of the new nurse, who remained at her post till Alfred's death, seven years later, in 1857.

illustrations from the
Stories" by the Broth
English edition, with
highly praised by Rus

We have received from the Government a large and handsome building intended to be used as a school-rooms. "As a school-rooms," the question of bringing pictures has often coloured prints of a France." To meet the print before us forms the price of those imported.

LIT

The Confessions of Lord
Opinions of Men a
enlarged edition of
by W. A. LEWIS B.

THE most objectionable. In a sense, we think, but why the correspondents sifted so as to leave are the most pregnant the name of "Confessions." Mr. Bettany appears unable to draw any content themselves while as they are able to grasp is more that of the literary letters. "To arrive at introduction," in the go by way of his "Let your destination be Galt, Medwin, Scott, stopping-places." This. On the other hand, Mr. He tells us, for example letters one hundred a quoted on twenty-one. Mr. Bettany has care authors mentioned and he has sufficient observations are celebrated—Massie, Murphy and Hoadley. quoted Pope thirty-six. ences to Dr. Johnson arithmetic. At the clear idea of Lord B well advised to skip letters themselves, they may perhaps suggest almost all literary men also be described as quotations are mostly that his mind was a suggestive thought, as Walter Scott has been his time, but any one Waverley Novels will contrast to that of Byron of literature are cited as quaint and curious bearing on his text, suggested the style of Mr. Bettany likens

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Mr. Henry Frowde is adding two more volumes to his Oxford editions of standard English works—the "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb, with

"Don't let's talk of literature"; yet, as far as one may judge from his letters, his conversation consisted of little else. Scott, on the contrary, who made no such profession but rather paraded—if that is not too strong a word for his modest nature—his love of literature, really avoids the topic.

In a well-known passage Mr. Ruskin once expressed an almost unbounded admiration for the letter-writing of Lord Byron, but he gave as an example, to prove his point, what was really nothing more nor less than a piece of rhetoric. We can understand very well how it appealed to the author of "Modern Painters" who never mastered a simple, natural style such as we see exemplified in the works of a Sterne or a Charles Lamb. But the illustration vitiated his praise of Byron as a letter-writer. There are one or two reasons for deposing Lord Byron from the place assigned him by the superficial. He was a *poseur*, and Mr. Bettany admits this in his introduction. At least, that is how we read his reference to "that taint of the histrionic spirit—the natural birthright, be it remembered, of a man of aristocratic race and temper—that taint, with its accompanying love of emulation and of mystifying." Why "aristocratic race and temper" should have for its natural birthright a taste for histrionics is by no means evident. On the contrary, one would think that these are the heritages that would enable a man to dispense altogether with consideration for the opinion of his contemporaries and beget the opposite qualities of arrogance and pride. In the second place, Byron was in the truest sense of the word an out-and-out egoist. He lived his own life and passed like a meteor through his own splendid and lurid career, but he had not that power of self-effacement which renders Sir Walter Scott or Shakespeare able to enter into and live the life of another. Nothing could exemplify this more strikingly than the opinions which Byron formed of his contemporaries, in which he shows an utter inability to appreciate what is antagonistic to his spirit, showing none of that catholicity which Voltaire preached and which the best of our writers have invariably practised.

It is useless at this time of day to dwell at length on this unpleasant part of his character, but the man who could write thus of Keats has amply earned what we have said about him:

"Of the praises of that little dirty blackguard Keates in the *Edinburgh*, I shall observe, as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a *pension*: 'What! has he got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up *mine*.' Nobody could be prouder of the praises of the *Edinburgh* than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in *E[nglish] B[ar]ds* and *S[cotch] R[ev]ueurs*. At present all the men they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise 'Solomon's Guide to Health'? it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keates."

He praised some of his contemporaries, notably Sir Walter Scott and Leigh Hunt, as much as he censured others, but praise and blame alike were wanting in insight and judgment. And unluckily for himself he had comparatively few interests outside those that were literary. Even his politics did not constitute a master passion, noble as was the friendship he showed for Greece. Perhaps the finest passages in his letters are those that refer to his early life and reminiscences. What could be finer or more tender than his memory of Mary Duff?

"I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plain-stanes at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way."

But a comparison between the letters of Byron and those, for example, of Thomas Gray shows a difference between one with the natural gift and another whose writing was all more or less forced. The letters do not gain much by being cut into little bits and arranged as they are in the volume before us. They present no consecutive story, but a snippet here and a snippet there

which only tend to confuse and puzzle the reader. We can imagine that any one wishing to read an exhaustive creative criticism of the genius and temperament of Lord Byron might possibly have begun by analysing the letters in the style adopted by Mr. Bettany, so that in working out his own conception of the poet he could have been helped by those passages which had a distinct bearing on the characteristic of which he was writing. But Mr. Bettany's volume is only a piece of book-making—simple and simple, and has very little claim to be dignified by the title of a scientific analysis of the correspondence. In addition to all which, it ought to be added that a man whose character is most truly written in the works he has written behind him. If we cannot find it there we shall certainly seek in vain among letters he has written to his friends.

LIFE IN LONDON

Real Life in London; or, the Rambles and Adventures of Tallyho, Esq. and his Cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashiell, in the Metropolis. By AN AMATEUR. (Methuen, two vols. 7s. net.)

THERE were few books of the nineteenth century which had so immediate a success and made so direct an appeal to the town as Pierce Egan's "Life in London." Let us leave Hawthorn, Corinthian Tom, and Bob Logic to their immortality. They will go down the ages to posterity smiling and preposterous. The vast popularity, which they conquered, may seem a trifle strange to our prosaic age, but it is undeniable, and we believe that they will remain unto the end of time the real friends of youth. But to enjoy their adventures in the right spirit you must confront them early. Thackeray, who knew the London of another day as well as any one, returned to the master piece of Pierce Egan with a certain sadness. Bob Logic does not appear quite so knowing, Tom was not quite so keen a Corinthian to the eyes of serious middle life. However, for good or bad, the book had an immense influence, and it showed the way to Dickens when he sat down to write that masterpiece of the road, "The Pickwick Papers." And the influence of "Life in London" was immediate and it was great. Imitations sprang up on every side, and all the imitations by far the best was "Real Life in London." So good was it, that it was instantly assimilated to Pierce Egan himself, and the publisher of the present reprint boldly puts Pierce Egan's name on the back of the books. What warrant he has for this ascription we do not know, but the book is so loyal to Egan's tradition, that if Pierce Egan did not write it, it must surely have been composed by another man of the same name.

For in all respects it reproduces the virtues and vices of the master. Its author never uses a simple word when he can find a complicated phrase to serve his turn. For him wine is always "the Rosy God," and the eyes are seldom anything less than "visual orbs." Moreover there is no word of slang which he does not understand, and he is as fine an adept of the Prize Ring as the author of "Boxiana" himself. And he fails precisely where Pierce Egan fails. He is ever arousing your expectations and not satisfying it. He begins a hundred excellent stories, and just where the interest begins he whisks you off to see a fire or some other dull and respectable sight. But you forgive him all his faults with the best humour in the world. For he has written a genuine chapter of social history; he has left us a vivid picture of the London of a hundred years ago.

And what an enchanting city it must have been, a paradise of irresponsible gaiety. It is no wonder that Bob Tallyho readily responded to the invitation of the Hon. Tom Dashiell and left the seclusion of Belville Hall to study the life of the metropolis. "They order these things better in London," said the Hon. Tom, and Bob was wise enough to believe him. For the London of 1820 was not the drab city of

y. There was colour in the life and the costume of the place. There were yellow coaches and blue coats in the park, there was bear-baiting in Tothill Fields, and there was the Prize Ring to attract the sportsman and to show what British pluck might achieve. For the book was written in the golden age of "The Fancy," when Spring was the arbiter of the Ring, and when Jack Randall, the Nonpareil, was still invincible. Indeed, the description of the fight between Martin and Randall is good as any page in "Boxiana," and is in itself a big piece of evidence that Pierce Egan is the author of the book:

"Randall," says he, "fibbed away with the solid weight of the hammer of a tuck-mill. His aim was principally at the neck, where a blow told with horrible violence."

Here the right note is struck, and the end of the fight is described in the proper spirit:

"His eyes were now turned to Martin," thus the historian proceeds—"being lifted on Spring's knee, in a second discovered that he was dead. His head fell back lifeless, and all the efforts of Spring to keep him afloat were in vain. Water was thrown on him in abundance, but without effect; he was, in fact, completely senseless; and the half-hour having transpired, the Nonpareil was hailed the victor."

Happy Nonpareil! Not only did he emerge from the fight without a scratch, while poor Martin "lay like a lump of unleavened dough," but he has been celebrated in prose and verse by the great masters. Hazlitt has paid him the lofty tribute of his respect, and John Milton Reynolds, the friend of Keats, has celebrated his prowess in an imperishable sonnet:

"Randall—Jack—Irish parents—age unknown,
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

Here shall you find a loftier compliment paid to courage? And Jack Randall, the Nonpareil, deserved every word of praise which his ingenuous admirers have dedicated to him. Wherever you turn in "Real Life in London" you discover admirable passages of description. What can be better than the picture of the Saloon at Drury Lane, thronged with beautiful Cyprians and careless Bucks? What more picturesque than the sketch of Bow Street, where all the world patters the flash, and shows how easy a mastery it possesses of pedlar's French? Of course the English is overabundant and inaccurate. Egan and his school got their facts at any cost, and they cared not how recklessly they handled the lingo that had come down to them from the Ward and Tom Brown. And, as they took their style from the coffee-house wits, who preceded them, so they handed it on to the smart hacks of the free-and-easy, who followed them. Sala is the legitimate heir of Pierce Egan, and Sala is the only begetter of every picturesque, unbridled reporter, who tramps up and down Fleet Street day-day. So that, if we get no amusement out of "Real Life in London," it would still be worth our reading, because it illustrates a curious, and not unimportant chapter in the history of English letters.

And when we compare the London of to-day with the London of a hundred years ago, we can hardly recognise the ancient town. If Bob Tallyho came to town in this year of grace, how desperately he would be bored! He would find nothing at the theatres save foolish melodrama and unspeakable "musical comedies." He would find no charleys to box, and very few prigs to sneak his wiper. By the way he would not carry a wiper; for the white hemstitched handkerchief has no right to bear the name given to the noble blue bird's-eye of 1820. If he visited Drury Lane he could but bemoan the decay of the once brilliant Saloon. In truth, "Real Life in London" describes the metropolis at its zenith. The end of the Regency saw the dwindling of London as the capital of the world's amusement. The gaiety, of course, did not die instantly. Chief Baron Nicholson did his best to save the forties from boredom, and the Coal Hole and Cyder Cellars survived the glories of Judge and Jury. And even in the sixties there were still Kate Hamilton's and Cremorne.

There was still the Marquis's night-houses as on the Egan might have recognised the Marquis. Though Egan's best to keep the old traditions of the ancient game was play city which has forgotten fast becoming merely official respectability is calculable. The modern ancient Londoner sung in of the bear-baiting and memories. But we are making it we have lost and courage. So it is that "Real Life in London" genuine regret that the more.

THE LATEST

Heretics. By GILBERT K.

WHEN people think well of him, they say that he is ugly and the absurd. strong; his enemies call it is because he has said wonderful thing, but that and because he has said of the angels, others of it not be surprised, if his hear that he was four butterfly bow and in his tired hedonists.

For if we can only get relevant fame and the fact paper, we see that he is wearied of choice confessions back upon long chains of charms of Battersea Park at least have not been empty is not one of the strong divinity in hackneyed can be moved by nothing strong is obvious at once strong man of our day their strength they have violent yearnings have pathetic, and not at all where there is nothing anything there is the he is something divine in that slowly makes giddy in a London street. I until his voice rises to a adopted because men who repeats it, he insists, but is so. He is, then, no pitiful cheap Jack who rhetoric and not by all he is never the truth its

"For the good
Save by an
And the me
And the me

Mr. Chesterton can only liars, fools, see that this and then attacks this pull crackers at Christmas lonely tower, spinning the joyful and make the mistake by some purely intellectual many ignored things; I

ecstasy; he sees an ideal perfection, while he also sees imperfections everywhere. But he has never seen for himself the beauty of these things, or he cannot communicate his vision. He has not joy or ecstasy, and he is plaintive at our lack of it. He does not see fairies; he merely knows that they must exist. He sits disconsolate among believers in one or another imperfect thing, believing only in himself. He is calling out from the housetops to happier uncontented men, to come out and be sad, like himself, in thinking of supreme happiness. Looking up and down time and space, he finds nothing to please him truly, except the ghost of a Chestertonian man flitting here and there; in all his pages, there is no proof that he likes anything but his dreams. He praises an abstract Chestertonian man of whom he is hopelessly and continually in pursuit. That everything he recommends is right, we indeed believe; but he cries in the wilderness, and with no human voice, no trace of suffering or experience at all, but only of an anchorite's imagining. His ingenuity develops now into childishness, often into archangelic sense, never into humanity; except in some of his ephemeral work—e.g. his splendid defamation of the Yellow Press—we seem to be listening to the words of a gramophone that is tortured by the knowledge that it is not a man and yet tries to persuade us that it is a man. As he says of Mr Shaw, in this book:

"He has always had a secret world that has withered all the things of this world. He has all the time been silently comparing humanity with something that was not human. . . . Now, to have this inner and merciless standard may be a very good thing, or a very bad one, it may be a very bad one, it may be excellent or unfortunate, but it is not seeing things as they are. . . . It is the fact that every instant of conscious life is an unimaginable prodigy. It is the fact that every face in the street has the incredible unexpectedness of a fairy tale. The thing which prevents a man from realising this is not any clear-sightedness or experience, it is simply a habit of pedantic and fastidious comparisons between one thing and another. . . ."

It is small matter for wonder, therefore, that his quest has made him sad. It has always been mistaken for a quest of things as they are and as such applauded. But it is a quest for a Chestertonian planet, and one that cannot end

"Ere I have thanked my God for all the grass."

Some day he will have his true reward and gain the place that awaits him among the other men of wit and sorrow in our age.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature. By PRINCE KROPOTKIN. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

Maxim Gorki. By HANS OSTWALD. Translated by FRANCES A. WELBY. Illustrated Cameos of Literature. (Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.)

PRINCE KROPOTKIN, while sketching the history of Russian literature generally, has concentrated his attention upon the modern authors. This was wise, for they are at once the greatest and the most interesting to an English public. Russian literature, in fact, has no literary past worth speaking of. We have not to consider, in speaking of it, the influences of Greece and Rome and the Renaissance. No one except the antiquary need trouble to go much further back than the time of the French encyclopædists, by whose writings the great Catherine was impressed. They and the private tutors from Switzerland were the great educators of Russia; and she learnt from them only what the Slav temperament was capable of learning. They set their mark far more on academic than on artistic Russia. The poets and novelists—the interpreters, that is to say—could acquire little from them beyond mechanical skill in the use of literary tools. Their genius was quite different; so was the life which they had to interpret; so were the conditions in which they were condemned to interpret it.

It really needed a Russian to write adequately on this subject, for the simple reasons that in Russia literature is more directly related to life than in any other country—that only a Russian can really know the life to which it is thus linked. There is very little question there of art's sake. That is a pose which belongs to the decadent art, and in Russia art is still young. Russian art, then, is far more a means than an end—a means, so that literature is concerned, of protest, and of getting at certain things which otherwise would remain hidden. Even when the Russian writer begins with the aspect of the artist, he ends with those of the preacher. The leading case is, of course, that of Tolstoy, who has gone so far as to reproach himself for devoting so many precious hours of his youth which would have been occupied in preaching; and even he may be said to have preached unconsciously before he began to do so with deliberate intent. Tchekoff, who was at one time the Russian Guy de Maupassant, drifted into preaching almost before he knew what he was doing. Gorki, a preacher from the first, though for a long time he was more than one opinion as to the meaning of his sermons. Russia, in fact, is the land of the novel with a purpose, though the purpose is seldom so easy to detect as in those of "Bleak House" and "It's Never Too Late to Mend"—first because it is intentionally wrapped in obscure language, and second because it is a purpose of wider and grander scope than the purposes of English novelists, and rarely descends in the same way to details.

The difference is partly a difference of temperament—the nature of the Slav to dream more vaguely than the Western European. It is also, however, and notably, a difference of political environment. In Western Europe, artists and men of letters have always been expected to have ideals, even when the particular expression of particular ideals has been discountenanced by a despotic Government. In Russia, official objection seems to be taken to ideals generally. If it were not that the principle of the Russian Government is said to be "whatever has not been expressly permitted by law is forbidden," we should picture the streets and steps studiously with notice boards bearing the warnings: "Ideals strictly prohibited," and "Idealists will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law." At any rate, idealism appears to be regarded, in Russia, as partaking of the nature of sedition; and we shall get a reasonable idea of the average Russian writer if we picture him as liable to prosecution for idealism—and seldom with impunity. It may, if his case is leniently viewed, merely be sentenced as it were under a First Offenders Act, to leave the country and live in the heart of the country, as French writers sometimes were in the dark days prior to the Revolution. That was the comparatively easy fate of Turgenev and Pushkin. But worse may very well befall him. He may be sent to join a regiment as a private soldier. He may be locked up in Schlüsselburg or Peter-Paul. He may be sent to Siberia like Korolenko, and he may be flogged when he gets there, like Dostoevsky. Comparison of security is only for those who write nursery rhymes or one-hand, or dictionaries on the other. Confining himself to these genres, a writer may avoid ideals, and the suspicions which attach to them. But the poets and the novelists feel the need of them—and feel it more strongly because of the prohibition. Constrained to express their thoughts they nevertheless mask them by the use of a sort of hieroglyphic symbolism. Only Tolstoy speaks right out: his Government not daring to apply to him any worse penalty than excommunication—to the ignominy of which he is indifferent. The rest, except those who, like Prince Kropotkin himself, are out of the reach of the clutches of the Third Section, can only express their meaning by subtle hints and cabalistic signs. They must be, so to say, decoded before they can be understood.

We have to thank Prince Kropotkin for decoding some of them for us. Notably we have to thank him for

ing the difference between Gorky and Tchekoff, the of the younger generation whose names are most known. Their criticisms of life run, up to a point, parallel lines. They both see Russia—as Turgenieff them saw it—as a stagnant pool of filth which it no means easy to clarify by stirring it up with a long But Tchekoff threw up the sponge in despair, very like that hero of Turgenieff's who blew his brains because he could not "simplify" himself. The world too *banal*; the intellectuals were too feeble and too the artists, as it seemed to him, could do no more than er their feebleness and their failures. He had, that say, the Slav fatalism; and it was further coloured ne fact that, while he wrote, he was slowly dying of mption. Gorky, having fought his way up from rty to a comparative prosperity, remains a fighter

He knows the Tchekoff and Turgenieff type well gh—he could not help knowing it, for it abounds in sia; but he writes of it only to cover it with angry n. "What's all this talk about circumstances?" he es one of his characters say. "Every one makes his circumstances! I see all sorts of men—but the ng ones—where are they? There are fewer and fewer le men." So Gorky goes about seeking his strong man persistently as Diogenes went about seeking his honest man. He does not find him among the "intellectuals," these too easily become, like Tchekoff, "the prisoners life." But he does find the germ of the type among tramps with whom he has lived; that is why he so en takes a tramp for his hero. The tramp, at least, has root of the matter in him. He cares for nobody, and does not complain. His is the right spirit if only there nt with it "a well-founded, clear thought, embracing the phenomena of life." That is what Gorky seeks. Oh," he cries, "for a man, firm and loving, with a burn- g heart and a powerful all-embracing mind. In the uffy atmosphere of shameful silence, his prophetic words ould resound like an alarm-bell, and perhaps the mean uls of the living dead would shiver." As yet, he admits, e can neither see such a man, nor become such a man himself. But he holds the ideal before him—insists again nd again upon the "necessity of something better than everyday life, something that shall elevate the soul"—and e struggles towards the light. His trouble is always the ame:

"I see many intelligent men around me, but few noble ones, and hose few are broken and suffering souls; the better the man, the cleaner and the more honest his soul, the less energy he has; the more he suffers and the harder is his life. . . . But although they suffer so much from feeling the want of something better, they have not the force to create it."

But he does not despair; he goes on fighting. That is the note of Gorky—never to despair, but always to go on idealising, and fighting and striving for the ideal. It is thus that he is differentiated from all the smaller men; and it is in a really brilliant critical appreciation that Prince Kropotkin has defined and illustrated his distinguishing characteristic.

Practically the same view of the author is taken in Herr Ostwald's essay, though there is more insistence there on Gorky's artistic defects, and on the sentimental extravagances which, every now and again, vary and impair the realistic impressions. The series to which the essay belongs is in a convenient format and promises to be of exceptional interest.

AUTANT EN EMPORTE LY VENS

Borgia. A Period Play. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume is preceded by a design drawn, it seems to us, as only Mr. C. S. Ricketts could do it, representing the Borgia hand trying to arrest the winged wheel of Fortune. It is rather a history than a play that we have here. In proportion as history lives, perhaps it necessarily draws near to drama, and that a large number of this crowd of

scenes vindicate their dramatic form by their life will read them and doubt. Why should we at disparage it as "long"? It is what it is, its lei its inequality and its anonymity, may quite a: accepted with gratitude for the life they brii grumbled at or censured. Life is unequal, an nature both long and anonymous. "There is no name" except comfort for those who fancy th: thing is named it is known. The source of all tr is hidden. If it be poetry to us, its source is pa selves. It is not enough for a work to be written: it must also be received as poetry, if it is to l style by right. A public as well as an author is j every success, every failure.

As perfidious as chance, as cruel as destiny, as n as life, as beautiful as youth was Cæsar Borgia, is why a poet should tell his story, a poet who has of an abounding eloquence. A young Cardinal first appears, he receives a sword that Messer F mounted and enamelled for him. He holds i erect and kisses the motto: "Cum numine Cesari

"The Lord Cardinal's Sword,
The Legate's Sword! I laugh . . .
The names they call me, when I have one name
Hot at the core of fixedness, my heart.
O antique Cæsar, conqueror and fount
Of empire, thou wert made my saint at birth;
Thou art my spirit and my augury,
Thy laurels guard me and thy eagles' wings.
My eyes are on thee and thou lead'st my dream
My . . . thanks
To you, good Messer Ercole, for strength
And nobleness of handiwork, the craft
That has subverted matter, as the god
Turned chaos to a fabric. Ah, and the work,
Your work is done, signed of your fame and do
You are most happy. Mine is all an absence
As yet, a future! But the pledge is mine—
This sword, your creature, and my prophecy."

Of such quality is the abounding eloquence v jures for us the vision of that wild young m brilliant gifts forced Machiavelli almost to hop success might have redeemed his crimes. "autant en emporte ly vens," as much as tha takes away. He deceived himself even more f: he deceived the Condottieri at Sinigaglia. To from scene to scene is to feel "there's a di shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will, divinity whom the old Pope, his weak father, b or hoped to cajole, or trembled at, but the fac love of good is the only source of huma Alexander VI. is more wonderfully presented th sensual, affectionate, humorous, cowardly, react lavish imaginative hopefulness from every blow fitting ruin. Hark, how he speaks of his eldest the younger has mysteriously made away with:

"He is not breathing with me any more,
And yet I cannot bid you pray for him;
I do not count him dead. He is but lost,
And lost so deep I do not think a creature,
Not even his Creator knows the place
That he has wandered to. The lost must wan
They have no goal, not even hell, no rest.
They have their freedom as the unbaptized
To rove in horror where none plucks the sleep
Or questions them or bids good-day.
They wander on till they are fitting ghosts,
Till they are elemental and dissolved,
And when they would entreat us, they must r:
In the howling wind about our chimney-stack
So I encounter my Giovanni—so!
So I was tutored of the storm last night
He is not breathing with us any more!"

Such is the old Pope in one of his many moo him is the beautiful Lucrezia, not that mor Medea of legend and Victor Hugo, but a Luc whole plan of life is smiles and silence. She sa so much that did condemn her love, she dared c it in her smiles, excuse it by her silence. After

death (a splendid scene) we see her feeding a cloud of doves:

"In my dreams . . . he came to me,
His lips bulged out for kisses: 'Dance, Lucrece,
Dance to me child; it is that grace prevails;'"

she says; and so we think of her, settled all over with doves, though henceforth she must add to smiles and silence more and more of prayers. Our chief quotations are from prelude scenes; they are samples of a power which expands into scenes that must be read whole, if the eloquence they contain is to find us. Having followed Cesare to his death, we reached "the rough-hewn gorge" "at Viana in Navarre."

"He lay there, naked
His face under the sky. . . .
The great wind swept him and the sun rose up."

THE EDUCATIONAL FERMENT

School Teaching and School Reform. A Course of four Lectures on School Curricula and Methods delivered to Secondary Teachers and Teachers in Training at Birmingham during February 1905, by Sir OLIVER LODGE, Principal of Birmingham University. (Williams & Norgate, 3s.)

It is the age of educational unrest. A sort of Grand Inquisition is going on in the minds of the thoughtful at the present time. Time-honoured curricula and methods are everywhere arraigned: Some indeed stand already condemned. New panaceas and nostrums abound. The upshot is still doubtful, but one thing is certain. The present spirit of inquiry is leading people to a discussion of the deep underlying causes which give meaning and reality to education. We are getting beyond the stage when it was thought that a smattering of Technical Instruction or a homœopathic dose of Greek was enough to save the country. We are beginning to see that the vital questions are the position of the School in the social system, the type or rather types of individuals it proposes to turn out, and the organisation and teaching requisite to give effect to these general aims. Among the growing number of those who are voluntarily offering their evidence on the subject at the bar of public opinion is the Principal of the new Birmingham University, Sir Oliver Lodge. If he disclaims acquaintance with the inner mysteries of secondary education, he shows by his *obiter dicta* that he has many of the qualifications of the born teacher. He has in addition two excellent qualities: he does not ride a theory to death and he can see that there are two sides to every question. How few there are who recognise that in education, probably more than in any other art, there are always materials for a minority report!

What renders this book a little difficult to criticise is its lack of proportion, or rather of completeness. Unless we assume that the citizenship Sir Oliver Lodge preaches in his last chapter is meant to be the kernel of his message, we seem to miss a centralising theme. His book is a suite of sound or brilliant *aperçus*, rather than a series of interdependent doctrines. The effect may possibly be intentional, as the author at the outset repudiates the dogmatic spirit. Yet he himself must know that the synthetic which we desiderate is by no means the same as the *doctrinaire*.

On one or two points we feel compelled to break a lance with Sir Oliver. He thinks that languages should be "picked up" colloquially as fast as possible; "an inkling" should be obtained at once, and "a polish of various grades" should be put on later. The great majority of the authorities on modern language teaching—not the fossils but the progressives—are dead against this method of acquiring a good deal at the start, and eliminating mistakes afterwards. They are nearly all agreed that in language teaching *festina lente* is the motto, since it is far more difficult to unlearn than to learn. No doubt the proper way in learning most subjects is to pick up as

many facts as one can and then deduce theories from them; but in modern languages, unless one is completely at home from one's countrymen in a foreign land, one picks up their mistakes, which means that one picks up one's wrong, a danger which does not exist to any extent in history or science.

Let us turn to one or two of the numerous points on which we feel inclined to cry *encore* to Sir Oliver. We commend his plea for a variety of stages in teaching the same subject, each representing a complete aim, yet scoping into the stage above to make a still higher aim. Thus in Greek, the first stage is a knowledge of the language which is useful even to the mathematical student; the second stage helps us to puzzle out a phrase by means of a dictionary; the third stage enables us to read an easy passage; at the fourth, classical authors may be read with pleasure; at the fifth and beyond, the learner becomes a scholar, the true sense of the word. If teachers would keep these stages in mind, how much more satisfactory the education of the average boy would be! At present he is treated as though he were a potential senior classic.

We entirely endorse Sir Oliver Lodge's arguments for more leisure in our public schools. The sound theory of keeping boys out of mischief by keeping them occupied has been put to the most pestilential uses. The result is abnormally long hours in school and compulsory work that end in general "staleness." We all want to prevent loafing, but how much better to cut down the tale of hours in class-rooms and on cricket-field, and offer the boy a chance of self-development in either the school library or the workshops that every big school should possess. The problem of the future in our schools is less work and more varied recreations. The compulsory *corvées* often leave no trace on the after-life of the pupil, but his hobbies die with him. We have yet to solve the question of how to make the transition from compulsory work to the work for its own sake. In the same way we must have more art in our schools if we are to have more art in our lives. At present our big towns think they have done all that is necessary for art when they have built a Museum. They might just as well open a Zoological Garden, and imagine they have established a cult of Nature. The average householder who lives, maybe, in a beautiful home, turns his latchkey on his artistic senses as soon as he steps into the street.

We cannot forbear quoting one or two happy phrases, the first a delicate piece of irony:

"The fully inflected ancient languages are the best and most satisfactory [for any one desiring a liberal education]; if they were more complete and regular like 'Esperanto' they would be better to begin with."

"Avoidance of the cane was the only motive for learning in the few dreary years; everything was worked on the principle of repulsion instead of attraction."

"The only thing that many schools are thoroughly successful in teaching is inattention."

TRAFALGAR

The Year of Trafalgar. By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Murray, 5s. net.)

For a monograph on Nelson's greatest and final exploit it would be difficult to suggest a better hand than Mr. Newbolt's. The author of "Admirals All" and of "The Island Race" stands marked out for such a task: it is by right: he has proved his title. Should any enterprising publisher project a series—the Lives of Famous Admirals, let us call it—no critic could quarrel with the appointment of Mr. Newbolt as editor in chief. He has a sentiment for our gallant captains: he seems to have caught a touch of that fire and heat of admiration which their names and exploits kindled in the breast of R. L. Stevenson. This is well, for when a man is in love with his subject he is already more than half-way to success. The trouble is, that in his present book the author appears

erately to have cramped his enthusiasm. It is there, doubt: it is possible occasionally to detect it beneath the surface; but the general effect produced is more dry, less and dispirited than we have a right to expect. For all, verse is perhaps the vehicle proper to these heroic deeds, not plain prose; and assuredly we prefer the sound and lilt of Mr. Newbolt's lyrics to this pedestrian prose. We gather that he feels something of this himself. Compelled to prose, he has culled an anthology of verse wherewith to decorate his final pages. "The Arms of Trafalgar" is his title for the chapter. A century ago the poetry of this country was only moderate in quality, which is possibly the reason why we fought so long. The hypothesis is sound enough, that a period of peace and stress fertilises the literary soil. The artist waits when the struggle is past: there is no room for him to display his wares while we are still at hand-grips with a national crisis. Thus Mr. Newbolt's own songs impress us more than the frigid rhetoric of the Right Hon. George Trevelyan or the patriotic sentiment of the Right Hon. W. Croker.

To put it baldly, this volume is a piece of book-making. It is not to say that it is unreadable or, indeed, uninteresting. Book-making is not necessarily a crime: if the work is well done the results are often extremely valuable, and the work here is performed as conscientiously as could be wished. It is plain that Mr. Newbolt has not spared himself or trouble to get at the facts, and his chapter on the "Tactics of Trafalgar" will no doubt be useful to future students. Had the book come from another hand it should have called it praiseworthy, and made an end. Coming from Mr. Newbolt it affects us with a sort of disappointment: we had looked for more than this disposition on tactics, this arid catalogue of ships and their commanders. But it is perhaps unjust to blame an author for the elimination of his own personality. He has set himself the task of condensing into a small compass the evidence relating to the battle, and his modest aim is rather to send the reader back to the best authorities than to supersede any of the books already in existence. We receive, in consequence, a treatise rather than a life-like picture, with a chastened gratitude in place of the warmer appreciation we could wish to express. For we cannot but feel that an author so happily selected could have informed his pages with that touch of humanity which turns a tepid interest into enthusiasm. As things stand, there is one touch of life, and one only, in the book—a quotation from a letter written to his mother from a boy of twelve on board H.M.S. *L'Aimable*.

WHY RUSSIA IS POOR

The Russian Peasantry. By G. STEPNIAK. (Routledge, New Edition. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROUTLEDGE has chosen a good moment for producing a new edition of Stepniak's vivid and enlightening book. Except that the evils have increased, few things have changed in the ten years which have passed since it was written. The only development has consisted in an immense spread of poverty among the working classes, a vast growth of chronic misery, a more rapid return to recurrent famine. Most English people have a vague idea that this is all the result of tyranny; but they have no clear conception of the economic causes. How is it that a rich agricultural country, by no means over-populated, lies in this trough of poverty? Why is it that in Russia alone among European nations the mortality among the peasants is greater than among the townspeople, and greater in Central Russia than in the remotest steppes? How is it, above all, that the Emancipation Act of Alexander II., instead of bettering the condition of the Russian peasantry during the last generation, has made matters worse?

The answer to all these questions will be found in this book. Stepniak was no mean economist, and he put his

finger surely on the weak points in the Russian social structure. He saw that the Emancipation Act contained the seeds of its own undoing. It made the serfs free men. But it gave them so little land that their freedom has been of very little use to them. Unable to live on their own produce, they have been obliged to serve as hired labourers for their old masters. In many cases they have been compelled to sell themselves, literally, as bought labourers to usurers. Serfdom has been creeping back through a hundred loop-holes—serfdom without the old sense of responsibility, and without the old sentimental tie between master and man.

Meanwhile, a worse evil has arisen. It is the ambition of modern Russia to become a great exporter of corn, and it is the policy of the Government to encourage the big exporters by paper money and railway grants to collect the corn all over the country in the autumn. But the plain fact is that Russia does not produce enough corn to feed her own people, and the result is that the rate of Russian mortality is going up by leaps and bounds, and the land, badly cultivated and over-worked, is getting poorer every day.

We have before us in the present state of Russia the latest development of the evils which Stepniak so clearly sketched out. What is the true remedy? Stepniak agreed with Tolstoy in thinking that the chief remedy lay in the redistribution of the land. In order to make them free men the peasants must be made peasant proprietors. That is the only way to bring them prosperity and Russia health. But it was part of Stepniak's fundamental creed that this change could not be brought about by the Russian Government as it is constituted. The autocratic bureaucracy must go. There must be a development of self-governing powers—such a development, let us hope, as we see in the present Zemstvo movement.

This sketch of Stepniak's political and social point of view by no means exhausts the interests of the book. He knew the Russian peasantry as has no other man save Tolstoy. His sketches of "Hard Times," "Popular Religion," and the "Mascot," have the same qualities of close, photographic observation and vital human sympathy as Tolstoy's best work. The crowning pity of it all is that a system of government should be capable of driving men such as Stepniak into murderous protest and barren exile.

THE LITERARY PREFACE

The Plays of Sheridan: The Critic, The Rivals, The School for Scandal. With an Introduction to each Play by EDMUND GOSSE. (Heinemann, 6d. net each.)

MR. HEINEMANN'S "Favourite Classics" are very dainty little books: the paper is better than in other recent pocket reprints we could name, and he does not commit the error of giving too many pages to a volume. A single play of Sheridan is all one ever cares to carry about in the pocket (if the much-talked about habit of carrying books about in the pocket be a veritable custom and not an imagined one), and we would rather have the legible type and the decent margins of these slim volumes than more of our Sheridan for the money. We are surprised, however, that Mr. Heinemann should not only adhere to the bad habit of disfiguring with an ugly stamp the title-pages of the "presentation copies" he submits to critics for the favour of their good opinion, but should also permit his complimentary slip to be pasted in the book between the title-page and the tissue before the portrait in such a manner as to take away with it portions of both these leaves, however carefully it is removed.

A few pages of introductory matter by Mr. Edmund Gosse are obtruded between the reader and Sheridan. We had hoped that that hardy perennial, the "literary" preface, had passed away with other useless lumber, but it survives; like *Mercurialis perennis*, it reappears again and again to the confusion (and amusement) of those who

thought it had been eradicated. For of what use is it? We have no quarrel with Mr. Gosse: it is against this trick of "introductions" that we are venturing a tilt. Except for a few typical sentences Mr. Gosse's pages are, comparatively speaking, harmless; they contain biographical and theatrical data which can be found in the ordinary books of reference, and the student who wished this information would be better employed in looking it up for himself, when he would have the opportunity of acquiring further useful information and an acquaintance with the methods of inquiry, than in taking these very concentrated tabloids, supposed to be rendered palatable by their surrounding of suggestive jam. If it is the first time a reader sits down to Sheridan he is not allowed to taste that light and dry Amontillado without first imbibing a small Seltzer, effervescent and sparkling, it is true, but, in the result, more truthfully to be described as flatulent than even Miss Hannah More's tragedy. Again, of what use is it? The artless and ingenuous Extension student is beguiled into the study of a master through some one else's spectacles: he is led into imagining that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth has been perceived of the work in question, some one else's opinions become his, especially if they are "safe" ones, and it is ten to one that he falls a victim to astigmatism. How different from this is the happy fate of the youth left to browse at will in these fresh pastures! If he must have facts other than the work itself they should be those only which will link the play, the poem, the author, on to anything he has read before, set forth without the aid of any fireworks-adjectives to coruscate before his virgin eyes and blur that first sight

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Uncontaminated and unprejudiced from the first by the intrusion of any one between the "two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings," himself and his author, this youth will turn from author to critics with some individual basis to support him, his first-hand knowledge; he will find their writings where he should find them, in volumes of their "causeries"; he will realise, with a start of satisfied delight, that T. has expressed just what he felt when he read that wonderful passage about the "topless towers of Ilium"; he will learn, with a sense of unhappiness, that C. can be blind to a subtle shade. And the result is that he acquires a sense of proportion, the art of finding beauty instead of being directed to it, and the healthy knowledge that the appeal of an author is personal, the appeal of a critic personal only when one is interested in him as a critic, or in an author's personal influence upon him.

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK ART

A Grammar of Greek Art. By PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

DR. GARDNER'S aim in this book is to educate our schools' and also the general public, to perceive the excellence of the art of Greece, and, perceiving, to assimilate something of the Greek spirit of simple beauty and sanity. We can imagine no better antidote to the pettiness of modern life than that the taste, and we may add the character, be moulded by a love of Greek art. The dignity, the discipline, the splendid physical beauty, the perfect balance, of typical Greek art are qualities that the over-wrought modern may indeed desire to possess himself, and to promote in the education of his children. Dr. Gardner's book, though brief, covers a wide range, and is rich in illustration; but we could wish that the beauty of the originals had been better rendered, even at a sacrifice of number. At least one full-page plate, in the finest possible medium of reproduction, should have been selected for the great masterpieces in sculpture, vase painting, and coin design, respectively; the many small cuts would then easily have been recognised as only an index to the beauty of the originals.

We urge this point because it seems to us that Greek art, in finding its right position in English education, may have to combat a general feeling that the subject is dull, unpalatable, formidable; and to dispel this feeling the extraordinary beauty and charm of the finest work should be so indisputably presented as to arrest the eye even of the casual reader. For this purpose one super-excellent plate is worth a dozen rough reproductions.

A most interesting passage in a chapter on the "Formation of Sculptural Types" puts before us the extraordinary beauty of the hitherto little-known portrait-sculpture of the Greeks:

"In turning over the portraits of Greek statesmen, poets, and philosophers, one is fairly amazed at the high level of beauty which they show; here a beauty not merely of outline and physical condition, but of mind and character. These great men seem to belong to a race which has perished. . . . It is a race of kings reminding one of nothing so much as the heroic figures which meet us in the 'Lives' of Plutarch—a book which has perhaps done more to foster manliness than any book ever written."

We cordially endorse every word of our final quotation: the warning it conveys and the standard it upholds cannot be too vigorously enforced:

"In our days . . . the works exhibited at the Royal Academy show that the models accepted by modern sculptors are often of very poor type, ill-nourished and ill-trained. Among a people predominantly urban, and living under unhealthy conditions, the admiration of robust beauty in man or woman is apt to give way to the admiration of what is fashionable and smart. The danger of physical degeneracy hangs low over all the nations of Europe. Our continual competitions, our restless travellings, our reckless sacrifice of all that restrains, in our endeavours to reach certain ends, make a gospel of rhythm and moderation seem to us dull and poor. . . . And yet, as it seems to me, unless the English-speaking races return in some measure to the artistic ideals of Greece they are in the long run doomed."

THE WOODS OF PEACE

SING to me, Beloved, no more of the sadness and sorrows
of men,

But a song of shining summer days and the joy of life!

Long are the days of June, and full of sunshine;

Sweet are the roses with hearts of gold,

Yet their petals fall as swift as the gleam

Of the white butterflies in the clover.

Sing to me then of quivering sunshine,

And the burnished gold of the fields,

Of scarlet poppies a-dance in the wind,

And the lark lost in the brilliant blue!

Sing of the great woods, and cool shade,

The green lairs under the bracken where deer lie hid,

Of the world of leaves where the birds dream on in the
silence of noon.

Sing the glades dew-silvered under the moon,

Of shadows under the mighty trees, dark as a purple
pansy,

And silence brooding close like a soft-winged bird,—

For there lies the pool of dreams, and there is the well of
peace.

Sing to me, my Belovèd, till your singing throbs

Like the heart of a nightingale who sings in the dusk,

And I will follow you over the rocky places,

Through the sharp thorns and the darkness,

Till in all the world is only your voice,

And in the great woods and places of dreams,—peace,
peace, peace!

MARGARET DOROTHY ROUTLEDGE.

THE AWAKENING AT OXFORD

MR. CARNEGIE, in a very interesting and sympathetic monograph upon James Watt—the forty-second volume in the Famous Scots series (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 1s. 6d.)—has drawn a fine picture of the life at Glasgow University when Watt was received within its precincts and permitted to start the workshop, “about twenty feet square,” in which the “demon steam” began to haunt him. Among his most intimate friends were Adam Smith, Dr. Black, the inventor of latent heat, Simson, the mathematician, Dr. Dick, his chief benefactor, John Anderson and John Robison. It was an age of great men, and especially of great manual labourers, enthusiastic and unselfish, blessed with poverty and devoted to research work. Things were in the air, experiments, discoveries, improvements; and it is an exciting and romantic story, as recorded by Mr. Carnegie, who traces not only the Watt family, showing the almost natural production of a genius, but also the gradual development of James’ powers, and the various influences which, by helping him at the right moment, or by stimulating him to fresh efforts through temporary disappointments, enabled him to make “science descend from heaven to earth.” Among these influences a large debt is acknowledged to Glasgow, whose “peculiar claim to regard,” says Mr. Carnegie:

“lies in the perfect equality of the various schools, the humanities not neglected, the sciences appreciated, neither accorded precedence. . . . Her ‘atmosphere’ favours and stimulates steady, fruitful work. At all Scottish and American universities, we may rejoice that there is always found a large number of the most distinguished students, who, figuratively speaking, cultivate knowledge upon a little oatmeal, earning money between terms to pay their way. It is highly probable that a greater proportion of these will be heard from in later years than of any other class.”

In acute contrast to this state of things is the position, as popularly imagined, of Oxford at the present time. Oxford is regarded as a lurking-place for all the old delusions and false doctrines of the world, the home of mediæval scholasticism and classical pedantry, throttled by futile efforts to teach philosophy on a religious basis, a slave to Greek grammar, effete, lethargic, moribund; a haunt of river-mists and time-worn fallacies, tolerated by an indolent nation and beloved of American tourists for its venerable antiquity. Progress is a word at which all wise men are supposed to shudder, at Oxford. And if some hare-brained enthusiast asks: “Where are the geniuses, where the research work, the room set apart for James Watt, the welcome given to an unknown mechanic?” he cannot yet be answered satisfactorily. It is not, indeed, easy to see how great men are to be produced in existing conditions at Oxford; all her efforts have so long been centred on the formation of the high mediocre type of man, sound, urbane and estimable—in fact, the good citizen.

But many influences have lately been at work to sift the authorities and traditions and to reorganise the basis of education; the coming of Rhodes Scholars, the question of compulsory Greek, the issues raised by Professor Firth in his inaugural lecture and the answer composed by history tutors have tended to rouse the interest of those who were inactively dissatisfied by the previous system. Much has already been done to improve the classical, historical and scientific schools, and the impetus lately given to the last-named is a valuable proof that reforms are to be conducted upon a really broad basis. The medical school, for instance, gives perhaps the best preliminary scientific training in medicine in England; the work done is thoroughly sound and the teachers are enthusiastic and sincere. A still more encouraging sign is the fact that old Oxford men are beginning to subscribe towards the improvement of branches which in their day were so good as to be worthy of support in their endeavours to become better. This is of enormous value, for moral rather than financial reasons; no better proof of genuine intentions could be shown.

Moreover, the excellence of the tutorial system must not be forgotten; it is liable to abuse and often renders a tutor little better than a coach; but, if properly handled, it gives him a chance to study the inclinations of his pupils, and greatly to assist their development. As a result, Oxford is now turning out men who are really equipped to start on the research-work which must be the object of the intelligent scientist. If this principle had been recognised before—that every man must make it his object in education to become capable of adding something to the world’s knowledge, that research-work in any branch is the real test of a man—then the spirit of freedom, inquiry and broad-minded ambition at Oxford would be no novelty.

But it is too early to be sanguine; there are still many things which must be abolished if a “liberal education” is to be practicable. First and foremost, the incompetent professors must be shelved; nothing worth doing can ever be done so long as apathetic old gentlemen rest on imaginary laurels and persist in the idea that a University professorship is a sinecure. They are like the old man in the fable. “It was so my fathers did in the ancient days; and I have neither a better reason nor a worse.” “In my thought one thing is as good as another; and a shoe of a horse will do.” Their work, such as it is, is done, or rather left undone; they must now give place to men who regard each department in science not as an office where certificates of proficiency are bought, but as a part of a coherent whole, encouraging and developing talent wherever discovered, and forming the complete *paideia* which the state demands for its younger members.

Secondly, the fallacy of examinations must be finally exposed: it must be understood exactly what a first class connotes. Given intelligence—and without intelligence a mental education is of very little use—any man has it in his power, by sitting in his chair for so many hours a day, and by spending enough money on private coaches, to get a first class. A great many of the best men do get firsts, but it is by chance. Some exceptionally clever scholars have been known to deceive an experienced examiner into a belief that they have read their books; others are so grossly stupid that they cannot persuade the same examiner that they have ever looked at the books which lie on their tables ragged with perennial thumbing. If the state requires men who have, if nothing else, the power of concentration upon whatever is laid under their noses, *βοσκημάτων δικην κάτω ἀεὶ βλέποντες*, let the class-lists in Final Schools be a passport to office and a certificate of proficiency; if not, let some higher standard be observed, some consideration given to original work; let examination as far as possible be abolished and the “thesis” given a fair trial.

Oxford has so much of value to offer that its delinquencies deserve the more ruthless chastisement. It has a higher standard of general culture than perhaps any other University in the world; in the social intercourse between members of different colleges, in all the amenities of daily life and in the various types of fellow men which it presents for the instruction (not untempered by amusement) of each new-comer, it must take the precedence of even Cambridge. In the Indian Civil Service probably the most valuable effects of an Oxford education are clearly seen; and if the examination were less a repetition of the Oxford system, it would produce an even finer and worthier set of men who have been fostered in a great tradition.

The Golden Age is coming, when prize fellowships will not be used for domestic purposes but devoted to research; when tutors, relieved from a weight of drudgery, will have leisure to give personal help to their promising pupils; when we shall have something more to offer to Rhodes scholars than *εὐτραπείλια* and can open the gates wide for all those whose talents need but sympathy and encouragement. Thus only can victory be won over the Philistine; thus only can Oxford be called a real University, “where any man can study everything worth studying.”

JOHN LYLY AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA

A CERTAIN John Berkenhout, M.D., commenting upon Lyly in the "Biographia Literaria" (1777) wrote :

" 'Euphues' is a most contemptible piece of affectation and nonsense. From the style of this romance I have no doubt but his dramatic pieces are wretched performances,"

—an unblushing confession that he had not so much as taken the trouble to read what he presumed to condemn. A strong case might be made out, indeed has been made out recently by Mr. R. Warwick Bond in his edition of Lyly's complete works, to prove that "Euphues" was very far from deserving all the obloquy and contempt that has been cast upon it in the last three hundred years. But we are not here concerned with "Euphues," which may fairly be regarded as the first English novel. Our purpose is to look into those dramatic pieces which Dr. Berkenhout convicted without trial, and to see whether there is not something to be said in their favour.

It is necessary first of all to realise in what circumstances they were written, and what was the condition of the English drama about the year 1575. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the English drama did not then exist at all as a "going concern." The Mysteries, of which we hear first soon after the Norman Conquest, had something of the form but scarcely any of the other qualities of drama, as the term is now understood. They were religious in their subject-matter, and their purpose was to extend the influence of the Church by means of a kind of popular entertainment. The next stage is marked by the Moralities, which did not deal so directly with religion, but were rather allegories leading up through symbolical action and characters to a quasi-religious moral. A further step was taken towards real drama by way of Interludes, short witty dialogues, still turning on topics more or less religious; but the characters in them were more human than in the Moralities, personified virtues and vices giving place to flesh-and-blood men and women—a decided advance. Queen Elizabeth was an active patroness of the infant drama. She encouraged the performance of Latin plays at the Universities and the Royal College of St. Peter at Westminster, and inducements were held out to literary men to write new plays in Latin and English, many of which were acted before the Queen at the Universities and the Inns of Court. The tragedies *Gorboduc* (1561) and *Palamon and Arcite* (1566), and the comedies *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* are representative of this period. They are not without merit, but they are primitive in manner and terribly ponderous in metre and language.

This very bare outline of the early history of the drama in England is enough at least to show that progress had been slow and that the playwright's art was still crude and undeveloped, when John Lyly left Oxford and came to Court. His "genie being naturally bent to the pleasant paths of poetry," he wrote his first play, *The Woman in the Moone*, in verse, but in blank verse as a sort of compromise between rhyme and prose. The result was not successful. The effect of this first attempt to write in an unfamiliar style was to make the construction awkward and unreal, and the diction stiff and strained. He did not repeat the experiment; rhyming verse had been tried in *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and had been found wanting: so Lyly resolved to strike out a new line and made the great discovery of his life—prose comedy. It is plainly written with the same ink as "Euphues," but it is euphuism modified to suit the requirements of dialogue: the long periods are gone, the drawn-out similes are cut down in number and dimensions, but puns and metaphors remain and antithesis is overdone. The language is consequently artificial, and for that reason is severely censured by his critics. But if artificial language is so grave a fault in comedy, Lyly at least errs in

excellent company, Aristophanes, Shakespeare—and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Critics and editors seem apt to forget that Aristophanes' and Lyly's plays were written to be acted, not to be read, and that what is condemned as a "bad pun," when it appears in print, is often very amusing on the stage.

The plots of all Lyly's plays, except *Mother Bombie*, which is an imitation of Terentian comedy, are based upon stories taken from classical history and mythology. But, as Mr. Bond well points out, in no case does he simply take the old story and turn it into dramatic form; not only does he show excellent judgment in his selection, but he displays a true sense of the requirements of the drama by the skill with which he alters and supplements his original. To take a single instance, his *Sapho*, except for her infatuation for Phao, is totally unlike the Lesbian poetess; a play on the lines of the familiar legend must have been a tragedy, which was not what Lyly wanted; so he made such changes as were necessary for a happier climax and worked his material into a very neat satire on masculine and feminine weaknesses and follies. The dialogue in this play is particularly bright, especially in one scene where the two chief characters argue at cross purposes but to the same end, through a confusion between the words "yew" and "you." His detractors have some reason for urging against him that there is a sameness about most of his characters and that he fails in the art of developing them. But even here he is not so contemptible as he is made out to be. It must be admitted that in *Endimion* Cynthia, Eumenides, Tellus and the rest all want distinctive personality; though in the underplot Sir Tophas is cleverly drawn and was thought by Shakespeare worthy to contribute largely to the creation of Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch, and Holofernes. And even Collier, who seldom had a good word for Lyly, had to admit that Diogenes and Apelles in *Alexander and Campaspe* are not wholly contemptible. Again, there is considerable merit in the picture of maiden modesty battling with the boldness inspired by passion in the story of Gallathea and Phillida.

Lyly's plays are all comedies, but they were designed to point a serious moral as well as to amuse, and therein differ from many farces which pass for comedies at the present day; his was serious, not boisterous comedy. But he saw that this style was bound to grow tedious, unless it were alleviated by occasional scenes of pure farce. Thus we often find a piece of mere fooling inserted immediately before or after a passage of dignified tone. In *Endimion*, for example, there is a highly ridiculous dialogue between Sir Tophas and Epiton followed directly by a most grave but withal charming discussion upon Love and Friendship. This juxtaposition is no doubt quite intentional; a mind so bent on verbal antitheses must have been readily disposed also towards strong contrasts of thought and character.

Criticism of Lyly's plays must be made with due regard to many attendant circumstances. They were "Court" comedies; that is, they were written for the amusement of Elizabeth and for the gratification of her inordinate vanity, a task requiring no little delicacy and tact. They were acted not by companies of professional actors but by choir-boys; and the theatre then did not know the use of mechanical contrivances, which were soon afterwards introduced: so that the variety of action and incident was inevitably limited to a narrow scope. Then, Lyly refused to avail himself of the facile opportunities for wit which are offered by obscenity open or disguised. If he was over-nice on this point, it is at least a creditable defect, and it ought not to count seriously against him, when he is compared with his successors, who gave greater variety and piquancy to their plays by their disregard for decency.

On the whole it may fairly be claimed for him that he left the English drama much more safely established than he found it. When he came upon the scene, it was ill designed and ill constructed. He brought in new materials and strengthened its foundations; he also drew plans for

its decoration and suggested how they ought to be carried out. He had not the genius to perfect it himself, nor the opportunity, for he was hampered by his duties as a courtier. The work was promptly taken up at the point where he left it, and in a few years was completed the *monumentum aere perennius* of the Elizabethan drama.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

THE fact that the people of Shefford, in Bedfordshire, are erecting a monument to the memory of Robert Bloomfield, recalls a name that has its own special interest in the annals of literature. Bloomfield died in gloom and poverty at Shefford; perhaps it would be more appropriate for the memorial to be in the Suffolk village of Honington, where he was born. The country around Bury St. Edmunds is distinctively the Bloomfield country; it lives in the homely pictures of his verse.

It is not easy to appraise the poet justly. He certainly had no great genius; yet somehow his "Farmer's Boy" lives, though more than a century has passed since its appearance, and proves that there may be vitality in work that is not first-rate. But this work had the merit of absolute faithfulness and sincerity: the poet depicted the life of the farmer's boy, and he was a poor farmer's boy himself; himself a rustic, he painted true rusticity. His is genuine pastoral poetry—no mere exotic borrowed from Theocritus and Vergil, like the puppets of Pope; blended with no religious and Court controversies, like the eclogues of Spenser; it is the daily life of farmyard and village. Thomson himself, though he had set a model, had written of the thing from the outside, adorning it with much fine poetry and some bombast. Bloomfield was less powerful than Crabbe, but quite as truthful: he may almost be said to have anticipated, in verse, some of the prose-pictures of Richard Jefferies. It was the real country life of old England that he told of, in a generation that knew nothing of rail or cycle or motor-car—a rusticity even less sophisticated than that of Cobbett's "Rural Rides."

Hazlitt declared that Bloomfield's genius is "too humble; his muse has something not only rustic, but menial in her aspect." There is no depth of suggestion, no reserve of meaning; his descriptions are the bare realism of country life, accompanied by reflections that are never more than commonplace. It may be urged that this was exactly the vein at which Wordsworth himself deliberately aimed, though Wordsworth's genius often carried him far beyond his ostensible purpose. With Bloomfield there was nothing behind the naked simplicity, no hint of restrained power, nothing to read between the lines. But we must remember that he was a peasant writing for peasants. He became a cobbler, it is true, but the rusticity of his boyish experience always remained with him. He lacked the ambition and the emotional nature of John Clare; he had not the humour of Allan Ramsay. He is just the Giles, the farmer's boy, of his own poem:

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look;
The fields his study, nature was his book."

We see him plodding along the ridges after the ponderous harrow:

"His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes."

He rises early, because his duty calls him early afield; he fetches the cows, and helps the dairymaid to milk them, his tattered hat borrowing a coat of hair from their sides as he leans against them. He is shepherd also, and has to see that the sheep are safely folded; he watches the lambs gambolling on the hillocks of thyme; he bends his pliable

hat into a telescope, to follow the soaring of the lark. He sees the lusty mowers, "emulous and strong," as they lay the swaths of grass at their feet; and the country maid whom he describes in the hay-field is the very portrait of Dolly in Jefferies' "Field-play." Her future history, perhaps, is the same, but Bloomfield does not tell us of that. He pictures the hooped keg of home-brewed ale that brings refreshment to the tired labourers; he shows us the poor patient horse, with his cruelly docked tail, and the flies worrying the cow till she kicks over the pail of milk. He shows us

"The thundering chase, the yellow fading woods"

of autumn; the hogs wandering among the woodlands in search of acorns; the bird-boy scaring the birds from the lately sown wheat, roasting the sloes of the hedges to form his humble feast, and looking in vain for young companions to share them. We see him toiling through the clogging snow to feed the cattle, taking the ivied stump of a tree for a ghost as he hastens timidly down the narrow lane, plucking up his courage with all the philosophy he can muster as he steps

"By churchyard dark, or grove, or fairy-ring."

Each season brings its full supply of the humblest drudgery, yet the boy's heart is content and he has his satisfying pleasures, his gratitude to the "eternal Power" he has been taught to worship. The picture, indeed, is bare, and painted with little art; but it is true.

Equal to "The Farmer's Boy" in their faithfulness are the Suffolk ballads of rustic life which Bloomfield wrote later. He is not quite so successful in the tales that remind one slightly of Crabbe; but these ballads have a touch of the vernacular, and can still waken a warm response in Suffolk hearts. He tells us of the old couple, forty years married, who go to the fair to revive their early memories.

"And Richard then, with heart elate,
As past things rushed across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to Kate,
Who, snug tucked-up, walked slow behind."

"When once a giggling mawther you,
And I a red-faced chubby boy,
Sly tricks you played me not a few,
For mischief was your greatest joy."

He recalls how he used to win the jumping and racing prizes, fifty years since; they see their children and grandchildren enacting the part they themselves once played. The careful Goody brings her husband away from the merry scene betimes, for she knows how a little of the ale "makes him mellow," but not before he has dropped a glad tear over his gathered offspring, and exclaimed:

"May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow;
And many a time before you die
Be just as pleased as I am now."

He sings of the village market-night, of the Fakenham ghost, and of the Horkey, or harvest-supper, when

"All the guests, with Farmer Crouter,
Began to prate of corn;
And we found out they talked the louder
The oftener they passed the horn."

Phrases occur like "mawther," and "sitch a mort of folks," that remind us of our dear friend Dan'l Peggotty. The verses are not, indeed, in the highest rank of poetry, but they must live, for they are literally faithful to a life that has well-nigh passed away, a memory we cannot willingly let die. Bloomfield is racy of the soil, and his limitations are just the limitations of the people he describes. Anything that recalls this good old simple-minded poet to our recollection is a cause for gratitude. It may be late, but it is not too late to raise a memorial to the name of Robert Bloomfield.

A. L. S.

FICTION

Tillie: a Mennonite Maid. By HELEN R. MARTIN. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THE scene of this story is South-East Pennsylvania and the people are Dutch or German farmers. The men are honest and austere, but inconceivably ignorant and brutal. Their women-folk are mere beasts of burden condemned to work without recompense and suffer without complaint. Their life is one of hideous narrowness and gloom, but from outside a freer air presses in where it can, carrying help to those in bondage. Tillie, the little Mennonite maid, develops like a flower amidst her cruel surroundings, and from the beginning she finds friends to encourage and support her. With all her gentleness she has inherited from her grim father very useful qualities of steadfastness and determination. Her clear intelligence shows her the injustice of his tyranny and the duty she fulfils in opposing it; and though she begins by being the victim of her father's brutality she rejoices you with a firm and spirited resistance that is victorious in the end. None of the characters are overdrawn. We fear that even the father is life-like in his mixture of selfishness, severity and genuine affection. He believes that his wife and children exist for his profit and comfort and any opposition to his views causes him real surprise. His method is as rough and simple as his speech and as the life of the society he ornaments. It is a curious and interesting picture of a remote farming colony, preserving the peasant ways and even the expressions of Dutch ancestors amidst American civilisation. The farmer is a savage of the middle ages; his child is taught at school by a Harvard graduate; a clash of wills in the farm-kitchen naturally results. The doctor who "learnt medicine by practisin' it" is a delightful character. "Lekstures be blowed," he exclaimed when asked where he attended lectures. "Do you suppose you could learn a boy carpenterin' by settin' him down to read books on sawin' boards and a-leksurin' him on drivin' nails?" He tells Miss Margaret that she has encouraged him by letting him sit with his feet on the rounds of her chair. "It's looked to as meanin' gettin' down to biz!" says he, a bit injured because his "allurin' female" is going to marry some one else. The story is told with humour and perception; it describes a quaint corner of the world; and though it deals with narrow lives it never falls into the depressing "realism" that is so untrue to the mingled yarn of human experience. Tillie herself is a charming memory.

A Woman and her Talent. By LOUISE JORDAN MILN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THERE can be no question about the ability displayed in this book: how much or how little pleasure is to be derived from reading it depends upon the reader. Those who take it up for amusement and distraction of thought will not find it restful; those who shun ugly scenes and painful pictures will hardly persevere to the end. It appeals almost entirely to such readers as love personal details, who like to see how the wheels go round in the domestic machinery in times of storm and stress when a cunning hand keeps those wheels spinning for their entertainment. Now and then they may even gasp a little at an incident, or a phrase, and feel tempted to cry "enough." One of these points will be reached when a boy of eleven thus addresses an adoring, indulgent mother, while the father looks at her with an evil mocking smile. "I'll treat you as I like! Understand?" said Tom. Tom dies at sixteen after an amazing career of vice and extravagance. This is one of the straws that help to break down the general interest. All the pleasant and happy things are to be found in the first part of the novel; Helen's life and friends at Vassar College, her wooing and wedding, two or three instances of fine unselfishness; but these are almost forgotten when we reach the torrent of mud through which the characters are doomed to struggle, not always

towards safety or salvation. At Vassar Helen astonishes the professors by her cleverness; they are unanimous in promising her a great future if she will consent to study. Helen, however, decides for the profession of love and marriage, and the angel-faced Bertie Stanard answers to her ideal. The best side of the man is at first uppermost, he is devoted and unselfish, and life goes gaily. Then comes the unlucky day on which he discovers that his wife can not only write his articles on emergency, but that she is a literary genius—and all is changed. Against her will Helen is pushed along the road to fame. She becomes the breadwinner, and Bertie spends and wastes faster than Helen can earn. Rapidly Bertie runs down hill into the gutter, destroying Helen's happiness, ruining their son, wrecking the home, Helen meanwhile attaining a world-wide reputation. All possible enough, true enough, no doubt; but if the author desired to excite sympathy for anybody concerned, she fails signally; there is too much that jars upon and repels kindly feeling. There are quarrels and quarrels, even in fiction; these are too realistic, too sordid, too frequent, and Mrs. Miln's inkpot contains more than the usual proportion of gall. Still, the long tale of Helen's dreams and miseries, with its unpardonably commonplace happy ending, testifies that the author possesses a considerable share of that talent which she claims for her unlucky heroine.

The Poet and the Pierrot. By DOROTHEA DEAKIN. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a bright little tale, yet presents nothing new in incident, and is true to life only as it is known in the land of the novelette. The fancy portraits of the two sisters are as old as novel-writing itself; every reader is acquainted with the sedate elder sister who earns the bread and butter, and her young sister, pretty, variable, artfully-artless, and pronounced "not nice" by her feminine neighbours. As in a hundred similar stories, there are lovers (a poet and a pierrot in this case), who allow themselves to be accepted and rejected according to the mood of the moment; there is a dearth of shillings and an un-failing supply of dainty raiment; a number of love-scenes, and a happy ending for every one. It is not a lofty type of story, but it is amusingly told. The author has a light touch, and shows skill in the arrangement of her rather tawdry materials. We doubt whether in "The Poet and the Pierrot" Miss Deakin is seen to advantage; there are indications that she is capable of producing something far better than foolish love-quarrels, and gay chatter about flirtations and pretty frocks.

The Countermine. By ARTHUR WENLOCK. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THERE is a lack of ingenuity in the invention of the plot of this novel, which, though the writing is good and the characters consistent, goes far to deprive the story of its interest: for, as the author confesses in his introduction, it is melodramatic, and a melodrama must have a carefully manipulated plot. Here there are no unexpected turns and fine developments; our first surmise as to how the story will end is disappointing in its accuracy. Captain Welford is accused of having stolen the plan of a mine-field, falsely, of course, since he is the hero: but he cannot prove his innocence without disclosing a family secret or dragging a woman's fair name before the public. His sense of honour keeps him silent: his sense of honour is even more strained and absurd than is usual in melodramas, and, though we long to feel enthusiastic over his nobility, we are merely irritated by his stupidity and annoyed that he should be proved innocent and marry the heroine—"sweet brave-hearted Kitty." Mr. Wenlock has illustrated the book himself and his seven illustrations are far better than is the conception of his story.

The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By WILLIAM T. LOCKE. (Lane, 6s.)

THERE is a distinction about all Mr. Locke's work, and it is more marked in the present volume than in any other we have read. It would not be possible to improve on his

manner of saying what he has to say: it is irreproachable, and no one who has an eye for good phrasing and an ear for the cadence of prose could fail to experience that agreeable thrill of pleasure that these qualities arouse. His style is delightful, pointed, witty and finished. But for all his admirable craftsmanship there is something wanted, and that an essential—vitality. There is a certain aloofness from life, as though the author saw men and women through coloured glasses which hid their precise individuality from him; and we feel his characters are contrasts and ideas rather than living people. In the opening chapters of the novel, "Marcus Ordeyne," this defect is not apparent, for the story is a frank fantasia. Marcus Ordeyne, by the timely death of three relatives, is able to leave the school where he has been an unwilling master, and, free from "Jones minor and the First Book of Euclid," to indulge in seclusion and his literary tastes. Seven years have slipped by since the happy day of his freedom, and on the Embankment he meets a girl of marvellous beauty who has run away from a Turkish harem. The kindness of his heart obliges Sir Marcus to take her to his home: circumstances oblige him to keep her, and she becomes his ward. The position is splendid—the absolutely unsophisticated woman with surprising Eastern ideas of marriage plumped down in the household of a staid literary bachelor who has prim and designing relatives. But unfortunately the fantasia is not allowed to continue. The book takes a wayward turn towards the tragic, and here it is that Mr. Locke's defect is noticeable. He introduces another woman, one Judith, with whom Marcus is in close intellectual sympathy, but to whose passion for himself he is absolutely blind. The machinations of this woman to separate him from Carlotta end in bringing him to the point of suicide; but in order to attain this much of plot Mr. Locke is content to make Judith act in a manner preposterously unreal. A woman of the insight and experience which Judith is stated to possess does not need to have recourse to artifices that would make a schoolgirl blush. The whole episode is forced and quite out of the picture.

The Outlet. By ANDY ADAMS. (Constable, 6s.)

THERE are some novel-readers who prefer that their heroes should be clean. Others prefer heroes who never bathe, who are addicted to whisky and red flannel shirts, and clothe themselves with slang and curses. The latter class of readers will probably be pleased with Mr. Adams' story. He tells us how he, in company with other cowboys, drove an immense herd of cattle from Texas to the Yellowstone, and of the adventures that befell them on the way. These adventures include perils with rival drovers, perils with Indians, and perils with sheriff's officers. The Indians do not seem to have given the cowboys much trouble, but the sheriff is apparently the cowboys' inveterate foe. The humour of the book is provided by the conversations of the cowboys around their camp fires, and the stories which they tell to one another. Some of these are not particularly new, and for the most part their humour depends upon the slang and profanity used by the narrators. The book needs a glossary, if it is to be thoroughly understood by English readers. What, for instance, are we to understand by "a blanket rate"? What is a "horse-wrangler" and what are "culls"? When can a man truthfully be said to be "chesty," and how does one "fog" one's enemy until he looks like "an angel in the clouds"? When Mr. Adams undertakes to write plain English he is not always successful. When he informs us that whole counties have recently been "settled up" we can guess at his meaning, but when he says that "it took less than an hour to cull back and count, excuse the ranch outfit, and start this contingent for the branding pens" we are hopelessly fogged, although we may not look like angels in the clouds. Doubtless the book gives a truthful picture of the life of a cowboy. It may be a strenuous life, but it certainly is not a beautiful life. Mr. Adams' cowboys are drunken, quarrelsome,

lawless ruffians, unredeemed by the kindly nature and unconscious humour which make Bret Harte's miners lovable. Mr. Adams might say that his cowboys are true to life, while Harte's miners are impossible. That would be quite true, but the fact would remain that Harte's miners interest us while Mr. Adams' cowboys are simply repulsive.

BOOK SALES

THE sale of the libraries of the late Lt.-Col. Shuldham, Co. Cork, the late Mr. F. A. Inderwick, K.C., and others took place at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 15, 16 and 17.

Col. Shuldham's books included some of Dibdin's bibliographical works and a first edition of White's Selborne.

Amongst Mr. Inderwick's books were Howell and Cobbett's State Trials, Cokayne's Peerage, a set of Notes and Queries (with all the indexes) and a set of the Dictionary of National Biography.

The principal prices obtained were: Madame D'Arblay's *Evelina*, 3 vols. 1778. First edition. £13 (Ellis). Bulwer-Lytton's *Weeds and Wildflowers*, 1826. £4 (Ellis). Dickens (Chas.). *Oliver Twist*, 3 vols. 1838. First edition. £3 5s. (Ellis). Dickens (Chas.). *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 1844. First edition. £2 16s. (Rimell). Egan's *Life in London*, 1822. £5 17s. 6d. (Edwards). Surtees (R. S.). *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities*, 1843. £13 (Hornstein). Canova's *Works in Sculpture and Modelling*, 2 vols. 1824. Large paper. £5 5s. (Hornstein). Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron*, 3 vols. 1817. £9 2s. 6d. (Edwards). Dibdin's *Tour in France and Germany*, 3 vols. 1817. £3 5s. (Hornstein). White's *Natural History of Selborne*, 1789. First edition. £20 10s. (Hornstein). Burlington Fine Art Club. *Exhibition of Bookbindings. Facsimile plates in colours*, £7 10s. (Hitchman). Cobbett and Howell's *State Trials*, £10 (Maggs). Cokayne's *Complete Peerage*, 8 vols. 1887-98. £25 10s. (Harding). *Dictionary of National Biography*, 67 vols. 1885-1901. £48 (Edwards). Boys (W.). *Collections for a History of Sandwich*, 1792. £5 10s. (Rook). *Notes and Queries*, 105 vols. £22 (Sotheran). Ruskin's *Stories of Venice*, 3 vols. 1851-3. First edition. £6 10s. Selden Society Publications, 8 vols. £5 10s. (Harding). Kelmiscott Press. *Caxton's Godfrey of Bologne*, £4 8s. (Maggs). Warner and Williams. *The Orchid Album*, £8 12s. 6d. (Maggs). Camden Society Publications, 164 vols. £16 (Harding). *Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed*, 1843. £5 7s. 6d. (Hornstein). Fielding's *Tom Jones*, 6 vols. 1749. First edition. £3 3s. (Hornstein). Meyrick's *Ancient Armour*, 3 vols. 1824. £6 (Sotheran). Gould's *Monograph on Humming Birds*, 5 vols. 1850-61. £12 5s. (Edwards). Westmacott's *English Spy*, 2 vols. 1825-6. £8 5s. (Spencer). Manning and Bray's *Antiquities of Surrey*, 3 vols. 1804-14. £15 10s. (Sotheran).

The total amount realised was £1218.

THE DRAMA

ON TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH

MR. HARRY MELVILL'S English version of *L'Adversaire*, by MM. Capus and Arène, which is now being played at the St. James' under the title, *The Man of the Moment*, raises certain old questions as to the adaptation of French plays for the English stage and perhaps one or two new ones. If one compares it with another recent adaptation of a work by M. Capus, *My Lady of Rosedale* (Mr. Comyns Carr's version of *La Châtelaine*), one feels that some gratitude is owing to Mr. Melvill. At least he has not taken a French play about French people with French ways of thought and standards of conduct and imagined that it could be made into a play about English people merely by altering the characters' names, touching up the dialogue, and transferring the scene to Surrey. The scene of *The Man of the Moment* is Paris and its immediate neighbourhood, the characters have French names, and the plot follows the original with moderate fidelity. Much of the dialogue is faithfully and competently rendered. So far Mr. Melvill has done well.

And yet the *The Man of the Moment* is not *L'Adversaire*. In spite of external resemblances, in spite of identity of plot and character and at times the closest parallelism of dialogue, the plays remain extraordinarily unlike. There is a spiritual difference between them which outweighs all formal resemblances and keeps them hopelessly apart. How far Mr. Melvill is responsible for this we have no

means of knowing. Possibly his text was somewhat severely "edited" in rehearsals. We know what enormities the intelligent English manager is capable of in his desire to make modern comedies "play closer." Too often he prevents them from playing at all. Possibly the censor of plays had to be considered, or his equivalent in the dress circle of the St. James' Theatre. Possibly Mr. Melvill is not over well served by his cast. In judging of a play it is notoriously difficult to apportion the blame between actors and acted, and to declare with certainty whether the players strangled the piece or whether the piece choked the players. Probably each and all of these reasons contributed something to the comparative failure of *The Man of the Moment* considered as an English version of *L'Adversaire*. Anyhow the result was to give us a play curiously lacking in some of the salient qualities of the original and not in itself of first-rate interest.

Let us see what are the salient qualities of M. Capus' work. It is witty, but its wit is of a rather special kind. His are not the kind of "good things" which you can quote and enjoy apart from their context, which contain some profound truth, some real contribution to thought. His dialogue sparkles but does not enlighten. It is facile, superficial; above all it is reckless. The things that his characters say would make the hair of the respectable playgoer stand on end if he took them seriously. But then M. Capus has such a confident, genial way with him that they never are taken seriously, and the result is a merry evening. Mr. Melvill, however (or the St. James' Theatre), has not trusted to this. He has left out M. Capus' recklessness, toned down his audacities, and lo! the wit has vanished too. It is as if, say, Mrs. Humphry Ward (to select a name of obvious distinction) had been entrusted with the task of preparing a revised version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Again, M. Capus' plays are plays of atmosphere. There is little or no plot, hardly any incident. Everything depends on the bright, easy dialogue, the sardonic humour, the clever sketches of character. Mr. Melvill (or the St. James' Theatre), again, has not realised this, or perhaps has purposely ignored it. The atmosphere has been toned down where it has not been left out, the characters have been modified in very essential particulars, while all the attention has been concentrated on the plot. The result is a quite interesting and even thrilling third act, but a first act that is superfluous, a second act that is dull and rather incredible, and a fourth act that ends in anti-climax. M. Capus wants to interest us in the Bréautins and their "set"—in the particular phase of contemporary Parisian life which they represent. He considers no time wasted in showing us what kind of people they are. It is bad construction no doubt. No one could defend it. But, such as it is, it is M. Capus'. If you do not like it you must not try to put his plays on the English stage. The St. James' management do not like it. They are shamefaced about it. They shirk it. One suspects them of wanting to "cut the cackle." And M. Capus suffers.

Again, M. Capus is a man with ideas, theories. Even his most frivolous plays have a sort of thesis. He plumes himself on looking at things with a fresh eye, on being something of a social philosopher. He called his play *L'Adversaire*, and the reference is apparently to the eternal struggle between the man and the woman for predominance. It is not a very remarkable theory or a very original theory, but it is the keynote of the play. Mr. Melvill (or the St. James' Theatre) frankly jettisons M. Capus' amiable theorisings. Duel of the sexes, struggle for mastery, the critic on the hearth, go by the board, and we have the play dubbed *The Man of the Moment*. Quite a suitable title for a play about a young lady who attached such importance to social or political prominence that when the barrister who loved her suddenly achieved a great success she felt unable to resist his importunities; but is that quite the intention of MM. Capus and Arène's comedy? The same kind of hardy disregard has been shown of the *nuances* of the characterisation. Darlay, as

written by Mr. Melvill and played by Mr. Alexander, is so unlike in essence to the Darlay of the original that his attitude at the end of Act II. is not merely absurd but incredible. Where, save in the melodramas of the Surrey side, does a husband say to his wife—at the top of his voice, too!—"I am your lord and master"? French is a language more patient of rhetoric than ours, but M. Capus would never have been guilty of such a lapse. To adapt Hedda's famous phrase: "People don't say those things."

FINE ART

THE PASTEL SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN TEMPERA

THERE are two exhibitions at present open of pictures wrought by methods which are both in the nature of a revival, that of the Pastel Society at the Royal Institute, and that of the Society of Painters in Tempera at the Carfax Gallery, and they present amusing contrasts. Of course pastel is a medium comparatively recent and has been always in supplementary use from the time of Russell, whilst the revival of tempera, the oldest medium of all, dates from yesterday.

But there appears to be, judging only from these two exhibitions, a greater misunderstanding of the peculiar qualities of the first medium than of the second, which is rather surprising. It may be that a medium which demands above everything a witty summary of the essential aspects appeals less to the national temperament than one which demands chiefly great care and precision.

It may be doubted whether the multiplication of tones which has been achieved by French masters, chiefly Lechestier Barbe and Edouard, in pastel is altogether advantageous. The beginner is misled into thinking it possible to obtain in a single stick of pastel each tone required, but finding very soon that he never can lay his hand on that particular stick, he attempts either to paint in pastels and obtain his tones by rubbing several into each other, or else to obtain them in the more modern method of pointilism. Both of these methods should be very sparingly used, as they destroy the peculiar bloom of the material. Pastel should be what it was from the first—a drawing in coloured chalks arbitrarily selected, involving only an approximation to the true tone and colour. Whistler understood this as he understood every other medium with perfect taste and discretion, and his pastels are models of style. Mr. Fred Mayor and Mr. H. B. Brabazon are the only followers of the Whistler tradition, and their works are excessively slight. On the other hand, there are several artists here who use a harder pastel for the drawing and can obtain a high degree of finish. The most successful in this more conventional style are the portraits by Mrs. Helen Bedford, which have great charm without loss of character. The French have always been brilliant pastellists, and *Le Bassin de Bacchus* of M. Gaston La Touche, the cynical *L'Amante* and *Dans une Bergère* of M. Louis Legrand and the hasty scribbles of the late Eugène Boudin are brilliant if they are nothing else. Mr. Muhrman is occasionally a little heavy handed, considering the slightness of his theme, but in *Roses* he shows his peculiar sensitiveness to delicate tone.

With these exceptions the exhibition is a very haphazard jumble, and it is evident that two hundred and eighty-nine pastels is much more than any English society is justified in exhibiting.

The Society of Painters in Tempera has wisely chosen a smaller gallery for their first exhibition, and the number of pictures is only eighty. Consequently there is very little work that is positively bad, and a considerable number of excellent pictures. We realise that there is more range in the material than might have been expected. Mrs.

Herringham, who knows all there is to be known as to the tradition of tempera, paints in the traditional hatch and stipple of Botticelli and Cosimo Rosselli. This method is apt to impart a doll-like stiffness to the figures, not without charm but distinctly archaistic and precious. *The Twelve Brothers* of Mr. Arthur Gaskin, the *Atalanta* of Mr. John Batten, the *Legend* of Mrs. Marianne Stokes are charming *enfantillages*. We can best convey the feeling by calling the first-named a "duck" of a picture.

It is a great pity that the Pre-Raphaelites had not rediscovered tempera. The harshness and rawness of colour in Rossetti, Madox Brown, and Mr. Holman Hunt would have been avoided if they had worked in this medium, in comparison with which oil is intractable, clogged and lumpish.

The fusion of tone which is the easiest part in oil colour is rendered extremely difficult through the rapid drying of tempera. But Mr. Roger Fry, Sir Charles Holroyd, and Mr. Anning Bell, while retaining the characteristics of the medium, have approached oil in this respect. Mr. Adrian Stokes' *A Mountain Meadow, Austria*, with its foreground of flowers, is a *tour de force* in the blending of tones, but surely oil or pastel would be the most natural medium in this case. Mr. Cayley Robinson's *The Deep Midnight* is a queer and clever performance, extremely able, and not a little irritating in its preciousness, like the rest of this artist's work.

If tempera is not oil, neither is it water colour nor gouache; hence the pictures of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Mr. Maxwell Armfield, Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Graham Petrie are mistakes in the choice of material. *The Blue Lake* of Mr. Charles Gere shows entirely the right stuff in its judicious alternation of transparent and solid colours, and the exquisite quality of the blues is shown to perfection. His other landscapes, *A Roman Camp* and *The Cowslip-ball*, are extremely sweet and delicate, but might almost as well have been water colour or gouache.

I am inclined to believe that tempera has as great a future before it as it had a past, but as indicated by Mrs. Herringham in the preface to the catalogue. "For a time it was a handmaid to oil painting," but out of sight as it were, for there is no doubt that for a long time "the new method was most frequently little more than finishing scumbles and glazes over tempera or size foundation work." The conviction is growing that the use of tempera as a foundation extended to a much later period than was at first thought. We can only account for the peculiar quality of Canaletto and Claude Vernet on this supposition; and any one who has copied the *Christ and Magdalene* of Titian in the National Gallery in tempera with glazes of oil must come to the same conclusion about this picture, although the case is different with the later Titians. If somebody who has studied the subject, Mr. Roger Fry for instance, could throw more light on it, he would be doing a service not only to archaeologists but to contemporary artists. As it now stands, tempera painting is merely a curious revival, and the Society of Painters in Tempera a body which is archaistic and decadent in its tendencies. It is rather on the lines of Watts' *The Utmost for the Highest*, the commencement of a picture in tempera which was to have been finished in oil, that the future of this medium may be expected to lie.

B. S.

ART SALES

On the third day of the Coates Castle sale a number of pieces of Sèvres were realised good prices. The most important item was an oval-shaped tureen of Bleu de Roi and white Sèvres porcelain, gold ornamented, painted with flowers by H. Prevost, and mounted with fine chiselled ormolu, which sold for £1400. A ewer, with stand of turquoise Bleu de Roi Sèvres porcelain found a purchaser at 735 gs.; a rosewater ewer and cover of white Sèvres rose to £735; and an écuelle in turquoise-blue Sèvres porcelain, with gold ornamentation, painted with birds in cartels, realised £700.

On Friday, 16th inst., Messrs. Christie disposed of mediæval and

renaissance works of art, decorative objects and furniture, porcelain, etc., the property of Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry and others. A processional cross by Maso Finiguerra (North Italian, early fifteenth century) realised 460 gs. (Durlacher); another, fifteenth-century Spanish workmanship, 300 gs. (Welsh); a knightly belt, fourteenth-century French work, 210 gs. (Watson); and a set of fourteen Sheraton armchairs, 88 gs. (James).

Messrs. Christie sold on Saturday a number of ancient and modern pictures, the property of Major Corbett Winder, and pictures and drawings from various sources. The highest price realised was for a Romney, portrait of Lady Hamilton, 720 gs. (Vicars). A Watteau, *Madame La Maréchale de Luxembourg*, sold for 580 gs. (Hodgkins); a Raeburn, portrait of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, seventh baronet, 350 gs. (Wallis); a Gainsborough, portrait of Lady Knighton, 370 gs. (H. P. Lane); a Franz Hals, portrait of a gentleman in black dress with white ruff, 280 gs. (Wells); and a portrait by Downman of Lady Gordon, seated before a spinet, 260 gs. (Hodgkins). Berkheyden's *The Stradhuis, Amsterdam*, with the Nieuwekerk on the left, realised 195 gs. (Buttery); and a Hondecoeter, "The Bird's Concert," 130 gs. (Jefferies). Turner's "The Theatre at Myra" only rose to 160 gs. (Haynes); and a Watteau, portraits of the artist and his friend, M. de Julienne, in a landscape near some ruins, 100 gs. (Hoskin).

In the sale of a collection of pictures and drawings, formerly the property of Mr. C. H. T. Hawkins and Mr. Thomas Statter, at Messrs. Christie's on Monday, three Copley Fieldings brought 192 gs.; and another, "A Coast Scene," by the same artist, 100 gs. (Shand). "The Inn Stable," by Domingo, realised 105 gs. (Wallis); and "Three Young Ladies," by T. Hudson, 100 gs.

Messrs. Sotheby sold on Monday plates from the "Liber Studiorum," together with other engravings by and after Turner. The principal "Liber Studiorum" plates included (first states): Peat Bog, Scotland, £35 (Dunthorne); Raglan Castle, £35 (Ward); Inverary Castle and Town, £22 10s. (Dunthorne); Little Devil's Bridge over the Russ, above Aلتdorf, Switzerland, £20 (Ward); Mount St. Gothard, £20 (Ward). A second state, *Æsacus and Hesperie*, realised £31 (Ward).

Continuing the Statter sale on Tuesday, Messrs. Christie disposed of the porcelain, and several articles realised good prices. Part of a dessert service sold for 230 gs. (A. Wertheimer); a powdered-blue teapot enamelled with flowers and birds for 205 gs. (Partridge); a pair of cylindrical jars and covers for 125 gs. (A. Smith); and an oval jardinière, with scalloped border, painted with flowers and fruits on marbled grosbleu gold ground for 105 gs. (Willson).

SCIENCE

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

THE subject of the present essay was discussed in this place more than two years ago, *à propos* of the then current Kelvin correspondence in the *Times*. On that occasion I attempted to state what was then and still is the orthodox or generally accepted scientific view. This view is expressed, most comprehensively, in the dogma, *omne vivum ex vivo*, which expressly denies the "myth," and heresy, or superstition, of the "spontaneous generation" of living from lifeless matter. In accordance with this dogma, I wrote:

"Can we manufacture life now? If we bring the necessary elements and compounds together at the necessary temperature, can we manufacture protoplasm? Is the living cell less distinct than formerly from inorganic matter? Do tales of cells of gelatin all but alive bear any criticism? The answer to all these questions is as emphatic a negative as language will convey. I confess, for myself, that I can scarcely believe it will always be so."

The experiments of Pasteur seemed to be conclusive. Spontaneous generation was a myth. But my friend Dr. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., had never accepted the dogma *omne vivum ex vivo*; and had persisted in denying the reality of the logic by which that generalisation was inferred from Pasteur's observations. In brief, the experiments consisted in boiling organic media, preserving them from contamination, and observing that thereafter they exhibited no signs of life. But the criticism might be made that the act of boiling altered certain organic compounds present in the media, which compounds—had they not undergone what the chemist calls degradation, i.e. simplification—might have spontaneously generated life.

That criticism appeared to be conclusively met by adopting a new method of sterilisation—a method which entailed no rise of temperature, and therefore no chemical

change in the media. They were not boiled, but merely passed through a Berkefeld filter, which does not permit the passage of even the minutest micro-organism. Thereafter they showed no signs of life. But subsequent research proved that even the mere passage through such a filter was sufficient to cause degradation of the compounds in the media. Therefore, Dr. Bastian maintained, and still maintains, that the possibility of spontaneous generation was not disproved.

Lately Dr. Bastian returned to this question in a volume entitled "Studies in Heterogenesis," which was reviewed in the ACADEMY for December 31, 1904. In that volume it appeared that he had been the victim of grave intolerance on the part of those in authority, that he had been refused a hearing where no hearing of sincere opinions should ever be refused. In more than one place I attempted to draw attention to Dr. Bastian's work. Quite recently, the paper originally refused, now fortified with micro-photographs, was read before the Royal Society.

Some months ago I wrote an article on the "Origin of Life," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, in which it was maintained that Dr. Bastian must be heard when he asserts that he has seen, through the microscope, the evolution of mobile bacteria from motionless specks appearing in a medium originally quite clear. It was further maintained that the dogma, *omne vivum ex vivo*, must be regarded as unproved, on the *a priori* grounds of evolutionary theory and the doctrine of the Uniformity of Nature: and on the *a posteriori* grounds of Dr. Bastian's experiments. But I did not dare to express any positive opinion—save that no positive opinion might justly be expressed.

By a coincidence, there appeared in *Nature*, just after the publication of my article, a most extraordinary communication from the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, which initiates a new and startling phase in the discussion. If any one is prepared to accept the conclusions of Mr. J. B. Burke, it is surely one who had already attempted to direct attention to the views and work of Dr. Bastian: but I confess that it needed many readings of Mr. Burke's letter to persuade me that it would not be possible to detect some fallacy, some experimental error somewhere, even though such a leading authority as Professor Sims Woodhead had failed to do so. I have quoted a phrase about "tales of cells of gelatin all but alive," and here is another such tale.

The important details must be omitted, partly because Mr. Burke's full paper has yet to appear, partly because there is so much else to say. In brief, then, Mr. Burke has taken gelatin and an extract of meat and has prepared the culture and medium which the bacteriologists call beef-gelatin or bouillon. He has exposed this medium to the action of radium, sterilised the whole, and observed the changes produced. Similar tubes, similarly treated, save for the presence of the radium, yielded no changes. There shortly appeared a *growth* in the gelatin of the first tubes. It looked like a growth of bacteria, but on microscopical examination it proved to consist of minute rounded, nucleated (?!) bodies, such as Professor Woodhead had never seen. (I once had a bad quarter of an hour with Professor Woodhead, which suggests to me that the bacteria he has not seen no one has seen.) Since a name is necessary, we may anticipate, and call these things *radiobes*, in accordance with the suggestion of their discoverer.

The first possibility is that they were present in the radium from the first, and are a new kind of unicellular organism. That suggestion Mr. Burke's further observations—for which space fails here—make untenable.

The second possibility is that they are crystals. They answer to no known kind of crystal, in appearance, reaction to light, or behaviour.

The third possibility is that they are living organisms produced by the action of radium on the sterilised beef gelatin—*omne vivum ex vivo* notwithstanding. Let us then recall the best criteria of the presence of life, and apply

them in this case. It will not do to say, with Aquinas, that life is "self-movement," for on any intelligible reading of that definition (which, indeed, implies that life is a first cause) radium is alive; the Universe is alive. But we must beware of punning. If a plant is alive in a sense that radium or a crystal is not, how can we express the distinction? Radium has self-movement, and is subject to decay. A crystal *grows*. On considering this matter—though he had not the facts of radio-activity to help him—Spencer came to the conclusion that the essential character of the phenomenon we call life is the "continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." Mr. Burke applies this definition to the case in point, and thereupon calls these things radiobes. For they not merely grow and decay; they not merely show a structure which looks like the nucleus of a living cell; they grow to a certain limited size—about one seventy-thousandth part of an inch—and then they *subdivide*. It is a case of the adjustment of internal to external relations. Long ago, Spencer asked himself why living cells are finite in size; why should they divide? He answered that they divide because of the fact that growth implies a diminution of the ratio but never the surface of the cell and its mass. The surface being the means by which the enclosed mass gains its nutriment, a time must come when the ratio so falls that the cell can grow and thrive no longer. Lest it die of inanition, it divides, and thus enlarges the organ of communication with the environment which is its surface. Palpably this is a case of the adjustment of internal to external relations. If an object which possesses this power is not to be judged alive, we must cease to speak or think of life as an entity at all. Now Mr. Burke has photographed the subdivision of these cells. This is a tale of cells of gelatin that *does* bear criticism.

Supposing that it continues to bear criticism; that the hundreds of gelatin tubes which are now, no doubt, being watched in I know not how many places, each yield the same result as at Cambridge—what may we infer? Certainly not that we know the secret of life; no, not though sympathetic chemistry could already build up, from the very elements, all the compounds contained in such tubes. Nor must we forget that beef-gelatin is itself a product of living matter, and that, even though it could be artificially produced by the chemist, yet there were no laboratories on the cooling earth a hundred million years ago, and if there was no life to produce gelatin, it tells us little of the *original* origin of life to know that it may now be produced by the submitting of organic compounds to the action of radio-active substances. Merely we may infer, and it is no small inference, that *life may be evolved from lifeless matter without the intervention of miracle*.

Two points may be noted. Profoundly interesting though it be that *living* man—note the sequence—should now be able, at will, to produce life in his laboratories, the really important question is as to the origin of those primal forms of life, of which man is the descendant. Now these radiobes of Mr. Burke, when removed from the tube and placed on a slide, *disappear* on exposure to daylight. After a few days in the dark, they reappear. Presumably the effect of the radio-activity has been to produce compounds which, in suitable conditions, may form living aggregates. In unsuitable conditions these aggregates fall apart, to reform when the conditions again become favourable. Now radium has lately been found to be a constituent of sea-water and of the soil and the rock, and even deep well-water. Radium is almost certainly an element which exists for only a few thousands of years, but is constantly being evolved from uranium. May it be that the continuous production of radio-active bodies and their dissemination in dark places of the earth has made her the mother of all living? Will radium—did radium—produce living things in *inorganic matter*—sea-water, for instance, or media containing such substances as are found in the geological strata which are believed to have been laid down when the earth was too hot to sustain life?

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

A DIGRESSION

Two terms are used alike in music and pictorial art to signify their chief means of expression—form and colour. In both arts the form is that which appeals mainly to the intellectual faculties, colour that which appeals to the emotional. But in a picture, from its objective character, the two are far more easily distinguished than in a piece of music. The possibility of a direct appeal to nature puts it within every one's power to differentiate between the form and the colour, to pass a judgment of his own, however erroneous, upon the success or otherwise of the artist's efforts in each direction. The visitor to the Royal Academy has distinct notions, which he loudly proclaims, as to whether or not "that arm is too long" or whether "the sea can look that particular shade of blue." But in music all the efforts of the extreme programmists have failed, and must ever fail to give him a like positive standard of reference. It is true that in a few manifestly far-fetched cases the question may be raised. "Does a battle really make that noise?" one is inclined to ask, when listening to Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture; but as surely as the answer is "no," does the very putting of the question seem absurd, and to try to gain a first foothold on music by such a means is altogether impossible. It is here that the parallel between painting and music ceases, since both the form and colour of the former are actually that of, or based upon that of, nature, while in the latter they are self-created.

It is generally admitted that the average Englishman at a picture-gallery displays a much more acute feeling for form than for colour. He is quick to detect faults of drawing, to admire impressive or dignified grouping of figures, while he nevertheless overlooks crude contrasts of colour as comparatively unimportant, and he rarely expresses whole-hearted admiration for a picture merely as a piece of colour. It is, therefore, rather surprising at first sight that the present extraordinary wave of interest in music, which has awakened Englishmen from their former indifference, seems to take its beginning rather from a sense of musical colour than from a feeling for form. Perhaps it is necessary to explain to some extent the part which each plays, since the terms are often regarded merely as musicians' words, an important part of a critic's equipment, in fact a two-edged sword with which to smite the young and aspiring composer. But their meaning is really quite simple and identical with their use in painting, the only difference being the material to which they are applied. Form implies shape and balance; that is, the shape of each musical phrase resulting from the pitch and length of its notes, and the balance of one phrase against another. These two elements are necessary to produce any complete artistic form; and consequently it appears that the most primitive musical form must consist of at least two notes: one note will have its own shape expressed in its length of duration, but it requires some counterpart to introduce the element of balance necessary to justify its consideration from a formal standpoint. All questions, then, of form ultimately resolve themselves into two classes—the shape of the individual phrases, and their relation one to another; just as in a picture the individual objects require both to be themselves correctly drawn, inspired with grace and beauty, and to be in a just relation to each other. In music formal beauty results from a balanced treatment of either melody or harmony or, most complete of all, from both.

On the other hand, everything which has to do with the actual quality of tone is classed under the head of colour. Differences of quality are produced by an endless variety of causes. It is with regard to orchestral music that one hears the term most used, because the different qualities of tone produced by different instruments are the most obvious instance of musical colour. But in reality everything which goes to make up what is usually called expression in music

is to be classed as colour, from the crudest alternations of soft and loud to the most delicate varieties of tone yielded by the piano in the hands of a Paderewski or the string quartet under Joachim's leadership. The disposition of notes in a chord is also an important factor in determining its colour. The same harmony, say a chord of A major, sustained by stringed instruments, all playing pianissimo, may have a totally different colour according to the different positions of the chord chosen. Compare the first chord of the Prelude to *Lohengrin* with that which accompanies the words "that sense of ruin" in the *Dream of Gerontius*. The first is delicately ethereal, as if but newly descended from a light-illuminated heaven; the second ponderous, mysterious, like the foreboding which fills the air before a thunderstorm. The only difference is that the first is sustained by violins in their highest register, the second by all the strings filling every position of the chord from the low C# held by the basses upwards, but both are pianissimo chords of A major played by strings.

Furthermore, actual effects of harmony influence colour to a large extent. It would be impossible to draw a hard and fast line, to say how far harmony is the property of musical form and how far of colour. All one can say is that while the harmony always influences the colour, there are cases where it has scarcely any appreciable effect upon the form. A simple instance of this is to be found in the chord of the diminished seventh which has made the fame and popularity of Barnby's well-known part-song "Sweet and Low." The soprano A, in the first bar, might as well, as far as the form of the piece is concerned, have been harmonised as the third of a triad on F; but, had it been so, that luscious colouring which has enraptured countless choral societies would have been lost. In general it may be said that the harmonic structure of a piece may be the outcome of the composer's sense of formal requirements or of his feeling for effects of colour, while the melodic outline has to do with form, and qualities of tone only with colour.

From these considerations it becomes obvious why people first approach music from an appreciation of its colour rather than its form, since the one makes a direct appeal to the senses, the other appeals to the intellect, which can only begin to be exercised as a result of some education. I do not mean special musical education; a mind sympathetic to music needs only the power of concentration which results from the discipline of general culture to appreciate the perfect poise and balance of such a melody as that which forms the theme of the slow movement of the "Archduke" trio. To enter fully into the beauties of the more complex forms requires, of course, the special knowledge of their peculiarities; just as one must be acquainted with the rules governing the construction of the sonnet to appreciate the individualities of Shakespeare, of Wordsworth, or of Keats in this form, but to enjoy that sense of repose and completeness which one gets from reading a perfectly constructed sonnet does not require any abstruse study of poetics. So with music. The pleasure in its formal beauties requires cultivation, but it is in no way restricted to those who have complete technical knowledge to aid them.

The title with which I have headed these remarks needs a few words of explanation and possibly of justification. It may fairly be asked from what is the digression and whither does it tend. I set out to discuss one simple musical form, that of variations upon a theme. But what I intended simply as a prelude seemed to require fuller elaboration, and a clear mental distinction between the qualities of form and colour in music seemed a necessary preliminary to the discussion of a type of composition in which each plays so important a part. If I may be allowed to trespass so far upon the patience of readers I shall call their attention before long to the development which this form of variations has undergone and the service which it has rendered to music in general, and with its aid I shall try to illustrate some of the principles which I have enunciated herein.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE STENDHAL MONUMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is a general desire to erect a monument to Henri Beyle (Stendhal) in France, and a Committee has been formed in Paris with that object.

The Committee, thinking that there are probably some admirers of the great novelist and philosopher in England, has requested me to receive any subscriptions, or they can be sent direct to the Secretary: M. A. PAUPP, 50, Rue des Abbesses, Paris 18^e.

1, Talbot Mansions, Museum Street, W.C.

June 19.

OSCAR LEVY, M.D.

PLACES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The writer of the interesting and suggestive article on "Places" in your last issue has touched on the fringe of a very fascinating psychological aspect of literature. That natural environment does greatly influence a man's genius and literary development is amply demonstrated, for instance, in the case of the ill-fated Chatterton, the real precursor of the natural school of poetry of which Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth and Coleridge are the most distinguished representatives. Bristol, the city of his birth, possessed, and still possesses, environs of exceeding beauty, unsurpassed, considering its size, by any city of the British Isles; and as a result there are exquisite touches of nature scattered throughout his too seldom read writings. Take, for example, his graphic description of a thunder-storm in his "Excellente Ballade of Charity," so justly admired by Sir Walter Scott:

"The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
And the full-flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the cloud, the waters sweep again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies;
And the hot fiery steam in mighty wreathings dies" . . .

Again, in "The Bristowe Tragedy," how fine its opening:

"The feathered songster chanticleer
Has wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

"King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the grey;
And heard the raven's croaking
Proclaim the fated day . . ."

Whilst in his "Ælla" are the beautiful lines:

"The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are dappled with the yellow hue;
In daisied mantle is the mountain dight,
The tender cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, unto heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought. . ."

The greatest poems, too, of Wordsworth and Coleridge bear witness how truly they were children of the moorland and the mountain. And to come down to our own day, what but the fostering environment of nature produced a Hardy, or enabled Gissing to give the world his "swan-song"?

STANLEY HUTTON.

LA VIE EST BRÈVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Here is another attempt to translate the untranslatable! But any English version must miss the finish and suggestion of the original:

"How vain is life!
Love's passing sway,
Hate's little strife—
And then—Good-day!
How brief its gleam
An hour's delight,
A moment's dream—
And then—Good-night!"

I should like to suggest to the *Protean* to set as its next essay in translation Goethe's *Wanderer's Song*, one of the most impossible of lyrics to turn into satisfactory English. Matthew Arnold once said to me: "We have all tried our hand at it and not one has succeeded in giving the full beauty and value of the original."

June 19.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

SCIENCE AND ART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was annoyed at hearing from Mr. Tilney that I had declared art to be a communication of "the artist's *pleasurable* emotion"; but I find that I had not been so careless. The adjective was inserted in

reference to a specific instance. It is needless to say that art may communicate painful emotion—*e.g.*, a performance of Duse's—but the relation between art and happiness (or unhappiness) is still maintained. I do not know any single term save "feeling-tone" to express "happiness or unhappiness"; but all emotion has this quality.

C. W. SALEBBY.

MEREDITH AND BROWNING AND THE CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your number of June 3, Mr. Hugh Chisholm writes: "Even among those who find him too 'difficult,' I take it that Mr. George Meredith has been accepted as the greatest English novelist now living." It seems to me that it is about time the "Man in the Street" had something to say on this subject. For years the name of George Meredith has been pushed in front by the critics, and accordingly honoured by the public—natural cause and effect perhaps; but as one of the reading public, I should like to point out that in my experience, while George Meredith is invariably honoured, he is also invariably unread. Five times I have been led by the reviews to buy his books, which said books still lie upon my shelves unread. Try as I would, I could not get through a quarter of any one of them. I used to think that there was something wanting in my capacity or intelligence which was responsible for this inappreciation, but years of occasional conversation and inquiry on the subject have convinced me that I am only an ordinary human being; for after living among English reading people, and particularly novel-reading people, for many years in various countries, and after having travelled much with Britons across many waters and through many climes, I have never yet met a single man or woman who would admit having read through one of George Meredith's novels. I was once at a dinner-party at which my immediate neighbours were the editors of two London daily papers and three Members of Parliament, one an ex-Minister of the Crown. Not one of these gentlemen had read through a novel by Meredith. At the same time I may remark that I never met any one who had not tried to read one of these novels. Naturally, then, I have now come to the conclusion that the only people who read these novels are the critics.

Also I should like to say a word about Browning. This poet is daily served up in various dishes with every variety of non-piquant eulogistic sauce, but I have yet to find a man or woman in the street who would privately admit having any regard at all for Browning as a poet, though there is an occasional note of admiration for "The Dying Grammarian" and one or two semi-lyrical verses. The fact is that both Browning and Meredith are regarded by most people as "difficult," to use Mr. Chisholm's term, and no "difficult" writer outside the domain of science can have a lasting reputation, if we may judge from experience. It is the simple language of Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Sterne, and Goldsmith that lives, while one forgets even the names of the "difficult" writers, save that of Johnson, who however is now little more than a manikin to be worked by the showman, Boswell. To suggest that a writer may be found difficult is to condemn him as a novelist, and the best poetry is the simplest in idea and construction. You do not want to put a towel round your head to read Shakespeare or Shelley, nor are you desirous of studying variegated syntax when you take up a novel to read. From my experience the greatest living novelists in the opinion of the man in the street, are George Moore and Thomas Hardy, who together would make a Balzac without his tedious parentheses, and of modern poets Swinburne and Phillips (cut out those of his plays written for actor-managers) are regarded as immeasurably above Browning, and far greater than Tennyson, who is indeed being fast relegated into the background so far as the public are concerned. I shall probably be told it is all a question of taste. This is so, perhaps. In the *Contemporary Review* for May 1904, a writer, after quoting Shakespeare's magically beautiful sonnet commencing with "When forty winters shall besiege thy brow," remarked "How unspeakably dismal and repellent this is." I read in another review that Herbert Spencer thought little of Homer and Dante. Are we to suppose that the critics have such exceptional taste in dealing with Browning and Meredith?

Florence, June 16.

A MAN IN THE STREET.

SORDELLO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The story of Mrs. Carlyle's asking if "Sordello" was a man, a city, or a book has its correlation in one told of Jerrold. He was reading it on recovering from an illness and could make nothing of it. On his wife coming in he passed it on to her to read. After a while he asked her: "Well, what do you think of it?" "I can't make head or tail of it," said she. "Thank God, then," exclaimed J., "I haven't lost my reason after all."

JAMES J. RAMSAY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Owing to pressure on our space the list of Books Received is unavoidably held over till next week,

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(DATED JULY 1)



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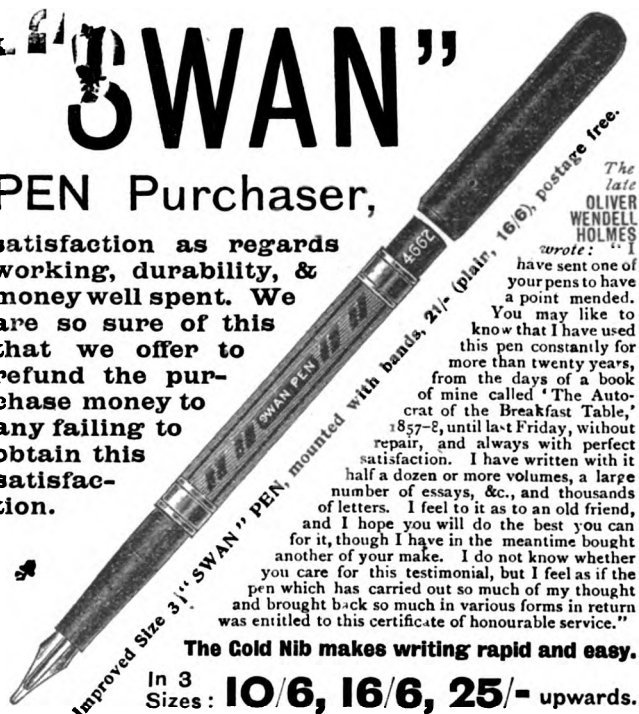
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